LESSONS IN SPEAKING.

ORATION, delivered at Boston, March 5, 1772, by Dr. Joseph Warren; in commemoration of the evening of the Fifth of March, 1770, when a number of citizens were killed by a party of the British troops, quartered among them, in a time of peace.

1. WHEN we turn over the historic page, and trace the rise and fall of States and Empires; the mighty revolutions which have so often varied the face of the world strike our minds with solemn surprise, and we are naturally led to search for the causes of such astonishing changes.

2. That man is formed for social life, is an observation which, upon our first enquiry, presents itself to our view. Government hath its origin in the weakness of individuals, and hath for its end, the strength and security of all; and so long as the means of effecting this important end are thoroughly known, and religiously attended to, government is one of the richest blessings to mankind, and ought to be held in the highest veneration.

3. In young and new formed communities, the grand design of this institution is most generally understood and most strictly regarded; the motives which urged to the social compact, cannot be at once forgotten, and that equality which is remembered to have subsisted so long among them, prevents those who are clothed with authority from attempting to invade the freedom of their brethren; or, if such an attempt is made, it prevents the community from suffering the offender to go unpunished.

4. Every member feels it to be his interest, and knows it to be his duty, to preserve inviolable the constitution on which the public safety depends, and is equally ready to assist the magistrates in the execution of the laws, and the subject in the defence of his right. So long as the same attachment to a constitution, founded on free and benevolent principles, exists in full vigor, in any State, that State must be flourishing and happy.

5. It
It was this noble attachment to a free constitution which raised ancient Rome from the smallest beginnings, to that bright summit of happiness and glory to which she arrived; and it was the loss of this which plunged her from that summit into the black gulf of infancy and slavery.

It was this attachment which inspired her senators with wisdom; it was this which glowed in the breasts of her heroes; it was this which guarded her liberties and extended her dominions, gave peace at home, and commanded respect abroad; and when this decayed, her magistrates lost their reverence for justice and laws, and degenerated into tyrants and oppressors—her senators, forgetful of their dignity, and seduced by base corruption, betrayed their country—her soldiers, regardless of their relation to the community, and, urged only by the hopes of plunder and rapine, unfeelingly committed the most flagrant enormities; and, hired to the trade of death, with relentless fury they perpetrated the most cruel murders, by which the streets of imperial Rome were drenched with her noblest blood.

Thus this empress of the world lost her dominions abroad, and her inhabitants, dulced in their manners, at length became contented slaves; and the hands to this day the scorn and derision of nations, and a monument of this eternal truth, that public happiness depends on a virtuous and unshaken attachment to a free constitution.

It was this attachment to a free constitution, founded on free and benevolent principles, which inspired the first settlers of this country;—they saw with grief the daring outrages committed on the free constitution of their native land—they knew that nothing but a civil war could at that time restore its pristine purity.

So hard was it to resolve to embrace their hands in the blood of their brethren, that they chose rather to quit their fair possessions, and seek another habitation in a distant climate. When they came to this new world, which they fairly purchased of the Indian natives, the only rightful proprietors, they cultivated the then barren soil, by their incessant labor, and defended their dear-bought possessions with the fortitude of the Christian, and the bravery of the hero.

After various struggles, which, during the tyrannic reigns of the house of STUART, were constantly maintained...
tained between right and wrong, between liberty and slavery, the connexion between Great Britain and this colony, was settled in the reign of King William and Queen Mary, by a compact, the conditions of which were expressed in a charter; by which all the liberties and immunities of British subjects were secured to this province, as fully and as absolutely as they possibly could be by any human instrument which can be devised.

11. It is undeniably true, that the greatest and most important right of a British subject is, that he shall be governed by no laws but those to which he, either in person or by his representative, hath given his consent; and this I will venture to assert is the grand basis of British freedom; it is interwoven with the constitution; and whenever this is lost, the constitution must be destroyed.

12. Let us now allow ourselves a few moments to examine the late acts of the British parliament for taxing America. Let us with candor judge whether they are constitutionally binding upon us: If they are, in the name of justice, let us submit to them without one murmuring word.

13. First, I would ask, whether the members of the British house of commons, are the democracy of this province? If they are, they are either the people of this province, or are elected by the people of this province, to represent them, and have therefore a constitutional right to originate a bill for taxing them: It is most certain they are neither; and therefore nothing done by them can be said to be done by the democratic branch of our constitution.

14. I would next ask, whether the lords who compose the aristocratic branch of the legislature, are peers of America? I never heard it was (even in these extraordinary times) so much as pretended, and if they are not, certainly no act of theirs can be said to be the act of the aristocratic branch of our constitution.

15. The power of the monarchic branch we with pleasure acknowledge, resides in the king, who may act either in person or by his representative; and I freely confess, that I can see no reason why a PROCLAMATION for raising money in America, issued by the king's sole authority would not be equally consistent with our constitution, and therefore equally binding upon us with the late acts of the British parliament for taxing us.

16. For it is plain, that if there is any validity in those acts,
acts, it must arise altogether from the monarchical branch
of the legislature. And I further think, that it would
be at least as equitable; for I do not conceive it to be of
the least importance to us by whom our property is taken
away, so long as it is taken without our consent.

17. I am very much at a loss to know, by what figure of
rhetoric the inhabitants of this province can be called free
subjects, when they are obliged to obey, implicitly, such laws
as are made for them by men three thousand miles off,
whom they know not, and whom they never have empow­
ered to act for them; or how they can be said to have prop­
erty, when a body of men, over whom they have not the
least control, and who are not in any way accountable to
them, shall oblige them to deliver up any part, or the whole
of their subsistence, without even asking their consent.

18. And yet, whoever pretends that the late acts of the
British parliament for taxing America, ought to be deemed
binding upon us, must admit at once that we are abso­
lute slaves, and have no property of our own; or else
that we may be freemen, and at the same time under the ne­
cessity of obeying the arbitrary commands of those over whom
we have no control nor influence; and that we may have
property of our own, which is entirely at the disposal of another.

19. Such gross absurdities, I believe will not be relis­
ed in this enlightened age; and it can be no matter of won­
der, that the people quickly perceived, and seriously com­
plained of the inroads which these acts must unavoidably
make upon their liberty, and of the hazard to which their
whole property is by them exposed; for if they may be tax­
ed without their consent, even in the smallest trifle, they
may also, without their consent, be deprived of every
thing they possess, albeit ever so valuable, ever so dear.

20. Certainly it never entered the hearts of our ances­
tors, that after so many dangers in this then desolate wil­
derness, their hard-earned property should be at the dispo­
sal of the British parliament. And as it was soon found
that this taxation could not be supported by reason and
argument, it seemed necessary that one act of oppression
should be enforced by another, and therefore, contrary to
our just rights as possessing, or at least having a just title to
possess all the liberties and immunities of British subjects, a
standing army was established among us in a time of peace,
and evidently for the purpose of effecting that, which it
was one principal design of the founders of the constitution to prevent (when they declared a standing army in a time of peace to be against, law) namely, for the enforcement of obedience to acts which, upon fair examination, appeared to be unjust and unconstitutional.

12. The ruinous consequences of standing armies to free communities, may be seen in the histories of Syracuse, Rome, and many other once flourishing States; some of which have now scarce a name! Their baneful influence is most suddenly felt, when they are placed in populous cities; for, by a corruption of morals, the public happiness is immediately affected.

22. That this is one of the effects of quartering troops in a populous city, is a truth, to which many a mourning parent, many a lost despairing child in this metropolis, must bear a very melancholy testimony. Soldiers are also taught to consider arms as the only arbiters by which every dispute is to be decided between contending States; they are instructed implicitly to obey their commanders, without enquiring into the justice of the cause they are engaged to support. Hence it is that they are ever to be dreaded as the ready engines of tyranny and oppression.

23. And it is too observable that they are prone to introduce the same mode of decision in the disputes of individuals, and from thence have often arisen great animosities between them and the inhabitants, who, whilst in a naked defenceless state, are frequently insulted and abused by an armed soldiery. And this will be more especially the case, when the troops are informed that the intention of their being stationed in any city, is to overawe the inhabitants.

24. That this was the avowed design of stationing an armed force in this town, is sufficiently known; and as, my fellow citizens, have seen, we have felt the tragic effects! The Fatal Fifth of March, 1770, can never be forgotten. —The horrors of that dreadful night are but too deeply impressed on our hearts. —Language is too feeble to paint the emotions of our souls, when our streets were stained with the blood of our brethren, when our ears were wounded by the groans of the dying, and our eyes were tormented with the sight of the mangled bodies of the dead.

25. When our alarmed imagination presented to our view our houses wrapt in flames — our children subjected to
to the barbarous caprice of the raging soldiery—our beautiful virgins exposed to all the insolence of unbridled passion—our virtuous wives endeared to us by every tender tie, falling a sacrifice to worse than brutal violence, and perhaps, like the famed Lucretia, distracted with anguish and despair, ending their wretched lives by their own fair hands.

26. When we beheld the authors of our distress parading in our streets, or drawn up in a regular _battalia_, tho' in a hostile city, our hearts beat to arms; we snatched our weapons, almost resolved, by one decisive stroke, to avenge the death of our _slaughtered brethren_, and to secure from future danger, all that we held most dear; but propitious Heaven forbade the bloody carnage, and saved the threatened victims of our too keen resentment, not by their discipline, not by their regular array—no, it was royal George's livery that proved their shield—it was that which turned the pointed engines of destruction from their breasts.

27. The thoughts of vengeance were soon buried in our inbred affection to Great Britain, and calm reason dictated a method of removing the troops, more mild than an immediate recourse to the sword. With united efforts you urged the immediate departure of the troops from the town—you urged it with a resolution which ensured you success—you obtained your wishes, and the removal of the troops was effected, without one drop of _their_ blood being shed by the inhabitants.

28. The immediate actors in the tragedy of that night were surrendered to justice. It is not mine to say how far they were guilty! They have been tried by the country and acquitted of murder; and they are not again to be arraigned at an earthly bar; but surely the men who have promiscuously scattered _death_ amidst _innocent_ inhabitants of a populous city, ought to see well to it, that they be prepared to stand at the bar of an omniscient Judge! and all who contrived or encouraged the stationing of troops in this place, have reasons of _eternal_ importance, to reflect with deep contrition on their _baleful_ designs, and humbly to repent of their impious machinations.

29. The voice of your fathers' blood cries to you from the ground—_My son, for ye be slaves!_ In vain we met
the frowns of tyrants—in vain we crossed the boisterous ocean, found a new world, and prepared it for the happy residence of Liberty—in vain we toiled—in vain we fought—we bled in vain, if you, our offspring, want valor to repel the assaults of her invaders!—Stain not the glory of your worthy ancestors, but like them resolve never to part with your birth-right; be wise in your deliberations, and determined in your exertions for the preservation of your liberty.

30. Follow not the dictates of passion, but enlift yourselves under the banner of reason; use every method in your power to secure your rights; at least prevent the curses of posterity from being heaped upon your memories.

31. If you, with united zeal and fortitude, oppose the torrent of oppression; if you feel the true fire of patriotism burning in your breasts; if you, from your souls, despise the most gaudy dress that slavery can wear; if you really prefer the lonely cottage (whilest blest with liberty) to gilded palaces surrounded with the ensigns of slavery, you may have the fullest assurance that tyranny, with her whole accursed train, will hide her hideous head, in confusion, shame and despair.

32. If you perform your part, you must have the strongest confidence, that the same Almighty Being, who protected your pious and venerable forerunners, who enabled them to turn a barren wilderness into a fruitful field, who so often made bare his arm for their salvation, will still be mindful of you their offspring.

33. May this Almighty Being graciously preside in all our councils—May he direct us to such measures as he himself shall approve, and be pleased to bless.—May we ever be favored of God.—May our land be a land of liberty, the seat of virtue, the asylum of the oppressed, a name and a prestige in the whole earth, until the last shock of time shall bury the empires of the world in undistinguished ruin!
ORATION, delivered at Boston, March 5, 1774, by the
honorable JOHN HANCOCK, Esq., in commemoration of the
evening of the Fifth of March, 1770; when a number of
the citizens were killed by a party of the British troops,
quartered among them in the time of peace.

MEN, BRETHREN, FATHERS, and
FELLOW COUNTRYMEN!

1. The attentive gravity, the venerable appearance
of this crowded audience; the dignity which I
behold in the countenances of so many in this great as-
sembly; the solemnity of the occasion upon which we
have met together, joined to a consideration of the part
I am to take in the important business of this day, fill me
with an awe hitherto unknown; and heighten the sense
which I have ever had of my unworthiness to fill this sa-
cred desk.

2. But allured by the call of some of my respected fel-
low-citizens, with whose request it is always my greatest
pleasure to comply, I almost forgot my want of ability to
perform what they required. In this situation I find my
only support, in assuring myself that a generous people
will not severely censure what they know was well in-
tended, though its want of merit should prevent their be-
ing able to applaud it.

3. And I pray, that my sincere attachment to the in-
terest of my country, and my hearty detestation of every
design formed against her liberties, may be admitted as
some apology for my appearance in this place.

4. I have always, from my earliest youth, rejoiced in
the felicity of my fellow-men; and have ever considered
it as the indispensable duty of every member of society to
promote, as far as in him lies, the prosperity of every in-
dividual, but more especially of the community to which
he belongs; and also, as a faithful subject of the State,
to use his utmost endeavors to detect, and having dected,
strenuously to oppose every traitorous plot which its
enemies may devise for its destruction.

5. Security to the persons and properties of the govern-
ed, is so obviously the design and end of civil government,
that to attempt a logical proof of it would be like burning
tapers at noon day, to asliet the sun in enlightening the
world.
world. It cannot be either virtuous or honorable to attempt to support a government of which this is not the great and principal basis; and it is to the last degree vicious and infamous to attempt to support a government, which manifestly tends to render the persons and properties of the governed insecure.

6. Some boast of being friends to government; I am a friend to righteous government, to a government founded upon the principles of reason and justice; but I glory in publicly avowing my eternal enmity to tyranny. Is the present system which the British administration have adopted for the government of the colonies, a righteous government? Or is it tyranny?

7. Here suffer me to ask (and would to Heaven there could be an answer) what tenderness, what regard, respect, or consideration has Great Britain shewn, in their late transactions, for the security of the persons or properties of the inhabitants of the colonies? or rather, what have they omitted doing to destroy that security? They have declared that they have ever had, and of right ought ever to have, full power to make laws of sufficient validity to bind the colonies in all cases whatever.

8. They have exercised this pretended right, by imposing a tax upon us without our consent; and lest we should shew some reluctance at parting with our property, her fleets and armies are sent to support their mad pretensions. The town of Boston, ever faithful to the British crown, has been invested with a British fleet: The troops of George III. have crossed the wide Atlantic, not to engage an enemy, but to assist a band of Traitors, in trampling on the rights and liberties of his most loyal subjects in America—those rights and liberties which, as a father, he ought ever to regard, and as a king, bound, in honor, to defend from violation, even at the risk of his own life.

9. Let not the history of the illustrious house of Brunswick inform posterity, that a king descended from that glorious monarch George II. once sent his British subjects to conquer and enslave his subjects in America; but be perpetual infamy entailed upon that villain who dared to advise his master to such execrable measures; for it was easy to foresee the consequences which so naturally followed upon sending troops into America, to enforce obedience.
ence to acts of the British parliament, which neither God nor man ever empowered them to make.

10. It was reasonable to expect that troops, who knew the errand they were sent upon, would treat the people whom they were to subjugate, with cruelty and haughtiness, which too often buries the honorable character of a soldier, in the disgraceful name of an unfeeling ruffian. The troops, upon their first arrival took possession of our Senate House, and pointed their cannon against the judgment hall, and even continued them there, whilst the supreme court of judicature for this province was actually sitting, to decide upon the lives and fortunes of the king's subjects.

11. Our streets nightly resounded with the noise of riot and debauchery; our peaceful citizens were hourly exposed to shameful insults, and often felt the effects of their violence and outrage. But this was not all! as tho' they thought it not enough to violate our civil rights, they endeavored to deprive us of the enjoyment of our religious privileges; to vitiate our morals, and thereby render us deserving of destruction.

12. Hence the rude din of arms, which broke in upon your solemn devotions in your temples, on that day hallowed by heaven, and set apart by God himself, for his peculiar worship. Hence, impious oaths and blasphemies so often tortured your unaccustomed ear. Hence all the arts which idleness and luxury could invent, were used, to betray our youth of one sex, into extravagance and effeminacy, and of the other, into infamy and ruin; and did they not succeed but too well? Did not reverence for religion sensibly decay? Did not our infant almost learn to heap our curfes before they knew their horrid import?

13. Did not our youth forget they were Americans, and, regardless of the admonition of the wise and aged, servilely copy from their tyrants, vices which finally must overturn the empire of Great Britain? and must I be impelled to acknowledge, that even the noblest, fairest part of all the lower creation did not entirely escape the cursed snare! When virtue has once erected her throne within the female breast, it is upon a solid a basis that nothing is able to expel the heavenly inhabitant.

14. But have there not been some, few indeed, I hope whose youth and inexperience have rendered them a prey to
to wretches, whom upon the least reflection, they would have defpifed and hated, as foes to God and their country? I fear there have been fome fuch unhappy instances; or why have I seen an honest father cloathed with shame; or why a virtuous mother drowned in tears!

15. But I forbear, and come reluctantly to the transactions of that difmal night, when in fuch quick succession we felt the extremes of grief, aiftonishment and rage; when Heaven in anger, for a dreadful moment, fuffered hell to take the reins; when Satan, with his choften hand, opened the sluices of New England's blood, and sacrilegiously polluted our land with the dead bodies of her guiltless sons.

16. Let the fad tale of death never be told without a tear: Let not the heaving bofom cease to burn with a manly indignation at the barbarous story, through the long tracts of future time: Let every parent tell the shameful figny to his listening children, till tears of pity glitfen in their eyes, and boiling passion shake their tender frames; and, whileft the anniversary of that ill-fated night is kept in the grim court of Pandemonium, let all America join in one common prayer to Heaven, that the inhuman, unprovoked murderers of the Fifth of March, 1770, planned by Hillborough, and a knot of treacherous knaves in Boston, and executed by the cruel hand of Preston and his sanguinary coadjutors, may ever stand on history without a parallel.

17. But what, my countrymen, withheld the ready arm of vengeance from executing instant justice on the vile affaufins? Perhaps you feared promifcuous carnage might ensue, and that the innocent might fhare the fate of thofe who had performed the infernal deed. But were not all guilty? were you not too tender of the lives of thofe who come to fix a yoke on your necks? But I must not too severely blame a fault which great fouls only can commit.

