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THE TALENTS!

SATIRICAL POEM

18

THREE DIALOGUES.

BY POLYPUS.

It is not worth while to be sold for nothing, with many, you shall see
the same thing, but in vain to be bought, and under the
guise of value.

These men when they have taken upon themselves mighty names, and
called themselves "talents", in their yet having the perfection of boldness,
they shall make a list of it, give themselves a name, and there it finishes.

VERGILIAN

Quisquam te sceleris tanti sic, invidiosus, habet.

HOR

LONDON:

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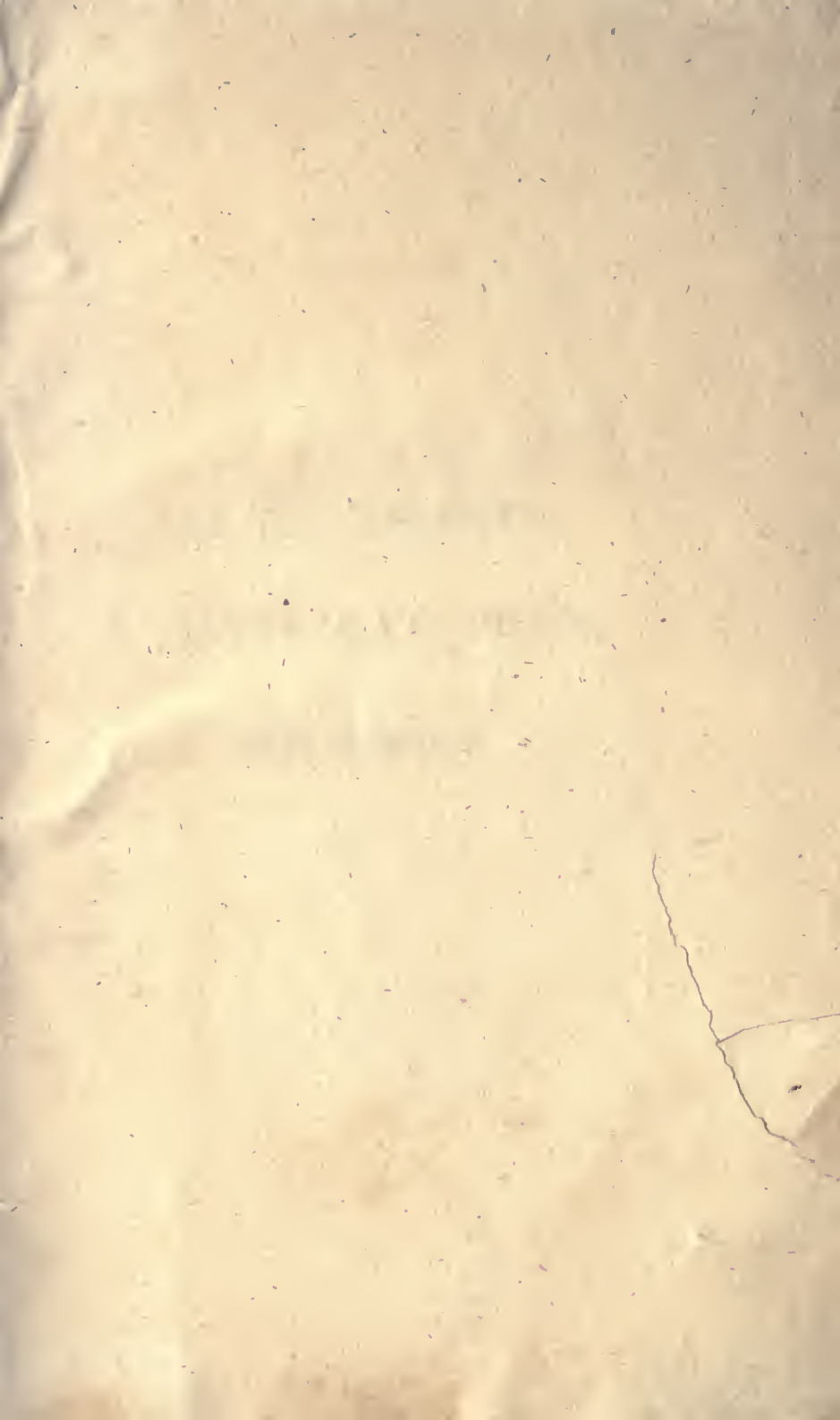
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ALL THE TALENTS;

A SATIRICAL POEM,

IN

THREE DIALOGUES.

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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.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, *incredulus* odi.

HOR.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

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1807.

[Price 3s. 6d.]

ALL THE TALENTS

CATHOLIC BOARD

77

THE CATHOLIC BOARD

BY THE REV. FATHER

The Catholic Board is a body of laymen, who, under the guidance of the hierarchy, are engaged in the work of social reform and the improvement of the condition of the poor. It is a body of men who are devoted to the service of their fellow-men, and who are determined to do all in their power to relieve the suffering and to promote the welfare of the community.

THE CATHOLIC BOARD

1881

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

1881

[1881-1882]

PR

4069

B5a

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. The bow must be rosined, 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.

