

fortune of this flourishing country at this hour !
It was sure enough, " the miraculous draught of
" fishes."

" One fault he has, I freely will reveal :

" Could you o'erlook but that—it is to steal."

He is the finest painter in the world,—save one point. The immortal pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds was a daubing brush to his tongue, in every thing except *likeness*.—But it so happened that if he had not in the course of distributing his colours, very often mentioned "*this country*," it never could have occurred to his hearers, feeling and seeing, what they see and feel, that he meant "*England*." Indeed he resembled another sort of painter,—who having drawn the portrait of a clock, inscribed the name of the article on the top left the identity should not strike the connoisseur.

Mr. Pitt did much more upon that day. The Lord Mayor's intelligencer down the river, never went beyond killing off thirty thousand of Jourdan's troops—but the drawcansir of the house of Commons demolished both the French armies *in toto*.*

And

* If no other communication existed, but the government gazette of this country, we should be as ignorant of the true state of Europe, as the inhabitants of Laputa. For example. The King congratulated the parliament last year upon the safety of Italy—and this country paid two hundred thousand