18. May that magnanimity of spirit which fcorns the low pursuits of malice; may that generous compaffion which often preferves from ruin, even a guilty villain, forever actuate the noble bofoms of Americans!—But let not the miferant biff vainly imagine that we feared their arms. No, them, we defpifed; we dread nothing but slavery. Death is the creature of a poltroon's brain; 'tis immortality to sacrifice ourselves for the salvation of our country.

19. We fear not death. That gloomy night, the
pale faced moon, and the affrighted stars that hurried thro
the sky, can witness that we fear not death. Our hearts,
which at the recollection, glow with a rage that four re-
volving years have scarcely taught us to restrain, can wit-
ness that we fear not death; and happy it is for those who
dared to insult, that their naked bones are not now piled
up an everlasting monument of Massachusetts' bravery.
But they retired, they fled, and in that flight they found
their only safety.

20. We then expected that the hand of public justice
would soon inflict that punishment upon the murderers,
which by the laws of God and man they had merited.
But let the unbiased pen of a Robertson, or perhaps of
some equally famed American, conduct this trial before
the great tribunal of succeeding generations: And tho the
murderers may escape the just resentment of an enraged
people; tho drowsy justice, intoxicated by the poisonous
draught prepared for her cup, still nods upon her rotten
beat, yet be assured, such complicated crimes will meet
their due reward.

21. Tell me, ye bloody butchers! ye villains, high and
low! ye wretches who contrived, as well as you who ex-
cuted the inhuman deed! do you not feel the goads and
flings of conscious guilt pierce thro your savage bosoms?
tho some of you may think yourselves exalted to a height
that bids defiance to the arms of human justice, and others
shroud yourselves beneath the mask of hypocrisy, and
build your hopes of safety on the low arts of cunning,
chicanery, and falsehood; yet do you not sometimes feel
the gnawings of that worm which never dies? do not the
injured shades of Maverick, Gray, Caldwell, Attucks,
and Car, attend you in your solitary walks, arrest you
even in the midst of your debaucheries, and fill even
your dreams with terror?

22. But if the unappeased manes of the dead should not
disturb their murderers, yet surely even your obdurat-
hearts must shrink, and your guilty blood must chill
within your rigid veins, when you behold the miserable
Monk, the wretched victim of your savage cruelty. Obe
serve his tottering knees, which scarce sustain his wasted
body; look on his haggard eyes; mark well the death
like paleness of his fallen cheek, and tell me, does not the
fight plant daggers in your souls?

23. Unhappy

Persons slain on the fifth of March, 1770.
23. Unhappy Monk! cut off in the gay morn of ma-
hood, from all the joys which sweeten life, doomed to drag
on a pitiful existence, without even a hope to taste the
pleasures of returning health! Yet, Monk, thou livest not
in vain; thou livest a warning to thy country, which
sympathizes with thee in thy sufferings; thou livest an
affecting, an alarming instance of the unbounded violence
which lust of power, assisted by a standing army, can lead
a traitor to commit.

24. For us he bled, and now languishes. The wounds,
by which he is tortured to a lingering death, were aimed
at our country! Surely meek eyed charity can never be­
hold such sufferings with indifference. Nor can her leni­
tent hand forbear to pour oil and wine into their wounds;
and to assuage at least, what it cannot heal.

25. Patriotism is ever united with humanity and com­
passion. This noble affection, which impels us to sacri­
cifice every thing dear, even life itself, to our country, in­
volves in it a common sympathy and tenderness for eve­
y citizen, and must ever have a particular feeling for one
who suffers in a public cause. Thoroughly persuaded of
this, I need not add a word to engage your compassion
and bounty towards a fellow citizen, who, with long pro­
tracted anguish, falls a victim to the relentless rage of our
common enemies.

26. Ye dark designing knaves, ye murderers, parricides!
how dare you tread upon the earth, which has drank in
the blood of slaughtered innocents, shed by your wicked
hands? how dare you breathe that air which wafted to
the ear of Heaven, the groans of those who fell a sacrifice
to your accursed ambition? But if the labouring earth doth
not expand her jaws; if the air you breathe is not com­
mmissioned to be the minister of death; yet, hear it, and
tremble!

27. The eye of Heaven penetrates the darkest chambers
the soul, traces the leading clue thro all the labyrinths
which your inductive folly had devised; and you, how­
ever you might have screened yourselves from human
eyes must be arraigned, must lift your hands, red with the
blood of thole whose death you have procured, at the tre­
mandous bar of God.
The first Petition of Congress to the King, in 1774:
Most Gracious Sovereign,

We, your Majesty's faithful subjects of the colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the counties of New Castle, Kent and Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina, in behalf of ourselves and the inhabitants of these colonies, who have deputed us to represent them in general Congress, by this our humble petition beg leave to lay our grievances before the throne.

A standing army has been kept in these colonies ever since the conclusion of the late war, without the consent of our assemblies; and this army, with a considerable naval armament, has been employed to enforce the collection of taxes.

The authority of the commander in chief, and under him of the brigadier generals, has, in time of peace, been rendered supreme in all the civil governments of America.

The commander in chief of all your Majesty's forces in North America, has, in time of peace, been appointed governor of a colony.

The charges of usual offices have been greatly increased; and new, expensive and oppressive offices have been multiplied.

The judges of admiralty and vice admiralty courts are empowered to receive their salaries and fees, from the effects condemned by themselves.

The officers of the customs are empowered to break open and enter houses, without the authority of any civil magistrate, founded on legal information.

The judges of courts of common law have been made entirely dependent on one part of the legislature for their salaries, as well as for the duration of their commissions.

Counsellors holding commissions during pleasure exercise legislative authority.

Humble and reasonable petitions from the representatives of the people have been fruitless.

The agents of the people have been discountenanced, and governors have been instructed to prevent the payment of their salaries.

Assemblies
Assemblies have been repeatedly and injuriously dissolved.

Commerce has been burdened with many useless and oppressive restrictions.

By several acts of parliament made in the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth years of your majesty's reign, duties are imposed on us; for the purpose of raising a revenue; and the powers of admiralty and vice admiralty courts are extended beyond their ancient limits; whereby our property is taken from us without our consent, the trial by jury in many civil cases is abolished, enormous forfeitures are incurred for slight offences, vexatious informers are exempted from paying damages, to which they are justly liable, and oppressive security is required from owners before they are allowed to defend their right.

Both houses of parliament have resolved that colonists may be tried in England for offences alleged to have been committed in America, by virtue of a statute passed in the thirty-fifth year of Henry the eighth; and in consequence thereof attempts have been made to enforce that statute.

A statute was passed in the twelfth year of your majesty's reign, directing that persons charged with committing any offence therein described, in any place out of the realm, may be indicted and tried for the same, in any shire or county within the realm, whereby inhabitants of these colonies may, in sundry cases by that statute made capital, be deprived of a trial by their peers of the vicinage.

In the last session of parliament an act was passed for blocking up the harbour of Boston; another empowering the governor of the Massachusetts Bay to send persons indicted for murder in that province to another colony, or even to Great Britain for trial, whereby such offenders may escape legal punishment; a third for altering the chartered constitution of government in that province; and a fourth for extending the limits of Quebec, abolishing the English, and restoring the French laws, whereby great numbers of British freemen are subjected to the latter, and establishing an absolute government, and the Roman Catholic religion, throughout those vast regions that border on the westerly and northerly boundaries of the free, protestant, English settlements; and a fifth for the better providing suitable quarters for officers and soldiers in his majesty's service in North America.
To a sovereign who glories in the name of Briton, the bare recital of these acts must, we presume, justify the loyal subjects who fly to the foot of his throne, and implore his clemency for protection against them.

From this destructive system of colony administration, adopted since the conclusion of the last war, have flowed those difficulties, dangers, fears and jealousies, that overwhelm your majesty's dutiful colonists with affliction; and we defy our most subtle and inveterate enemies to trace the unhappy differences between Great Britain and these colonies, from an earlier period, or from other causes than we have assigned.

Had they proceeded on our part from a restless levity of temper, unjust impulses of ambition, or artful suggestions of seditious persons, we should merit the opprobrious terms frequently bestowed upon us by those we revere. But so far from promoting innovations, we have only opposed them; and can be charged with no offence, unless it be one to receive injuries and be sensible of them.

Had our Creator been pleased to give us existence in a land of slavery, the sense of our condition might have been mitigated by ignorance and habit. But thanks be to his adorable goodness, we are born the heirs of freedom, and ever enjoyed our right under the auspices of your royal ancestors, whose family was seated on the British throne, to rescue and secure a pious and gallant nation from the popery and despotism or a superstitious and inexorable tyrant.

Your majesty, we are confident, justly rejoices, that your title to the crown is thus founded on the title of your people to liberty; and therefore we doubt not but your royal wisdom must approve the sensibility, that teaches your subjects anxiously to guard the blessings they received from divine Providence, and thereby to prove the performance of that compact, which elevated the illustrious house of Brunswick to the imperial dignity it now possesses.

The apprehension of being degraded into a state of servitude, from the preeminent rank of English freemen, while our minds retain the strongest love of liberty, and clearly foresee the miseries preparing for us and our posterity, excites emotions in our breast, which, though we cannot
cannot describe, we should not wish to conceal. Feeling as men, and thinking as subjects, in the manner we do, silence would be disloyalty. By giving this faithful information, we do all in our power to promote the great objects of your royal cares, the tranquillity of your government, and the welfare of your people.

Duty to your majesty, and regard for the preservation of ourselves and our posterity, the primary obligations of nature and society, command us to entreat your royal attention; and as your majesty enjoys the signal distinction of reigning over freemen, we apprehend the language of freemen cannot be displeasing.

Your royal indignation, we hope, will rather fall on those designing and dangerous men, who, daringly interposing themselves between your royal person and your faithful subjects, and for several years past incessantly employed to dissolve the bonds of society, by abusing your majesty's authority, misrepresenting your American subjects, and prosecuting the most desperate and irritating projects of oppression, have at length compelled us, by the force of accumulated injuries, too severe to be any longer tolerable, to disturb your majesty's repose by our complaints.

These sentiments are extorted from hearts, that much more willingly would bleed in your majesty's service. Yet so greatly have we been misrepresented, that a necessity has been alleged of taking our property from us without our consent, "to defray the expenses of administration, the support of civil government, and the defence, protection and security of the colonies."

But we beg leave to assure your majesty that such provision has been and will be made for defraying the two first articles, as has been and shall be judged, by the legislatures of the several colonies, just and suitable to their respective circumstances; and for the defence, protection and security of the colonies, their militia, if properly regulated, as they earnestly desire may immediately be done, would be fully sufficient, at least in times of peace; and in case of war, your faithful colonists will be ready and willing, as they have ever been when constitutionally required, to demonstrate their loyalty to your majesty, by exerting their most strenuous efforts in granting supplies and raising forces. Yielding to no British subjects in affection...
fectionate attachment to your majesty's person, family and government, we too dearly prize the privilege of expressing that attachment by those proofs, that are honourable to the prince who receives them, and to the people who give them, ever to resign it to any body of men upon earth.

Had we been permitted to enjoy, in quiet, the inheritance left us by our forefathers, we should at this time have been peaceably, cheerfully and usefully employed in recommending ourselves, by every testimony of devotion to your majesty, and of veneration to the state from which we derive our origin.

But tho now exposed to unexpected and unnatural scenes of distress by a contention with that nation, in whose paternal guidance, on all important affairs, we have hitherto, with filial reverence, constantly trusted, and therefore can derive no instruction in our present unhappy and perplexing circumstances from any former expedients; yet, we doubt not, the purity of our intention, and the integrity of our conduct, will justify us at the grand tribunal, before which all mankind must submit to judgment.

We ask but for peace, liberty, and safety. We wish not a diminution of the prerogative, nor do we solicit the grant of any new right in our favour. Your royal authority over us, and our connection with Great Britain, we shall always carefully and zealously endeavour to support and maintain.

Filled with sentiments of duty to your majesty, and of affection to our parent state, deeply impressed by our education, and strongly confirmed by our reason, and anxious to evince the sincerity of these dispositions, we present this petition only to obtain redress of grievances, and relief from fears and jealousies, occasioned by the system of statutes and regulations adopted since the close of the late war, for raising a revenue in America—extending the powers of courts of admiralty and vice admiralty—trying persons in Great Britain for offences alleged to be committed in America—affecting the province of Massachusetts Bay—and altering the government, and extending the limits of Quebec; by the abolition of which system, the harmony between Great Britain and these colonies, so necessary to the happiness of both, and so ardently desired by the latter, and the usual intercourse, will be immediately restored.
In the magnanimity and justice of your majesty and parliament we confide for a redress of our other grievances, trusting, that when the causes of our apprehensions are removed, our future conduct will prove us not unworthy of the regard we have been accustomed, in our happier days, to enjoy.

For, appealing to that Being who searches thoroughly the hearts of his creatures, we solemnly profess, that our councils have been influenced by no other motive than a dread of impending danger.

Permit us then, most gracious sovereign, in the name of all your faithful people in America, with the utmost humility, to implore you, for the honor of Almighty God, whose pure religion our enemies are undermining; for your glory, which can be advanced only by rendering your subjects happy, and keeping them united; for the interests of your family, depending on an adherence to the principles that enthroned it; for the safety and welfare of your kingdoms and dominions, threatened with almost unavoidable dangers and distresses—

that your majesty, as the loving father of your whole people, connected by the same bonds of law, loyalty, faith and blood, the dwelling in various countries, will not suffer the transcendent relation formed by these ties to be farther violated in uncertain expectation of effects, that, if attained, never can compensate for the calamities through which they must be gained.

We, therefore, most earnestly beseech your majesty, that your royal authority and interposition may be used for our relief; and that a gracious answer may be given to this petition.

That your majesty may enjoy every felicity thro a long and glorious reign over loyal and happy subjects, and that your descendants may inherit your prosperity and dominions till time shall be no more; is, and always will be, our sincere and fervent prayer.

A DECLARATION,
A DECLARATION, by the REPRESENTATIVES of the United Colonies of North America, setting forth the Causes and Necessity of their taking up Arms, July 6, 1775.

If it was possible for men, who exercise their reason, to believe, that the Divine Author of our existence, intended a part of the human race to hold an absolute property in, and an unbounded power over others, marked out by his infinite goodness and wisdom, as the objects of a legal domination, never rightly refistable, however severe and oppressive, the inhabitants of these colonies might at least require from the parliament of Great Britain, some evidence, that this dreadful authority over them has been granted to that body.

But a reverence for our Great Creator, principles of humanity, and the dictates of common sense, must convince all those who reflect upon the subject, that government was instituted to promote the welfare of mankind, and ought to be administered for the attainment of that end.

The legislature of Great Britain, however, stimulated by an inordinate passion for a power, not only unjustifiable, but which they know to be peculiarly reprobated by the very constitution of that kingdom, and desperate of success in any mode of contest, where regard should be had to truth, law, or right, have at length, defying those, attempted to effect their cruel and impolitic purpose of enslaving these colonies by violence, and have thereby rendered it necessary for us to close with their last appeal from reason to arms.

Yet, however blinded that assembly may be, by their intemperate rage for unlimited domination, so to flight justice and the opinion of mankind, we esteem ourselves bound by obligations of respect to the rest of the world, to make known the justice of our cause.

Our forefathers, inhabitants of the Island of Great Britain, left their native land, to seek, on these shores, a residence for civil and religious freedom. At the expense of their blood, at the hazard of their fortunes, without the least charge to the country from which they removed, with unceasing labor and an unconquerable spirit, they effected settlements in the distant and inhospitable wilds of America, then filled with numerous and warlike nations of barbarians.

Societies or governments, vested with perfect legisla-

...
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ures, were formed under charters from the crown, and an harmonious intercourse was established between the colonies and the kingdom from which they derived their origin. The mutual benefits of this union became in a short time so extraordinary as to excite astonishment. It is universally confessed, that the amazing increase of the wealth, strength and navigation of the realm, arose from this source; and the minister, who so wisely and successfully directed the measures of Great Britain, in the late war, publicly declared, that these Colonies enabled her to triumph over her enemies.

Towards the conclusion of that war, it pleased our sovereign to make a change in his counsels.—From that fatal moment, the affairs of the British empire began to fall into confusion; and, gradually sliding from the summit of glorious prosperity, to which they had been advanced by the virtues and abilities of one man, are at length distracted by the convulsions, that now shake it to its deepest foundations.—The new ministry, finding the brave foes of Britain, tho frequently defeated, yet still contending, took up the unfortunate idea of granting them an airy peace, and of then subduing her faithful friends.

These devoted Colonies were judged to be in such a state, as to present victories without bloodshed, and all the easy emoluments of statuteable plunder. The uninterrupted tenor of their peaceable and respectful behaviour, from the beginning of colonization, their dutiful, zealous, and useful services during the war, tho so recently and amply acknowledged in the most honourable manner by his majesty, by the late king, and by parliament, could not save them from the meditated innovations.

Parliament was influenced to adopt the pernicious project, and, assuming a new power over them, have in the course of eleven years given such decisive specimens of the spirit and consequences attending this power, as to leave no doubt concerning the effects of acquiescence under it.

They have undertaken to give and grant our money without our consent, tho we have ever exercised an exclusive right to dispose of our own property; statutes have been passed for extending the jurisdiction of courts of admiralty and vice admiralty beyond their ancient limits; for depriving us of the accustomed and inestimable privilege of trial by jury, in cases affecting both life and property; for
suspending the legislature of one of the colonies; for interdicting all commerce to the capital of another; and for altering, fundamentally, the form of government established by charter, and secured by acts of its own legislature, solemnly confirmed by the crown.

For exempting the "murderers" of Colonists from legal trial, and in effect from punishment; for erecting, in a neighboring province, acquired by the joint arms of Great Britain and America, a despotism dangerous to our very existence; and for quartering soldiers upon the Colonists in time of profound peace. It has also been resolved in parliament, that Colonists, charged with committing certain offences, shall be transported to England to be tried.

But why should we enumerate our injuries in detail? By one statute it is declared, that parliament can "of right make laws to bind us in all cases whatsoever." What is to defend us against so enormous, so unlimited a power? Not a single man of those who assume it, is chosen by us; or is subject to our control or influence.

But on the contrary, they are all of them exempt from the operation of such laws, and an American revenue, if not diverted from the ostensible purposes for which it is raised, would actually lighten their own burdens in proportion as they increase ours. We saw the misery to which such despotism would reduce us. We for ten years incessantly and ineffectually beseeched the throne as suppliants; we reasoned, we remonstrated with parliament in the most mild and decent language.

Administration, sensible that we should regard these oppressive measures as freemen ought to do, sent over fleets and armies to enforce them. The indignation of the Americas was roused, it is true; but it was the indignation of a virtuous, loyal and affectionate people. A Congress of delegates from the United Colonies was assembled at Philadelphia on the fifth day of last September.

We resolved again to offer a humble and dutiful petition to the king, and also addressed our fellow subjects of Great Britain. We have pursued every temperate, every respectful measure; we have even proceeded to break off our commercial intercourse with our fellow subjects, as the last peaceable admonition, that our attachment to no nation upon earth should supplant our attachment to liberty.