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 just or not just, 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 mispending time. I therefore conclude with assuring your Majesty how faithfully I am,

Your Majesty's devoted slave;

To command till death,

POLYPUS.

P R E F A C E.

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 amongst them. I shall be perfectly contented with lopping off a few straggling excrescencies; 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.

Indeed 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 avail but little. *Voltaire*, *Rousseau*, and other writers, accused of having caused 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 amongst 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 on 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 republic 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 are found to 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 have been 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 rather 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.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader will easily see, by the desultory style apparent throughout, that the *Three Dialogues* did actually occur between Scriblerus and myself; and that they were afterwards rendered into verse by me. He will also just as readily perceive, that the learned Scriblerus, on reading the manuscript, waxed exceeding wroth, and objected to my printing it, unless I would allow him to insert a few vindicatory notes of his own. I consented; and the result is, my public thanks here presented to him, for affording me most essential service thereby—since his arguments are all on my side of the question, though his good wishes, I doubt not, are piously on the opposite.

ALL THE TALENTS.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

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

LUCAN. PHARS.

SCRIBLERUS.

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

* *To sting 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 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

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

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.

ever. But now, forsaking their old nests, they come hopping over Conscience to perch upon Interest ; and, like the saucy robin, 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 suasit,
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 Polyus 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. Was it not this quality of toughness which has carried them through ? Did they not always continue tough to the principles they set out upon, though 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.*

POLYPUS.

Nay, this mild plan let R——* yet pursue,
 Whose saint-like meekness would 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 scar'd not, Poets may appal.
 For me, 'twas ne'er my nature, nor 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.)

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

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

POLYPUS.

What! shall my Muse in silent slumber
 Be 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,
 Knave's 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,
 Though C-bb-tt* rage, and P-nd-r† rise
 again;

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

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

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;

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

Who ne'er to wav'ring weakness wou'd descend,
 But kept on snarling 'till he gain'd his end.

tering 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 ruin'd?—Gr-y instantly found out that the nation was undone. Skilful 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-n-c-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 most 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 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 profligate is preferable to the enmity of a professed one. After ages will hardly credit the story of our adventures. At least they will shudder at our having escaped out of such hands; while the names of a —, 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

* By the bye, St. V-n-c-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 where he fail'd to bite;
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.

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.—*Scrill.*

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*. I doubt if their new recantation be not more disgusting than their ancient bigotry. But their conduct immediately on their coming into power was more than disgusting. It was a tissue of absurdity, indecency, and arrogance, equalled only by the nauseous mummerly 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

* 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.

POLYPUS.

So diff'rent, that a *frog* and *ape*, I doubt,
 Have more similitude than *in* and *out*.
 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 ;

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.

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 dew and fluid fire ;
Whose hundred heads bright diadems em-
brace,
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.

'Twas of noble kind.
But Pitt's full merit if you wish to find,

*Ask Buonaparte, read the needy News;
 †Whig, Bankrupt, Spendthrift, Traitor, all
 abuse.

SCRIBLERUS.

'Tis strange, I'll own, and quite beyond my
 wit,

That not a rebel 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.

* *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 through life either *hollow hearts* or *weak understandings*.

This last assertion is a sidelong glance at me. I know Polypus 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.*

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 ex-
treme.

For, as to form a bow'r we must incline,

Th' opposing trees to make their tops en-
twine;

So where such men unite, since wide by
nature,

The Patriot must be crooked as the traitor.

Yet, though 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.

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 would have far more reason to complain. Happy may he esteem himself if the future historian shall disdain to record 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 ministers may avoid a bad example, though they will 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

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

* Nor wealth he took, nor recompence de-
sir'd ;

But while the share his tranquil acres
turn'd,

Still with the flame of patriot ardor burn'd ;

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 only 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.

This character appears to be nothing more than a parcel of tart sentences huddled together for no reason whatever. I do not see the jest of it. Others may. But others may be blockheads. Did I not promise, Polypus, I would be severe?—*Scribl.*

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

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 call'd—and died.

O then how tears stole down each honest
face!

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

* *On his country fondly call'd—and 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,

“ Shall feel the ruling passion strong in death.

“ Such in these moments as in all the past,

“ *O save my country, Heav'n!* shall be thy last.”

Pitt realized what Pope only supposed.

† *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!

Οἰκτιροσ ἀπιστος, say I, however; and, I believe, three-fourths of the

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;

nation say so too. After the death of that Minister they did not behave with common decency. The greediness with which they seized upon every place 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 some honours being proposed to his rival's memory, he so resolutely set his face against them. 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. Q. E. D.—*Scribl.*

Since Fox in vain with constant struggle
 toil'd,
 To pull down Pitt, still tripp'd himself and
 foil'd,
 Say, of the two, should Pitt or Fox in-
 herit,

(By Fox's rule) the larger share of merit?

SCRIBLERUS.

Hush, vent'rous bard—enough, enough is
 said,

A gen'rous Briton wars not with the dead.

POLYPUS.

A faithful poet wields no partial pen;
 And if *Historians* touch departed men,
 Why may not *Poets*?

