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A
SATIRICAL POEM,
IN
THREE DIALOGUES

BY POLYPUS.

LONDON:

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ALL THE TALENTS;

A

SATIRICAL POEM,

IN

THREE DIALOGUES.

~~~~~  
*BY POLYPUS.*  
~~~~~

If you would make use of BOLD PERSONS with safety, you must not give them the *command in chief*, but let them be seconds, and under the direction of others.

These men when they have taken upon themselves mighty matters, and failed most shamefully in them, yet having the perfection of BOLDNESS, they shall make a jest of it, give themselves a turn, and there it finishes.

VERULAM.

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

HOR.

=====
THIRTEENTH EDITION.
=====

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE,

NO. 41, PALL-MALL.

—
1807.

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T. Gillet, Printer, Wild Court, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

EMPEROR OF CHINA.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

WERE I to inscribe the following performance to Lord C-stl--r--gh, Mr. C-nn-ng, or any other illustrious Oppositionist, I should instantly be pronounced guilty of having composed it under his influence. Whereas, the various advantages attending a Dedication to your Majesty are obvious to all. A high title at the front of a book, is, I protest to

your Majesty, an indispensable point of decorum here. I therefore accomplish this important object to my heart's content, without being accused of seeking either places or pensions from my patron.

Another necessary ingredient in a Dedication is Flattery. Be a Poet's expressions ever so elegant, they will afford no satisfaction to the great man without it. He must rosin the bow, please your Majesty, or the fiddle will emit no music. With Flattery, then, your Majesty shall be plentifully supplied: and I shall thus do the duty of a Dedicator, without incurring the imputation of any sinister intent.

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Allow me, then, to assure your Majesty, that the numberless graces you cannot avoid revealing, are few in number compared with the virtues you need not, and therefore do not reveal. Affable yet majestic, gentle without timidity, you cease to please only when you cease to be present. In short, your Majesty is just not a God, and yet you cannot be properly termed a mere mortal.

Whether this character be applicable or not, I cannot possibly make a guess, not having the honour of knowing your Majesty, even by hearsay; but as your Majesty will never read this Dedication, apologies, I humbly conceive would be merely mis-

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pending time. I therefore conclude
with assuring your Majesty how faith-
fully I am,

Your Majesty's slave,

To command till death,

POLYPUS.

PREFACE.

BEFORE my readers enter upon the following pages, I think it necessary to declare, that *they were written without any motives whatever of party, private resentment, or personal interest.* I am myself neither a link in the political chain, nor connected with it. I write to repress folly and to reform abuse ; to shew certain personages what they are, with the faint hope of amending them ; and at least to display them to the nation, that it may stand on its defence.

Men who have the courage to propagate

their own praises with a solemn unblushing face, are the finest subjects for ridicule upon earth; and none excite so little pity when found deserving of censure. Ministers modestly inform us that they possess all the *wit, vigour, weight, and talents* of the country. Now, were the country so silly as to credit them, and of course to follow them blindfold over hedges and ditches, the consequence might be rather mischievous. Even supposing therefore, I had no better reason for a faithful exposition of *All the Talents*, I should think this alone sufficient. Heaven knows how humble are my hopes of working a reform among them. I shall be perfectly content with lopping off a few straggling excrescences; and perhaps I may succeed in preventing the growth of others. Men are often more afraid of present odium than

of future punishment, and dread a Poet while they laugh at a God.

Yet I do not altogether agree with the *Pursuits of Literature* in its opinion of the all-commanding influence of the press. Doubtless it is a very consoling reflection to the Garretteer, that his volume may be more conducive to the prosperity of his country, than the capture of an island, or the defeat of an enemy's squadron. I fear, however, he only flatters his darling pursuit. Literature is of little avail, compared with oral intercourse. It may disseminate doctrines more speedily, but it does not invent them. The business of an author is to please, and he will always suit his topic to the fashion of his day. If he runs into morality while his readers are running into licentiousness,

he might have been admired indeed, if he had been read.

When a general propensity to vicious principles pervades a nation, vicious books may hasten the diffusion of them; and thus in some measure precipitate the consequent calamities. But if the public mind be not already prepared, books will matter but little. *Voltaire, Rousseau*, and other writers, accused of causing all the misfortunes of France, were also generally read in England; besides an immense deluge of our own authors who taught us similar principles. Why then did they not produce similar effects? Simply because the general sense of the nation was against them. If every French author had written against a revolution, he could not have prevented one. If every English author

had written in favour of a revolution, he could not have caused one. Unprejudiced men, who read books, are generally enlightened enough not to run into obvious error ; and if prejudiced, they will adopt false theories among themselves. Self-interest, or the semblance of it, must second general principles : it is the spring of all our actions, and books can do nothing without its aid. Books indeed work in daylight, and consequently appear the principal agents ; but it is the People who lay the foundation, and the writer only raises the superstructure. In a word, I look upon the purity or impurity of moral literature as the concomitant, rather than the cause of national prosperity or decline.

But while I deny supremacy to the re-

public of letters, I must maintain that satirical writings are the fittest literary instruments to reform public abuse. Ridicule is an irresistible weapon. It takes effect when all others fail ; and by treating grave follies with a ludicrous levity, is of more avail than volumes upon volumes of solemn reproof or of dry dissertation. The present little work is written with this conviction. It often laughs at errors which deserve to be treated more seriously : but had this been the case, the end of the satire would not have been answered. And here I beg leave to assure the heroes of my Poem, that I have leaned very lightly on them altogether. I have imitated *Horace* more than *Juvenal* in my portraits ; was more willing to display folly than enormity ; and have held them up as objects of ridicule ra-

ther than of detestation. I did not want to render them odious to the country, because I hope they will improve; and to hasten this improvement I have set forth their follies. After all, I dare say they will call me an ill-natured fellow.

As to the poetry and notes, I took as much pains in correcting them as I thought due to the Public; yet without being so unprofitably tedious in revisal, as to let slip the time when they might be of service. Such policy I consign over to the War-minister. As for praise, I do not expect much of it; and I hope I may receive some portion of abuse. Contempt is the only enemy that can disturb my serenity.

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ALL THE TALENTS;

DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

Vidi ego lætantes, *popularia nomina*, Drusos,
Legibus immodicos, ausosque ingentia Gracchos.

LUCAN'S PHAR.

SCRIBLERUS.

VAIN is the task in these degen'rate times,
To* lash the statesman with a rod of rhimes ;

* *To lash the statesman.*]—Were my friend Scriblerus acquainted with the sort of Ministry Heaven hath blessed us with, he would not think the task of correcting them a vain one. They are of late become so admirably pliant, that the fact is, I begin to look on them as a set of very hopeful gentlemen. They have already abandoned many of their old

Make Verse, fair vixen, musically scold,
And uncouth politics to metre mold.

pranks ; and thus by proving themselves men of no principle, afford us some hope that the country may yet be saved. Had they been sincere, we were undone for ever. But now, forsaking their old nests, they come hopping over Conscience to perch upon Interest ; and, like the saucy robin, to venture any thing for a crumb of bread. The *lex talionis* is fair, however ; so having sacrificed character to come into power, they come into power to sacrifice character. On this head consult Sir H. P-ph-m, *old Edition*. If this brave officer did *not* receive secret orders to make a descent on Buenos Ayres ; if,

**Non hæc tibi littora suavit,*
Delius, aut Cretæ jussit considerare Apollo—

Then, I certainly will not attempt to palliate so rash an enterprise. But, at all events, nothing can excuse the petulant, predetermined hostility of Ministers towards him.

I wish Polypus to know that he mistakes Ministers grossly. Thank Heaven they were never made of malleable materials ; but, on the contrary, are as tough a collection of talents as ever England witnessed. Is it not this quality of toughness which has carried them thro' ? Did they not always continue tough to the principles they set out upon, tho' deserted and despised by three-fourths of the nation ? Did they ever coincide with a single measure of the old Party—even measures the most beneficial ? If this be pliability, I want to know what is toughness ?—*Scriblerus*.

Virgil.

Themes more secure the feeble Muse befit ;
Better preserve one's ears than prove one's wit,
Fly party, and attend the truth I teach ;
A foe to neither makes a friend of each.

POLYPUS.

Nay, this mild pian et R——* yet pursue,
Whose saint-like meekness wou'd a world undo :
Who hates all broils, yet when he interferes,
With sad good-nature sets men by the ears.
But times like these for manly candour call,
And whom Laws scare not, Poets may appal.
For me, 'twas ne'er my nature, or my boast,
To sit demure and see my country lost.

SCRIBLERUS.

Yet the reverse may prove as foolish quite.
Must ev'ry man who loves his country, write ?
All love their country in some slight degree ;
(Small diff'rence there, perhaps, 'twixt you and me.)

* R——.]—I do not wish to specify this *personage* too particularly. He will, I dare say, recognise himself.

That pert divine, who, graceless in his scroll,
 Lampoon'd his King, and dubb'd his God a droll.
 Truth is my trust—let L-wr-nce deal in fiction,
 And run full tilt against his own conviction.
 I ne'er paid court to pow'r, or high degree—
 If Pitt was haughty, I was proud as he :
 Superior to his smiles, approv'd his plan ;
 Friend to the Minister, and not the man.

SCRIBLERUS.

O for a thund'ring tongue, like Fox's own,
 To stun perverse opinion into stone !
 Fox ! at that name how throbs my swelling breast,
 Mourns thy sad fall and bids thy spirit rest.
 Yet H-w-ck* lives—a firm, unblemish'd soul,
 True to the state, as needle to the pole ;

snatching at a pension. Mr. C-lm-n has, it seems, picked it out of the mud ; but, alas ! the mud has clung to it ever since. Rarely, and very rarely, it is a *linum felicem*.

* *Yet H-w-ck lives.*]—The Public will better recognise this noble Lord as plain * Mr. Gr-y ; new titles, new principles,

* *Mutato nomine, de te,*
 Fabula narratur.



The page contains several paragraphs of text, which are mostly illegible due to extreme blurring and low resolution. The text is arranged in a standard vertical layout, with lines of text separated by small gaps. There are some faint, larger characters that might be section headers or sub-headers, but they cannot be read. The overall appearance is that of a scanned document page with significant quality issues.

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Ev'n *Thieves* are Patriots, *Traitors* feel remorse ;
And I,—— may love his country——next his horse.

POLYPUS.

What ! shall my muse in silent slumber bound,
Rest undisturb'd while nations rage around ?
Or, rous'd to writing, make her dainty theme
A rose, a mistress, or a purling stream ?
Like **Party-prints*, steal caustic from her lays,
And oint with unguents of ignoble praise ?
Calm shall she see the fever'd placeman rave,
Knaves act the fool and fools enact the knave ;
Old men grow boys, and boys (t'excel the type)
Turn, like a medlar, rotten while unripe ?
No. For my country let me draw my pen,
Tho' C-bb-tt† rage and P-nd-r‡ rise again ;

* *Party-prints*.]—Such as a paper called the “ *Oracle and True Briton*,” or some such name. The thing, however, is not worth abusing.

† *C-bb-tt*.]—This man had once a sort of asinine sturdiness about him, that used to pass off for honesty. Poor Peter ! they talked too of his fine writing. . . But *peritura parcite chartæ* !

P-nd-r.]—P. P-nd-r dropped his pen while in the act of

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* *Mutato nomine, de te,*
Fabula narratur.