This, we flattered ourselves, was the ultimate step of the controversy:
controversy: But subsequent events have shown, how vain was this hope of finding moderation in our enemies.

Several threatening expressions against the Colonies were inserted in His Majesty's speech. Our petition, tho we were told it was a decent one, and that His Majesty had been pleased to receive it graciously, and to promise laying it before his Parliament, was huddled into both Houses among a bundle of American papers, and there neglected.

The Lords and Commons, in their address in the month of February, said that "a rebellion at that time actually existed within the province of Massachusetts Bay; and that those concerned in it had been countenanced and encouraged by unlawful combinations, and engagements, entered into by his Majesty's subjects in several of the other Colonies, and therefore they besought his Majesty, that he would take the most effectual measures to enforce due obedience to the laws and authority of the Supreme Legislature."

Soon after, the commercial intercourse of whole Colonies, with foreign countries, and with each other, was cut off by an act of Parliament. By another, several of them were entirely prohibited from the fisheries in the seas near their coast, on which they always depended for their subsistence; and large reinforcements of ships and troops were immediately sent over to General Gage.

Fruitless were all the entreaties, arguments, and eloquence of an illustrious band of the most distinguished peers and commoners, who nobly and strenuously asserted the justice of our cause, to stay or even to mitigate, the heedless fury with which these accumulated and unexampled outrages were hurried on.

Equally fruitless was the interference of the city of London, of Britol, and many other respectable towns in our favor. Parliament adopted an insidious manoeuvre calculated to divide us, to establish a perpetual auction of taxes, where Colony should bid against Colony, all of them uninformed what ransom would redeem their lives, and thus to extort from us, at the point of the bayonet, the unknown sums that would be sufficient to gratify, if possible to gratify, ministerial rapacity, with the miserable indulgence left to us of ruling, in our own mode, the prescribed tribute.

What terms more rigid and humiliating could have been
been dictated by remorseless victors to conquered enemies? In our circumstances, to accept them, would be to deserve them.

Soon after the intelligence of these proceedings arrived on this continent, General Gage, who in the course of the last year had taken possession of the town of Boston, in the province of Massachusetts Bay, and still occupied it as a garrison, on the 19th day of April, sent out from that place a large detachment of his army, who made an unprovoked assault on the inhabitants of the said province, at the town of Lexington; as appears by the affidavits of a great number of persons, (some of whom were officers and soldiers of that detachment,) murdered eight of the inhabitants, and wounded many others.

From thence the troops proceeded in warlike array, to the town of Concord, where they fell upon another party of the inhabitants of the same province, killing several and wounding more, until compelled to retreat by the country people suddenly assembled to repel this cruel aggression.

Hostilities thus commenced by the British troops, have been since prosecuted by them without regard to faith or reputation. The inhabitants of Boston, being confined in that town by the General their Governor; and having, in order to procure their dismission, entered into a treaty with him, it was stipulated that the said inhabitants, having deposited their arms, with their own magistrates, should have liberty to depart, taking with them their other effects.

They accordingly delivered up their arms; but in open violation of honor, in defiance of the obligation of treaties, which even savage nations esteem sacred, the governor ordered the arms deposited as aforesaid, that they might be preserved for their owners, to be seized by a body of soldiers; detained the greatest part of the inhabitants in the town, and compelled the few who were permitted to retire, to leave their most valuable effects behind.

By this perfidy wives are separated from their husbands, children from their parents, the aged and sick from their relations and friends, who wish to attend and comfort them; and those who have been used to live in plenty, and even elegance, are reduced to deplorable distress.

The General, further emulating his ministerial masters, by a proclamation bearing date on the 12th day of June, after venting the grotest falsehoods and calumnies against
the good people of these colonies, proceeds to “declare
them all, either by name or description, to be rebels and
traitors; to supercede the course of common law, and
instead thereof to publish and order the use and exercise
of the law martial.”

His troops have butchered our countrymen, have wan­
tonly burnt Charlestown, besides a considerable number of
houses in other places; our ships and vessels are seized;
the necessary supplies of provisions are intercepted, and
he is exerting his utmost power to spread destruction and
devastation around him.

We have received certain intelligence, that General
Carleton, the Governor of Canada, is instigating the peo­pie of that province, and the Indians, to fall upon us; and
we have but too much reason to apprehend, that schemes
have been formed to excite domestic enemies against us.
In brief, a part of these Colonies now feel, and all of them
are sure of feeling, as far as the vengeance of administra­tion can inflict them, the complicated calamities of fire,
sword, and famine.

We are reduced to the alternative of choosing an uncondi­tional submission to the tyranny of irritated ministers,
or resistance by force. The latter is our choice. We
have counted the cost of this contest, and find nothing so
dreadful as voluntary slavery. Honor, justice, and hu­manity forbid us tamely to surrender that freedom which
we received from our gallant ancestors, and which our in­nocent posterity have a right to receive from us. We can­not endure the infamy and guilt of resigning succeeding
generations to that wretchedness which inevitably awaits
them, if we basely entail hereditary bondage upon them.

Our cause is just. Our union is perfect. Our internal
resources are great; and, if necessary, foreign assis­tance is
undoubtedly attainable. We gratefully acknowledge, as
signal instances of the Divine favour towards us, that Provi­dence would not permit us to be called into the severe
controversy, until we were grown up to our present
strength, had been previously exercised in warlike opera­tions, and possessed of the means of defending ourselves.

With hearts fortified with these animating reflections, we
molt solemnly, before God and the world, declare, that,
exercising the utmost energy of those powers, which our
beneficent Creator has graciously bestowed upon us, the
arms we have been compelled by our enemies to assume; we will, in defiance of every hazard, with unabating firmness and perseverance, employ for the preservation of our liberties; being, with one mind, resolved to die free men, rather than to live slaves.

Let this declaration should disquiet the minds of our friends and fellow subjects in any part of the empire, we assure them that we mean not to dissolve that union which has so long and so happily subsisted between us, and which we sincerely wish to see restored. Necessity has not yet driven us into that desperate measure, or induced us to excite any other nation to war against them.

We have not raised armies with ambitious designs of separating from Great Britain, and establishing independent states. We fight not for glory or for conquest. We exhibit to mankind the remarkable spectacle of a people attacked by unprovoked enemies, without an imputation or even suspicion of offence. They boast of their privileges and civilization, and yet proffer no milder conditions than servitude or death.

In our own native land, in defence of the freedom that is our birth-right, and which we ever enjoyed till the late violation of it—for the protection of our property, acquired solely by the honest industry of our forefathers and ourselves, against violence actually offered, we have taken up arms. We shall lay them down when hostilities shall cease on the part of the aggressors, and all danger of their being renewed shall be removed, and not before.

With an humble confidence in the mercies of the supreme and impartial Judge and Ruler of the universe, we most devoutly implore his divine goodnes to protect us happily through this great conflict, to dispose our adversaries to reconciliation on reasonable terms, and thereby to relieve the empire from the calamities of civil war.
Speech of his Excellency William Livingston, Esq.
Governor, Captain General, and Commander in Chief, of the State of New Jersey and the territories thereunto belonging, Chancellor and Ordinary of the same.

To the Honorable the Council, and General Assembly of the said State.

Gentlemen,

Having already laid before the assembly, by messages, the several matters that have occurred to me, as more particularly demanding their attention during the present session, it may seem less necessary to address you in the more ceremonious form of a speech.

But conceiving it my duty to the state, to deliver my sentiments on the present situation of affairs, and the eventful contest between Great Britain and America, which could not, with any propriety, be conveyed in occasional messages, you will excuse my giving you the trouble of attending for that purpose.

After deploring with you the desolation spread thro' part of this State, by an unrelenting enemy, who have indeed marked their progress with a devastation unknown to civilized nations, and evincive of the most implacable vengeance; I heartily congratulate you on the subsequent series of success, wherewith it has pleased the Almighty to crown the American arms; and particularly on the important enterprise against the enemy at Trenton; and the signal victory obtained over them at Princeton, by the gallant troops under the command of his Excellency General Washington.

Considering the contemptible figure they make at present, and the disgust they have given to their own confederates amongst us, by their more than Gothic ravages; for thus doth the Great Disposer of events often deduce good out of evil; their irruption into our dominion will redound to the public benefit. It has certainly enabled us the more effectually to distinguish our friends from our enemies.

It has winnowed the chaff from the grain. It has discriminated the temporizing politician, who, on the first appearance of danger, was determined to secure his idol, property, at the hazard of the general weal, from the persevering patriot, who, having embarked his all in the com-
mon cause, chooses rather to risk, rather to lose that all, for the preservation of the more estimable treasure, Liberty, than to possess it (enjoy it he could not) upon the ignominious terms of tamely resigning his country and posterity to infamy and slavery.

It has, however, opened the eyes of those who were made to believe that their impious merit in abetting our prosecutors, would exempt them from being involved in the common calamity. But as the rapacity of the enemy was boundless, their rapine was indiscriminate, and their barbarity unparalleled. They have plundered friends and foes. Effects capable of division, they have divided; such as were not, they have destroyed. They have warred upon decrepit age; warred upon defenceless youth.

They have committed hostilities against the professors of literature, and the ministers of religion; against public records, and private monuments; against books of improvement, and papers of curiosity; and against the arts and sciences. They have butchered the wounded, asking for quarters; mangled the dying, weltering in their blood; refused the dead the rights of sepulture; inflicted prisoners to perish for want of sustenance; violated the chastity of women; disfigured private dwellings of taste and elegance; and, in the rage of impiety and barbarism, profaned edifices dedicated to Almighty God!

Yet there are some among us, who, either from ambition or lucrative motives; or intimidated by the terror of their arms; or from a partial fondness for the British constitution; or deluded by insidious propositions,—are secretly abetting, or openly aiding their machinations, to deprive us of that liberty, without which man is a beast, and government a curse.

Besides the insuperable baseness of wishing to rise on the ruin of our country; or to acquire riches at the expense of the liberties and fortunes of our fellow citizens, how soon would those delusive dreams, upon the conquest of America, be turned into disappointment.

Where is the fund to recompense those retainers to the British army; those intentional pensioners of a bankrupt nation? Were every slave in America to be confiscated, and converted into cash, the product would not satisfy the avidity of their own creatures, nor furnish an adequate recompense for the keen appetites of their own ministerial beneficiaries.

Instead
Instead of gratuities and promotion, these unhappy accomplices in their tyranny, would meet with supercilious looks and cold disdain; and, after tedious attendance, be finally told, by their haughty masters, that they indeed approved of the treason, but despised the traitor.

Inflicted, in fine, by their pretended protectors, but real betrayers; and goaded with the stings of their own consciences, they would remain the frightful monuments of human contempt and divine indignation; and linger out the rest of their days in self-condemnation and remorse; and in weeping over the ruins of their country, which themselves had been instrumental in reducing to desolation and bondage.

Others there are, who, terrified at the power of Britain, have been persuaded that she is not only formidable, but irresistible. That her power is great, is beyond question; that it is not to be despised, is the dictate of common prudence. But then we ought also to consider her as weak in council, and groaning with debt; reduced in her trade, reduced in her revenues, immerged in pleasure, enervated with luxury, and in dissipation and venality surpassing all Europe.

We ought to consider her as hated by a potent rival, her natural enemy, and particularly exasperated at her imperious conduct in the late war, as well as her provoking manner of commencing it; and then inflamed with resentment, and only watching a favourable juncture for open hostilities.

We ought to consider the amazing expense and difficulty of exporting troops and provisions above three thousand miles, with the impossibility of recruiting their army at a less distance; save only, with such recreants, whose conscious guilt must, on the first approach of danger, appall the stoutest heart. These insuperable obstacles are known and acknowledged by every virtuous and impartial man in the nation.

Even the author of this horrid war is incapable of concealing his own confusion and distress. Too great to be wholly suppressed, it frequently discovers itself in the course of his speech. A speech terrible in word, and fraught with contradiction; breathing threatenings, and betraying terror; a motley mixture of magnanimity and conformation; of grandeur and abasement: with troops invincible, he dreads a defeat, and wants reinforcements; victorious
victorious in America, and triumphant on the ocean, 
he is an humble dependant on a petty Prince; and with 
full confidence in the friendship and alliance of France, 
he trembles at her secret designs, and open preparations.

With all this we ought to contrast the numerous and 
hardy sons of America, inured to toil; seasoned alike to 
heat and cold; hale, robust, patient of fatigue; and, from 
an ardent love of liberty, ready to face danger and death. 
The immense extent of continent, which our infatuated 
enemies have undertaken to subjugate.

The remarkable unanimity of its inhabitants, notwithstanding the exception of a few apostates and deserters; 
their unshaken resolution to maintain their freedom, or 
perish in the attempt; the fertility of our soil in all kinds 
of provision necessary for the support of war; our inex-
hauitable internal resources for military stores, and naval 
armaments; our comparative economy in public expenses, and 
the millions we save by reproving the farther ex-
change of our valuable staples for the worthless baubles 
and finery of English manufacture; add to this, that in a 
cause so just and righteous on our part, we have the high-
est reason to expect the blessing of Heaven upon our glo-
rious conflict.

For who can doubt the interposition of the SUPREME
JUST, in favour of a people forced to arms, in defence of 
everything dear and precious, against a nation deaf to 
our complaints, rejoicing in our misery, wantonly aggra-
ving our oppressions, determined to divide our substance, 
and by fire and sword to compel us into subjection.

Respecting the constitution of Great Britain, bating 
certain prerogatives of dangerous tendency, it has indeed 
been applauded by the best judges, and displays, in its 
original structure, illustrious proofs of wisdom and the 
knowledge of mankind.

But what avails the best constitution, with the worst ad-
ministration? For what is their present government, and 
what has it been for years past, but a perfidious confederacy 
against reason, and virtue, and honor, and patriotism, and 
the rights of man? What their governors, but a set of po-
itical craftsmen, flagrantly conspiring to erect the babI of 
Despotism, on the ruins of the ancient and beautiful fab-
ric of Liberty?

A shameless cabal, notoriously employed in deceiving 
the prince, corrupting the parliament, debasing the peo-
ple,
ple, depressing the most virtuous, and exalting the most profligate! In short, an infaatable juncto of public spoilers, lavishng the national wealth, and, by speculation and plunder, daily accumulating a debt already enormous! And what is the majority of their parliament, formerly the most august assembly in the world, but venal pensioners on the crown, a perfect mockery on all representation, and at the absolute devotion of every minister!

What were the characteristics of their administration of the provinces? The substitution of instructions in the room of the law; the multiplication of officers to strengthen the court interest; perpetually extending the prerogatives of the king, and retrenching the rights of the subject; advancing to the most eminent stations, men without education, and of dilatute manners; employing, with the people's money, a band of emissaries to misrepresent and traduce the people; sporting with our persons and estates, by filling the highest seats of justice with bankrupts, bullies, and blockheads.

From such a nation (though all this we bore, and should probably have borne for a century, had they not avowedly claimed the unconditional disposal of life and property) it is evidently our interest to be detached. To remain happy or safe in our connexion with her, became henceforth utterly impossible. She is moreover precipitating her own fall, or the age of miracles is returned; and Britain, a phenomenon in the political world, without a parallel!

The proclamations to enslave the timid and credulous, are beyond expression, disingenuous and tantalizing. In a gilded pill they conceal real poison. They add insult to injury. After repeated intimations of commissioners to treat with America, we are presented, instead of the peaceful olive branch, with the devouring sword; instead of being visited with plenipotentiaries, to bring matters to an accommodation, we are invaded with an army, in their opinion, able to subdue us; and, upon discovering their error, the terms propounded amount to this—"If you will submit, without resistance, we are content to take your property, and spare your lives; and then (the consummation of arrogance!) we will graciously pardon you for having hitherto defended both."

Consider then their bewildered councils, their blundering ministers, their want of men and money, their impaired credit and declining commerce, their lost revenues and starved islands, the corruptions of their parliament, with
with the effeminacy of the nation—and the success of their enterprise is against all probability.

Considering farther the horrid enormity of waging war against their own brethren, expolituting for an audience, complaining of injuries, and supplicating for redress; and waging it with a ferocity and vengeance unknown to modern ages, and contrary to all laws, human and divine; and we can neither question the justice of our opposition, nor the assistance of Heaven to crown it with victory.

Let us, however, not presumptuously rely on the interposition of Providence, without exerting those efforts which it is our duty to exert, and which our bountiful Creator has enabled us to exert.

Let us do our part to open the next campaign with redoubled vigor; and until the United States have humbled the pride of Britain, and obtained an honorable peace, cheerfully furnish our proportion for continuing the war—a war, on our side, founded on the immutable obligation of self defence, and in support of freedom, of virtue, and every thing tending to ennoble our nature, and render our people happy.

On their part, prompted by boundless avarice, and a thirst for absolute sway, and built on a claim repugnant to every principle of reason and equity—a claim subversive of all liberty, natural, civil, moral and religious; incompatible with human happiness, and usurping the attributes of Deity; degrading man, and blaspheming God.

Let us all, therefore, of every rank and degree, remember our plighted faith and honor to maintain the cause with our lives and fortunes. Let us inflexibly persevere in prosecuting, to a happy period, what has been so gloriously begun, and hitherto so prosperously conducted.

And let those in more distinguished stations use all their influence and authority, to rout the supine; to animate the irresolute; to confirm the wavering, and to draw from his lurking hole, the skulking neutral, who, leaving to others the heat and burden of the day, means, in the final result, to reap the fruits of that victory, for which he will not contend.

Let us be peculiarly assiduous in bringing to condign punishment, those detestable particides who have been openly active against their native country; and may we, in all deliberations and proceedings, be influenced and directed by the great Arbiter of the fate of nations, by whom
whom empires rise and fall, and who will not always suffer the sceptre of the wicked to rest on the lot of the righteous, but in due time avenge an injured people on their unfeeling oppressor and his bloody instruments.

An Oration, delivered at the north Church in Hartford, at the meeting of the Connecticut Society of the Cincinnati, July 4th, 1787, in commemoration of the Independence of the United-States. By Joel Barlow, Esq. Published by desire of said Society.

Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Society, and fellow Citizens,

On the anniversary of so great an event as the birth of the empire in which we live, none will question the propriety of passing a few moments in contemplating the various objects suggested to the mind by the important occasion.

But at the present period, while the blessings, claimed by the sword of victory, and promised in the voice of peace, remain to be confirmed by our future exertions—while the nourishment, the growth, and even the existence of our empire, depend upon the united efforts of an extensive and divided people—the duties of this day ascend from amusement and congratulation, to a serious patriotic employment.