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 to play the statesman too,
Peace to his shade; be sacred all who weep;
** With his cold ashes let his errors sleep;*
But his vile 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 let his errors sleep.*]—I have not the least desire to violate Mr. Fox's grave. 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 hands that the Foxites are falling fast 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 mere men of business. The fiery war-horse is lopped of his flowing mane, and ends his honours under a waggon.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

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!

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.

And what is better of this ...
The long way that they ...
The man must shall ...

The more ...
The more ...
The more ...

The more ...
The more ...
The more ...

The more ...
The more ...
The more ...

The more ...
The more ...
The more ...

The more ...
The more ...
The more ...

The more ...
The more ...
The more ...

The more ...
The more ...
The more ...

DIALOGUE THE SECOND:

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

LE SÂGE.

~~~~~  
POLYPUS:

BEHOLD, my friend, o'er Europ e's
land,

Almighty Vengeance stretch its iron hand ;
Its impious agent ev'ry realm enthrall,
And with wide-wasting carnage cover all.

*The human fiend, each day, each hour he
lives,

Fresh to the world some hideous 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 an assemblage of attributes which nature had always held asunder ; at once exhibiting

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

New suns shall shine, and double moons ap-
pear;

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 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 scéne 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 recede from his word.

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

Death thro' the world one holiday shall
make,

And hell get drunk with sulphur for his
sake!

His throne a pile of human sculls 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.
She, while the world shrinks trembling from
his blow,

Calm and unmov'd remains, and meets the
foe.

So round some cliff when now the tempest
roars,

And birds to shelter ply their feeble oars,
The lordly 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.

But now, rous'd slowly from her opiate bed,

* Lethargic Europe lifts the heavy head;

Feels round her heart the creeping numbness 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:

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

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

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 AN AGONIZING WORLD, AND TO SIT LIKE A WAKEFUL NURSE, WATCHING AT ITS SIDE, AND ADMINISTERING TO ITS LIPS THE MEDICINE OF SALVATION. We stand on a noble, but a dreadful elevation; responsible in ourselves for the future happiness of the whole human race. We have a spirit, a constitution, and a religion; unrivalled, unparalleled, unprecedented. From these sources I draw my politics, and these tell me, that 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 enervating auspices of *Gr-tt-n and Co.* And yet I fear these worthies are employing much pains to little purpose. Absolutely government hath broken its faith with them, 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 *Hauti*,

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 keen to sting if delicately spann'd ;
 Cease to complain ; imagin'd wrongs dismiss,
 And greet thy sister with a holy kiss ;

for instance : or visit the *Aborigines* of America. To be sure Ireland would weep at losing them, but *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 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 of late erecting her head in the capital ; and I have read some productions of considerable merit. 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.

Unite, unite the common foe to quell,

Thy native temper is not to rebel.

For* now what hope of heav'nly peace re-
mains,

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 were dreadfully duped in that affair, however. 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 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 Ministers 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, Ministers 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! Though 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

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 rich vessels, sheath'd in tawny ore,
 Convey rich commerce to the shouting
 shore,

the merits of a cause by events, not probabilities, why then B-r-s-f-r-d 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 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 recollect a shabby little American town, taken by a shabby little 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 the 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.

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 :

* *We want not able guides.*]—I cannot coincide with my 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, that 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 balletins,—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 issued from the grand 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.

I 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.*

Themselves long time by Fortune toss'd
 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,

To the pale stars*, some mighty billow rolls,
 And bears upon its back a hundred souls!

POLYPUS.

Praise undeserv'd is insult in disguise;
 Take counsel, friend; be silent, and be wise.

SCRIBLERUS.

Sir, I'll speak out—

* *Some mighty billow rolls.*]—The learned Scriblerus hath been pleased to place all the Talents on the summit of a wave raised by a tempest. Perhaps in nature he could not have chosen a more hazardous and untenable* elevation for those charming men.

* I do not think the present Ministry will hold long. They have private as well as public politics—a motion round their own axis as well as round the sun; and the obliquity of it must be the cause of many political changes.

POLYPUS.

And I'll be candid too,