Who ne'er to wav'ring weakness wou'd descend,

But kept on snarling 'till he gain'd his end.

and new places having so totally metamorphosed him, that some of his old friends have actually ceased to know him. I am credibly informed he is growing gay. And yet I remember him a moody, melancholy gentleman, whom you would have thought time nor tide could change.—A positive bit of blood, that always came cantering at the heels of Fox and Sh-r-d-n. Did Fox protest against *war*?—Gr-y quickly set his face against *hostilities*. Did Fox declare that the kingdom was *ruined*?—Gr-y instantly found out that the nation was *undone*. Skillful in the analogies of the language, he seemed only to forget that *Truth* and *Servility* are never synonymous. Servility, however, is not easily got rid of; and Gr-y, while first Lord of the Admiralty, used to trot at St. V-nc-nt's* heels just as contentedly as at Fox's.

As to what Lord H-w-ck is, there may possibly be some doubt; as to what he *was*, there can be no doubt at all. If his name shall survive the injuries his country has suffered from him, he will be remembered as one of those unhappy beings, who, during that long and dreadful struggle for all that Englishmen held dear upon earth, stood aloof with a small, but desperate band, watching the favourable moments for incursion, and involving us in a predatory war at home, while the most terrible of enemies was assailing us from abroad. But

* By the bye, St. V-nc-nt always trod awkwardly enough on *terra firma*. He is not an amphibious animal, and has more of the shark than the sea-horse in his composition. Some say he has more of the crocodile than of either.

POLYPUS.

So at some door, a dog, with desp'rate din,
 Scrapes, scratches, howls, and barks—*till he gets in.*
 Yes, there I blame him. H-w-ck never stood
 The *candid* champion of his country's good.
 When perils urg'd all bosoms truly great,
 To turn from faction and to save the state,
 Still he kept hissing with a viper's spite,
 And spit forth slaver as he fail'd to bite :

since his political promotion we have heard no more of his political principles. Let us then cheerfully submit to the smaller misfortune. The friendship of a reformed libertine is preferable to the enmity of a professed one. After ages will hardly credit the story of our adventures. At least they will wonder at our having escaped out of such hands ; while the names of a F—, a Sh-r-d-n and a H-w-ck will be abhorred by the gentle nature and adopted by the severe.

I do not approve of Polypus's comparing my Lord H-w-ck with a beast of burden ; and yet I am informed by those who know French, (for I do not), that the following description of a horse is applicable to him. *Un esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, ni gentillesse*—UN GROS CHEVAL D'ALLEMANDE. I am delighted with the stately grandeur of the words, and guess that they contain a magnificent eulogium.—*Scribl.*

Nurs'd us with curds of patriotic spleen,
And put a drag upon the slow machine.

SCRIBLERUS.

The gentle soul of H-w-ck long'd for peace,
And so he clogg'd the war to make it cease.

POLYPUS.

Then ought the Doctor (if I take it true),
To crush the fever, kill the patient too.

SCRIBLERUS.

Gr-y with the war, the mouthing and grimace,
Was out of humour—

POLYPUS.

True, and *out of place*.

SCRIBLERUS.

He wanted scope to give his genius wings ;
*In** place and *out of place* are diff'rent things.

* *In place and out of place are diff'rent things.*]—The Talents have proved the truth of this assertion to a miracle ; by adopting, as Ministers, almost every measure, which, as Oppositionists, they had reprobated—*melius, pejus, prosit, obsit,*

POLYPUS.

So diff'rent, that a *frog* and *ape*, no doubt,
Have more similitude than *in* and *out*.

I doubt if their new recantation be not more disgusting than their ancient bigotry. But their conduct immediately on coming into power was more than disgusting. It was a tissue of absurdity, indecency, and arrogance, equalled only by the nauseous-mummery of Buonaparte's bulletins. One Minister took peculiar pains to convince us that we were on* the very verge of ruin, and that nothing but the Talents could save us. Sh-r-d-n, too, seemed to lament our desperate situation with a plausible face enough; and

Twilight GREY,
Had in her *sober liv'ry* all things clad;

When, on a sudden, up rose the sun, the mists melted away, and the Talents assured us we were in *a more flourishing condition than ever!* Now for my life I could never see how they made it out. But taking their words for it, to whom do we stand indebted? Certainly not to the Talents; for they have been failing in every project. Yet this is no proof. The Talents have been failing in every project for these last twenty years, and the country has prospered accordingly.

* All that can be said in their favour is, that they spoke of "*dilapidated hopes and resources*," when they did not know one atom about the matter; and that they candidly recanted as soon as they began to learn their business.

Gr-y, like a *frog*, while out of office croak'd ;
An *ape* in place, he copied, not revok'd.
Extremes he seeks, and scorns his native mean ;
Not firm, but stubborn ; sullen not serene :
Means to be proud, but only pompous proves,
And sometimes stuns our reason, never moves.

SCRIBLERUS.

Gr-y is an honest patriot—

POLYPUS.

How d'ye know ?

SCRIBLERUS.

Half his harangues assure the Commons so ;
And, trust me, *patriotism* is just like *powder* ;
Useless while *mute*, and stronger as 'tis louder.

POLYPUS.

In truth, th' allusion is a luckless one,
For sure as powder makes a noise—'tis gone !
AMBITION is his bane ; a Demon dire,
Dropping with gory dews and fluid fire ;
Whose hundred heads bright diadems embrace,
Whose hundred hands extend in empty space ;

High to the skies his ardent orbs are thrown ;
He strides—and stumbles at the meanest stone,

SCRIBLERUS,

PITT had Ambition——

POLYPUS.

Yes—of noble kind.

But Pitt's full merits if you wish to find,

* Ask Buonaparte, read the *needy* News ;

† Whig, Bankrupt, Spendthrift, Traitor—all abuse.

* *Ask Buonaparte,*]—The little Corsican could never abide Mr. Pitt, whom he justly considered as the saviour of his country. By the bye, I think ministers would do well to cease boasting of the tender esteem and admiration, which, (*they tell us*) the first of all ruffians entertained for Mr. Fox. They had better be silent on that statesman altogether, than calumniate his memory by allotting such a friend to him. It is in itself an outrageous satire, and all who wish well to his character ought to contradict it.

† *Whig, Bankrupt, Spendthrift, Traitor—all abuse.*]—It is a fact well worth attending to, that the industrious and enlightened classes of the nation went *almost universally* with Mr. Pitt. Exceptions there certainly were, but these exceptions usually betrayed in their conduct thro' life, either *hollow hearts* or *weak understandings*.*

This last assertion is a sidelong glance at me. I know Poly-

SCRIBLERUS.

'Tis strange, I'll own, and quite beyond my wit,
That not a Traitor e'er spoke well of Pitt.

POLYPUS.

Yet 'tis a fact as strange, and just as true,
Gr-y is by Traitors prais'd and Patriots too.
W-nd--m's a patriot (as some wise ones say,)
'Connor, a rebel—both are fond of Gr-y.
Nor is it quite so difficult, I deem,
To learn the cause connecting each extreme.
For, as to form a bow'r we must incline,
Th' opposing trees to make 'their tops entwine ;
So where such men unite, since wide by nature,
The Patriot must be crooked as the Traitor !

Yet tho' vile traitors honest Gr-y approve,
Far be from him to feel a mutual love ;
Angelic Gr-y is like the Dev'l in hell,
Who hates the sinful souls that love him well.

pus thinks I have a weak head. With all my heart. At all events I'll teach him I have a bitter tongue ; and he shall rue my resentment in the acerbity of my comments.—*Scribl.*

SCRIBLERUS.

In patriot love, can Pitt with Gr-y compare ?

POLYPUS.

Let H-w-ck rest—to pass him is to spare.

SCRIBLERUS.

* At least, my friend, you'll not affirm that Pitt,
Excell'd my H-w-ck in worth, words, or wit.

POLYPUS.

WITH TWO SOLE BLESSINGS PITT PERFORM'D HIS PART;
A GODLIKE GENIUS AND AN HONEST HEART.
†Need I say more ? to amplify were vain,
Since these alone all human good contain.

* *At least my friend, &c.]* I would not insult Mr. Pitt's memory by comparing him with Lord H-w-ck. Besides, in such a case, the noble Lord himself would have far more reason to complain. Happy may he esteem himself, if the future historian shall disdain to record either his character or his life.

†*Need I say more? to amplify were vain]*—To enlarge on the character of this immortal Statesman would probably vex the Talents, and of course do them no service. But I will exhibit a portrait of an opposite nature, with the hope that

Yet will I praise him, when from toils retir'd,

*Nor wealth he took, nor recompense desir'd ;

ministers may avoid a bad example, tho' they may not imitate a good one.

Let me then imagine a man prodigally gifted with every blessing under the sun—birth, fortune, wit, wisdom, eloquence. With a soul that can pierce into the brightest recesses of fancy, and a tongue that can embody the visions she beholds. Let me suppose him marking his entrance into the service of his country by a breach of her constitution ; while distorting the best of passions to the worst of purposes, he calls treason patriotism, and covers desperate doctrines with a decorous indecency of words. Laughing at subjection, yet himself a slave to party, he lords it over a rancorous faction ; while boys disconcert the cabals of his manhood, and striplings repress the excesses of his age. In persecuting his country he is uniform and sincere ; his principles alone are versatile and treacherous. The revolutionary mob, and the sanguinary despot, are alternate objects of his admiration. At length he tramples down the barriers of decorum, and allows not even an appeal from his heart to his head ; from inherent atrocity to adventitious error. Thinking men are alarmed and desert him ; fools adhere to his cause and are undone. Once found dangerous, he soon becomes flagitious ; and his last act exhibits him vanquished by his own arts, and a dupe to the basest of mankind.

Let this portrait be as a beacon to *all* ministers. Wise men will read it and say nothing.—It is for the fool to assert its justice by uniting it with a name.

* *Nor wealth he took, nor recompense desir'd ;*—I cannot contemplate this period of Mr. Pitt's life without the highest

But while the share his tranquil acres turn'd,
 Still with a Patriot's noble ardor burn'd ;
 Saw there remain'd more duties to fulfil,
 And grasp'd the sword to save his country still !
 More awful with one boy to tend his meal,
 Than serv'd by senates following at his heel.

Yet will I praise him, at his latest breath,
 When firm, serene, a patriot ev'n in death,
 Not for himself the parting hero sigh'd,
 But *on his COUNTRY fondly calling, died.

emotions of admiration. I had thought the days of Roman magnanimity gone for ever, and in these times scarcely expected to see another Cincinnatus.—*Te sulco, Serrane, serentem.*

† *On his country fondly calling, died.*]—Let none now be so rash as to talk of Mr. Pitt's inordinate ambition, or assert that he preferred his own elevation to his country's welfare. If the words of the dying are accounted sincere, who will deny that *patriotism* was the ruling passion of this incomparable character? Pope says,

“ And thou, my Cobham, to thy latest breath,
 “ Shalt feel the ruling passion strong in death;
 “ Such in these moments as in all the past,
 “ *O save my country, Heaven !* shall be thy last.”

Pitt realized what Pope only supposed,

O then how tears stole down each honest face!

*O then how Faction, shouting, rush'd to place!

SCRIBLERUS.

Let us with Pitt illustrious Fox compare.

Pass we the heart, to judge the head is fair.

POLYPUS.