We are assembled, my friends, not to boast, but to realize—not to inflate our national vanity by a pompous relation of past achievements in the council or in the field; but, from a modest retrospect of the truly dignified part already acted by our countrymen, from an accurate view of our present situation, and from an anticipation of the scenes that remain to be unfolded—to discern and familiarize the duties that still await us as citizens, as fathers, and as men.

Revolutions in other countries have been effected by accident. The faculties of human reason, and the rights of human nature, have been the sport of chance and the prey of ambition. And when indignation has burst the bands of slavery, to the destruction of one tyrant, it was only to impose the manacles of another.

This arose from the imperfection of that early stage of society, which necessarily occasioned the foundation of empires, on the eastern continent, to be laid in ignorance, and which induced a total inability of foreseeing the improvements.
provements of civilization, or of adapting the government to a state of social refinement.

I shall but repeat a common observation, when I remark, that on the western continent the scene was entirely different, and a new task, totally unknown to the legislators of other nations, was imposed upon the fathers of the American empire.

Here was a people, thinly scattered over an extensive territory, lords of the soil on which they trod, commanding a prodigious length of coast, and an equal breadth of frontier—a people habituated to liberty, professing a mild and benevolent religion, and highly advanced in science and civilization. To conduct such a people in a revolution, the address must be made to reason as well as to the passions. And to reason, to, the clear understanding of these variously affected colonies, the solemn address was made.

A people thus enlightened, and capable of discerning the connexion of causes with their remotest effects, waited not the experience of oppression in their own persons; which they well knew would render them less able to conduct a regular opposition.

But in the moment of their greatest prosperity, when every heart expanded with the increasing opulence of the British American dominions, and every tongue united in the praises of the parent state and her patriot king, when many circumstances concurred which would have rendered an ignorant people secure and inattentive to their future interests; at this moment, the eyes of the American Argus were opened to the first and most plausible invasion of the colonial rights.

In vain were we told, and perhaps with the greatest truth and sincerity, that the monies levied in America were all to be expended within the country, and for our benefit. Equally idle was the policy of Great Britain, in commencing her new system by a small and almost imperceptible duty, and that upon a very few articles.

It was not the quantity of the tax, it was not the mode of appropriation, but it was the right of the demand, which was called in question. Upon this the people deliberated; this they discussed in a cool and unpassionate manner; and this they opposed in every shape that an artful
artful and systematic military could devise, for more than
ten years, before they assumed the sword.

This single circumstance, aside from the magnitude of
the object, or the event of the contest, will stamp a pecu-
liar glory on the American revolution, and mark it as a
distinguished era in the history of mankind; that sober
reason and reflection have done the work of enthusiasm,
and performed the miracles of gods.

In what other age or nation has a laborious and agricul-
tural people, at ease upon their own farms, secure and
distant from the approach of fleets and armies, tide wait-
ers, and flamp masters, reasoned before they had felt, and,
from the dictates of duty and conscience, encountered
dangers, distresses and poverty, for the sake of securing to
posterity a government of independence and peace?

The toils of ages, and the fate of millions, were to be
sustained by a few hands. The voice of unborn nations
called upon them for safety; but it was a still small voice,
the voice of national reflection. Here was no Cromwell
to inflame the people with bigotry and zeal, no Caesar to
reward his followers with the spoils of vanquished foes,
and no territory to be acquired by conquest.

Ambition, superstition and avarice, those universal torches
of war, never illumined an American field of battle. But
the permanent principles of sober policy spread through
the colonies, routed the people to assert their rights, and
conducted the revolution.

Whatever praise is due for the task already performed,
it is certain that much remains to be done. The revolu-
tion is but half completed. Independence and government
were the two objects contended for; and but one is yet
obtained. To the glory of the present age, and the admira-
tion of the future, our severance from the British em-
pire was conducted upon principles as noble as they were
new and unprecedented in the history of human actions.

Could the same generous principles, the same wisdom and
unanimity be exerted in effecting the establishment of a
permanent federal system, what an additional lustre would
it pour upon the present age! a lustre hitherto unequalled;
a display of magnanimity for which mankind may never
behold another opportunity.

The present is justly considered an alarming crisis; per-
haps the most alarming that America ever saw. We have
contended
contended with the most powerful nation, and subdued the bravest and best appointed armies; but now we have to contend with ourselves, and encounter passions and prejudices more powerful than armies, and more dangerous to our peace. It is not for glory, it is for existence, that we contend.

The first great object is to convince the people of the importance of their present situation; for the majority of a great people, on a subject which they understand, will never act wrong. If ever there was a time, in any age or nation, when the fate of millions depended on the voice of one, it is the present period in these states. Every free citizen of the American empire ought now to consider himself as the legislator of half mankind.

When he views the amazing extent of territory, settled and to be settled under the operation of his laws—when, like a wise politician, he contemplates the population of future ages—the changes to be wrought by the possible progress of arts, in agriculture, commerce and manufactures—the increasing connection and intercourse of nations, and the effect of one rational political system upon the general happiness of mankind—his mind, dilated with the great idea, will realize a liberality of feeling which leads to a rectitude of conduct.

He will see that the system to be established by his suffrage is calculated for the great benevolent purposes of extending peace, happiness, and progressive improvement to a large proportion of his fellow creatures. As there is a probability that the system to be proposed by the Convention may answer this description, there is every reason to hope it will be viewed by the people with that candor and dispassionate reflect which is due to the importance of the subject.

While the anxiety of the feeling heart is breathing the perpetual sigh for the attainment of so great an object, it becomes the strongest duty of the social connection, to enlighten and harmonize the minds of our fellow citizens, and point them to a knowledge of their interests, as an extensive federal people, and fathers of increasing nations.

The price put into their hands is great beyond all comparison; and, as they improve it, they will entail happiness or misery upon a larger proportion of human beings, than could be effected by the conduct of all the nations of Europe united.
Those who are possessed of abilities or information in any degree above the common rank of their fellow citizens, are called upon, by every principle of humanity, to diffuse a spirit of candor, and rational enquiry, upon these important subjects.

The present is an age of philosophy, and America the empire of reason. Here, neither the pageantry of courts, nor the glooms of superstition, have dazzled or beclouded the mind. Our duty calls us to act worthy of the age and the country that gave us birth. Tho inexperience may have betrayed us into errors, yet these have not been fatal; and our own discernment will point us to their proper remedy.

However defective the present confederated system may appear—yet a due consideration of the circumstances under which it was framed, will teach us rather to admire its wisdom, than to murmur at its faults. The same political abilities which were displayed in that institution, united with the experience we have had of its operation, will doubtless produce a system, which will stand the test of ages in forming a powerful and happy people.

Elevated with this extensive prospect, we may consider present inconveniences as unworthy of regret. At the close of the war, an uncommon plenty of circulating specie, and an universal passion for trade, tempted many individuals to involve themselves in ruin, and injure the credit of their country. But these are evils which work their own remedy.

The paroxysm is already over. Industry is increasing faster than ever it declined; and with some exceptions, where legislative authority has sanctioned fraud, the people are honestly discharging their private debts, and increasing the resources of their wealth.

Every possible encouragement for great and generous exertions, is now presented before us. Under the idea of a permanent and happy government, every point of view in which the future situation of America can be placed, fills the mind with a peculiar dignity, and opens an unbounded field of thought.

The natural resources of the country are inconceivably various and great. The enterprising genius of the people promises a most rapid improvement in all the arts that embellish human nature. The blessings of a rational government...
ernment will invite emigrations from the rest of the world; and fill the empire with the worthiest and happiest of mankind, while the example of political wisdom and felicity here to be displayed, will excite emulation thro' the kingdoms of the earth, and meliorate the condition of the human race.

From Cicero's Oration against Verres.

THE time is come, fathers, when that which has long been wished for towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance, but superior direction) effectually put in our power.

An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, viz. that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted.

There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion I hope of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons, but who, according to his own reckoning and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres.

If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public. But if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quærorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies? Cnæus Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated.

The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of those countries? in which, houses, cities and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his praetorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and the public works, neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying
carrying them on, bear witness. But his pretorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and furnishes a lasting monument to his infamy.

The mischiefs done by him in that country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years, under the wisest and best of praetors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them.

For it is notorious, that during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their original laws, nor the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men.

His nod has decided all causes in Sicily these three years; and his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has by arbitrary taxes and unheard of impositions extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies.

Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned and banished unheard.

The harbours, tho sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers; the soldiery and sailors belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death; whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish; the ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images.

The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency forbids me to describe; nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity.

And these his atrocious crimes have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions. Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled.
gled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome," which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them, but on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask, now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend, that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any prince or any flate committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them?

What punishment ought then to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked praetor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cofanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of his citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison, at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape?

The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked praetor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy.

It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen—I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Parnormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty praetor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!"

With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy; but of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, an order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross! O liberty!
O liberty!—O sound, once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred, now trampled upon! But what then? Is it come to this?

Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his own power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen?

Shall neither the cries of innocence, expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude, with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, fathers, will not, by sparing the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

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SPEECH of CANULEIUS, a Roman Tribune, to the Consuls; in which he demands that the Plebeians may be admitted to the Consulship; and that the Law prohibiting Patricians and Plebeians from intermarrying, may be repealed.

What an insult upon us is this! If we are not as rich as the Patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted not only to marriages with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city.

Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers? and when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? Is it we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion then for all this uproar, as if the universe was falling to ruin? They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the seate house.

What must this empire then be unavoidably overthrown? must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a Plebeian,
beian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The Patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light.

It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome.

The elder Tarquin, by birth not even Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne. Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman, (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the kingdom as the reward for his wisdom and virtue.

In those days, no man, in whom virtue shone conspicuous, was rejected or despised on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper the less for that? Were not these strangers the very best of all our kings? And supposing now, that a Plebeian should have their talents and merit, must not he be suffered to govern us?

But, “we find, that upon the abolition of the legal power, no commoner was chosen to the consulship.” And what of that? Before Numa’s time there were no Pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius’ days, there was no cenius, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the officers of tribunes, aediles, questors.

Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law, forbidding marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, is not that a new thing? Was there any such law before the decemvirs enacted it? and a most shameless one it is in a free state.

Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! Why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No Plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a Patrician. Those are exploits for our prime nobles.

There is no need to fear that we shall force any body into a contract of marriage. But to make an express law to prohibit marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, what is this but to show the utmost contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

They
They talk to us of the confusion there will be in families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they don't make a law against a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing in the same marketplace. They might as well pretend that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know that the children will be ranked according to the quality of their father, let him be a Patrician or a Plebeian? In short, it is manifest enough that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they, who oppose our demand, have any motive to do it but the love of domineering.

I would fain know of you, Consuls and Patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one.

And will you, then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to lift them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me, Consuls. Whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumor spread abroad for nothing but a color to send the people out of the city, I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilled their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country.

But if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages, if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the Senate alone—talk of wars as much as ever you please; paint, in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies, ten times more dreadful than you do now—

I declare, that this people whom you so much despise, and to whom you are nevertheless indebted for all your victories, shall never more enflit themselves; not a man of them shall take arms; not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage.

Speech
SPEECH of Publius Scipio to the Roman Army, before the Battle of the Ticin.

WERE you, soldiers, the same army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear saying anything to you at this time: for what occasion could there be to use exhortation to cavalry that had so signally vanquished the squadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom that same enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did in effect confess themselves conquered?

But, as these troops having been enrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auspices (as was the will of the Senate and people of Rome), I, that you might have a Consul for your Captain against Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myself for this war. You, then, have a new General; and I, a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unseasonable.

That you may not be unapprised of what sort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them; they are the very same, whom, in a former war, you vanquished both by land and sea; the same from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia, and who have been these twenty years your tributaries.

You will not, I presume, march against these men with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies; but with a certain anger and indignation, such as you would feel if you saw your slaves on a sudden rise up against you.

Conquered and enslaved, it is not boldness but necessity, that urges them to battle; unless you can believe that those, who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loss of two thirds of their horse and foot in the passing the Alps.

But you have heard, perhaps, that tho they are few in number, they are men of stout hearts, and robust bodies; heroes of such strength and vigor, as nothing is able to resist. Merciful! nay, shadows of men! wretches, emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold! bruised and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken, and their horses weak and soundered! Such are the cavalry, and such the infantry,
with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies.

There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquished by the Alps before we had any conflict with him.

But, perhaps, it was fitting it should be so; and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themselves, without man’s help, should begin the war, and bring it near to a conclusion; and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, should happily finish what they have begun.

I need not be in any fear that you should suspect me of saying these things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different sentiments. What hindered me from going to Spain? That was my province, where I should have had the less dreaded Aedruba, not Hannibal, to deal with.

But, hearing, as I passed along the coast of Gaul, of this enemy’s march, I landed my troops, sent the horse forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered, and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry, not being able to overtake theirs which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could use in so long a voyage by sea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps.

Was it, then, my inclination to avoid a contest with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpose to challenge him to the combat?

I would gladly try, whether the earth, within these twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or whether they be the same sort of men who fought at the Eages, and whom at Eryx you suffered to redeem themselves at eighteen denarii a head: whether this Hannibal, for labours and journeys, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vassal, a slave of the Roman people.

Did not the consciousness of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him desperate, he would have some regard, if not to his conquered country, yet surely to his own family, to his father’s memory, to the treaty written with Amilcar’s own hand. We might have starved him
him in Eryx; we might have passed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and in a few days have destroyed Carthage. At their humble supplication, we pardoned them, when they were closely shut up without a possibility of escaping; we made peace with them when they were conquered.

When they were distressed by the African war, we considered them as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all these favours? Under the conduct of a hair-brained young man they come hither to overturn our state, and lay waste our country.

I could wish, indeed, that it were not so; and that the war we are now engaged in, concerned only our own glory and not our preservation. But the contest at present is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itself; nor is there behind us another army, which if we should not prove the conquerors, may make head against our victorious enemies.

There are no more Alps for them to pass, which might give us leisure to raise new forces. No, soldiers; here you must take your stand, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants.

Yet let not private considerations alone possess our minds; let us remember that the eyes of the senate and people of Rome are upon us; and that, as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city and of the Roman empire.

Caius Marius to the Romans; showing the Absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the rank of General, merely on Account of his Extraction.

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behavior of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them.

They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride and avarice.

It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in troublesome times.
To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct at the same time a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the dissatisfied—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But, besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard—that, whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment—my whole safety depends upon myself, which renders it the more indispensable necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable.

Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, tho the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favor my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is therefore my fixed resolution to use my best endeavors that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward but that of honor. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit.

You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honorable body? a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience.

What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander?
mander for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus, your Patrician general would in fact have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian.

So true is this, my countrymen, that I have, myself, known those who have been chosen Consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then betook themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth against them.

But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were enquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinius and Beltra, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine? What would they answer, but that they should with the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honors bestowed upon me, let them envy likewise, my labors, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them.

But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honors you can bestow; whilst they aspire to honors, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury, yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors. And they imagine they honor themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary; for, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtue, so much are they disgraced by their vices.
The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honors on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors. What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behavior?

What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armor, and the trappings which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can show the scars of those wounds, which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valor; amidst clouds of dust and scars of blood; scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians who endeavor by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

DIALOGUES.
Scene between General Savage and Miss Walshingham; in which the courtship is carried on in such an ambiguous manner, that the General mistakes her consent to marry his son Capt. Savage, for consent to marry himself.

Gen. Wal. General Savage, your most humble servant.

Gen. My dear Miss Walshingham, it is rather cruel that you should be left at home by yourself, and yet I am greatly rejoiced to find you at present without company.

Miss Wal. I can't but think myself in the best company, when I have the honor of your conversation, General.

Gen. You flatter me, too much, Madam; yet I am come to talk to you on a serious affair; an affair of importance to me and yourself. Have you leisure to favour me with a short audience if I beat a parley?

Miss Wal. Any thing of importance to you, Sir, is always sufficient to command my leisure.

Gen. 'Tis as the Captain suspected—[Aside].

Gen. You tremble, my lovely girl, but don't be alarmed; for tho' my business is of an important nature, I hope it will not be of a disagreeable one.

Miss Wal. And yet I am greatly agitated—[Aside].

Gen. Soldiers, Miss Wallingham, are said to be generally favoured by the kind protection of the ladies.

Miss Wal. The ladies are not without gratitude, Sir, to those who devote their lives peculiarly to the service of their country.

Gen. Generously said, madam. Then give me leave, without any masked battery, to ask, if the heart of an honest soldier is a prize at all worth your acceptance.

Miss Wal. Upon my word, Sir, there is no masked battery in the question.

Gen. Lam as fond of a coup-de-main, Madam, in love as in war, and hate the tedious method of tapping a town, when there is a possibility of entering it sword in hand.

Miss Wal. Why really, Sir, a woman may as well know her own mind when she is first summoned by the trumpet of a lover, as when she undergoes all the tiresome formality of a siege. You see I have caught your own mode of conversing, General.

Gen.
And a very great compliment I consider it, Madam. But now that you have candidly confessed an acquaintance with your own mind, answer me with that frankness for which every body admires you so much. Have you any objections to change the name of Walsingham?

Mifs Wal. Why then frankly, General, I say no.

Gen. Ten thousand thanks to you for this kind declaration.

Mifs Wal. I hope you won't think it a forward one.

Gen. I'd sooner see my son run away in the day of battle—I'd sooner think Lord Ruffel was bribed by Lewis the XIVth; and sooner vilify the memory of Algernon Sidney.

Mifs Wal. How unjust it was ever to suppose the General a tyrannical father.—[Aside.

Gen. You have told me, condescendingly, Mifs Walsingham, that you have no objection to change your name; I have but one question more to ask.

Mifs Wal. Pray propose it, Sir.

Gen. Would the name of Savage be disagreeable to you? Speak frankly again, my dear girl.

Mifs Wal. Why then again I frankly say, no.

Gen. You are too good to me.—Torrington thought I should meet with a repulse.—[Aside.

Mifs Wal. Have you communicated this business to the Captain, Sir?

Gen. No, my dear Madam, I did not think that at all necessary. I purpose that he shall be married in a few days.

Mifs Wal. What, whether I will or no?

Gen. O, you can have no objection.

Mifs Wal. I must be consulted; however, about the day, General; but nothing in my power shall be wanting to make him happy.

Gen. Obliging loveliness!

Mifs Wal. You may imagine, that if I had not been previously importuned in favor of your proposal, it would not have met with my concurrence to readily.

Gen. Then you own I had a previous friend in the garrison.

Mifs Wal. I don't blush to acknowledge it, Sir, when I consider the accomplishments of the object.