Tho' B-df-rd * and fat N-rf-lk † clap the
crew.

SCRIBLERUS.

No venom sure at Gr-nv-lle ‡ you will dart,
A Pitt in blood, and after Pitt's own heart.
Firm, ardent, zealous, faithful to his trust,
He copies Pitt, and draws the portrait just.

POLYPUS.

E'en Party's self in noble Gr-nv-lle see,
Worth, wisdom, wit, and talents, all agree.

* *B-df-rd.*]—The present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The last Lord Lieutenant of Ireland carried with him the hearts of that nation.

† *N-rf-lk.*]—A nobleman whose heaviness of aspect belies not his culinary acumen.

‡ *Gr-nv-lle.*]—I have a high respect for the virtues and abilities of this nobleman, and wish to see them exerted in a more decisive manner. He is connected with men who require control, and who will not (if possible) allow him to remain on his present eminence. He must make many vigorous sallies, or they will undermine him.

O firm in honour, and unaw'd by fear,
 Bid him stand forth the strenuous and severe;
 Cast o'er the state a parent's anxious eye,
 Make Party join; and feeble Counsel fly.
 This he may do; and this if Gr-nv-llé will,
 Love, hope, and joy, shall dictate to my quill.

Yes, in high Gr-ny-llé centers all my
 trust,
 To steer the state, and hold the balance just.
 In his firm bosom gen'rous sparks abide;
 Fame is his end, his country is his pride.
 Enough of Pitt is harbour'd in his breast
 To see our rights preserv'd, our wrongs re-
 dress.

SCRIBLERUS.

Alas! our rights are fled.—No Whigs avow
 The MAJESTY * OF MOBS and turmoils now;

* *The majesty of mobs.*— In other words, *the sovereignty of the people.* A sort of technical term amongst 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.

Or at the Club, with wine and anger warm,
 Tip off a glass to RADICAL REFORM ;*
 Or bid dull Ministers allow the throng
 To exert its noble RIGHT of *doing wrong* ;
 Or make out all men *Monarchs*—but a *King*,
 Or talk to some such end of no such thing.

POLYPUS.

The change of tenet proves 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.

* *Radical reform.*]—Many say that *radical reform* (quasi *radix* et *forma*) signifies digging up an old tree, and making snuff-boxes 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 it is as clear as the sun, that *radical reform* merely means *change of administration.*—*Scriblerus.*

Yet groundless be my fears, 'as vain the
 aim
 To soil the honour of a royal Dame; *110*
 Good-natur'd sland'ers! ye' but serv'd to
 prove — *115*
 A fair* one's virtues, and a nation's love: *120*

HEALTH TO THE KING! *the more I think,*

I give *125*

This heart-felt utt'rance— MAY OUR MONARCH
 LIVE! *130*

SCRIBLERUS.

And long live Sh-r-d-n! † a worthier man
 Heav'n never form'd since first the world
 began. *135*

* *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 θυγαί, εκαν τις ατ βροτων εν αντιστοιχα γαινη,
 Ναιχιόι.

Odys.

† *Sh-r-d-n.*]—I own I pity Mr. Sh-r-d-n, because he really *does* possess so me 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

POLYPUS.

On him, too, we must split—and yet no
wonder;

Oft from himself, *himself* is snapt asunder;

Consistence lost, identity destroy'd,

Talent by turns abus'd, or unemploy'd.

Now calm he lives, and careless to be
great;

Now brooding broils, and bellowing in de-
bate.

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 Creator to dogged indolence and sensual depravity.

Nature intended Mr. Sh-r-d-n for a writer of farces and a monarch of the bottle. 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 rashness; and we see with surprise that his judgment must be blinded by the passions before she can act with effect.

Now drinking, rhiming, dicing, pass his day,
And now he plans a peace, and now a play.

The solemn rod of Eloquence assumes,
Or sweeps up jests, and brandishes his
brooms ;

A giant sputt'ring pappy from the spoon,
A mighty trifler, and a wise buffoon.

With too much wit to have ev'n common
sense ;

With too much spirit ev'n to *spare* expence,
To tradesmen, 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, through a bye street, 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, excessively well satisfied, it seems, with the little poney's performance !!

Οτινος εστι γαλιωτης γεγων !!!

† *But never pays his bill.*]—The following epigram conveys a

Elate with fame, or low in folly sunk,
 Divinely eloquent, or beastly drunk,
 A splendid wreck of talents misapplied,
 By sloth he loses what he gains by pride.
 Him mean, great, silly, wise, alike we call;
 The pride, the shaine, the boast, the scorn,
 of all.

SCRIBLERUS.

Well, but his deeds—his deeds. What say
 you there?
 Facts are the touchstones—Nay, friend,
 never stare.

POLYPUS.

I stare to see you strive at his disgrace.
 Name then his deeds before he stepp'd to
 place.

just idea of the way Mr. S. will probably take to liquidate all his debts.

“*Dick*, pay your debts!” a fellow roars one day.

“I will,” replies this limb of Legislature.

“Then tell me, *Dick*, what debt you first will pay?”

“Why first I’ll pay—I’ll pay the debt of nature!”

SCRIBLERUS,

His deeds? A thousand!

POLYPUS.

Name 'em.

SCRIBLERUS.

Let me think.

POLYPUS.

Are they too num'rous? Then take pen and
ink.

SCRIBLERUS.

He stood forth Fox's special partizan;
Admir'd* the French *republicizing* plan;
A hundred things of special merit mov'd,
And † the *Club-system* preciously approv'd.

* *Admired the French republicizing plan.*]—He used to tell us that the French republic *deserved* success; and endeavoured to palliate, as generous ebullitions of liberty, the charming murders and amiable atrocities of the Revolution.

† *And the club system preciously approv'd.*]—Scriblerus alludes

Nay, he * join'd Pitt in *one* alarming case—

POLYPUS.

A flake of snow upon a negro's face !

Yes, that time reach'd by rays of heav'n in-
tense,

His brain endur'd a stroke of 'common
sense.