If then 'tis just, as Fox declar'd express,

† *To measure merit merely by success;*

* *O then how Faction, shouting, rush'd to place!*]—Often, I dare say, (were I to judge by their after-conduct) did the jaded Oppositionists exclaim, during Mr. Pitt's illness,

* *Di precor, a nobis omen REMOVETE sinistrum.*

Οἷως ἀπίστος, say I, however; and I believe three-fourths of the nation say so too. After the death of that Minister they did not behave with common decency. The greediness with which they seized upon all places of profit,—even those which pride, and those which *delicacy* should have deterred them from appropriating—was odious in the extreme. I can almost fancy I see them, like a set of vultures, hovering over the Minister's dying moments, and with gross black wing brushing across his radiant spirit as it mounts into the skies.

† *To measure merit merely by success;*]—Mr. Fox asserted, that *success* should be the criterion of talent, on the night when

* Ovid.

Since Fox in vain with constant struggle toil'd,
To pull down Pitt, still tript himself and foil'd,
Say, of the two, shou'd Pitt or Fox inherit,
(By Fox's rule) the larger share of merit ?
More must I say ?—

SCRIBLERUS.

Enough, enough is said.

A gen'rous Briton wars not with the dead.

POLYPUS.

A faithful Muse disdains a partial pen ;
And if *Historians* touch departed men,
Why may not *Poets* ?

he so resolutely set his face against some honours which were proposed to his rival's memory. I do not adopt his criterion, I only apply it to himself; and is it not fair to convict a man on his own argument ?

By no means. Such a mode of procedure, if generally practised, would ruin the country. For were men always to be convicted on their own arguments, they would always take care to talk sense. And if men were always to talk sense, there would be no difference of opinion. But without difference of opinion there would be no conversation; without conversation no society; without society no government; and without a government all would be warfare, anarchy, and no poet. Did I not promise you, Mr. Polypus, that I would be severe ?—*Scribl.*

SCRIBLERUS.

In some years they may,
When the world wipes its world of tears away.
For think how mean to sting his tender friends——

POLYPUS.

Nay, 'tis to these, to these my Satire tends.
Still in these friends his latent spirit lives,
And to weak heads a dang'rous bias gives.
They love his merits, but his faults pursue,
And run a muck at Social Order too.
Peace to his shade, be sacred all who weep ;
*With his cold ashes may his errors sleep ;
Yet, yet, his vot'ries let no censor spare,
'Till they desert his tenets in despair ;
'Till without pow'r to prop the falling cause,
And † left at length by popular applause,

* *With, his cold ashes may his errors sleep.*]—I have not the least desire to disturb Mr. Fox's repose. Not because I feel that in enlarging on his character I should overleap any bounds of propriety ; but *because little advantage could now arise out of it.* I leave the full developement of his aims to the historian. In another century there will be but one opinion upon the subject.

† *Left at length by popular applause.*]—It is allowed on all

Apostates from his faith the zealots fly—
So my glad muse shall bless 'em ere they die ;
Offer long pray'rs that they may die forgiv'n,
And odds in favour of their reaching heav'n !

hands that the Foxites are falling into disrepute : and the reason is as evident as the fact is notorious. THE FOXITES ARE IN POWER. No longer champions in the mighty cause of nonsense, they have now degenerated into the mere men of business. The fiery war-horse is lopped of his flowing mane, and ends his honours under a waggon. However paradoxical the thing may seem, it cannot be denied, that the Talents have forfeited importance by coming into power, and that in proportion to their rise in the world, they have managed to fall in its estimation.

Mais c'est assez parlé. Prenons un peu d'haleine.
Ma main pour cette fois commence à se lasser.
Finissons—Mais demain, Muse, à recommencer

DESPREAUX

END OF DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

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DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

~~~~~  
Il y en a plus de la moitié qui meritoient de porter  
le havresac.

LE SAGE.

~~~~~

POLYPUS.

BEHOLD, my friend, o'er Europe's hapless land,
Almighty Vengeance stretch its iron hand ;
Its impious agent ev'ry realm enthral,
And with wide-wasting carnage cover all.
*The human fiend, each day, each hour he lives,
Still to the world some baleful evil gives.

* *The human fiend.*]—One hardly knows in what terms to speak of this little monster. The character is perhaps, unparalleled in the annals of human nature. It is beyond a Caliban; and he who would attempt to describe it must unite attributes

Oh, when he dies, what shouts shall shake the sphere !

New suns shall shine and double moons appear ;

which nature had always held asunder ; exhibiting at once the most terrible and the most contemptible animal upon earth. Meanness and magnanimity must go hand in hand ; and the conqueror of mankind must be coupled with the private assassin. He must shew him possessed of the highest folly in attempting desperate enterprises, and of the highest wisdom in accomplishing them.—Calm in conducting a mighty battle, and petulant in affairs of little import.—Never candid but on a principle of treachery, and adhering to truth only when he promises misfortune. Capricious in small matters, yet constant to ruling principles ; and capable of reconciling the most headstrong stubbornness with the most artful pliability.

Celerity is the great architect of his fortune :

*Dans la scene en un jour il renferme des années ;**

And, like woman, he will be lost when he hesitates.

As to peace with England, he will never make it, except in the hope of effecting her final destruction. *Delenda est Carthago*, is his professed motto, and he will never alter it.

However, on taking a survey of all the possible chances, I feel convinced he will never succeed, so long as we retain the sovereignty of the seas. England indeed may be made a bankrupt, but Europe must be beggared before her. As to conquering these countries *vi et armis* (even supposing a French army transported to our shores), the thing is impossible, and Buonaparte knows it. No.—*he must deprive us of our East*

*Boileau.

Death thro' the world one holiday shall make,
And hell get drunk with sulphur for his sake !
His throne a pile of human skulls sustains,
And bones that fell on those unhappy plains,
Where pale *Toulon* lay prest beneath her dead,
Where *Lodi* fought and fell *Marengo* bled.
Professing ev'ry faith he mocks his God,
And Virtue trembles underneath his nod ;
The nations crouching round, his pomp adorn ;
Britannia sits apart, and smiles in scorn ;
Calm and unharm'd amidst his impious ire,
While trembling millions from the strife retire.
So round some cliff when now the tempest roars,
And the weak Linnet downward turns her oars,
The royal Eagle from his craggy throne,
Mounts the loud storm majestic and alone;
And steers his plumes athwart the dark profound,
While roaring thunders replicate around !

Indies, before he can ever effect our downfall; and to this end, must march an army across the Asiatic continent; after having conquered Russia, and so totally subjugated all Europe, as to be secure of its tranquillity during his absence. He will never do it.

But now, rous'd slowly from her opiate bed,
 *Lethargic Europe lifts the heavy head;
 Feels round her heart the creeping torpor close,
 And starts with horror from her dire repose.

† Favour'd by Heav'n, let *Britons* bend the knee,
 And thank that awful Pow'r who keeps us free;

* *Lethargic Europe lifts the heavy head.*]—Europe as yet has only begun to move her extremities. The body still remains inactive; but I think it will soon make a struggle, and the first attempt, if strenuous, will restore it. Tacitus has supplied us with an exact picture of European politics at present:

Rarus duabus tribusque civitatibus ad propulsandum commune periculum conventus. Ita, dum *singuli* pugnant, *universi* vincuntur.—*Jul. Agric.*

† *Favour'd by Heav'n, let Britons bend the knee.*]—I think I may say, (but meekly let me say it, and with awful reverence) that Providence watches over this empire with an eye of peculiar regard. ENGLAND SEEMS TO BE SOLEMNLY SELECTED AND DELEGATED TO INTERPOSE A BARRIER BETWEEN PARTIAL SUBVERSION AND UNIVERSAL ANARCHY: TO PUNISH THE PUNISHERS OF NATIONS; TO HEAL THE WOUNDS OF AGONIZING EUROPE, AND TO SIT LIKE A WAKEFUL NURSE, WATCHING AT HER SIDE, AND ADMINISTERING TO HER LIPS THE MEDICINE OF SALVATION. We stand on a noble, but a dreadful elevation; responsible in ourselves for the future happiness of the human race. We have a spirit, a constitution, and a religion: unrivalled, unparalleled, unprecedented. From

Own HIM our strength, on HIM repose our all,
Sedate in triumph and resign'd to fall.

these sources I draw my politics, and these tell me, we shall triumph. The *red right hand* of Providence is every where visible. *Even at this moment it is performing the promised work of PAPAL EXTIRPATION.* Persevere then, Britons, in the mighty task before you. To recede from it were ruin. Be firm and you triumph—fear, and you fall.

I do not know what Polypus means by his *Papal Extirpation*. I see no signs of any such matter. I grant that the catholic countries of Europe are daily dropping into degeneracy, and that the Pope is discovered to be neither infallible nor supreme. But then if we look to Ireland, we shall still see the spirit of that religion flourishing in full luxuriance under the invigorating auspices of *Gr-tt-n and Co.* And yet I fear these worthies are employing much pains to little purpose. Absolutely all hope is at an end, and Catholic Emancipation now goes begging from door to door, like a decayed gentlewoman. But if *Gr-tt-n and Co.* wish to give full scope to their talents, and serve these kingdoms effectually, by making converts elsewhere,—I would humbly advise them to take a trip to the black empire of *Hayti*, for instance: or visit the *Aborigines* of America. To be sure Ireland would weep at losing them, but then *tears always bring relief.* And even supposing the natives of Hayti or America so stupid as to suspend them upon a tree—still they might thank heaven such an accident never happened to them before. Besides, I dare say there is a pleasure in being hanged for the good of one's country, which

And thou fair ERIN,* plaintive in the lay,
Who steep'st thy limbs afront the falling day ;
Nymph, on whose lap the odour-dropping Spring,
Delights to lavish all his sweetest wing ;
Play'd on by priests, a sweet, ill-finger'd lute ;
An ill-train'd tree, but vig'rous at the root ;
Like nettles, harmless to the grasping hand,
But quick to sting, if delicately spann'd ;
Cease to complain ; imagin'd wrongs dismiss,
And greet thy sister with a holy kiss ;
Unite, unite, the common foe to quell ;
Thy native temper is not to rebel.

many sufferers may have *felt* indeed, but from the physical nature of the case have never been able to *describe*.

* *And thou, fair Erin.*]—I speak of Ireland as a nation only; and as a nation *she has not done her duty*. As individuals, I think the Irish merit much esteem. The profligate and idle, in general, come over to this country; and we seem to judge of the number by the more unworthy few. Literature is erecting her head in the capital; and some productions of much merit have appeared there of late. In particular, a satire on the players, entitled *Familiar Epistles*; which, in point of wit, elegance, and apt delineation, is not inferior to many productions in our language. It is said to be written by Mr. Cr-k-r, a young barrister of considerable talent.

For now,* what hope of heav'nly Peace remains,
Whom young Wars follow, and more rigid chains?

* *For now what hope of heav'nly peace remains?*]—And yet there is just as much chance of peace at this moment, as at the time of the late *glorious* negotiation—as the Talents would have us believe it. The Talents however were dreadfully duped in that affair—Credulity on the one side, and duplicity on the other, leaving us little else to admire than a series of polished sentences, and some logical small-sword. However, *Talleyrand* effected many purposes by protracting the farce; and amongst others, the neglect of *Buenos Ayres*. *No pretext upon earth* should have prevented Ministers from reinforcing that settlement at least two months before they thought proper to do so.