Gen.
Gen. O, this is too much, Madam; the principal
merit of the object is his passion for Miss Wal¬
ingham.  
Miss Wal. Don't say that, General, I beg of you; for
I don't think there are many women in the kingdom, who
could behold him with indifference.  
Gen. Ah, you flattering angel! — and yet, by the mem¬
ory of Marlborough, my lovely girl, it was the idea of a
prepossession on your part, which encouraged me to hope
for a favourable reception.  
Miss Wal. Then I must have been very indiscreet, for
I laboured to conceal that prepossession as much as possible.  
Gen. You could not conceal it from me; the female
heart is a field I am thoroughly acquainted with.  
Miss Wal. I doubt not your knowledge of the female
heart, General; but as we now understand one another so
perfectly, you will give me leave to retire.  
Gen. One word, my dear creature, and no more; I
shall wait on you some time to day about the neces¬
sary settlement.  
Miss Wal. You must do as you please, General; you
are invincible in every thing.  
Gen. And if you please we will keep every thing a
profound secret, till the articles are all settled, and the de¬
finite treaty ready for execution.  
Miss Wal. You may be sure that delicacy will not suf¬
fer me to be communicative on the subject, Sir.  
Gen. Then you leave every thing to my management.  
Miss Wal. I can't trust a more noble negociator.  
[ Goes out.  
Gen. The day is my own. (sings) Britons, strike home;  
strike home.

Scene between General Savage, Captain Savage, Miss
Walsingham, and Torrington, a Lawyer; in which
the General discovers his mistake.

Capt. Sav. NAY, but my dearest Miss Walsingham,
the extenuation of my own conduct to
Belville made it absolutely necessary for me to discover
my engagements with you; and as happiness is now so
fortunately in our reach, I flatter myself you will be pre¬
vented upon to forgive an error which proceeded only
from extravagance of love.
Mifs Wal. To think me capable of such an action, Captain Savage! I am terrified at the idea of a union with you; and it is better for a woman at any time to sacrifice an inelegant lover, than to accept of a suspicious husband.

Capt. In the happiest union, my dearest creature, there must always be something to overlook on both sides.

Mifs Wal. Very civil, truly.

Capt. Pardon me, my life, for this frankness; and recollect, that if the lover has, thro miscalculation, been unhappily guilty, he brings a husband altogether reformed, to your hands.

Mifs Wal. Well, I see I must forgive you at last; so I may as well make a merit of necessity, you provoking creature.

Capt. And may I indeed hope for the blessing of this hand.

Mifs Wal. Why, you wretch, would you have me force it upon you? I think, after what I have said, a Soldier might venture to take it without further ceremony.

Capt. Angelic creature! thus I seize it as my lawful prize.

Mifs Wal. Well, but now you have obtained this inestimable prize, Captain, give me leave again to ask if you have had a certain explanation with the General.

Capt. How can you doubt it?

Mifs Wal. And is he really impatient for our marriage?

Capt. 'Tis incredible how earnest he is.

Mifs Wal. What did he tell you of his interview with me this evening, when he brought Mr. Torrington?

Capt. He did.

Mifs Wal. O, then I can have no doubt.

Capt. If a shadow of doubt remains, here he comes to remove it. Joy, my dear Sir, joy a thousand times!

Enter General Savage and Torrington.

Gen. What, my dear boy, have you carried the day? Mifs Wal. I have been weak enough to indulge him with a victory, indeed, General.

Gen. Fortune favors the brave, Torrington.

Tor. I congratulate you heartily on this decree, General.

Gen. This had nearly proved a day of disappointment, but tho stars have fortunately turned it in my favor, and now I reap the rich reward of my victory.
Capt. And here I take her from you as the greatest
good which Heaven can send me.
Mifs Wal. O Captain!
Gen. You take her as the greatest good which Heaven
can send you, Sirrah! I take her as the greatest good
which Heaven can send me: And now what have you to
say to her?
Mifs Wal. General Savage!
Tor. Here will be a fresh injunction to stop proceedings.
Mifs Wal. Are we never to have done with mistakes?
Gen. What mistakes can have happened now; sweetest?
you delivered up your dear hand to me this moment.
Mifs Wal. True, Sir, but I thought you were going to
bestow my dear hand upon this dear gentleman!
Gen. How! that dear gentleman?
Capt. I am thunderstruck!
Tor. Fortune favors the brave, General, none but
the brave.—[Laughingly.
Gen. So the covert way is cleared at last; and you
have all along imagined that I was negotiating for this fel-
fow, when I was gravely soliciting for myself.
Mifs Wal. No other idea, Sir, ever entered my im-
agination.
Tor. General, noble minds should never despair.
[Laughingly.
Gen. Well, my hopes are all blown up to the moon at
once, and I shall be the laughing stock of the whole
town.

Scene between Mrs. BELLVILLE, Mifs WALSHAM, and
Lady RACHEL MILDEW.—On Duelling.
Mrs. Belv. Where is the generosity, where is the
sense, where is the shame of men, to
find pleasure in pursuits which they cannot remember
without the deepest horror; which they cannot follow
without the meanest fraud; and which they cannot effect
without consequences the most dreadful? The greatest
triumph which a libertine can ever experience is too despi-
cable to be envied; 'tis at best nothing but a victory over
his humanity; and if he is a husband, he must be doubly
tortured on the wheel of recollection.

Enter
Enter Miss WALSINGHAM and Lady RACHEL MILDEW.

_Miss Wal._ My dear Mrs. Belville, I am extremely unhappy to see you so distressed.

_Lady Rae._ Now I am extremely glad to see her so; for if she were not greatly distressed, it would be monstrously unnatural.

_Mrs. Bel._ O Matilda! my husband! my children!

_Miss Wal._ Don't weep, my dear! don't weep! pray be comforted, all may end happily. Lady Rachel, beg of her not to cry so.

_Lady Rae._ Why, you are crying yourself, Miss Walsingham. And tho' I think it out of character to encourage her tears, I cannot help keeping you company.

_Mrs. Bel._ O, why is not some effectual method contrived to prevent this horrible practice of duelling?

_Lady Rae._ I'll expose it on the stage, since the law nowadays kindly leaves the whole cognizance of it to the theatre.

_Miss Wal._ And yet, if the laws against it were as well enforced as the laws against destroying the game, perhaps, it would be equally for the benefit of the kingdom.

_Mrs. Bel._ No law will ever be effectual, till the custom is rendered infamous. Wives must shriek! mothers must agonize! orphans must be multiplied! unless some blessed hand strip the fascinating glare from honorable murder, and bravely expose the idol who is worshipped thus in blood. While it is disreputable to obey the laws, we cannot look for reformation. But if the duellist is once banished from the presence of his sovereign; if he is for life excluded the confidence of his country; if a mark of indelible disgrace is stamped upon him, the sword of public justice will be the sole chastiser of wrongs; trifles will not be punished with death, and offences really meriting such a punishment, will be reserved for the only proper revenger, the common executioner.

_Lady Rae._ I could not have expressed myself better on this subject, my dear; but till such a hand as you talk of, is found, the belt will fall into the error of the times.

_Miss Wal._ Yes, and butcher each other like madmen, for fear their courage should be suspected by fools.

Colonel
Colonel Rivers and Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Colonel, your most obedient: I am come upon the old business; for unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

Sir Har. No, Sir?

Riv. No, Sir; I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney; do you know that, Sir?

Sir Har. I do; but what then! Engagements of this kind, you know—

Riv. So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney?

Sir Har. I do; but I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine; therefore—

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

Sir Har. A thousand, if you please, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me, or my conduct, that you desire me to familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honor.

Sir Har. And so I do, Sir, a man of the nicest honor.

Riv. And yet, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word? and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal.

Sir Har. I really don't understand you, Colonel; I thought I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not signed—

Riv. Why this is mending matters with a witness! And so you think because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honor! they want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments! and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir Har. Well! but my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I shew the greatest regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honor, and I must not be intimated with any further repetition of your proposals.

Sir
Sir Har. Infult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an insult? Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper—

Riv. Sir Henry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word. Besides, tho my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she were mistress of Mexico.

Sir Har. Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe—

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies: I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, tho I cannot receive you as a son-in-law; for a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonor; and consider a marriage for money, at best but a legal prostitution.

Scene between Shylock and Tubal.

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? Have you heard any thing of my backsliding daughter?

Tub. I often came where I heard of her, but could not find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, a diamond gone that cost me two thousand ducats at Frankfort! The curse never fell upon the nation till now! I never felt it before! Two thousand ducats, in that and other precious jewels! I with the lay dead at my feet! No news of them! and I know not what spent in the search. Lo's upon lost. The thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge! No ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders.

Tub. O yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

Shy. (Interrupting him) What, has he had ill luck?

Tub. Has had a ship cast away coming from Tripoli.

Shy. Thank fortune! Is it true? Is it true?

Tub.

* Shylock had sent Tubal after his daughter, who had eloped from his house. Antonio was a merchant, hated by Shylock.
I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped from the wreck.

Shy. I thank you, good Tubal. Good news! Good news! What, in Genoa, you spoke with them.

Tub. Your daughter, as I heard, spent twenty ducats in one night.

Shy. You stick a dagger in me, Tubal. I never shall see my gold again. Twenty ducats in one night! Twenty ducats! O father Abraham!

Tub. There came several of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, who say he cannot but break.

Shy. I am glad on't. I'll plague him; I'll torture him. I am glad on't.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! You torture me, Tubal! It was my ruby. I would not have given it for as many monkeys as could stand together upon Reahto.

Tub. Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Ay, ay, there is some comfort in that. Go, Tubal, engage an officer. I'll tell him to be ready; I'll be revenged on Antonio. I'll wash my hands to the elbows in his heart's blood.

Jaffier had married the daughter of Priuli, without his consent; and being reduced to poverty, he applies to Priuli for help, in his distress, and receives the following treatment:

Pri. No more! I'll hear no more! Be gone, and leave me.

Jaf. Not hear me! By my sufferings but you shall. My Lord! I am not that abject wretch you think me. Where's the difference that throws me so far behind you, that I must not speak to you?

Pri. Have you not wronged me?

Jaf. Could my nature ever have endured the thought of doing wrong, I need not now have bent myself thus low to gain a hearing from a cruel father.

Pri. I say you have wronged me in the nicest point, the honor of my house. You can't defend your baseness to me. When you first came home from travel, I, with open arms, received you; pleased with your seeming virtues.
virtues, I fought to raise you. My house, my table, fortune, all was yours. And in return, you treacherously strove to undo me; deceived the joy of my declining age, my only child, and stole her from my bosom.

Juf. Is this your gratitude to him who saved your daughter's life? You know that but for me you had been childless. I restored her to you when sunk amidst the waves; I hazard'd my life for her's; and she has richly paid me with her generous love.

Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her; at dead of night, that fatal hour, you chose to rob me of all my heart held dear. But may your joy in her prove false as mine. May the hard hand of pinching poverty oppress and grind you; till at length you find the curse of disobedience all your fortune. Home, and be humble. Study to retrench. Discharge the lazy vermin of your hall, those pageants of your folly. Reduce the glittering trappings of your wife to humble weeds, fit for your narrow state. Then to some suburb cottage both retire; and, with your starving brats, enjoy your misery. Home, home, I say.

Scene between Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack.*

Pet. Bread, gentlemen, bread is the staff of life. In bread is contained the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum pudding and custard; and thro' the whole is diffused a wholesome and fermented liquor. Therefore he who eats bread, at the same time eats the bed of food, and drinks the bed of liquor. Come on, brothers, the cause is good; fall to, and spare not. Flete is a shoulder of excellent mutton; as ever was cut with knife.

But now my hand is in, I'll help you myself. Young people are bashful. Come, brother Martin, let me help you to this slice.

Mar. * By Peter is meant the Pope; by Martin the Lutheran Church; and by Jack the Calvinists. The design of this dialogue, is to ridicule the doctrine of Transubstantiation, the arrogance of the Pope, and the evils of Persecution.

* Pointing to a brown loaf on the table. This conversation is supposed to be at table, where the speakers ought to sit, in order to perform to the life. But this may be dispensed with, as my design is to teach children to read and speak, rather than to act.
Mar. My Lord, I doubt, with great submission, here is some little mistake.

Pet. What, you are merry! Come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with.

Mar. No jest, indeed, my Lord. But, unless I am very much deceived, your Lordship was pleased, a little while ago, to drop a word about mutton, and I should be glad to see it on the table.

Pet. How! I don't comprehend you.

Jack. Why my Lord, my brother Martin, I suppose, is hungry, and longs to see the shoulder of mutton you spoke of come upon the table.

Pet. Pray explain yourselves, gentlemen. Either you are both out of your wits, or are disposed to be merry a little unseasonable. You had better keep your jokes till after dinner.

Mar. What then, my Lord, is this brown loaf a shoulder of mutton all this while?

Pet. Pray leave off your impertinence, and eat your victuals, if you please; I am not disposed to relish your wit at present.

Mar. Well, my Lord, may I be fouled over head and ears in a horsecorn, if it seems to my eyes, my fingers, or my nose, either less or more than a slice of stale six-penny brown loaf.

Jack. If ever I saw a shoulder of mutton in my life look so like a six-penny brown loaf, I am an old basket woman.

Pet. Look you, gentlemen, to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant puppies you are, I will use but one plain argument. May you both be eternally miserable, if you don't believe this to be a shoulder of as good mutton as ever was sold in market.

Mar. Why, truly, upon more mature consideration—

Jack. Why, ay, now I have thought more of the matter, your Lordship seems to be in the right.

Pet. O now you are come to yourselves. Boy, fill me a bumper of claret. Come, brothers, here is good health to you both.

Mar. and Jack. Thank your good Lordship, and should be glad to pledge you.

Pet. That you shall, my boys. I am not a man to refuse any thing in reason. A moderate glass of wine is a cordial. There* is a bumper a piece for you. True natural

R. Giving them a crust each.
ural juice of the grape. None of your nasty balderdash vintner’s brewing. What now, are you at your doubts again? Here boy. Call neighbor Dominic—the blacksmith here. Bid him bring his tongs with him,—red hot, d’ye hear? I’ll teach you to doubt.

Mar. Come, Jack—this house is like to be too hot for you and me. He is quite raving mad. Let’s get away as fast as we can.

Jack. A plague on his crazy head. If ever I put my nose within his door again, may it be pinched off in good earnest.

Juba and Syphax.

Jub. SYPHAX: I joy to meet you thus alone.
O’ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then, tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me
What are the thoughts that knit thy brows in frowns,
And turn thine eyes thus coldly on thy prince.

Syph. ’Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles or sunshine in my face,
When discontent fits heavy at my heart:
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world?
Doest thou see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Africa,
Amidst our barren rocks and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Syph. Gods! where’s the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia’s tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launch’d with the vigor of a Roman arm?
Who, like our active African, instructs
The fiery deed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops the embattled elephant,
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,

* Observing them to flare.
† St. Dominic, the inventor of the Inquisition.
‡ Separation of the Protestant from the Romish Church.
Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves,
A Roman soul is bent on higher views;
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
To lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
The establishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, just heavens!—Excuse an old man's:
What are those wondrous civilizing arts, [warmth:
This Roman polish, and this smooth behavior,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and fallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature or the gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb, turn up thy eyes to Cato!
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest; and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomp and pleasure that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boast'd virtues:
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he quenches his thirst,
Toils all the day, and, at the approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock, till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues the wanted game,
And, if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern What
What virtues grow from ignorance, and what from choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But, grant that others could, with equal glory,
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadfastness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods, that threw the weight upon him!
Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul!
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fallen by a slave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his slaughtered army now have lain,
On Afric's sands, disfigured with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.
Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into mine eyes.
Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!
Jub. What wouldst thou have me do?
Syph. Abandon Cato.
Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan,
By such a loss.
Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart, unseen, and plead for Cato,
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.
Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Left it should take more freedom than I'll give it.
Syph. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus,
Alas! he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture, and to please my soul.
The good old King, at parting, wrung my hand,
(His eyes brimful of tears) then sighing, cry'd,
Prithee be careful of my son!—His grief
Swell'd up so high he could not utter more.
Jub. Alas! the folly melts away my soul!
The best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?
Symb. By laying up his counsels in your heart.
Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions;
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms;
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer's sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.
Symb. Alas! my prince, I'll guide you to your safety.
Jub. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?
Symb. Fly from the fate of Cesar's foes.
Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.
Symb. And therefore dy'd.
Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honor.
Symb. Rather say, your love.
Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper;
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?
Symb. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress.
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and color in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the North.
Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, nor complexion,
The tincture of the skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eyes, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
True, she is fair (Oh, how divinely fair!) But 'till the lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And fasciety of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in everything she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and, with becoming grace,
Soften the rigor of her father's virtues.
Symb. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise?
R.2.
WOLSEY
Wolsey and Cromwell.

Wol. FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the fate of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his shoot;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
Thee many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride:
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide
Vain pomp and glory of the world; I hate you!
I feel my heart now open'd. Oh! how wretched;
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to rise again.

Enter Cromwell.

Crom. I have not power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself, now; and I feel, within me,
A peace, above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me;
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater, far.
Than many weak hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst:
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden—
But he's a learned man. May he continue.
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice,
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him?

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed!

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as the Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down: O
The King has gone beyond me; all my glories,
In that one woman, I have lost forever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and matter. Seek the King,
(That fun I pray may never set) I've told him
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Go, Cromwell;
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord:
The King shall have my service; but, my prayers,
Erever, and forever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where mention
Of me must no more be heard, say then, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And founded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, tho thy matter mis'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
(Tho the image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Love thyself still; cherish those hearts that wait the
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentile peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'd at, be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's, then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King—
And prithee lead me in——
There, take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to heav'n, is all
I dare to call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my King, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell!

The Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius.

Caf. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this;
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pellai,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a cause.
Caf. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Brut.
Yet, let me tell you, Caius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd, to have an itching palm,
To fell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cai. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, be assured, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Caius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
Cai. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember;
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with these bribes,
And fell the mighty meed of our large honors
For as much trash as may be grasped thus?
I would rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cai. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Caius.
Cai. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cai. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther,
Bru. Away, flight man!
Cai. Is it possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak!
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cai. Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart.
Go tell your servants how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your sullen humor? Be assured,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Thou it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use thee for my mirth, yea, for my laughter:
When you are wafpidi.
Caes. Is it come to this?
Brut. You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For my own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Caes. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus.
I said, an elder soldier, not a better; Did I say better?
Brut. If you did, I care not.
Caes. When Cesar liv’d, he durst not thus have mov’d
Brut. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.
Caes. I durst not?
Brut. No.
Caes. What I durst not tempt him?
Brut. For your life you durst not.
Caes. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do what I shall be sorry for.
Brut. You have done what you should be sorry for:
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm’d so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me like the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny’d me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring,
By any indirect way. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny’d me; was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer’d Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.
Caes. I deny’d you not.
Brut. You did.
Caes. I did not—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my
A friend should bear a friend’s infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practice them on me.

Cæs. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cæs. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do

Appear as huge as high Olympus.

Cæs. Come, Anthony and young Octavius, come!