to the memorable declaration of the Whig-Club, in which it advises the organization of political meetings throughout the whole kingdom; "*for the exercise,*" (I take the words themselves) "*for the exercise of that just authority which the popular opinion must ever possess over the proceedings of the legislature.*" Or, in plain English, for the purpose of making the Whig-Club another national convention, and investing it with an absolute controul over King, Lords, and Commons!!! The French rulers, when they read the declaration; exclaimed, "*England is following our example, and will soon become a republic!*" The reptile of innovation *put forth its feelers*, but the timid nation took alarm, and many thousand Whig adherents, with a reverse of sentiment almost instantaneous, ignobly seceded to honesty and common sense; execrating those principles which they now say must tend to overthrow every political and moral institution.

Quere.—Why do not All the Talents establish these political meetings now ?

Simply because Pitt is dead—because republics are not in fashion—because Whigs are in power, and because 1796 is not 1807.—*Scribl.*

He joined Pitt in one alarming case.]—The mutiny of the Nere, This was Mr. Sh—n's political *unique*.

Alas ! alas ; let's onward to the tour ;
'Tis sad to talk of patients past a cure.

SCRIBLERUS.

Well, W-ndh-m, sure, on upright aims is bent.

POLYPUS.

So upright, that they hit him in descent.
O that the King would dub him but a
Lord,
To sit like S-dm-th, silent in reward !
For, spite of all his efforts and our pray'rs,
Heav'n * never mean'd the man for state
affairs.

* *Heaven never mean'd the man for state affairs.*]—I do not deny Mr. W-nd-m's talents, but I deny that he has talents suitable to his station. I believe ministry begin to think so too; and, were the truth acknowledged, already find him a most troublesome and dangerous colleague. He will consult nobody, and yet he knows nothing. Of course his party must either weaken themselves by opposing his measures, or injure the country by supporting them. But his party do not hesitate. The alternative is perplexing, but the choice is plain. Honesty, it seems, is a good sort of thing enough, when it serves its owner; but consistency is all in all. 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.

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

* *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 Tr-f-r-d, 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 glow'd 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 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 heavens sake,

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 ;
 Cries—*hocus pocus*—Pray now mark—look
 on ;
 Then turns about, and *presto—whip!*—'tis
 gone !

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 Janity, then, and consult Conscience. The poor old lady is an invalid, and you will be certain of finding her at home.

Though 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 *œconomical* Ministers are—Ay, *œconomical*, I repeat it. For *œconomy* 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, *hey will take care of the pence* ; and as to the eight hundred thousand pounds ; why—*the pounds must*, 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.*

Plan after plan the sturdy champion mov'd ;
 The patient house wink'd, smil'd, and dis-
 approv'd.

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 pro-
 claims ;

Now pearls and acorns on one chain compels ;
 Now couples Hercules with cockle-shells.
 Unapt in argument, he strives to gloss
 The brittle temper of his native dross ;
 (So * Irish D-yle, loquacious as a nurse,
 Tells ten bad stories to bring round a worse.)

Smooth to perplex, and candid to de-
 ceive ;

Alike expert to wed a cause, and leave ;
 A slave to method, yet the fool of whim,
 Good Sense herself seems Emptiness in him.

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

In pompous jargon, or low wit she 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.

Could 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 N₃;
 To lead the mob, or to mislead the House.

* *Our Brewer has not N₃.*]—I fancy that our Brewer will not entirely coincide with me, as no man is more gifted with the blessed advantages of vanity. He has the singular satisfaction of esteeming himself what the world vulgarly calls a *devilish clever fellow*. Now though the world may differ with him point-blank, yet his merely thinking so argues, at least,* much animal confi-

* Κενος ομματα' εχων.

Sheath'd in a front of brass, his brain is lead,
A dim, dull fog plays heavy round his head;

dence, and an unbounded strength of imagination. Mr. Wh-tbr-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-tbr-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.

Lately 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— | Merry Andrew. |
| Mr. W-ndh-m | High Flyer. |
| Lord H. P-tty | Miss Hornpipe Teazle. |
| Mr. Wh-tbr-d | Brazen-face. |
| Mr. T-rn-y | Bully-Hector. |

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, nor bridle, she was left entirely to her own discretion. And yet they say Mr. Sh—n is an *admirable*

His manly locks the hop and poppy shade,
Fit emblems of his talent and his trade.

Slow, yet not cautious; cunning, yet not
wise;

We hate him first; then pity, then despise.

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-ndh-m's *Highflyer*—*proximus, sed longo intervallo*. Mr. W—m 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 could contrive to keep his seat. Lord E——'s *Merry Andrew* succeeded, with trappings, martingales, and surcingles; 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, though 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 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.

* Mr. W. shewed symptoms of bolting in the debate on the late negotiation. This has ruined him in my estimation for ever. 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.

The drudging dunce, a simular of wit,
 Lays up his store of repartee and hit;
 And decks his brain, with many a nice conceit,
 As they skew'r opera-bills on butcher's meat.
 As little fit th' affairs of state to move,
 As Q——, who lisps his toothless love,
 Fill'd with the pride that loves her name in
 print,

And knock-knee'd 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 men,
 Lights up his eyes and offers to look keen.

But oh! how dullness fell on all his face,
 When he saw M-lv-lle rescued from disgrace.

Not more agape the stupid audience star'd,
 * When K-mble spoke of *Aitches* and a *Baird*.