The Talents, indeed, triumphantly tell us, that it was retaken before succours *could* have arrived. But these succours were sent to *hinder* its being retaken; and therefore the Talents must have conjectured that it would not be retaken till *after* the arrival of these succours—that is to say, till *January*. Now the place was retaken in *August*. So here, at all events, the Talents were grossly erroneous; and it follows, that the earliness of the recapture (the plea upon which they excuse themselves) is the very circumstance which condemns them most! Tho' we lost the place before reinforcements *could* have arrived, yet reinforcements *could* have arrived before we *might* have lost it. The place *might* have been retaken on the *first of November*. The reinforcements *could* have arrived on the *last of October*. But if we must always determine the merits of a cause by consequences, not probabilities, why then B-r-s-f-rd and P-ph-m acted perfectly right in having taken Buenos Ayres—because the event justified them; and began to act wrong in having taken it, only from the moment they surrendered. This is the

We fight for VIRTUE—*ceaseless*, 'till the Gaul,
Shall bite his native dust, or England fall,

Yet shall the Despot threat her fall in vain,
While British oaks supremacy maintain;
And our vast vessels, sheath'd in tawny ore,
Convey rich commerce to the shouting shore,
Where Thames, exulting in his golden cares,
On his broad breast a tossing forest bears.

SCRIBLERUS.

Well, since the war *must* clatter round our sides,
Thanks to the stars, we* want not able guides ;

precious conclusion All the Talents would bring us to! The fact is, however, that the Talents were too busy about themselves all the summer to remember an American town, taken by a Pittite. I am sure I can make every reasonable allowance for a new-fangled, merry set of poor devils, tumbling heels over head into places and pensions. I can pardon the ludicrous delirium attending a new title; the gambols of mutual congratulation—here a wink and there a squeeze: all the Talents exerted in purchasing coats, hats, hatbands, and services of plate; and I can even hear of the long laborious eating at cabinet-dinners, with the pity of a man who has felt hunger himself. Yet still, amidst gambols and hatbands, services of plate and haunches of venison, a map of poor Buenos Ayres might have lain on the table.

* *We want not able guides.*—I cannot coincide with my

Themselves long time by Fortune tost about—

A twelvemonth in, and twenty twelvemonths out.

Methinks I see them, like a vessel, driv'n

Low thro' the waves, 'till, wak'd by wintry heav'n,

friend Scriblerus. As yet the new-born Ministry have only begun to crawl. But I suppose he judges of the future butterfly by the present worm; and sees in its extreme ugliness the promise of much beauty hereafter. I think, however, the transmutation has more to do with metals than animals; and am able only to perceive, that men who were Brass in a bad cause, are become Lead in a good one. A few *rockets* let off at Boulogne,—a fresh-water armament,—a mock negotiation,—late succours,—premature bulletins,—a Parliament new-modelled for a very good reason, and an army new-modelled for no reason at all;—this is what All the Talents have accomplished for us! This is the blaze which hath emanated from the Galaxy of political Geniuses! Yet it is but fair to confess that their speeches are sometimes very pretty; and at present abound with admirable squibs let off at poor P-ph-m. Indeed it is highly proper that those who begin with *sky-rockets* should end with *squibs*.

could offer a hundred sharp things in refutation of Polypus, but am so angry that somehow I cannot collect my ideas. Silence, they say, is often expressive; and I think it cannot now do better than express all my arguments.—*Scribl.*

This he may do ; and this if Gr-nv-lle will,
Love, hope and joy shall dictate to my quill:

Yes, in high Gr-nv-lle centers all my trust,
To steer the state, and hold the balance just.
In his firm bosom gen'rous sparks abide,
And no low passions impotently hide:
Enough of Pitt is harbour'd in his breast,
To see our rights preserv'd, our wrongs redrest.

SCRIBLERUS.

Alas ! our rights are fled.—No Whigs avow
The MAJESTY* OF MOBS and turmoils now ;
Or at the Club, with wine and anger warm,
Tip off a glass to RADICAL† REFORM ;
Make ev'ry man a Monarch—but a King,
Or talk to some such end of no such thing.

* *The majesty of mobs.*]—In other words, *the sovereignty of the people*. A sort of technical term among the Whigs; perfectly harmless, I fancy, and signifying *social life, as observable among wolves, savages, and other animals*. Some, however, assert that it is a pet name for the *guillotine*.—*Scribl.*

† *Radical reform.*]—Many say that *radical reform* (*quasi radix et forma*) signifies digging up an old tree, and making

POLYPUS.

The change of tenet pfoves the heart untrue.
 Who knows what system they may next pursue ?
 The beardless and the bald Administration,
 May shew us hell and swear it is salvation.
 Men faithless once are always faithless men ;
 Give 'em but scope, they soon will turn again.
 Yet groundless be my fears, as vain the aim,
 To soil the honour of a royal Dame ;
 Well-natur'd sland' rers! ye but serv'd to prove,
 A fair* one's virtues, and a nation's love.

snuffboxes out of its roots ; and adduce Shakspeare's mulberry-tree as an instance. Others again derive it from *rado*, to shave, and *formico*, to rise in pimples ; and say that it refers to *Packwood's razor-strops*, not Shakspeare's mulberry-tree. What far-fetched derivations are here ! To me 'tis clear as the sun, that *radical reform* merely means *change of administration*.—*Scriblerus*.

* *A fair one's virtues, and a nation's love.*]—The lady to whom I allude owes less to the efforts of her friends than of her enemies. Her former popularity has increased tenfold since the late impotent attempt to diminish it.

Ω γυναι, κταν τις σε βρατων εν' απειρονα γαιαν,
 Ναισιδι'

Odys.

D

For shame, for shame! that one so fair, so good,
A beauteous Alien, sever'd from her blood;
Whom heav'n with ev'ry winning grace design'd,
The noble nature and the feeling mind;
Lost to all love and all domestic bliss,
The parent's care, the tender husband's kiss;
With not a friend to meliorate her doom;
With not a joy to sparkle thro' the gloom;
Save the fair Hope of whom her heart is proud,
The youthful idol of the wond'ring crowd—
For shame that she, so long by slander stain'd,
Who tedious months unjustified remain'd;
Clear'd at the last, shou'd harshly be deny'd,
To vindicate her virtues and her pride.

It is said that the commission for investigating into her Highness's conduct was not countersigned by the king. Of course, the commission was self-nominated, and the entire proceeding illegal. But formalities are only made for fools, and administering oaths or taking evidence unlawfully are mere *trifles* to men of talent. Thus then, this calumny lived and died in the true faith of its original church. The mysterious motives which gave it birth were admirably supported by the illegality which examined it, and by the cruel delicacy which suffered it to die unexposed.

Such were the wrongs, so piercing and so sore,
That hapless ANTOINETTE endur'd before
When a base rabble, anxious to remove,
"A fair one's virtues and a nation's love,"
The royal wife industriously defame,
And with impure reproaches blot her name.

O THOU, who shrink'st, all-conscious, from my song,
Time may be still when Heav'n shall wreak the wrong!

HEALTH TO THE KING! *the more I think, I give*
This heart-felt utt'rance—MAY OUR MONARCH LIVE!
Yes, let the muse, unbrib'd, a tribute bring,
Of dutious praise, and pay it to her King.
A feeling tribute, issuing from the heart,
Not gloss'd by Flatt'ry and not strain'd by art.
He, friend to awful Truth, alike disdains,
The Muse who gilds a name. the Muse who stains;
Pleas'd, if his virtues in his acts survive,
And fame more lasting than of verse derive.

O Piety approv'd! O heart sincere!
O fost'ring Mercy, and unknowing Fear

From thee meek worth ne'er turns unheard away ;
 To thee poor wretches confidently pray.
 Thee, scorning pomp of retinue and plate,
 Prudence makes rich and virtue renders great.
 No rash desire to stretch thy graceful reign,
 Beyond the bound our equal laws ordain,
 Distracts the state—yet villains vainly seek,
 To bend the temper they despair to break.

Blest Prince ! from thee, let thy own Britons learn,
 The true sublime of moral to discern ;
 And as thy virtues joyfully they scan,
 Admire alike the monarch and the man !

SCRIBLERUS.

Now long live Sh-r-d-n !* a nobler soul
 Heav'n never form'd since worlds began to roll.

† *Sh-r-d-n.*]—I own I pity Mr. Sh-r-d-n, because he really does possess some good qualities ; and because *I know* that his way of life often costs him a bitter pang. Yet it is to be feared he will never amend it. Perhaps there is not in human nature an object more deplorable than the man of genius sacrificing the choicest gift of his God to indolence and dissipation.

POLYPUS.

Fix'd thoughts on Sh-r-d-n 'tis vain to seek,
Who from himself is varying ev'ry week ;
And pict'ring, like a cloud at close of day,
Fantastic features never at a stay:
Where heads of asses or of hogs erase,
The short-liv'd semblance of a human face.
Where on his throne at Ammon as we stare,
He turns a monkey and his throne a bear.
To grasp this Proteus, were to cork in jars,
The fleeting rainbows and the falling stars.

Nature intended Mr. Sh-r-d-n for a mere writer of farces. As to political *opinions*, I believe him absolutely incapable of forming any. The man never had a rule of conduct in his life. A perfect Epicurean in politics, he looks not beyond the deed of to-day ; and all I am astonished at is, that in his hasty decisions he should never do right *by a blunder*. Yet I must acquit him of premeditated error. He never begins to reflect till urged by some sudden impulse of ambition, or vanity, or interest. No cold reason for Mr. Sh-r-d-n. Lull but his passions, and the little babe that sobs itself-silent is not more harmless than he. Thus his entire character consists in reconciling extremes. We pity his impotence when we do not despise his temerity ; and we see with surprise that his judgment must be blinded by the passions before it can act with effect.

Now calm he lives and careless to be great ;
 Now deep in plots and blust'ring in debate.
 Now drinking, rhiming, d cing, pass his day,
 And now he plans a peace, and now a play.
 The magic wand of eloquence assumes,
 Or sweeps up jests and brandishes his brooms ;
 A giant sputt'ring pappy from the spoon,
 A mighty trifler and a sage buffoon.
 With too much wit to harbour common sense ;
 With too much spirit ev'n to *spare* expence ;
 To tradesman, Jockey,* porter, Jack and Jill,
 He pays his court—but* never pays his bill.

* *Jockey.*]—They tell a comical story of Mr. Sh-r-d-n, which I do not assert as a fact, only because I did not see the circumstance. Mr. Sh-r-d-n happened to buy a horse, but did not happen to pay for it. One day, lately, as he was riding his new purchase along Park-lane, he met his creditor on a pretty poney. The poor man, anxious to touch the Treasurer on the tender point of payment, and yet wishing to manage the matter handsomely, began by hoping his Honour liked the horse, and said he could also recommend the nag he was then riding. "Let me see," says Sh-r-d-n. "Upon my honour, a nice little animal enough ; and, I dare swear, an excellent trotter. Pray let me see his paces up the street." *By all means, your Honour.* Accordingly, *up* the street trots the simple Jockey, and *down* the street trots the right honourable Minister, ex-

Plan-mad, and am'rous of th' unfruitful moon,
 Give W-ndh-m *Wilkins'* wings—an air-balloon ;
 Let him blow bubbles, (*NEWTON* did the same),
 Or, like bland *Darwin*, winds and seasons tame ;
 But thin-spun theories, a rushing mind,
 Imprudent, * injudicious, o'er-refin'd,

hesitate. The alternative is perplexing, but the choice is plain. For my own part, I have not the magnanimity of an Indian widow ; and were I so wretched as to unite with a fool, I would not be so weak as to suffer for him.