Revenge yourselves alone on Cæsius,

For Cæsarius is a-weary of the world;

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

Check'd by a bondman; all his faults observ'd;

Set in a note book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O I could weep

My spirit from my eyes! There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast—within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold!

If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth.

I that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart.

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,

When thou dost hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cæsius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger;

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cæsius, you are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger as a flint bears fire;

Which, much enforced, shews a lusty spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cæs. Hath Cæsius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him.

Bru. When I said that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cæs. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cæs. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cæs. Have you not love enough to bear with me.

When that rash humor which my mother gave me,

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cæsius, and from henceforth

When you are over earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
A Dialogue, written in the year 1776, by Mr. Andrews, of Yale College, since deceased.

Blithe. How now, Mr. Hanks? have you settled the controversy with Baxter?

Hanks. Yes, to a fraction, upon condition that he would pay me six per cent. upon all his notes and bonds, from the date until they were discharged.

Blithe. Then it seems you have brought him to your own terms?

Hanks. Indeed I have; I would settle with him upon no other. Men now a days think it a dreadful hardship to pay a little interest; and will quibble a thousand ways to fool a body out of their just property, but I've grown too old to be cheated in that manner. I take care to secure the interest as well as the principal. And to prevent any difficulty, I take new notes every year, and carefully exact interest upon interest, and add it to the principal.

Blithe. You don't exact interest upon interest! this looks a little like extortion.

Hanks. Extortion! I have already lost more than five hundred pounds, by a number of rascally bankrupts. I won't trud a farthing of my money without interest upon interest.

Blithe. I see I must humor his foible, there's no other way to deal with him. — [Aside.

Hanks. There's no security in men's obligations, in these times; and if I've a tum of money in the hands of those we call good chaps, I'm more plagu'd to get it than it's all worth. They would be glad to turn me off with mere rubbish, if they could. I'd rather keep my money in my own chest, than let it out for such small interest as I have for it.

Blithe. There's something, I confess, in your observations. We never know when we are secure, unless we have our property in our chests or in lands.

Hanks. That's true.—I'd rather have my property in lands at three per cent. than in the hands of the best man in this town at six—it is fact. Lands will grow higher when the wars are over.

Blithe. You're entirely right. I believe if I'd as much money as you, I should be of the same mind.

Hanks. That's a good disposition. We must all learn to take care of ourselves these hard times. But I wonder.
der how it happens that your disposition is so different from your son's—he's extremely wild and profuse—I should think it was not possible for you, with all your prudence and dexterity, to get money as fast as he would spend it.

Blithe. Oh, he's young and airy; we must make allowances for such things; we used to do so ourselves, when we were young men.

Hunks. No, you're mistaken; I never wore a neckcloth nor a pair of shoe buckles on a week day, in my life. But that is now become customary among the lowest rank of people.

Blithe. You have been very singular; there are few men in our age that have been so frugal and saving as you have. But we must always endeavor to conform ourselves a little to the custom of the times. My son is not more extravagant than other young people of his age. He loves to drink a glass of wine sometimes, with his companions, and to appear pretty gaily drest; but this is only what is natural and customary for every one. I understand he has formed some connection with your eldest daughter, and I should be fond of the alliance, if I could gain your approbation in the matter.

Hunks. The custom of the times will undo us all—there's no living in this prodigal age. The young people must have their bottles, their tavern dinners, and dice, while the old ones are made perfect drudges to support their luxury.

Blithe. Our families, Sir, without doubt, would be very happy in such a connection, if you would grant your consent.

Hunks. I lose all patience when I see the young beaux and fops, strutting about the streets in their laced coats and ruffled shirts, and a thousand other extravagant articles of expense.

Blithe. Sir, I should be very glad if you would turn your attention to the question I proposed.

Hunks. There's one half of these coxcomical spendthrifts that can't pay their taxes, and yet they are constantly running into debt, and their prodigality must be supported by poor, honest, labouring men.

Blithe. This is inufferable; I'm vex'd at the old fellow's impertinence.—[Aside.

Hunks.
Hunks. The world has got to a strange pass, a very strange pass, indeed; there's no distinguishing a poor man from a rich one, but only by his extravagant dress, and supercilious behavior.

Blithe. I abhor to see a man all mouth and no ears.

Hunks. All mouth and no ears! Do you mean to insult me to my face?

Blithe. I ask your pardon, Sir; but I've been talking to you this hour, and you have paid me no attention.

Hunks. Well, and what is this mighty affair upon which you want my opinion.

Hunks. A treaty of marriage! why didn't she ask my liberty before she attempted any such thing? A treaty of marriage! I won't hear a word of it.

Blithe. The young couple are very fond of each other, and may perhaps be ruin'd if you cross their inclinations.

Hunks. Then let them be ruin'd. I'll have my daughter to know she shall make no treaties without my consent.

Blithe. She's of the same mind, that's what she wants now.

Hunks. But you say the treaty is already made; however, I'll make it over again.

Blithe. Well, Sir, the stronger the better.

Hunks. But I mean to make it void.

Blithe. I want no trifling in the matter; the subject is not of a trifling nature. I expect you will give me a direct answer one way or the other.

Hunks. If that's what you desire, I can tell you at once, I have two very strong objections against the proposal; one is, I dislike your son; and the other is, I have determined upon another match for my daughter.

Blithe. Why do you dislike my son, pray?

Hunks. Oh, he's like the rest of mankind, running on in this extravagant way of living. My estate was earned too hardly to be trifled away in such a manner.

Blithe. Extravagant! I'm sure he's very far from deserving that character. 'Tis true, he appears genteel and fashionable among people, but he's in good business, and lives aboveboard; and that's sufficient for any man.

Hunks.
Hunts. "Tis fashionable, I suppose, to powder and curl at the barber's an hour or two, before he visits his mistress; to pay six pence or eight pence for brushing his boots; to drink a glass of wine at every tavern; to dine upon fowls dressed in the richest manner: And he must dirty two or three ruffled shirts in a journey. This is your genteel fashionable way, is it?

Blithe. Indeed, Sir, it is a matter of importance to appear decently at such a time, if ever. Would you have him go as you used to, upon the same business, dress'd in a long ill-shaped coat, a greasy pair of breeches, and a flapp'd hat; with your pats in one side of your saddle-bags, and your dinner in the other; this would make an odd appearance indeed, in the present age.

Hunts. A fig for the appearance, so long as I gain'd my point, and sav'd my money, and consequently my credit. The coat you mention is the same I have on now. 'Tis not so very long as you would represent it to be—[Measuring the skirt by one leg.] See, it comes but just below the calf. This is the coat that my father was married in, and I after him. It has been in the fashion five times since it was new, and never was altered, and 'tis a pretty good coat yet.

Blithe. You have a wonderful faculty of saving your money and credit, and keeping in the fashion at the same time. I suppose you mean by saving your credit, that money and credit are inseparably connected.

Hunts. Yes, that they are; he that has one, need not fear the loss of the other. For this reason, I can't consent to your son's proposal; he's too much of a spendthrift to merit my approbation.

Blithe. If you call him a spendthrift for his generosity, I desire he may never merit your approbation. A reputation that's gained by saving money in the manner you have mentioned, is at best but a despicable character.

Hunts. Do you mean to call my character despicable?

Blithe. We won't quarrel about the name, since you are so well contented with the thing.

Hunts. You're welcome to your opinion; I would not give a fiddle-stick's end for your good or ill will; my ideas of reputation are entirely different from yours, or your son's, which are just the same; for I find you justify him in all his conduct. But as I have determined upon another match for my daughter, I shan't trouble myself about his behavior.
Blithe. But perhaps your proposed match will be equally disagreeable.

Hunks. No, I've no apprehension of that. He's a person of a fine genius, and an excellent character.

Blithe. Sir, I desire to know who this person is, that has such a genius and character, and is so agreeable to your taste.

Hunks. 'Tis my young cousin Griffin. He's heir to a great estate, you know. He discovered a surprising genius almost as soon as he was born. When he was a very child, he made him a box, with one small hole in it, into which he could just crowd his money, and could not get it out again, without breaking his box; by which means he made a continual addition till he filled it, and——

Blithe. Enough! enough! I've a sufficient idea of his character, without hearing another word. But are you sure you shall obtain this excellent match for your daughter?

Hunks. Oh, I'm certain on't, I assure you; and my utmost wishes are gratified with the prospect. He has a large patrimony lying between two excellent farms of mine, which are at least worth two thousand pounds. These I've given to my daughter; and have ordered her uncle to take the deeds into his own hands, and deliver them to her on the day of her marriage.

Blithe. Then it seems you've almost accomplished the busines. But have you got the consent of the young gentleman in the affair?

Hunks. His consent! what need I care about his consent, so long as I've his father's? that's sufficient for my purpose!

Blithe. Then you intend to force the young couple to marry, if they are unwilling?

Hunks. Those two thousand pounds will soon give them a disposition, I'll warrant you.

Blithe. Your schemes, I confess are artfullyconcerted; but I must tell you, for your mortification, that the young gentleman is already married.

Hunks. What do you say? already married? it can't be! I don't believe a syllable on't.

Blithe. Every syllable is true, whether you believe it or not. I received a letter this day from his father; if
you won't believe me, you may read it; [gives him the letter] there's the account in the postscript. [Points to it.]

Hunks reads. I had almost forget to tell you, that last Thursday my son was married to Miss Clary Brentford, and that all parties are very happy in the connexion. Confusion! [throws down the letter.] What does this mean? married to Clary Brentford! this is exactly one of cousin Tom's villainous tricks. He promised me that his son should marry my daughter, upon condition that I would give her those two farms; but I can't imagine from what stupid motives she has altered his mind.

Blithe. Disappointment is the common lot of all men; even our surest expectations are subject to misfortune.

Hunks. Disappointment! this comes from a quarter from which I least expected one. But there's the deeds; I'll take care to secure them again; 'tis a good hit that I did not give them to the young rogue beforehand.

Blithe. That was well thought of; you keep a good look out, I see, though you can't avoid some disappointments. I see nothing in the way now, to hinder my son's proceeding; you will easily grant your consent, now you're cut off from your other expectations.

Hunks. I can't see into this crooked affair—I'm heartily vex'd at it. What could induce that old villain to deceive me in this manner? I fear this was some scheme of my daughter's, to prevent the effect of my design. If this is her plan, if she sets to light of two thousand pounds, she shall soon know what it is to want it, I'll promise her.

Blithe. If you had bestowed your gift, without crossing her inclination, she would have accepted it very thankfully.

Hunks. O, I don't doubt it in the least; that would have been a pretty story, indeed! but since the inflicts upon gratifying a foolish fancy, she may follow her own inclination, and take the consequences of it: I'll keep the favors I meant to bestow on her, for those that know how to prize them, and that merit them by a becoming gratitude.

Blithe. But you won't reject her, destitute of a patrimony and a father's blessing?

Hunks. Not one farthing shall she ever receive from my hand. Your son may take her, but her person is barely all that I'll give him; he has seduced her to disobey her father, and he shall feel the effects of it.

Blithe. You're somewhat ruined, I perceive, but I hope you'll recall these rash resolutions in your cooler moments.

Hunks. No, never, I give you my word, and that’s as
fix’d as the laws of the Medes and Persians.
Blithe. But look ye, Sir, here’s another circumstance
to be attended to; my son has the deeds already in his
own hands.
Hunks. Deeds! what deeds? those I gave my brother?
Blithe. Yes, the very same.
Hunks. What a composition of villany and witchcraft
is here! What, my deeds given up to your son?
Blithe. Yes: Your brother thought that my son had an
undoubted title to them now; since his cousin was mar-
rried, and so he gave them up the next day.
Hunks. This is intolerable! I could tear the scalp from
my old brainsf- scull: Why had not I more wit than to
trust them with him? I’m cheated every way! I can’t
trust a farthing with the best friend I have on earth!
Blithe. That is very true, ’tis no wonder you can’t
trust your best friend. The truth of the case is, you
have no friend, nor can you expect any—so long as you
make an idol of yourself, and feast your lordly avaricious
appetite upon the misfortunes of mankind. You take
every possible advantage by the present calamities, to grat-
ify your own selfish disposition. So long as this is the
case, depend upon it, you will be an object of universal
detestation. There is no one on earth who would not
rejoice to see how you’re brought in. Your daughter
has now got a good inheritance, and an agreeable partner,
which you were in duty bound to grant her; but instead
of that, you were then doing your utmost to deprive her
of every enjoyment of life. [Hunks puts his hand to his
breast.] I don’t wonder your conscience fmites you for
your villany. Don’t you see how justly you have been
cheated into your duty?
Hunks. I’ll go this moment to an attorney, and get an
warrant; I’ll put the villain in jail before an hour is at
an end. Oh, my deeds! my farms! what shall I do for
my farms!
Blithe. Give yourself no farther trouble about them;
there’s no evidence in the case; you must be sensible,
therefore, an action can’t lie. I would advise you to rest
contented, and learn from disappointments, not to place
such an exorbitant value upon wealth. In the mean time,
I should be very glad of your company at the wedding.
My son and his wife would be very happy to see you.
Hunks.
Hunks. The dragon fly away with you, and your son, and your son's wife. Oh, my farms! what shall I do for my farms!

BEVIL and MYRTLE.

Bev. Sir, I am extremely obliged to you for this honor. Myrt. The time, the place, our long acquaintance, and many other circumstances, which affect me on this occasion, oblige me, without ceremony or conference, to desire that you will comply with the request in my letter, of which you have already acknowledged the receipt.

Bev. Sir, I have received a letter from you in a very unusual style. But as I am conscious of the integrity of my behavior with respect to you, and intend that every thing in this matter shall be your own seeking, I shall understand nothing but what you are pleased to confirm face to face. You are therefore to take it for granted, that I have forgot the contents of your epistle.

Myrt. Your cool behavior, Mr. Bevil, is agreeable to the unworthy use you have made of my simplicity and frankness to you. And I see, your moderation tends to your own advantage, not mine; to your own safety, not to justice for the wrongs you have done your friend.

Bev. My own safety? Mr. Myrtle.

Myrt. Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, there is no disguising any longer that I understand what you would force me to. You know my principles upon that point; and you have often heard me express my disapprobation of the savage manner of deciding quarrels, which tyrannical custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws, both divine and human.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil! It would be a good first principle, in those who have so tender a confidence that way, to have as much abhorrence at doing injuries, as—[Turns away abruptly.]

Bev. As what?

Myrt. As fear of answering them.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, I have no fear of answering any injury I have done you; because I have meant you none; for the truth of which I am ready to appeal to any indifferent person, even of your own breeding. But I own I am afraid of doing a wicked action; I mean of shedding your blood, or giving you an opportunity of shedding mine.
mine, cold. I am not afraid of you, Mr. Myrtle. But I own I am afraid of Him, who gave me this life in trust, on other conditions, and with other designs, than that I should hazard, or throw it away, because a rash inconsiderate man is pleased to be offended, without knowing whether he is injured or not. No; I will not for you or any man's humor, commit a known crime; a crime which I cannot repair, or which may, in the very act, cut me off from all possibility of repentance.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this coquetry, this moralizing, shall not cheat me of my love. You may wish to preserve your life, that you may possess Lucinda. And I have reason to be indifferent about it, if I am to lose all that, from which I expect any joy in life. But I shall first try one means towards recovering her. I mean, by shewing her what a dauntless hero she has chosen for her protector.

Bev. Shew me but the least glimpse of argument, that I am authorized to contend with you at the peril of the life of one of us, and I am ready upon your own terms. If this will not satisfy you, and you will make a lawless assault upon me, I will defend myself as against a ruffian. There is no such terror, Mr. Myrtle, in the anger of those who are quickly hot, and quickly cold again, they know not how or why. I defy you to shew wherein I have wrong'd you.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, it is easy for you to talk coolly on this occasion. You know not, I suppose, what it is to love; and, from your large fortune and your specious outward carriage, have it in your power to come without any trouble or anxiety, to the possession of a woman of honor. You know nothing of what it is to be alarmed, distracted with the terror of losing what is dearer than life. You are happy; your marriage goes on like common business; and in the interim, you have for your soft moments of dalliance, your rambling captive, your Indian-princess, your convenient, your ready Indiana.

Bev. You have touched me beyond the patience of a man; and the defence of spotless innocence, will, I hope, excuse my accepting your challenge, or at least obliging you to retract your infamous aspersions. I will not, if I can avoid it, shed your blood, nor shall you mine. But Indiana's purity I will defend. Who waits?

Serv. Did you call, Sir?

Bev. Yes—go call a coach...
Serv. Sir—Mr. Myrtle—gentlemen—you are friends
—I am but a servant—but—

Bev. Call a coach. [Exit Servant.

[A long pause. They walk fully about the room.]

[Aside.] Shall I (though provoked beyond measure) recover myself at the entrance of a third person, and that my servant, too; and shall I not have a due respect for the dictates of my own conscience; for what I owe to the best of fathers, and to the defenceless innocence of my lovely Indiana, whose very life depends on mine?

[To Mr. Myrtle.] I have, thank Heaven, had time to recollect myself, and have determined to convince you, by means I would willingly have avoided, but which yet are preferable to murderous duelling, that I am more innocent of nothing, than of rivalling you in the affections of Lucinda. Read this letter; and consider what effect it would have had upon you, to have found it about the man you had murdered.

[Myrtle reads] “I hope it is consistent with the law a woman ought to impose upon herself, to acknowledge, that your manner of declining what has been proposed, of a treaty of marriage in our family, and declaring that the refusal might come from me, is more engaging than the Smithfield courtship of him; whose arms I am in danger of being thrown into, unless your friend exerts himself for our common safety and happiness.”—O, I want no more to prove your innocence, my injured, worthy friend. I see her dear name at the bottom. I see that you have been far enough from designing any obstacle to my happiness, while I have been treating my benefactor as my betrayer—O Bevil, with what words shall I—

Bev. There is no need of words. To convince is more than to conquer. If you are but satisfied that I meant you no wrong, all is as it should be.

Myrt. But can you—forgive—such madness?

Bev. Have not I myself offended? I had almost been as guilty, as you; tho I had the advantage of you, by knowing what you did not know.

Myrt. That I should be such a precipitate wretch!!

Bev. Pr thee no more.

Myrt. How many friends have died by the hand of friends, merely for want of temper! what do I not owe to your superiority of understanding! what a precipice have I escaped!
I escaped! O, my friend!—Can you ever—forgive—can you ever again look upon me—with an eye of favor?

Bev. Why should I not? any man may mistake. Any man may be violent, where his love is concerned. I was myself.

Myrt. O Bevil! you are capable of all that is great, all that is heroic.

QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOOT, and STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You had best call them conjunctly and severally, generally, and specially, that is whereof to call them man by man, according to the script.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name in this town, that is fit to be seen upon the stage before the Duke and Duchess.