* *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, I suppose, is, to speak intelligibly) what can Mr. K-mble mean by calling *Aches*,

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 through the matter in a minute,

Wish'd to the Dev'l he ne'er had meddled
in sin it.

Aitches? Does *Aitches* mend the meaning? No. Does *Aitches* perform any meact 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 comprehead. 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 pronounciation, 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 success on that occasion, and also thought himself sure of a high place amongst 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-ll-e? 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, poor man, consign'd to party
 pique,
 Suspended *England's* business for a week.
 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.

* *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 insolent 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!!! 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 running in my head.

Ille per EXTENTUM FUNEM mihi posse videtur,

Ire!—

Hor.

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

Ad fontem Zanthi versa recurrit aqua.—*Ovid.*

For in the first place,

Missi reportant,

Exploratores.—

Virg.

So crabs advance by retrograde degrees,
And salmon drift, tail foremost, to the
seas.

To teize the Scotchman answer'd ev'ry
end;

Unhappy in his servant and his friend.

SCRIBLERUS.

Well, * T-rn-y wants not wisdom, you will
own;

In strong rough reason T-rn-y stands alone.

POLYPUS.

Thanks, Sir, the man's so mean I quite for-
got him.

Still does he live? who wishes Pitt had shot
him?

Then,

Fraudis sub judice damnaverunt.—Tac.

And lastly—Το ψηφισμα του ποτε περιζαντα κινδυνον παρελθειν εποιουσεν
ωσπερ νεφος.—Long.

* T-rn-y.]—I am willing to handle this obscure person as softly
as possible. When silence is a presumptive token of grace, 'tis
charity to encourage it by not disturbing its repose. Alas! let us

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 business*, Sir;
No man more dextrous 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,
But deem one purse of *tangible contents*,
Worth twenty bubbles, such as *fame* and
sense.

Let him be mute, he may his pockets fill;
Guilty of gold, but innocent of ill.

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!!

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 renown’d,
Of ev’ry virtue born on Gallic ground!

* *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 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.

France 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.

Al! 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.

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-ik'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 spoke his rash oration,
 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 smiles and strains a solemn
 joy ;

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

Ille impiger hausit,

Spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit auro. *Virg.*

† *Ev'n H-w-ck smiles and strains a solemn joy.*]—I have heard H-w-ck in the House attempt to trifle and be playful ; but it was always *magno conatu nugus*. A sort of heavy trifling. A Hercules at the distaff.

Loud laughs around the toping table run,
 * And E — drops th' abortion of a
 pun.

SCRIBLERUS.

What tho' he pun and prove a table 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—

* *And E— drops th' abortion of a pun.*]—This facetious pun-
 ster is now to be seen for nothing at Westminster-Hall. Verily,
 verily, he deporteth himself with a most miraculous solemnity of
 demeanour.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici ?

† *Laugh at his own conceits.*

Ασταρ ἐγὼ γελῶ καὶ τερπόμεαι ἀφρονὶ θυμῷ.

POLYPUS.

And having all, that he well uses none,
Here is a man, with ev'ry graæe 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 rey'rence than a
song.

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 partizan ;

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 *Foxites fondly hop'd another Pitt.

[* *Foxites fondly hop'd another Pitt.*]—*Dissimiles hic vir et ille puer*, however. Lord Henry labours hard to be a great man, but he has not *stamina*. The old Talents thought it necessary to astonish the nation with a new little Talent of their own begetting, so cried up poor P-tty to the skies. But alas! we find that they call'd him clever just as people say a hare has wings—for convenience sake. He is a *Georgium Sidus*; not only as being the last discovered planet, but as being the farthest from the sun, and having the slowest motion.

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

But * our young Roscius, spurning to
 controul,
The high aspirings of his boundless soul,
Aims at more merits than of mere finance—
Learn friend that P-tty *practices to dance*;
Unites at once activity and wit;
Both heel and head; both *Parisot* and *Pitt*.
His mind and body mutual graces shew,
And now he points a period—now a toe:

* *Our young Roscius*]—I know not whether B-tty or P-tty,
P-tty or B-tty have fallen the most 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 re-
peats farces of his own composing, and this is all the difference
between them.

Voluisti, *in suo genere*, unum cunque nostrum quasi quendam
esse *Roscium*. Cicero.

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 the following pretty little stanzas on the *Dancing Chancellor*:

“ I can make speeches in the Senate too, Nacky.”

Otway.

Και παλιν θελω χορευειν.

Anacr.

Saltare elegantius quam necesse est probæ.

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,

Considering 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.

Pray heav'n that he never may tumble,

While dancing away for a wife, Sir,

Should he get a *capsize*,

How the Dev'l could he rise ?—

He must live on his head all his life, Sir.

Ev'n beardless statesmen are no vulgar evil;
 But oh! A DANCING CHANC'LLOR is the
 Devil!

SCRIBLERUS.

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

POLYPUS.

Yes, the last two prov'd fatal to the great.
*Pit, Fox, Cornwallis, * Nelson*, fell to fate.

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!