* *Imprudent, injudicious, o'er-refin'd.*]—Mr. W-ndh-m has already heaped a few responsibilities on his own shoulders, which he will be lucky if ever he rids himself of. At present I shall merely mention the notorious instance of one Colonel Cr-f-rd, whom he has lately sent out at the head of an expedition. This redoubtable champion, whom nobody knows, (but who, for aught I can tell, might have heard a few discharges of musquetry in India), having got disgusted with the service, wrote to his friends to sell out for him. On coming to England, however, his martial spirit revived surprisingly—for Mr. W-ndh-m was in office. The Colonel burned for promotion, and the Secretary glowed with friendship. All this was an excellent farce, I must own ; but pray heaven it may not end in a tragedy. For Mr. W-ndh-m, with the amiable ardour of a tender attachment, has appointed his charming friend, (who was one of the last Colonels on the list) to the entire command of an army ! I can easily conceive the confidence with which the troops will follow him into battle, and how

Are failings far unfit a realm to guide—

Without sound reason, all is vain beside.

A perfect juggler in his plans of state,

He lays a system down, with solemn prate ;

feelingly they will cry; (while he is asking his officers' names) —“ Wonderful is our beloved Secretary, he hath charmed “ this curiosity from the moon !” Mr. W-ndh-m, for heaven's sake, begin to think seriously at last. You are rendering your party odious, Mr. W-ndh-m. You are alienating the affections of the army, Mr. W-ndh-m. Even the volunteers, Mr. W-ndh-m, are already disgusted ; and as to your *grand military system*, the whole service (saving a few *Cr-f-ds*) absolutely laugh it to scorn. Cast away Vanity, then, and consult Conscience. The poor old lady is an invalid, and you will be certain of finding her home.

Tho' the military system may have failed, yet it is not the fault of Mr. W-ndh-m ; inasmuch as he has spared neither pains nor money upon it. Nay, most unquestionably he pays eight hundred thousand pounds per annum, *extra*, in order to fail as a Secretary should fail, and to shew the people how economical Ministers are—Ay, economical, I repeat it. For economy consists in saving small sums ; and Ministers declare they will think no sum too trivial to look after. That is, according to the common adage, *they will take care of the pence* ; and as to the eight hundred thousand pounds, *extra* ; why —*the pounds will, of course, take care of themselves*. Besides, by the same inverted rule that we are to pay piles of money for failing; our successes, very probably, will not cost us a single doit.—*Scribl.*

Cries " *hocus pocus!* prithes mark—look on ;"
Then turns about, and *presto—whip—*'tis gone !
Plan after plan the sad Enthusiast moves,
The patient House winks, smiles, and disapproves.

In ill-pair'd tropes our Secretary talks ;
Mud and the milky way alike he walks ;
And fondly copying democratic aims,
'Twixt high and low poetic banns proclaims ;
Now peas and pearls upon one chain compels ;
Now couples Hercules with cockle-shells ;
Adroit with gilded frippery to gloss,
The brittle temper of his mental dross.
Thus * Irish D-yle, loquacious as a nurse,
Tells ten bad stories to bring round a worse ;
His studied jests from merry *Miller* draws,
Entraps a laugh and poaches for applause.

Smooth to perplex and candid to deceive ;
Alike expert to wed a cause and leave ;

* *Irish D-yle.*]—A General equally fond of warfare and old women's stories.

A slave to method, yet the fool of whim,
 Good Sense itself seems Emptiness in him.
 In pompous jargon or low wit it hides,
 And very gravely makes us split our sides.
 Dull when he ponders, lucky in a hit,
 The very *Sal Volatile* of wit ;
 Thro' the dark night to find the day he gropes ;
 He thinks in theories, and talks in tropes.

SCRIBLERUS.

Cou'd Wh-tbr-d catch a spark of W-ndh-m's fire—

POLYPUS.

To deeds more dang'rous Wh-tbr-d might aspire.
 But as it stands, our * *Brewer* has not *Nes*,
 To lead the mob, or to mislead the House.

* *Our Brewer has not Nes.*]—I fancy that our Brewer will not entirely coincide with me, as no man is more gifted with the blessed advantages of vanity than our brewer. He has the singular satisfaction of esteeming himself what the world vulgarly calls a *devilish clever fellow*. Now tho' the world may differ with him point-blank on that occasion, yet his merely thinking so argues, at least, much animal confidence, and an unlimited

See how the happy soul himself admires!

A hazy vapour thro' his head expires;

strength of imagination. Mr. Wh-t-br-d and the toad are equally devoid of several virtues ascribed to them. The mouth of a toad contains no venom, and its head no jewel. In like manner, Mr. Wh-t-br-d has neither harm in his eloquence, nor riches in his brain. After all, he can make a set speech pass off very prettily—if he be let alone. He can shew some ingenuity in pressing similies of dissimilitude out of the *Shop* and the *Pantheon*; but then come upon his flank with the cross-fire of a query, and he instantly falls into irrecoverable confusion.

As to the *comparative* wit, vigour, weight and talents of the present Ministry, perhaps I could not display them more plainly than in the following letter from Newmarket.

Occupet extremum Scabies!

Latoly was decided here a most comical race. The Gentlemen of the turf having offered a large plate to the best *Ass*, in a five mile heat, (each riding his own ass), the following Noblemen and Gentlemen started as candidates:

- R. Sh-r-d-n, Esq. who rode Jolly Bacchus.
- Lord H-w-ck. Sullen.
- Lord E—e Merry Andrew.
- Mr. W-ndh-m High Flyer.
- Lord H. P-tty Miss Hornpipe Teazle.
- Mr. Wh-t-br-d Brazen-face.
- Mr. T-m-y. Bully-Hector.

His curls ambrosial, hop and poppy shade,

Fit emblems of his talent and his trade.

Lord Gr-nv-llé led an animal to the ground, which, it seems, was not an ass, but a racer, somewhat resembling Mr. Pitt's *Eclipse*. At first starting Mr. Sh—n's *Jolly Bacchus* had the lead; but her rider having neither whip, spur, or bridle, she was left entirely to her own discretion. And yet they say Mr. Sh—n is an *admirable jockey*. Lord H-w-ck's *Sullen* came next; a tough-mouthed obstinate hack as ever we saw, but with excellent bottom. Her rider was blinded in the very beginning by a couple of mud patches, and came in, a sad spectacle, groaning, and blasting his eyes. Then followed Mr. W-udh-m's *Highflyer—proximus, sed longo intervallo*. Mr. W—n was dressed as a *Harlequin*, and retarded her progress extremely by his tricks—such as standing on his head—holding the ass's ears—and, latterly, riding like the *Tailor to Brentford*. Every one wondered how he contrived to *keep his seat*. Lord E—'s *Merry Andrew* succeeded, with new trappings, martingales, and surcingle; tail cropped and ears cut—yet still it was evidently an ass. Lord Henry's *Miss Hornpipe Teazle*, a little two year old, at first promised to do wonders, but lagged latterly, tho' her rider kept *plying his heels* the whole race. Mr. Wh-tbr-d's *Brazen-face* took sulk, and shewed* symptoms of bolting, being a thorough-bred

* Mr. W. shewed symptoms of bolting in the debate on the *glorious* negotiation. Is he not an odd character? His very virtues speak against him in the obliquity of their origin. He is consistent because he is stubborn. Stupidity renders him harmless—resentment makes him honest.

Slow, yet not cautious; cunning yet not wise ;
 We hate him first, then pity, then despise.
 The plodding dunce, a simular of wit,
 Lays up his store of repartee and hit ;
 His brain bedeckt with many a nice conceit,
 As bills of Op'ra hang on butcher's meat.
 The pains he takes to seem a wit, forgive.
 It is the Dunces's sad prerogative.
 For fit is he th' affairs of state to move,
 As Q——y, who lisps his toothless love.
 Puft with the Pride that loves her name in print,
 And knock-kneed Vanity with inward squint ;
 Laborious, heavy, slow to catch a cause,
 Bills at long sight upon his wits he draws,
 And with a solemn smartness in his mien,
 Lights up his* eyes and offers to look keen.

ass ; and as to Mr. T-rn-y's *Bully- Hector*, it broke down entirely ; when both man and beast were so bedaubed with gutter, that the people mistook the poor ass for Mr. T-rn-y, and asked it if it felt injured by the accident ? The asses kept kicking at each other during the whole race, which was won with some difficulty by Mr. Sh—n's *Jolly Bacchus*, and the *knowing ones were all taken in*.

* Κινωσ οφθαλμῶν ἴχνην.

But oh! how dullness fell on all his face,
 When he saw M-lv-lle rescu'd from disgrace.
 Not more agape the stupid audience star'd,
 * When K-mble spoke of *Aitches* and a *Baird*.
 Cold from his cheek the crimson courage fled;
 With jaw ajar, he look'd as he were dead;
 As from th' anatomist he just had run,
 Or was bound 'prentice to a skeleton.
 † Then seeing thro' the matter in a minute,
 Wish'd to the Dev'l he ne'er had meddled in it!

**When K-mble spoke of Aitches and a Baird.*—I once thought Mr. K-mble classical, I now find him pedantic. In the name of common sense and the end of language, (which is I suppose, *to speak intelligibly*) what can Mr. K-mble mean by calling Aches, *Aitches*? Does *Aitches* mend the meaning? No. Does *Aitches* perform any one act either useful or ornamental? No. *Aitches* then, it seems, is an old dead gentleman conjured from the grave, to terrify a worthy sentence 'till it loses its wits and talks what nobody can comprehend. I do not see why Mr. K. should puzzle an entire audience in order to shew that he once read an old edition of Shakspeare. And let me add, that his obstinacy in adhering to this absurd pronunciation, after the nightly hisses it experiences, betrays an ignorance of decorum and a want of humility, that always accompany much vanity and little learning.

† *Then seeing thro' the matter in a minute.*—Poor Wh-tb-d, (so sadly did his party dupe him), thought himself sure of suc-

Rough as his porter, bitter as his barm,
He sacrific'd his fame to M-lv-lle's harm,
And gave more deep disgust, than if his vat,
Had curs'd our vision with a swimming rat.

* M-lv-lle, poor man! consign'd to party pique,
Deferr'd the fate of nations for a week.

cess on that occasion, and also thought himself sure of a high place among the new ministry. All the Talents, however, appear to care very little about him or his hopes, and have, *at last*, compromised his very great feelings with a very small employment.

Have you watered the rum? says a puritanical grocer to his apprentice. *Yes*. Have you wetted the tobacco? *Yes*. Have you sanded the sugar? *Yes*. THEN COME IN TO PRAYERS.

Have you impeached Lord M-lv-lle? says a jacobinical party to its apprentice. *Yes*. Have you prejudged justice? *Yes*. Have you resolved not to rescind the resolutions? *Yes*. THEN COME INTO POWER.

* *M-lv-lle.*]—I wonder what this nobleman is about? *No negotiations, I hope*. I used to admire the cool contempt with which he invariably regarded Wh-tb-d during his petulant harangues; thereby annoying that doughty champion not a little, and auguring prosperously of the event. There was also another omen observable during the trial. The passage terminating near Mr. W—d's feet, was by some fatality or other, made precisely in *the shape of a gallows!!!*

Justice, turn'd scholar, chang'd her vulgar plan,
 And just like *Hebrew*, from the *end* began ;
 * *First* found the culprit guilty, tried him *next*,
 And from *Amen* preach'd backward to the *text*.
 So crabs advance by retrograde degrees,
 And salmon drift, tail-foremost, to the seas !
 To vex the *Scotchman* answer'd ev'ry end ;
 Unhappy in his servant and his friend.

SCRIBLERUS.

Well, † *T-r-n-y* wants not wisdom, you will own ;
 In strong rough reason *T-r-n-y* stands alone.