Bot. Good Peter Quince; go to work in a method! Begin at the top, and go on to the bottom; that is whereof as a man may say, firft tell us what the play treats of, then read the names of the actors, and so your business will stand by itself, as regular as a building set upon the very pinnacle of its foundation.

Quin. Why then, the play is the most delectable and lamentable comedy, entitled and called, the cruel tragedy of the death of Pyramus and Thisby!

Bot. A very moving play, I warrant it. A very deep tragedy, I know by the sound of the title of it. Pyramus and Thisby! I suppose they are to have their throats cut from ear to ear. Well, now, good Peter, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves out into a clump, every man conjunctly by himself.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name my part, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. I am to play Pyramus. Well, and who is Pyramus? A gentleman or a simpleman?

Quin. Pyramus is a lover, and Thisby is his sweet-heart. Pyramus kills himself for grief, because a lion got hold of Thisby's cloak, and tore it, which makes Pyramus conclude, as how he had torn her too, and eaten her up, all but the cloak; whereof he had not touched her. So that poor Pyramus loses his life, d'ye see, for nothing at all.
all; whereof you know that it is enough to make a man hang himself.

Bot. What then, am I to hang myself for vexation, because I had killed myself for nothing?

Quin. No, that is not in the play.

Bot. Here will be fait tears wept, or I am mistaken. And if I be the man that acts this same Pyramus, let the ladies look to their eyes. I will condole and congratulate to some tune. I will break every heart that is not double hooped with flint. I have a main notion of acting your lover that is crossed in love. There is but one thing that is more to my humor than your tribulation lover. That is your tyrant—your thundering tyrant. I could play you, for example, I could play you such a tyrant as Herricoles, when he gets on his brimstone shirt, and is all on fire, as the unlucky boys burn a great rat alive, with spirits. And then, when he takes up little—what's his name—to squirr him off the cliff into the sea, O then "tis fine, " I'll split the raging rocks; and shivering shocks, with thundering knocks, shall break the locks of prison gates. And Febal's car shall shine from far, and kindle war with many a fear, and make and mar the stubborn fates." There is your right tragedy stuff. This is Herricoles's vein to a hair. This is your only true tyrant's vein. Your lover's vein is more upon the condoling and congratulating. Now, Peter Quince, name the rest of the players.

Quin. Francis Flute, bellows mender.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Francis, you must take Thifby on you.

Flute. What, that is to be Nick Bottom's sweetheart, and to have my cloak worried alive by the great beast? Why Peter, I have a beard a coming. I than't make a clever woman, as you may say, unless it were Mrs. what d'ye call her, Mrs. Tibby's mother or aunt. Has not the gentlewoman of the play a mother or an aunt that appears?

Quin. Yes; but you must do Thifby. You will do Thifby well enough, man. You shall do it in a mask. Robin Starveling, tailor.

Starv. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must play Pyramus's father; I will play Thifby's father; Flute must play Thifby; and Snout, Thifby's mother. Simon Snug, joiner.

Snug.
Snug. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Simon, you must act the part of the lion.

Snug. Heh! the part of the lion, do you say, Peter Quince? Why I never made a beast of myself in my life, but now and then, when I had drunk a cup too much.

Quin. Phew, phew, a better man than you, or I either, has been made a beast before now: ay, and a horn'd beast too. But the lion is a royal beast, the king of beasts. So, Simon, you must play the part of the lion.

Snug. Well, but an it be a long part, I can't remember it; for I have but a poor brain of my own. Let me see how many pages.

Quin. Why Simon it is not written. And for the matter of that, you may do it off-hand. It is nothing but roaring.

Bot. I'll tell you what, Peter Quince; you were better to let me act the part of the lion. Simon Snug is but a hen-hearted sort of a fellow. He won't roar you so loud as a mouse in the hole in the wall. But if you will let me play the part, I will make such a noise, as shall do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that the duke shall cry, Encore, encore! let him roar, let him roar, once more, once more.

Quin. But if you were too terrible, you might frighten the Dutchess and the ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

Bot. Ay, if the Dutchess and the ladies were frightened out of their wits, to be sure, perhaps, they might have no more wit, than to get us all hang'd: but do you think, Peter Quince, that I have no more inhumanity in my nature, than to frighten people? I would refrain and aggravate my voice, that I would roar you as gentle as any singing dove. I would roar you were it any nightingale.

Quin. I tell you, Nick Bottom, hold your tongue, with your roaring, and let your heart at rest. You shall play nothing but Pyramus.

Bot. Well, if I must I must. What cannot be endure'd, you know, must be cur'd. But what beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. You must not have on a grey beard, you know; because it will not look natural for a man with a grey beard, to be acting the part of a lover.

Bot. Why, look you, Master Peter Quince, I don't think it so very unnatural to see people with grey beards, acting
acting the part of lovers; at least, I am sure it had not
need be unnatural; for it is common enough. But how-
soever, it will look a little unnatural, as you say, to see
the young woman, Mrs. Tibby, fondling and looking
sweet upon a man with a grey beard. Wherefore, upon
mixture liberation, I will play it in a beard black as jet.

Quin. Here, then, Masters, take your parts, and con
them over with as much retention as you can, that you
may be ready to rehearse by to-morrow night.

Bot. But where must we rehearse, Peter Quince?

Quin. Why, you know, if we should go to rehearse in
a garret, or a malt-loft, we should but draw a mob, and
perhaps get ourselves taken up for cromancers. There­
fore we must go to the palace wood, and do it by moon-
light. Then, you know, we shall do it with dacity and im-
polure of mind, when there is nobody to deplaud, or to
hiss.

Bot. Right, Peter Quince. We will be ready for you.

Exeunt.

POETRY.

CONTEMPT of the common Objects of PURSUIT.

HONOR and shame from no conditions rise;
Act well your part: there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made;
One flaunts in rags; one fluctuates in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parfon gown'd;
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd;
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?
I'll tell you, friend—a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the wise man acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parfon will be drunk;
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou may'lt be, by kings or w---s of kings;
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece or Lucrece;
But by your father's worth, if you're you rate,
Count me those only, who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood,
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood;
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sons, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness. Say, where greatness lies?
Where, but among the heroes and the wise.
Heroes are all the fame, it is agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede.
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make—an enemy of all mankind.
Not one looks backward: onward still he goes;
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All fly, fly things, with circumspecitive eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take;
Not that themselves are wise; but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer; these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, falling, smiles in exile, or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign; or bleed
Like Socrates; that man is great indeed!
What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath;
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear's your own; and what's unknown,
The fame (my lord!) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it, begins and ends
In the fame circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade,
An Eugene living, as a Cesar dead;
Alike, or when, or where they shine or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame, but from death a villain's name can fade,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what 't oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid flaters, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus, exil'd, feels,
Than Cesar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior, what advantage lies?
Tell, (for you can) what is it to be wife?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, and without a judge.
Truth would you teach, or save a sinking land,
All fear; none aid you; and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weaknes, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions: see to what they mount.
How much of other each is sure to cost,
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always safe;
Think; and if still such things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbons, if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shinn'd,
The wifest, brightest—meanest of mankind:
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame:
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.

VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

TIS from high life, high characters are drawn:
A faint in crape is twice a faint in lawn;
A judge is just; a chanc'lor, juiter still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop—what you will;
Wife, if a minister; but if a king,
More wife, more just, more learn'd, more every thing.
'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

Boastful
Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold and brave;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave;
Is he a churchman? Then he's fond of power;
A Quaker? fly; A Presbyterian? four;
A smart free-thinker? All things in an hour.

Manners with fortune, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Search then the ruling passion. There, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known.

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The World compared to a Stage.

All the world’s a stage;
And all the men and women, merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man, in his time, plays many parts;
His acts being seven ages.—At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse’s arms.—
And then, the whining school boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping, like snail,
Unwillingly to school.—And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress’ eye-brow.—Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honor; sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble, reputation,
Even in the cannon’s mouth.—And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin’d;
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut;
Full of wise laws and modern instancies:
And so he plays his part.—The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper’d pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well fav’d, a world too wide
For his shrunk head; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow’rd childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his head.—Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
COLUMBUS to FERDINAND.

COLUMBUS was a considerable number of years engaged in soliciting the court of Spain to fit him out, in order to discover a new continent, which he imagined existed somewhere in the western parts of the ocean. During his negotiations, he is supposed to address king FERDINAND in the following stanzas:

ILLUSTRIOUS monarch of Iberia's soil,
Too long I wait permission to depart;
Sick of delays, I beg thy listening ear—
Shine forth the patron and the prince of art.
While yet Columbus breathes the vital air,
Grant his request to pass the western main:
Reserve this glory for thy native soil,
And what must please thee more—for thy own reign.

Of this huge globe, how small a part we know:
Does Heaven their worlds to western suns deny?
How disproportion'd to the mighty deep
The lands that yet in human prospect lie!

Does Cynthia, when to western skies arriv'd,
Spend her sweet beam upon the barren main,
And ne'er illumine with midnight splendor she,
The native, dancing on the lighthome green?
Should the vast circuit of the world contain
Such wastes of ocean, and such scanty land?
'Tis reason's voice that bids me think not so;
I think more nobly of the Almighty hand.

Does yon fair lamp trace half the circle round
To light the waves and monsters of the seas?
No—be there must, beyond the billowy waste,
Islands, and men, and animals, and trees.

An unremitting flame, my breast inspires
To seek new lands amidst the barren waves,
Where falling low, the source of day descends,
And the blue sea his evening visage laves.

Hear, in his tragic lay, Cordova's sage:*
"The time shall come, when numerous years are past,
The ocean shall dissolve the bands of things,
And an extended region rise at last;
And Typhus shall disclose the mighty land,
Far, far away, where none have rov'd before;"
Nor shall the world's remotest regions be
Gibraltar's rock, or Thule's savage shore.

Fir'd at the theme, I languish to depart,
Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail;
He fears no storms upon the untravelled deep;
Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale:
Nor does he dread to lose the intended course,
Tho' far from land the reeling galley stray;
And skies above, and gulfy seas below,
Be the sole objects seen for many a day.

Think not that nature has unveil'd in vain
The mystic magnet to the mortal eye;
So late have we the guiding needle planned,
Only to fail beneath our native sky.

Ere this was found, the ruling Power of all,
Found for our use an ocean in the land,
Its breadth so small we could not wander long,
Nor long be absent from the neighboring strand.

Short was the course, and guided by the stars;
But stars no more shall point our daring way;
The Bear shall sink, and every guard be drown'd,
And Cepheus fear scarce escape the sea,
When southward we shall steer—O grant
Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail;
He fears no storms upon the untravelled deep;
Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.

Description of a Storm.

Long rush'd the victors o'er the languish field;
And scarce were Gibeah's losted spires beheld;
When up the west, dark clouds began to rise,
Sail'd o'er the hills, and lengthen'd round the skies.
A ridge of folding fire, their summits shine,
But fearful blackness all beneath was thrown:
Swift round the sun the spreading gloom was hurl'd,
And night and solitude amaz'd the world.

At once the voice of deep resounding gales
Rung low and solemn in the distant vales;
Then through the groves, and o'er the extended plains,
With every step the rapid whirlwinds ran.

Red o'er the glimmering hills, with pomp divine,
The lightning's flaming path began to shine:
Ere this was found, the ruling Power of all,
Found for our use an ocean in the land,
Its breadth so small we could not wander long,
Nor long be absent from the neighboring strand.

Short was the course, and guided by the stars;
But stars no more shall point our daring way;
The Bear shall sink, and every guard be drown'd,
And Cepheus scarce escape the sea,
When southward we shall steer—O grant
Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail;
He fears no storms upon the untravelled deep;
Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.
Far round the immense, unusual thunders driven,
Proclaim'd the onset of approaching heaven:
Astonish'd nature own'd the strange alarm,
And the world trembled at the impending storm.
O'er the dark fields aghast Canaan stream'd:
Thick in their course the scatter'd bucklers gleam'd:
Behind them, Joshua urg'd the furious car,
And tenfold horrors hover'd round the war.

But when the chief the spreading storm survey'd,
And trace'd Almighty arms in heaven display'd;
With piercing voice he gave the great command,
Stand still, ye chosen sons, admiring land!
Behold what awful scenes in heaven arise!
Adore the Power that brightens in the skies!
Now God's tremendous arm afferts his laws;
Now bids his thunder aid the righteous cause;
Shows man how virtue saves her chosen bands,
And points the vengeance doom'd for guilty lands.
Behold, what flames shoot forth! what gloom ascends!
How nature trembles! how the concave rends!
How the clouds darken! See, in yonder sky,
Their opening skirts proclaim the Almighty high!
He spoke, and from the north a rushing sound
Roll'd thro the heavens and shook the embattled ground;
Thron'd on a dark red cloud, an angel's form.
Sail'd awfully sublime, above the storm;
Half veil'd in mist, his count'nance, like a sun,
Inflam'd the clouds, and through all ether shone:
Long robes of crimson light, behind him flow'd;
His wings were flames; his locks were dy'd in blood;
Ten thousand fiery shapes were round him driv'n,
And all the dazzling pomp of opening heaven.

Now, save Canaan's cries, that feebly rung,
Round the dark plain a fearful silence hung;
Stretch'd in dire terror o'er the quivering band,
The ethereal Vision way'd his fun-bright hand:
At once, from opening skies, red flames were hurl'd,
And thunders, roll'd on thunders, rock'd the world;
In one broad deluge funk the avenging hail,
And, fill'd with tempest, roar'd the hoary vale;
Fierce raging whirlwinds boundless nature blend;
The streams rush back; the tottering mountains bend;

Down.
Down the tall steep the burbling summits roll,
And cliffs on cliffs, hoarse crashing, rend the pole.
Far round the earth, a wild, drear horror reigns;
The nigh heavens heave, and roar the gloomy plains;
One sea of lightning all the region fills,
And waves of fire ride-furging o'er the hills:
The nodding forests plunge in flame around,
And with huge caverns gapes the shuddering ground;
Swifter than rapid winds, Canaan driven,
Refute the conflict of embattled heaven.
But the dire hail in vain the victims fly,
And death unbounded shook from all the sky,
The thunder's dark career, the seraph's arm,
Fierce vengeance blazing down the immensity of storm,
From falling groves to burning flames they flew;
Hail roars around, and angry hosts pursue;
From shaking skies Almighty arms are hurl'd,
And all the gloomy concave bursts upon the world.

Address to the Deity.

Father of light! exhaustless source of good!
Supreme, eternal, self-existent God!
Before the beamy sun dispenc'd a ray,
Flam'd in the azure vault, and gave the day,
Before the glimmering moon, with borrow'd light,
Shone queen, amid the silver hoft of night,
High in the heavens, thou reign'd superior Lord,
By suppliant angels worship'd and ador'd.
With the celestial choir, then let me join,
In cheerful praises to the Power Divine,
To sing thy praise, do thou, O God! inspire
A mortal breast with more than mortal fire.
In dreadful majesty thou sit'tst enthron'd,
With light encircled, and with glory crown'd:
Through all infinitude extends thy reign,
For thee nor heaven, nor heaven of heavens contain:
But tho thy throne is fix'd above the sky,
Thy omnipresence fills immensity.
Saints rob'd in white, to thee their anthems bring,
And radiant martyrs hallelujahs sing:
Heaven's universal hoft their voices raise:
In one eternal concert to thy praise.

And
And round thy awful throne, with one accord,
Sing holy, holy, holy is the Lord.
At thy creative voice from ancient night,
Sprang smiling beauty, and yon worlds of light:
Thou spak'st—the planetary chorus roll'd,
Stupendous worlds! unmeasurable and untold!
Let there be light, said God—light instantaneous:
And from the orient burst the golden sun;
Heaven's gazing hierarchies, with glad surprise,
Saw the first morn invest the recent skies;
And straight th' exculting troops thy throne surround;
With thousand, thousand harps of rapturous sound;
Thrones, powers, dominions (ever inning trains!)
Shouted thy praises in triumphant strains:
Great are thy works, they sing, and all around—
Great are thy works, the echoing heavens resound.
Th' effulgent sun, unsurpassably bright,
Is but a ray of thy overspreading light;
The tempest is thy breath; the thunder, hurl'd,
Tremendous, roars thy vengeance o'er the world;
Thou bow'st the heavens, the smoking mountains nod;
Rocks fall to dust, and nature owns her God!
Pale tyrants shrink; the atheist stands aghast,
And impious kings in horror breathe their last.
To this great God, alternately, I'd pay
The evening anthem, and the morning lay.

A Morning Hymn.

From night, from silence, and from death,
Or death's own form, mysterious sleep,
I wake to life, to light and health:
Thus me doth Israel's Watchman keep.
Sacred to Him in grateful praise,
Be this devoted tranquil hour,
While Him, supremely good and great,
With rapturous homage I adore.
What music breaks from yonder cope?
The plumy songster's artless lay;
Melodious songsters, nature taught!
That warbling hail the dawning day.
Shall man be mute, while instinct sings?
Nor human breast with transport rise?
O for an universal hymn!
To join the chorus of the skies!
See yon refulgent lamp of day,
With unabating glory crow'n'd,
Rejoicing in his giant strength,
To run his daily destin'd round.
So may I still perform thy will;
Great Sun of Nature and of Grace!
Nor wander devious from thy law;
Nor faint in my appointed race.
What charms display th' unfolding flowers!
How beauteous glows the enamel'd mead!
More beauteous still the heaven-wrought robe,
Of purest white, and face'd with red.
The sun exhales the pearly dews,
Those brilliant sky-shed tears, that mourn
His nightly lofs; till from earth's cheek
They're kiss'd away by pitying morn.
For laps'd mankind what friendly tears,
Bent on our weal, did angels shed!
Bound, bound our hearts, to think those tears
Made fruitless all, when Jesus bled!
Arabia wafts from yonder grove
Delicious odours in the gale;
And with her breeze-borne fragrance greets
Each circumjacent hill and dale.
As incense, may my morning song
A sweetly smelling favor rise,
Perfum'd with Gilead's precious balm,
To make it grateful to the skies:
And when from death's long sleep I wake,
To nature's renovating day,
Clothe me with thy own righteousness,
And in thy likeness, Lord, array.

Hymn to Peace.