* *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.

Firm M-lv-lle and wise * W-ll-sly were im-
peach'd;

Two monarchs conquer'd—B-rd-tt over-
reach'd;

Statesmen approv'd the plans they once ab-
horr'd;

Tailors turn'd statesmen—Add-ngt-n a Lord.

† Poor S-dm-th, feeble insect of an hour,—

SCRIBLERUS.

Despises censure, as he laughs at pow'r.

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

POLYPUS.

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, how long?—One total year!
 Then the stern Commoner, all claws and
 strings,

Turn'd, in a trice, * *the Lord in leading-strings*.
 In place a cypher, and a spit-fire out,
 While laughing faction bandied him about;
 Mild as the mule, and patient as the bee,
 No shuttlecock was e'er so bang'd as he!

* *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 though a man should lose by it. For my part, I like morality extremely—I think it an appendage of the

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 meekness 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 censure—prithee praise the next;
And midst the ministers cull out a text.

POLYPUS.

*In eldest time, when heav'n from chaos hurl'd,
Sublime thro' starry tracts the whirling world;
Bade the new sun immerse his fulgent hair,
And walk the wilds of alabaster air;*

gentleman—A sort of rarity, rather becoming than otherwise; and though Lord S-dm-th 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.—*Scribl.*

*Life from low rank her gradual birth begins,
 And first informs the frigid race of fins ;
 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 feeling, which cannot bear the pain of *refusing*. The consequence is obvious. The blossoms must be more abundant than the fruit. But *ubi plura nitent*, &c.

Terence supplies me with his general character in these lines :

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

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-ne Kn-ght, and *Darwin* trick'd out non-
sense so.

* *This 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 resolution 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 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 ;
Most ostentatious in simplicity.

SCRIBLERUS.

A truce with poems,—politics precede.
You mention'd M-ra; as you praise him,
speed,

* *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 all 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, though he may no longer decoy readers by what is novel, yet he will win them by what is natural. *Philipp's Pastorals*, and *Chatterton's Rowley* are reposing in the charnels of obscurity. Yet there was a time when they were just as much read and just as much admired as Mr. Scott's minstrel.

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 honours with a large increase ;
 Fame is his spur, and Virtue is his guide—
 Let guilty glory grasp at all beside.

SCRIBLERUS.

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

POLYPUS.

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

* *I like not B-rd-tt.*—I flatter myself that Sir Fr-ne-s will
 feel highly gratified by my mention of him. Publicity, publicity

Who love and admiration aims to move,
 Without one talent men admire or love.
 He plays the statesman, though devoid of
 sense;
 The man of words, though wanting elo-
 quence;
 Acts the smooth demagogue through pride
 alone;
 Prates of his country's good,—pursues his
 own.

T—ke teaches B—rd—tt all things but his
 pray'rs,

for Sir Er—nc—s; honourable if he can, but at all events publicity. Yet there is a sort of talent about the young 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.

And what his rev'rence says his honour
swears.

So the maternal bear with clumsy tongue
Licks to her own rough form her pliant
young.

Yes, Justice, Sense, and Patriotism pre-
vail'd,

* When P--l lay prostrate, and when B-rd-tt
fail'd.

When the sad pair (résolv'd in spite to eat)
Gorg'd all their friends with dinners of de-
feat ;

Cow, heifer, hen, lay gasping in their blood,
And geese died gloriously for England's
good !

SCRIBLERUS.

Nay, why so bitter ? How could P--l† offend ?

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

Hi nostri *reditus*, expectatiquè triumphî ?

† *P-l.*]—A gentleman of electioneering, duelling, and im-
peaching mischance. Ministers hated his colleagues, so opposed

Before you judge him let th' impeachment
end ;

And for his * want of *grammar*, and of
sense—

POLYPUS.

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

his election; read the papers, so prevented his duel; got into power, so forsook his impeachment. Thus his election failed, because C-bb-tt backed him: his duel, because the papers backed him; his impeachment, because nobody backed him. So we pity him in the first instance, laugh at him in the second, and despise him in the third. Tears, laughs, and hisses. Poor Mr. P—l!!!

* *His want of grammar and of [sense.]—Sylla nescivit literas, non potuit dictare.* I shall, however, trouble Mr. P—l with a simple question, anxious as I am to give 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; in fact, oratory.

SCRIBLERUS.

P--I was an honest *tailor*—what of that ?

POLYPUS.

* *Just one and eighty tailors match a cat.*

Yet his mean birth my verse should ne'er
have stain'd,

† Had his mean tongue from like abuse ab-
stain'd.

* *Just one and eighty tailors match a cat.*]—Polypus is, I perceive, resolved to sprinkle conundrum with scurrility. I will, however, try to propound this obscure passage in the genuine commentating style. A cat and eighty-one tailors may mean, "the Devil amongst the tailors;" inasmuch as the Devil sometimes appears in the shape of a black cat; and the number eighty-one, or one-and-eighty (for it is all the same thing), may probably be that figure of speech which puts a definite for an indefinite number. Another solution (though not so natural) is as follows. Nine tailors have but one life. One cat has nine lives. Nine times nine are eighty-one.—*Scribl.*

† *Had his mean tongue from like abuse abstain'd.*]—Mr. P--I evinced his 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 moun-
tebanks, or furious field orators, than for enlightened statesmen.

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