Was this an *architectural witticism* of Mr. *W--tt* ? However,
 I confess I was so forcibly struck with it, that I now never see
 Mr. *Wh-tb-d* without instantly having a gallows in my head.

Ille per EXTENTUM FUNEM mihi videtur,
 Ire !———— Hor.

* *First found the culprit guilty, tried him next.*]

Ad fontem Zanthi versa recurrit aqua.—Ovid.

For in the first place,

Exploratores———— *Miseri reportant,*
 Virg.

Then,

Fraudis sub iudice damnaverunt.—Tac.

And lastly—To *ψηφισμα του τουτ επιγραφου ανδρων επιβληντων ενωπιου*
νομου νεφου.—Long.

† *T-r-n-y.*—I am willing to handle this obscure person as

POLYPUS.

Thanks, Sir : the man's so mean I quite forgot him.
Still does he live? who wishes Pitt had shot him?
Why sits he silent? ah! how sad a case,
To lose one's tongue when one obtains a place.
But prudent statesmen knowing him of old,
Transmute his leaden terrors into gold.
For this arch-bravo, without much demur,
In a short space will *do your bus'ness*, Sir;
No man more happy to misunderstand,
Or put a duel neatly out of hand.
Let fools pursue Consistence—'tis his whim,
To make the slave Consistence follow him;
Not to prefer, (as Britons us'd of old)
The voice of conscience to the clink of gold,

softly as possible. When silence is a presumptive token of grace, 'tis charity to encourage it by not interrupting its repose. Alas! let us put a charitable construction on the case of this unhappy penitent; let us quietly allow him to "patch up his old soul for heaven," and to make this mournful lamentation:

Que j'ai perdu tout mon cacquet!
Moi, qui savois fort bien ecrire,
Et jaser comme un perroquet!!

But deem one purse of *tangible contents*,
Worth twenty bubbles, such as *fame* and *sense*.
Let him be mute, he may his pocket fill ;
Guilty of gold, but innocent of ill.

SCRIBLERUS.

Come, curb thy Pegasus—such flights confound ;
My senses wander and my brain turns round.

END OF DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

“ Hitherto we have seen men with heads strangely *deformed*,
“ and with *dogs' heads*; but what would you say if you
“ heard of men *without any heads at all*?”—*Goldsmith*.

POLYPUS.

* WHIG CLUB, I greet thee! hail thou † nurse despis'd,
Of ev'ry virtue Gaul once idoliz'd!

* *Whig-Club.*]—A set of “ *robustuous periwig-pated fellows*,” who used to meet together at the *Crown and Anchor*, to settle the nation's affairs, and drink its wines. However they happened to give offence to almost all the kingdom;
not

† Tu quoque *litteribus nostris, Æneia Nuirix,*

Æternam moriens famam, ‡ Caieta, dedisti!—*Virg.*

‡ It may not be generally known that *Caieta* is the modern *Gaeta*, whose little garrison lately made so gallant a resistance against the legions of Bonaparte. And here I must beg leave to disclaim the slightest intention of insulting that loyal little garrison, by having compared it with the Whig Club.

She to thine arms a bouncing urchin gave,
 Miss *Liberty*, who gallopp'd to her grave.
 In vain the babe for rights of man grew warm,
 Clapp'd her hard hands, and lisp'd "*reform! reform!*"
 (As great *Sangrado*, apt at gradual slaughter,
 Was all for *letting blood* and *drinking water* ;)
 Our rugged climate and unwholesome fare,
 Nipp'd the sweet bud in spite of all thy care.
 Ah, gentle Club † full many a tedious hour,
Meek patience and *Long suffering* were thy dow'r!
 From thy black trumpet sounding vain alarms,
 And dressing grim designs in gaudy charms.

not indeed by broaching hogsheads, but by broaching opinions.—Stupid people not easily discerning between licentiousness and badinage; that saying much is meaning little; that we may start new sentiments to pull down old ministers; and that to be known, we must often be notorious. Of late years, however, all its enthusiasm has died away, owing to disappointed aims and the contempt it universally excited. Besides, at present its members meet at St. James's as well as at the Crown and Anchor, are no longer called demagogues but ministers, and live by taxes instead of contributions.

N. B. His grace of N-rf-lk's *coyness* in giving the *Sovereignty of the People* at the last anniversary meeting was rather ludicrous. It spoke volumes.

Words were thy feeble weapons—bold thy blows ;
 No Caution press'd her finger on her nose.

There after F— his rash oration spoke,
 The gentle Jacobins begin to joke ;
 * Like veins, breathe bottles, and the blood imbibe,
 While dancing candles double on the tribe.
 Each toasts the easy goddess of his whim.
 The laughing liquor overlooks the rim.
 All fish for wit—some troll a fruitful flood.
 Thick Wh-tb-d angles in his native mud ;
 In playful sarcasm *Dick* and *Charly* toy ;
 † Ev'n H-w-ck musters up a solemn joy ;
 Loud laughs around the toping table run,
 ‡ And E—— drops th' abortion of a pun.

* *Like veins, breathe bottles and the blood imbibe.*]—Now,
 however, the Whig drinks more classically, and we may say
 without a synecdoche,

Ille impiger hausit,
 Spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit auro!—*Virg.*

† *Ev'n H-w-ck musters up a solemn joy.*]—I have heard
 H-w-ck attempt to trifle and be playful ; but it was always
magno conatu nugas—A Hercules at the distaff.

‡ *And E— drops th' abortion of a pun.*]—This facetious
 punster is now to be seen for nothing at Westminster-Hall.

SCRIBLERUS.

What tho' he pun and prove a table's curse?
Thank heav'n, his blackest foe can say no worse.
What tho' he sit uncouth in ermin'd pelf,
And prate prodigiously about *himself* ;
* Laugh at his own conceits, and vaunt his law,
While the tir'd hearer dislocates his jaw ?
What tho' *St. Martin's*, quartering her hours,
More seldom addle with her brazen pow'rs ?
Yet still his worth, wit, wisdom, all must own—

POLYPUS.

And having all, that he well uses none.
Here is a man with ev'ry grace endu'd ;
Wit to be great and nature to be good ;
Whose wit wants pow'r to charm ev'n folly long ;
Whose worth extracts less rev'rence than a song.

Verily, verily, he deporteth himself with a most miraculous solemnity of demeanour.

Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici ?

† *Laugh at his own conceits.*]

Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ γέλω καὶ τίσσομαι ἄφρονι θυμῷ.

His wit and talents soon may make a friend ;
 His wit and talents may as soon offend.
 Sad, silly wise one ! who with awkward skill,
 Mar meaning well by executing ill.
 Who stood of Whigs the *fatal partisan* ;
 Who wrote defences which *convict* the clan ;
 Thro' pleader, statesman, judge, who run the ring,
 Yet keep *th' affected fop* in ev'ry thing.
 A *judge* ? Oh mercy !—who can chuse but laugh ?
 A grave owl perches on a frisking calf !

SCRIBLERUS.

Will you praise P-tty ?

POLYPUS.

Ah, poor P-tty ! true—

I once had hope the little lad might do.
 But P-tty ne'er a prodigy will prove ;
 Ne'er burn the Thames or make the tide remove.
 Once the smart boy, (as daily papers tell)
Perform'd a pretty speech extremely well ;
 Then seiz'd th' *Exchequer*—feeble and unfit ;
 But * All the Talents hop'd another *Pitt*.

* All the Talents *hop'd another Pitt.*]—*Dissimiles hic vis*

Ev'n as some mother, rapt in silent joy,
Beside the slumbers of her only boy,
Sees ev'ry human beauty flourish fair,
In his thick lips, flat nose and flamy hair !

But * our *young Roscius*, scorning to controul,
The mighty whims that labour in his soul,
Aims at more merit than of mere finance—
Learn friend that P-tty *practises to dance* !
Unites at once activity and wit ;
Both heel and head ; both *Parisot* and *Pitt*.

et ille puer, however. Lord Henry labours hard to be a great man, but he has not the necessary ingredients. The old Talents thought it expedient to astonish the nation with a young little Talent of their own begetting, so cried up poor P-tty to the skies. But alas ! we find that they called him clever, just as people say a hare has wings—for *convenience*' sake.

* *Our young Roscius*.]—I know not whether B-tty or P-tty, P-tty or B-tty have fallen the more in public estimation.

Felices ambo ! si quid mea carmina possunt, &c.

Yet times may change, and I do not despair of seeing *Master B-tty* in Parliament, and *Master P-tty* on the stage. At present, the Player gets by heart other men's tragedies ; the Minister repeats farces of his own composing, and this is all the difference between them.

Voluisti, in tuo genere, unumcunque nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium.—Cicero.

His mind and body mutual graces shew,
And now he points a *period*—now a *toe*;
At balls he capers and at senates plods ;

* A DANCING CHANCELLOR BY ALL THE GODS!!!

* *A dancing Chancellor by all the Gods!!!*]—Gentle reader,
I present thee with the following pretty little stanzas on the
Dancing Chancellor :

" I can make speeches in the Senate too, Nacky."—*Osway*.

Και πάλιν δίδω χορονοιν.—*Anas.*

Saltare elegantius quam necesse est probare.—*Sall.*

To be seen—an odd mortal in London,
A Lord, let me add with submission ;
Whom heav'n meant to dance,
But he dipp'd in finance ;
So turn'd out a *beau-politician*.

In Parliament glibly he gabbles,
Her laws and her taxes to teach her ;
And speaks off his part,
Amazingly smart,
Consid'ring the age of the creature.

At balls he's so dapper a dancer,
The misses all find him most handy ;
For tho' heavy in head,
As a plummet of lead,
He jumps like a Jack-a-dandy.

Ev'n *beardless* statesmen are no vulgar evil :
 But a FINANCIAL D'EGVILLE is the Devil !
 O rule revers'd, O weeping change and wild,
 When children play the man and man the child !

SCRIBLERUS.

Nay you seem bent to pull down ev'ry *Laird*,
 And this year mangle all the last two spar'd.

Pray heav'n that he never may tumble,
 While dancing away for a wife, Sir ;
 Shou'd he get a *capcise*,
 How the Dev'l could he rise ?—
 He must live on his head all his life, Sir !

Now his getting a step in a hornpipe,
 I think could not injure the nation ;
 But hard is its lot,
 Since P-tty has got,
 A step in administration.

Oh ! down on our knees, my dear Britons,
 And ere P-tty's dancing be ended,
 Let's offer this pray'r ;—
 While his heels kick the air,
May his body be never suspended !

POLYPUS.

Yes, the last two prov'd fatal to the great.
*Pitt, Fox, Cornwallis, * Nelson*, fell to fate.
Firm M-lv-lle and wise † W-ll-sly were impeach'd;
Two monarchs conquer'd—B-rd-tt over-reach'd;
Statesmen approv'd the plans they once abhorr'd;
Tailors turn'd statesmen—Add-ngt-n a *Lord*.
‡ Poor S-dm-th, feeble insect of an hour,—

* *Nelson.*]—The first of heroes and the best of Christians. I do not think all history can furnish us with a character so ardently—I had almost said, so *romantically* heroic—but his was a discreet enthusiasm. The circumstances of his death too, are unexampled in splendour and magnanimity. Just such a death was his desire. He loved life, but he loved glory and his country better.

Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, propinqui, familiares : sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est ; pro quâ quis bonus dubitet mortem appetere ?—*Cic.*

† *W-ll-sly.*]—This said impeachment is a sorry business. I think Mr. P-ll would do well to drop it. Mr. P-ll is notorious enough already, and we do not desire a second edition of Mr. Wh-tb-d.