I shall give the following summary of them, for the benefit of such of my readers as did not hear them.

Τῶν δ' ἀκαμιάτων περὶ αὐδῆν,
 Ἐκ στόματων ἡδίστα—

HESIOD.

Precisely at three 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 on the hustings. 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 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, Old 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 below listen to me or not."

Speaking of Mr. P—l, he solemnly asserted that he (Mr. S.) had once met him (Mr. P.) in gentlemen's company. The people might stare, and be astonished ; but so the fact stood—he had met him in gentlemen's company. He was ready to turn King's

Pert insects, buzzing through the senate
 from still,

Much too minute to fetter, or to kill ;

evidence, and make oath of it. And, moreover, he was sure that this son of a tailor would make him an object 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' ἀκαμειβομένον προσεφθην—Mr. James P—l.

A meagre, frosty-looking little man, whom every one wished to see warming himself at his rival's face. Nevertheless, he made a neat, ill-tempered speech enough. He said he should blush (now Lord forbid Mr. P—l 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 gentlemen's company, but adduced Mr. S—n's being there as an expiation of the offence. "Yesterday," says Mr. P—l, "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 majority ; which, being derived from 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—n's having a house at the end of St. Catherine-street, Strand, near the church, and at the side opposite Exeter-Change. As to his being a son of a tailor, his answer was to this effect,

Things we scarce see with microscopic glass,
 In mercy to her eyes let Satire pass,

Yet in her verse let Sp-nc-r 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 !

Still through the midnight senate loves to
 glide,

And haunt the scenes where all its glory
 died.

Yet in her verse let hapless H-ll-nd shine ;
 Who bent on wisdom in his life's decline,
 Turn'd off from politics—yet still mistook,
 And ended all his blunders with a book.

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. Confusion to the sound. Let
 the earth perish, and the moon fall in pieces !

O for the joyful day, when peace restor'd,
 Shall bind her olive round the rusty sword;
 When the pale nations, wash'd of hostile
 gore,
 Smiling shall meet, and mingle war no more;
 When arms and clarions shall be silent all,
 And a soft languor calm the panting ball.

Then W-nd-m, idle, may find time to
 see,

Sense in an oyster, morals in a flea;

To plan a town beneath the briny wave,

Or, with the winds instruct us how to shave.

Then may gay Sh-r-d-n write plays and
 sleep,

And thank his stars that claret is so cheap;

Then may high H-w-ck down his title lay,

Turn sulk again, and honest Mr. Gr-y.

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 im-
 peach;

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 shall
 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 change of policy he has sunk into such insignificancy, that it is almost unnecessary to notice him. He is now famous only for opposing a sort of *as triplex*,—a confirmed rigidity 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.

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,

Thou blust'rer! that, to thy own aims un-
true,

Taughtst our old world the doctrines of the
new;

Whence first arose the principles deprav'd,
Which ravag'd France, and ev'n in Britain
rav'd;

Made infant Freedom feed on human meat,
And men suck mercy from the tiger's teat!

Who stings a Princess may a Poet
spare;

(Unmanly man! to wrong a blameless fair!)

Go! in thy Journal, to the town proclaim,
Thy soul unsex'd, thy forehead void of
shame;

Go! with brass tongue, and round the city
call,

Scurrility, huzza! and hi for P--l!!!

P--l, and C-bb-tt. And truly a precious triumvirate. B-rd-tt,
P--l, and C-bb-tt. *A cock, a bull, and a roasted soldier!* Peter
F-n-ry, too, must not be omitted. That man has points about
him that would do honour to a Hottentot.

Spare me not *Chronicles*,* and *Sunday
News* ;

Spare me not *Pamphleteers*, and *Scotch Re-
views* ; †

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

† *Scotch Reviews*.]—The *Edinburgh Review*. A critical work of some merit and erudition. It is sometimes just, often erroneous, always insolent ; and indeed owes most of its popularity to the latter perfection, which it always exerts rather too freely, unless the book be written by a fellow countryman, or a Lord. 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 for a little variety. Patients should swallow a lump of talents in *Bolton's* asthmatic lozenges ; while anti-bile, anti-hydropholia, anti-head-ache—in fact, the whole very numerous family of *antis* should equally possess the most unbounded abilities. Were I

Aid me with anger, bind my brows with
blame,

And stigmatize my satire into fame.

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 *Pur-*
suits ! *

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 *Hoby*, I would actually stitch them in the sole of a boot. All patents whatever 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 compo-

POLYPUS.

Muse, 'tis enough—from thy soft trammels
free,

Back let me haste, ah! cruel C—e, to thee;

sition. It is generally attributed to Mr. M-th-s. Yet I think the general style of it bears a remarkable resemblance to 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-e, amongst 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 un-kennel 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 clamo)
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

* These hints are not my own.

And whilst 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, and be bold.

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, that 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 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 a nation 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 dis-temper'd 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.

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

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