‡ *Poor S-dm-th.*]—The *Doctor* has given over practice, and, according to the continental phrase, has *retired to his estates*.

Latet abditus agro.

D'Oubril, Haugwitz, &c. have also retired to their estates and

SCRIBLERUS.

Despises censure, as he laughs at pow'r.

ROLYPUS.

If he scorns censure, 'tis a lucky whim ;
And if he laughs at pow'r, pow'r laughs at him,
A sad weak soul, and made for men to jeer,
He held the helm—

SCRIBLERUS.

How long?

POLYPUS.

One total year !
Then the stern *Commoner*, all claws and stings,
Turn'd, in a trice—* *the Lord in leading-strings!*

become ploughmen. I think all the Ex-Ministers of Europe ; D'Oubril, Haugwitz, S-dm-th, &c. might meet together in *Crusoe's Island*, and form a most comfortable and condoling society.

* *The Lord in leading-strings.*]—I see Polypus is bent on abusing every body. So because Mr. Add-ngt-n became a lord, and had not duplicity to refuse a good offer, Polypus chooses to put him into *leading-strings*. I wish Polypus was put into the pillory. Now Lord S-dm-th's acceptance of a proffered title strikes me, on the contrary, as an instance of strict integrity and candour. Why should he tell a lie, I ask ? Why should he say, *Thank you, Sir, I had rather not* ; while his conscience was for saying, *With all my soul, and with all my strength, Sir?* Morality must be considered, even tho' a

In place a cypher, and a cypher out,
 While laughing Faction bandied him about ;
 Slow as the mule, laborious as the bee,
 No shuttlecock was e'er so bang'd as he !

Yet praise, where praise is due, the muse shall give.
 The man has merit, but 'tis *negative*.
 The passive valour of a patient mind,
 And martyr-meeekness in his soul we find.
 Wit, hid like kernels, he may too inherit,
 And not to be a scoundrel *has* its merit.

SCRIBLERUS.

Away with anger—prithee praise the next ;
 And 'midst the ministers cull out a text.

man should lose by it. For my part, I like morality extremely—I think it an appendage of the gentleman—A sort of rarity, rather becoming than otherwise ; and tho' Lord S. has pinned a title upon *his* morality; yet, I dare say, they do not interfere with each other at all. I beg leave to remark that there are several sorts of morality. There is a morality which feels, and a morality which reasons. There is also a morality which does neither the one nor the other, but *acts only upon instinct*. This last I take to be Lord S-dm-th's morality.—Scrib.

POLYPUS.

*In eldest time, when heav'n from chaos hurl'd,
Aloft to starry tracts, the whirling world ;
Bade the blithe Sun immerse his fulgent hair,
And walk the wilds of alabaster air :
Life from low rank her gradual birth begins,
And first informs the frigid race of fens ;
Thence, mounting upward, teems with hoof and horn,
'Till pinions beat the blast and Man is born.*

SCRIBLERUS.

Friend, are you mad ? What vile bombast is here !

POLYPUS.

My meaning is—and sure my meaning's clear—
That I, like Nature, from the *worst* began,
And end in **M-ra*, as she stopp'd in *Man*.

* *M-ra*.]—Much, however, as I admire the virtues of this Nobleman, I am not unacquainted with his foibles. He possesses, in common with other courtiers, a certain tenderness of soul, that cannot bear the pain of *refusing*. The consequence is obvious—The blossom must be more abundant than the fruit. But *ubi plura nitent*, &c.

SCRIBLERUS.

But why such labour'd nothings ?

POLYPUS.

Just to raise,
Plain thoughts to pomp, like poets now-a-days.
* Thus M-re's sweet lines with too much tinsel glow ;
† P-yne Kn-ght we see trick out his nonsense so ;
Small Ch-rry, thus, huge Op'ras manufacture ;
Amphibious thing, 'twixt dramatist and actor!

Terence supplies me with his general character in these lines :

Sic vita erat ; facile omnes perferre ac pati ;
Cum quibus erat conqueritia, his sese dedere,
Eorum obsequi studiis ; *adversus nemini ;*
Nunquam præponens se aliis ; ita facillime,
Sine invidiâ invenias laudem.

* *Thus M-re's sweet lines with too much tinsel glow.*]—
Mr. M--re's lines, like Seneca's, *abundant dulcibus vitiis*.
They are too full of puerile conceits, sparkling epithets, and
obscure allusions. Mr. M--re is a young poet, and may yet
correct this false refinement, which proceeds from a rage for
novelty, and must eventually corrupt the national taste. As
to the *lessons* his poetry inculcates, I fear that to comment on
them would be useless. His last volume shews his hearty re-
solution not to reform. It is however melancholy to see the
only poet in the nation whose morals are her safeguard, so truly
negligent of a poet's and a nation's interest.

† *P-yne Kn-ght.*]—All I shall say of Mr. P. Kn-ght's new

In opposite extreme errs*Sc-tt we see

Most ostentatious in simplicity.

SCRIBLERUS.

A truce with poems—politics precede.

You mention'd M-ra ; as you praise him, speed.

production on the principles of taste, is, that the former half of it is employed in *reprobating* criticism—the latter half is spent in *criticising*.

* *In opposite extreme errs Sc-tt, we see.*]—Mr. Sc-tt's *Lay of the last Minstrel* is a poem eminent for the force of its descriptions, and the consistency of its characters. But here ends its merit. The plot is absurd, and the antique costume of the language is disgusting, because it is unnatural. Why write in the style which prevailed before our language had attained its utmost purity? Why use the worse weapon when the better may be had? Is it because such language was spoken in those times? I deny that such language was spoken at *any* time. Were a Scotch minstrel to rise from his grave, he could not understand half of it. The Gothic and Corinthian mixture would make him smile. But supposing the language a true antique, and not a modern coin artificially rusted over, still it is absurd to make use of it—For, by the same rule, *Gray's Bard* should have spoken in the idiom of *King Edward's* time, and *Norval* should now tragedy it away in broad Scotch. If Mr. S. will condescend to write in the present purity of our language, tho' he may no longer decoy readers by what is novel, yet he may win them by what is natural. Philips's *Pastorals*, and Chatterton's *Rowley* are reposing in the char-

POLYPUS.

I honor M-ra ; him no lust to rule,
 Makes Fortune's votarist, or Party's tool.
 Foe to no sect, alike belov'd of all,
 He fears no venom for he knows no gall.
 Prompt to lull feuds and passion to compose,
 Yet from his tongue no adulation flows.
 Ardent in arms and apt in arts of peace,
 He heaps up honour with a large increase ;
 Fame is his spur, and Virtue is his guide—
 Let guilty glory snatch at all beside.

SCRIBLERUS.

Here we unite ; and haply may once more :
 All who love M-ra hate Sir Fr-nc-s sore.

POLYPUS.

* I like not B-rd-tt. To my mind he seems,
 A turbid spirit full of desp'rate dreams ;

nels of obscurity. Yet there was a time when they were just as much read and just as much admired as Mr. Sc-tt's minstrel.

* *I like not B-rd-tt.*]—I flatter myself that Sir Fr-nc-s will feel highly gratified by my mention of him. Publicity, publicity for Sir Fr-nc-s ; honourable if he can, but at all events publicity. Yet there is a sort of talent about the young

Who love and admiration aims to move,
Without one talent men admire or love.
He plays the statesman, tho' devoid of sense ;
The man of words, tho' wanting eloquence ;
Acts the mean demagogue thro' pride alone :
Prates of his country's good,—pursues his own.
T—ke teaches B—rd—tt all things but his pray'rs,
And what his Rev'rence says, his Honour swears.
Thus the maternal bear, with clumsy tongue,
Licks to her own rough form her pliant young.
Yes, Justice, Sense and Patriotism prevail'd,
* When P—l lay prostrate, and when B—rd—tt fail'd.

man, and they say he possesses a thousand amiable-qualities. I hope so. And perhaps as he grows in years he may increase in sense too, and lay aside those ridiculous chimæras which at present possess him. John Horne T—ke will tell him I am a blockhead. For John Horne T—ke, like Prince Talleyrand, is still plotting behind the curtain, unseen, indeed ; but heard, and felt, and understood. Yet I think “the Parson” might now begin to ponder things more suitable. There is a time when even enthusiasm ceases to attract, and when folly becomes disgusting. Rectitude may rise into fame ; error may end in obscurity. In a word, Mr. T—ke ; repentance has ever an open ear ; and when we call is instantly present from the uttermost ends of the earth.

* *When P—l lay prostrate, and when B—rd—tt fail'd.*]—I speak of the late election.

Hi nostri *reditur*, expectatique triumphī?

VIRG.

When the sad pair, (resolv'd in spite to eat)
 Gorg'd all their friends with dinners of defeat ;
 Cow, heifer, hen pour'd forth a patriot flood,
 And geese died gloriously for England's good !

SCRIBLERUS.

Nay, why so bitter ? How cou'd P-ll * offend ?
 Before you judge him let th' impeachment end ;
 And for his † want of *grammar*, and of *sense*—

* P—l.]—A gentleman of electioneering, duelling, and impeaching mischance. Ministers dreaded his garrulity, so opposed his election ; read the papers, so prevented his duel ; got into power, so forsook his impeachment. Thus we pity his first failure, laugh at his second, and despise him in his third—Tears, laughs, and hisses. Poor Mr. P—ll !

† *His want of grammar and of sense.*]—*Sylla nescivit literas, non potuit dictare.* I shall, however, trouble Mr. P—ll with a single question, anxious as I am to afford him an opportunity of vindicating his literary character. Which of the following figures in Rhetoric* is the most elegant for an orator ;

Hyperbole,
 Hyperbaton, or
 Hypersarcosis ?

I shall expect an instant answer in the daily prints, and no looking into dictionaries. Silence will, of course, be considered as a confession of ignorance.

* Rhetoric is the art of speaking or writing with elegance.

POLYPUS.

His *birth*, I grant you, is a full defence.

SCRIBLERUS.

P-ll was a *tailor*—then Sir, if you can,
Lean light upon the ninth part of a man.

POLYPUS.

Nay his mean birth my verse should ne'er have stain'd,
* Had his mean tongue from like abuse refrain'd.

* *Had his mean tongue from like abuse abstain'd.*]—Mr. P—ll evinced his own origin by adverting to Mr. Sh-r-d-n's. No man of birth would descend to such indecency. Indeed the speeches of both candidates at the Westminster election were fitter for mountebanks, or furious field orators, than for enlightened statesmen. I shall give the following summary of them, as a rhetorical curiosity.

Τῶν δ' ἀκαμάτων ῥεῖσι αὐδῆ,
Ἐκ στομάτων ἦδιστα—

HESIOD.

Precisely at four o'clock Mr. Sh-r-d-n appeared on the hustings; a fine ruddy blaze emanating from the disk of his countenance. He drank some hot wine, which an old woman, fond of a joke, or hired perhaps by his opponents, offered to him. Decidedly, however, he was not inebriated. As soon as he began to speak, the people began to laugh; whereupon he bade them laugh still more; "because," says he, "laughing supposes good humour, and good humour implies

All the mean atomies that still remain ;
 And teize and tickle, tho' they cannot pain ;

“ the returning of a proper member to Parliament.” From speaking of a proper member for Parliament, Mr. Sh-r-d-n, some how or other, contrived to shift the subject to himself, of whom he gave a very pleasing account indeed. He told us, in general terms, that he had done surprising things for the country ; but was tender of descending to particulars ; probably because the law does not oblige a criminal to convict himself. He then spoke impressively of liberty, England, the pretty girls, and the old woman, who gave him the hot wine. “ I am resolved to continue in good humour,” says he, in a bitter passion ; “ and I don't care,” (elevating his voice prodigiously) whether the noisy rabble listen to me or not.”

Speaking of Mr. P—ll, he solemnly asserted that he (Mr. S.) had once met him (Mr. P.) in gentlemen's company ! The people might stare, and be astonishèd ; but so the fact stood—he had met him in gentlemen's company—He was ready to turn *King's evidence*, and make oath of it. And, moreover, he was sure that this *son of a tailor* would make him an abject apology. He concluded his harangue with this elegant exhortation. *Now my friends, let us have a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether !*

Τον δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσεφη—Mr. James P—ll.

Who made a neat, ill-tempered speech enough. He said he should blush (now Lord forbid Mr. P-ll should do such a thing!)—He should blush, he said, to be such a braggart as Mr. Sh---n. For himself, he would tell God's truth, and candidly confess, that he was a mere honest man, who had risen into estimation by dint of his own talents and deserts. He then pleaded guilty as to the fact of having been caught in gentle-

Pert insects, buzzing thro' the senate still,
Much too minute to fetter or to kill;
Things we but see with microscopic glass,
In mercy to her eyes, let Satire pass.

Yet in her verse let Spence live once more,
Whom, dead in politics, no tears deplore ;
Whose lucky shade (escap'd the Stygian coast)
Gay, spruce and sleek—a wonder for a ghost !

men's company, but adduced Mr. S——n's being there as an
“ expiation of the offence. “ Yesterday,” says Mr. P——ll, “ I
“ was in a majority, which I then thought a triumph. To-day
“ I am in a minority, which I take to be a greater triumph
“ still ; and if I lose the election, (which, by the bye, I am
“ resolved not to do), I shall consider it as the greatest
“ triumph of all. For,” says he, somewhat ingeniously, “ my
“ being in a minority proves that my opponents are in a ma-
“ jority ; which, being caused by foul play, is a shame
“ for them, and therefore a triumph to me.” He next spoke
of the distresses of the people, which he attributed, in a great
degree, to Mr. Sh——'s having a house at the end of St. Ca-
therine-street. As to his being a son of a tailor, his answer
was to this effect, *namely*,—that if he was a son of a tailor,
Mr. Sh——n was—shall I repeat it ?—*a son of a vagabond!*
Yes, my dear reader, by all that's solemn, he called the right
honourable Treasurer of the Navy *a son of a vagabond*. Mercy
upon me !—*a son of a vagabond*. Let the earth perish, and the
moon fall in pieces !

Still thro' the midnight senate loves to glide,
And haunt the scenes where all its glory died.
Yet let her verse for hapless H-ll-nd grieve ;
Who lately bent on wisdom, I believe,
Turn'd off from politics—yet still mistook,
And ended all his blunders with a book !
O for the joyful day, when PEACE restor'd,
Shall bind her olive round the rusty sword !
When the pale nations, wash'd of human gore,
Smiling shall meet, and mingle wars no more ;
When arms and clarions shall be silent all,
And a soft calm shall soothe the panting ball.

Then W-nd-m, idle, may find time to see,
Sense in an oyster, morals in a flea ;
To march an army underneath the wave,
Or, with east winds instruct us how to shave.
Then Sh-r-d-n whole days in port may steep,
And thank his stars that claret is so cheap ;
He who distorting all his fairer fate,
Born to plot plays, affects to plan the state ;
And straining (Heav'n knows why) his needless throat,
Acts a more pompous farce than e'er he wrote,

Then upstart H-w-ck may more aptly climb,

And play *Schedoni* in a pantomime.

Fond to seem young, let Ers— take a wife,

And with a pun on Hell conclude his life.

Let Master P-tty at the Op'ra teach,

And heavy Wh-tbr-d his own brains impeach ;

While the meek thing call'd S-dm-th, if you ask it,

Will put to sea (Lord love it) in a basket !

Then, if, as now, *true* glory still inspire,

From toils of state firm C-nn-ng may retire ;

Blest in the conscience of a blotless day,

And calm while life steals airily away.

Then, if, as now, *true* glory swell each breast,

Shall C-stl-gh,—shall P-rc-v-l be blest.

Now let thy prose, O C-bb-tt,* lap me fast,

In its long periods, and its broad bombast ;

* *C-bb-tt.*]—Since C-bb-tt's deplorable secession he has sunk into such insignificance, that it is almost unnecessary to notice him. He is now famous only for opposing an *œs triplex* of countenance to the sneer of contempt which every where assails him. The style of his letters, too, has altered with his change of policy. Impurity has succeeded to elegance, and scurrility has taken place of wit. This is the natural consequence of Ministers' not choosing to write against themselves.

Thou blust'rer! that, to thy own aims untrue,
 Taught'st our old world the tenets of the new;
 Whence first arose the principles deprav'd,
 That ravag'd France and ev'n in Britain rav'd;
 Made puling Freedom feed on human meat,
 And men suck mercy from the tiger's teat!

Yet oh! to lash a lowly bard forbear:
 Who stings a Princess may a Poet spare.
 Go! in thy paper, to the town proclaim,
 Thy soul unsex'd, thy forehead void of shame;
 Go! with brass tongue, around the city call,
 Scurrility, huzza! and heigh for P-ll!

Spare me not *Chronicles* * and *Sunday News*!
 Spare me not *Pamphleteers* and *Scotch Reviews*! †!

There are, at present, three principal clowns performing in the political pantomime, all admirably awkward, and far more amusing than even the facetious *Grimaldi*. These are Messrs. B-rd-tt, P-ll, and C-bb-tt. And truly a precious triumvirate. B-rd-tt, P-ll, and C-bb-tt!—*A cock, a bull, and a roasted soldier!* Peter F-n-rty, too, must not be omitted. That man has points about him that would do honour to a Hot-tentot.

* *Chronicles*.]—The Morning Chronicle—The *Moniteur* of England. A sort of political barometer, which, on the late *change of atmosphere*, suddenly, but awkwardly, rose to *settled fair*.

† *Scotch Reviews*.]—The Edinburgh Review. A critical

Aid me with anger, deck my brow with blame,
And stigmatize my satire into fame.

work of some merit and erudition. It is sometimes just, often erroneous, always insolent; and owes most of its popularity to this perfection, which it always exerts far too freely, unless the book be written by a *fellow-countryman*, or a *Lord*. Indeed bowing before a Lord was always an attribute of plebeian insolence. The best literary joke I recollect, is its attempting to prove some of the Grecian Pindar rank nonsense; supposing it to have been written by Mr. P. Kn-ght. Afterwards, indeed, *it wrote Greek verses itself*; and, after some consideration, I grant that this is even a better joke than the other. I do not always admire its principles; and it has had the vanity to declare that it possesses *ALL the literary TALENTS* of the country. Happy is that country in having scribblers who call themselves wise! Happy, too, in having Ministers who keep the scribblers in countenance! And why should not *I* also assure my readers that *this* little performance contains "*All the Talents of all the Poets*"? I do beseech them to have no doubt of it. And, moreover, I most earnestly exhort all corporations, whether of merchants or butchers, of aldermen, or tailors, to follow my laudable example. I would have the mechanic cram all the talents of mankind into his own especial occupation. I would have Dr. *Solomon* cashier his old puffs, and set up all the talents instead. Patients should swallow a lump of talents in *Bolton's* asthmatic lozenges; while anti-bile, anti-hydrophobia, anti-head-ache—in short, the whole very numerous family of *Antis* should possess the most unbounded abilities. Were I *Bish* and Co. I would draw forth all the talents in one capital prize.—Were I *Tattersall*, I would set them up to auction in the shape of my best blood.—Were I *Heby*, I would

If not, t' attack myself must be the end on't ;

I *versus* ME—both plaintiff and defendant !

Muse, 'tis enough—

SCRIBLERUS.

Such Muses are but brutes.

I hate all scandal—down with the *Pursuits*!*

actually stitch them in the sole of a boot. All patents should contain them ; the real Japan blacking should shine a first-rate genius ; and I would not hesitate to discover talents even under a fashionable wig. Yes, my friends—let us make common cause. Let all the talents belong to us all. Let empirics and Secretaries at War—let puppet-shews and Exchequer-Chancellors, all equally and uniformly glare with “ wit and wisdom, and vigour and talent !” Believe me, vanity is the wisest of passions, because it is the only one not liable to alter with external circumstances. He who is pleased with himself is truly independent, and to be truly independent is the privilege of a Briton.

* *Pursuits*.]—The Pursuits of Literature. A work unequalled in manliness of sentiment, extensive learning, and elegant composition. It is generally attributed to Mr. M-th-s. Yet I think its general style closely resembles the language of Mr. M-tf-rd's Grecian History. The beginning of the satire tells us that the author had retired from *camps, and courts, and crowds, and senates*. Might not these have been *Grecian* ? Is it not extraordinary, too, that the Pursuits of Literature never mentioned Mr. M-tf-rd's Greece amongst all the publications of the day ; nor his brother, Lord R-d-s-c, amongst

POLYPUS.

Muse, 'tis enough—from thy soft trammels free,
 Back let me haste, ah! cruel C—e, to thee;

all the public characters? * The author, whoever he be, may perceive I do not dread the anathemas he has thundered against *over-curious* people. As for myself, every body who pleases may try to unkennel me. Every body has a right. But I shall also beg leave to exercise *my right* on the occasion, and

Ille,

Qui me commorit (melius non tangere clame)
 Flebit, et insignis totâ cantabitur urbe.

HOR.

Before I conclude, I would say a few serious words to Ministers. They possess neither my regard nor my animosity. I look on them as mere machines moving the national concern; and examine if each part answers its intent, just as an exact mechanic would scrutinize his levers and his wheels. I repeat, I am neither a disappointed senator nor his hireling; but I am a lover of my country and will not tamely see her injured. Gentlemen, do not discredit me. There are men who can talk fine things and feel them too—pardon me when I add, there are men who can talk and feel the direct reverse. At least, then, beware how you will act; if, indeed, you will act at all. England has long been agape to behold the first-born wonder

* These hints are not my own. They were suggested by a friend, to whose talents and learning I am deeply indebted in matters of far more importance.

And while thy rigid charms my bosom fill,
To my dear country I will turn me still ;
Assert her laws, her charter'd rights uphold,
And bid her sons be virtuous still and bold.

Now bent to free fall'n Europe from her chains,
They dread no despot whilst a BRUNSWICK reigns.

of her United Talents ; but her United Talents appear to be plunged in a stupor of modesty, joy and apprehension. Collect yourselves and take courage. We have heard your voices and are anxious to see your deeds. Banish from your minds the narrow notions they so fatally cherish, and at length embrace the broad interests of humanity. Enough has been allotted to the vanities of triumph.---it is now time to sacrifice a little to expediency. Believe me, the prosperity of nations is an object not to be slighted, even amidst the mirth of a banquet, or the solemnity of a levee. The nation is angry that your exploits, which are puerile, bear no proportion to your gigantic professions. To vaunt is the privilege of an opposing party ; but it is pitiful and disgusting in the party that must act. There is an assured humility, which is the real virtue. Arrogance is ever erroneous and unwise. Like the mariner distempered by a vertical sun, she can see green fields amid the waste of waters, and hear the lowing of cattle in the dashing of the waves.

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