HAIL, sacred Peace, who claim'd thy bright abode;
Mid circling saints, that grace the throne of God:
Before his arm, around this shapeless earth,
Stretch'd the wide heavens, and gave to nature birth;
Ere morning stars his glowing chambers hung,
Or fongs of gladness woke an angel's tongue;

Veil'd.
Veil'd in the brightness of th' Almighty's mind,
In blest repose thy placid form reclin'd;
Borne through the heaven with his creating voice,
Thy presence bade the unfolding worlds rejoice
Gave to seraphic harps their founding lays,
Their joy to angels, and to men their praise.
From scenes of blood, these beauteous shores that slain,
From gasping friends that press the sanguine plain,
From fields, long taught in vain thy flight to mourn,
I rise, delightful power, and greet thy glad return.
Too long the groans of death and battle's Bray
Have rung discordant through the unpleasing lay;
Let pity's steer its balmy fragrance shed,
O'er heroes' wounds, and patriot warriors dead;
Accept, departed shades, these grateful sighs,
Your fond attendants to th' approving skies.
But now the untuneful trump shall grate no more;
Ye silver streams, no longer swell with gore;
Bear from your beauteous banks the crimson train,
With you retiring navies to the main;
While other views unfolding on my eyes,
And happier themes bid bolder numbers rise.
Bring, bounteous peace, in thy celestial throng,
Life to my soul, and rapture to my song;
Give me to trace, with pure unclouded ray,
The arts and virtues that attend thy sway;
To see thy blissful charms that here descend,
Through distant realms and endless years extend.

Prologue.

A S when some peasant, who, to treat his lord,
Brings out his little stock, and decks his board
With what his ill-ford'd cupboard will afford,
With awkward bows, and ill plac'd rustic airs,
To make excuses for his feast, prepares;
So we with tremor, mix'd with vast delight,
View the bright audience which appears to night;
And, conscious of its meanness, hardly dare
To bid you welcome to our homely fare.
Should your applauds a confidence impart,
To calm the fears that press the timid heart,
Some hopes I cherish; in your smiles I read 'em,
Whate'er our faults, your candor can exceed 'em.

Appendix.
APPENDIX.

ADDITIONAL DIALOGUES.

Scene between Cecilia Beverly and Henrietta Belfield.

Cec. My dear Henrietta, you seem to be overjoyed. May I know the cause?

Hen. My dear, dear Miss Beverly, I have such a thing to tell you—you would never guess it—I don't know how to believe it myself—Mr. Delville has written to me! he has indeed! here is the note! (Holding out a letter.)

Cec. Indeed! I long to know the contents. Pray read it.

Hen. (reads it.)

"To Miss Belfield,

"Mr. Delville presents his compliments to Miss Belfield, and begs to be permitted to wait on her for a few minutes, at any time in the afternoon she will please to appoint."

Only think! it is me, poor simple me, of all people, he wants to speak with. But what can he want? My dearest Cecilia, tell me what you think he can have to say to me?

Cec. Indeed, it is impossible for me to conjecture.

Hen. If you can't, I am sure there is no wonder I can't. I have thought of a million things in a minute. It can't be about business—it can't be about my brother—it can't be about my dear Miss Beverly—I suspect—

(A servant enters with a message.)

Ser. A gentleman in the parlour wishes to speak with Miss Belfield.

Hen. (With a look of disappointment.) Yes, Sir, she is at home. I will call her. (Goes out.)
Delv. Good morrow, Madam, I have presumed to wait on you, this morning, by permission of my mother. But I am afraid that permission is too late, that the influence I hoped from it is past.

Cec. I had no means, Sir, of knowing you came from her. Otherwise, I should have received her commands without hesitation.

Delv. I would thank you for the honor you do her, was it less pointedly exclusive. Yet I have no right to reproach you. Let me ask, Madam, could you, after my solemn promise at our last parting, to renounce all future claim upon you, in obedience to my mother's will, could you think me so dishonest, as to obstruct myself into your presence, while that promise was in force?

Cec. I find I have been too hasty. I did indeed believe Mrs. Delville would never authorize such a visit; but as I was much surprised, I hope I may be pardoned for a little doubt.

Delv. There spoke Miss Beverly! the same, the unalter'd Miss Beverly, I hoped to find. Yet is the unalter'd? Am I not too hasty? And is the story I have heard about Belfield a dream? an error? a falsehood?

Cec. If it was not that such a quick succession of quarrels would be endless perplexity, I would be affronted that you can ask me such a question.

Delv. Had I thought it a question, I should not have asked it. But never for a moment did I credit it, till the vigor of your repulse alarmed me. But as you are good enough to account for that, I am encouraged to make known the design of my present visit. Yet with confidence I cannot speak; hardly with hope.

Cec. One thing, Sir, let me say, before you proceed; if your purpose has not the sanction of Mrs. Delville, as well as your visit, I would be excused from hearing it; for I shall most certainly refuse it.

Delv. I would mention nothing without her concurrence; she has given it; and my father has also consented to my present application.

Cec. (clasping her hands in joy) Is it possible?

Delv. Is it possible! With what emotions do I hear these words? Ah, Miss Beverly! once my own Cecilia! do you, can you wish it possible?

Cec.
Cec. No, no, I wish nothing about it. Yet tell me how it has happened—I am curious, (smiling) though not interested in it.

Delv. What hope would this sweetness give me, were my scheme any other than it is! But you cannot—no, it would be unreasonable—it would be madness to expect your compliance! It is next to madness in me to wish it! But how shall a man who is desperate, be prudent and circumspect!

Cec. Spare yourself, Sir, this unnecessary pain. You will find in me no unnecessary scruples.

Delv. You know not what you say, Madam. All noble as you are, the sacrifice I have to propose—

Cec. Name it, Sir, with confidence. I will not disguise; but frankly own that I will agree to any sacrifice you will mention, provided it has Mrs. Delville's approbation.

Delv. What words are these? Is it Miss Beverly that speaks?

Cec. What can I say more? Must I offer this pledge too? (holding out her hand.)

Delv. My dear Cecilia, how happy this makes me! (taking her hand) for my life I would not resign it. Yet how soon will you withdraw it, when you know that the only terms on which I can hold it, are, that this hand must sign away your inheritance.

Cec. I do not comprehend this, Sir.

Delv. Can you for my sake, make such a sacrifice as this? I am not permitted to give up my name for yours; can you renounce your uncle's fortune, as you must if you renounce your name; and content to such settlements as I can make upon you? Will these and your own paternal inheritance of ten thousand pounds satisfy your expectations of living?

Cec. (Turning pale, and drawing back her hand) O, Mr. Delville, your words pierce me to the soul.

Delv. Have I offended you, madam? Pardon me then or indulging a romantic whim which your better judgment disapproves. My presumption deserves this mortification.

Cec. You know not then my inability to comply.

Delv. Your ability or inability, I presume, depends on your own will.

Cec. No, Sir, by no means. My power is lost—My fortune, alas, is gone.

Delv. Impossible! utterly impossible!

Cec.
Cec. Would to Heaven it were otherwise! But it is too true, and your father knows it.

Delv. My father!

Cec. Did he never hint it to you?

Delv. Distraction! What horrible confirmation is coming! (pacing) you only, Miss Beverly, could have made this creditable.

Cec. Had you then actually heard it?

Delv. I had indeed heard it as the most infamous falsehood. My heart swelled with indignation at such slander.

Cec. O, Sir, the fact is undeniable; though the circumstances you may have heard with it may be exaggerated.

Delv. That indeed must have been the case. I was told that your paternal fortune was totally exhausted, and that, during your minority, you had been a dealer with Jews; all this I was told by my father, or I could not have been made to hear it.

Cec. Thus far he told you nothing but truth.

Delv. Truth! (flaring) never then was truth so scandalously wronged! I denied the whole report, I disbelieved every syllable! I pledged my own honour to prove every assertion false.

Cec. Generous Delville, this is what I might expect from you. (weeping.)

Delv. Why does Miss Beverly weep? Why has she given me this alarm? These things must at least have been misrepresented. Will you condescend to unravel to me this mysterious affair?

Cec. Alas! Sir, the unfortunate Mr. Harrel! He has been the cause of my losses. You know his love of gaming, a passion which led him to his fatal end. In his embarrassment he came to me for assistance. He was my guardian; what could I do! I yielded to his entreaties, and repeatedly took up money of a Jew, upon the credit of my estate, until the whole was pledged. If it was a fault, I know you will ascribe it to the real motive, and pardon it.

Delv. My dear Cecilia, I thank you sincerely for this account of your misfortunes; although it fills my heart with anguish. How will my mother be shocked to hear a confirmation of the report she had heard! How irritated at your injuries from Harrel! How grieved that your generosity should bring upon your character so many vile aspersions.

Cec.
Cec. I have been of too easy a disposition—too unguarded; yet always, at the moment, I seemed guided by common humanity. But I thought myself secure of wealth; and while the revenue of my uncle ensured me prosperity, I thought little of my own fortune. Could I have foreseen this moment—

Delv. Would you then have listened to my romantic proposal?

Cec. Could I have hesitated.

Delv. Most generous of beings, fall then be mine! By our economy, we will make savings to pay off our mortgages and clear our estates. I will still keep my name, to which my family is bigoted, and my gratitude for your compliance shall make you forget what you lose by the change of yours.

---

Scene between Cecilia Beverly and a Gentleman.

Gent. I presume, Madam, you are the lady of this house. May I take the liberty to ask your name?

Cec. My name, Sir?

Gent. You will do me a favor by telling it me.

Cec. Is it possible, Sir, you are come hither without already knowing it?

Gent. I know it only by common report, Madam.

Cec. Common report, Sir, I believe is seldom wrong in a matter where it is so easy to be right.

Gent. Have you any objection, Madam, to telling me your name?

Cec. No, Sir, but your business can hardly be very important, if you are yet to learn whom you are to address. It will be time enough, therefore, for us to meet, when you have elsewhere learnt my name. (going.)

Gent. I beg, Madam, you will have patience; it is necessary before I can open my business, that I should hear your name from yourself.

Cec. Why, Sir, I think you can scarcely have come to this house without knowing that its owner is Cecilia Beverly.

Gent. That, Madam, is your maiden name.

Cec. My maiden name! (surprised.)

Gent. Are you not married, Madam?

Cec. Married, Sir!

Gent. It is more properly, Madam, the name of your husband, that I mean to ask.

Cec.
Cec. And by what authority, Sir, do you make these extraordinary inquiries.

Gent. I am deputed, Madam, by Mr. Eggleston, who is next heir to your uncle's estate, if you die without children, or change your name when you marry. I am authorized, by letter of attorney from him, to make these inquiries; and I presume, Madam, you will not deny his authority. He has been credibly informed that you are married; and as you continue to be called Miss Beverly, he wishes to know your intentions, as he is deeply interested in knowing the truth.

Cec. This demand, Sir, is so extremely—(jammering)—so little expected—

Gent. The better way, Madam, in these cases, is to keep close to the point. Are you married, or are you not?

Cec. This is dealing very plainly, indeed, Sir. But—

Gent. It is, Madam, and very seriously too; but it is a business of no slight concern. Mr. Eggleston has a large family and a small fortune, and that very much incumbered. It cannot therefore be expected he will see himself wronged by your enjoying an estate to which he is entitled.

Cec. Mr. Eggleston, Sir, has nothing to fear from imposture. Those with whom he has, or may have any transactions in this affair, are not used to practice fraud.

Gent. I am far from meaning any offence, Madam; my commission from Mr. Eggleston is simply this; to beg you will satisfy him upon what grounds you now evade the will of your late uncle; which, till explained, appears to be a point much to his prejudice.

Cec. Tell him then, Sir, that whatever he wishes to know shall be explained in about a week. At present I can give no other answer.

Gent. Very well, Madam; he will wait till that time; I am sure; for he does not wish to put you to any inconvenience. But when he heard the gentleman was going abroad without owning his marriage, he thought it high time to take some notice of the matter.

Cec. Pray, Sir, let me ask, how you came to any knowledge of this affair?

Gent. I heard it, Madam, from Mr. Eggleston himself, who has long known it.

Cec. Long, Sir? impossible!—it is not yet a fortnight—not ten days, or not more, that—

U 2.
Gent. That, Madam, may perhaps be disputed; for when
this business comes to be settled, it will be very essential to
be exact as to the time, even to the very hour; for the
income of the estate is large, Madam; and if your husband
keeps his own name, you must not only give up your un-
cle's inheritance, from the time of changing your name,
but refund the profits from the very day of your marriage.

Cec. There is not the least doubt of that, nor will the
least difficulty be made.

Gent. Please then to recollect, Madam, that the sum to
be refunded is every hour increasing, and has been ever
since last September, which made half a year to be ac-
counted for last March. Since then there is now added—

Cec. For mercy's sake, Sir, what calculations are you
making out? Do you call last week, last September?

Gent. No, Madam; but I call last September the month
in which you were married.

Cec. You will then find yourself extremely mistaken;
and Mr. Eggleston is preparing himself for much disap-
pointment, if he supposes me so long in arrears with him.

Gent. Mr. Eggleston, Madam, happens to be well in-
formed of this transaction, as you will find, if any dispute
should arise in the case. He was the next occupier of
the house you hired last September; the woman who
kept it, informed him that the last person who hired it
was a lady who stayed one day only, and came to town,
the next, merely to be married. On inquiry, he dis-
covered that this lady was Miss Beverly.

Cec. You will find all this, Sir, end in nothing.

Gent. That, Madam, remains to be proved. If a young
lady is seen—and she was seen, going into church at eight
o'clock in the morning, with a young gentleman and one
female friend, and is afterwards seen coming out of it, fol-
lowed by a clergyman and one other person—and is seen to
get into a coach with the same young gentleman and same
female friend; why the circumstances are pretty strong!

Cec. They may seem so, Sir; but all conclusions
drawn from them will be erroneous; I was not married
then, upon my honor.

Gent. We have little to do, Madam, with professions;
the circumstances are strong enough to bear a trial; and—

Cec. A trial!—

Gent. We have found many witnesses to prove a number
of
of particulars, and eight months' share of such an estate
as this, is well worth a little trouble.

Cec. I am amazed, Sir; surely Mr. Eggleston never
authorized you to make use of this language to me.

Gent. Mr. Eggleston, Madam, has behaved very hon­
orably; though he knew the whole affair, he suppo­
sed Mr. Delville had good reasons for a short conceal­
ment, and expected every day when the matter should be­
come public. He therefore did not interfere. But on hear­
ing that Mr. Delville had set out for the continent, he was
advised to claim his rights.

Cec. His claims, Sir, will doubtless be satisfied, with­
out threatening or law suits.

Gent. The truth is, Madam, Mr. Eggleston is a little
embarrassed for want of some money. This makes it a
point with him to have the affair settled speedily; unless
you choose to compromise, by advancing a particular
sum, till it suits you to refund the whole that is due to
him, and quit the premises.

Cec. Nothing, Sir, is due to him; at least nothing
worth mentioning. I will enter into no terms; I have
no compromise to make. As to the premises, I will
quit them as soon as possible.

Gent. You will do well, Madam; for the truth is, it will
not be convenient for him to wait any longer. (goes out.)

Cec. How weak and blind have I been, to form a se­
cret plan of defrauding the heir to my uncle's estate. I
am betrayed—and I deserve it. Never never more will
I disgrace myself by such an act.

Scene between Cecilia and Henrietta.

Cec. What is the matter with my dear Henrietta?

Hen. No, Madam, not afflicted for you; it would be
strange if I were, while I think as I now do.

Cec. I am glad you are not, for were it possible, I would
give you nothing but pleasure and joy.

Hen. Ah, Madam, why will you say so, when you
don't care what becomes of me! when you are going to
call me off! and when you will be soon too happy to
think of me more.
Cec. If I am never happy till then, sad indeed will be my life! no, my gentled friend, you will always have your share in my heart; and to me would always have been the welcomest guest in my house, but for those unhap­py circumstances which make our separation inevitable.

Hen. Yet you suffered me, Madam, to hear from any body that you was married and going away; and all the common servants in the house knew it before me.

Cec. I am amazed! How and which way can they have heard it?

Hen. The man that went to Mr. Eggleston brought the first news of it, for he said all the servants there talked of nothing else; and that their matter was to come and take possession here next Thursday.

Cec. Yet you envy me, though I am forced to leave my house! though I am not provided with any other! and though he for whom I relinquish it is far off, without the means of protecting me, or the power of returning home.

Hen. But you are married to him, Madam!

Cec. True, my love, but I am also parted from him.

Hen. O how differently do the great think from the little! Were I married, and so married, I should want neither house nor fine clothes, nor riches, nor anything; I should not care where I lived; every place would be a paradise to me.

Cec. O Henrietta! should I ever repine at my situation, I will call to mind this heroic declaration of yours, and blush for my own weaknesses.

On the Superior Value of Solid Accomplishments.

CICERO and LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Cic. MISTAKE me not. I know how to value the sweet courtseys of life. Affability, attention, decorum of behavior, if they have not been ranked by philosophers among the virtues, are certainly related to them, and have a powerful influence in promoting social happiness. I have recommended them, as well as yourself. But I contend, and no sophistry shall prevail on me to give up this point, that, to be truly amiable, they must proceed from goodness of heart. Assumed by the artful, to serve the purposes of private interest, they degenerate to contemptible grimace, and detestable hypocrisy.

Chef.
C. Excuse me, my dear Cicero; I cannot enter farther into the controversy at present. I have a hundred engagements at least; and see yonder my little elegant French Countess. I promised her and myself the pleasure of a promenade. Pleasant walking enough in these Elysian groves. So much good company too, that if it were not that the canaille are apt to be troublesome, I would not much regret the distance from the Tuilleries. But adieu, mon cher amie, for I see Madame *** is joining the party. Adieu, adieu.

Cic. Contemptible wretch!

Chfl. Ah! what do I hear? Recollect that I am a man of honor, unused to the pity or the insults of an upstart. But perhaps your exclamation was not meant of me—If so, why—

Cic. I am as little inclined to insult you as to flatter you. Your levity excited my indignation; but my compassion for the degeneracy of human nature, exhibited in your instance, absorbs my contempt.

Chfl. I could be a little angry; but, as bensence forbids it, I will be a philosopher for once. A-propos, pray how do you reconcile your—what shall I call it—your unsmooth address to those rules of decorum, that gentleness of manners, of which you say you know and teach the propriety as well as myself.

Cic. To confess the truth, I would not advance the arts of embellishment to extreme refinement. Ornamental education, or an attention to the graces, has a connexion with effeminacy. In acquiring the gentleman, I would not lose the spirit of a man. There is a gracefulness in a manly character, a beauty in an open and ingenuous disposition, which all the professed teachers of the arts of pleasing know not how to intufe.

Chfl. You and I lived in a state of manners, as different as the periods at which we lived were distant. You Romans, pardon me, my dear, you Romans had a little of the brute in you. Come, come, I must overlook it. You were obliged to court Plebeians for their suffrages; and if similis similis gaudet, it must be owned that the greatest of you were secure of their favor. Why, Beau Nash would have handed your Catos and your Brutuless out of the ball room, if they had shewn their unmannierly heads in it; and my Lord Modish, animated with the conscious merit of the largest or smallest buckles.
bucks in the room, according to the temporary toad, would have laughed Pompey the Great out of countenance. Oh, Cicero, had you lived in a modern European court, you would have caught a degree of that undefinable grace, which is not only the ornament, but may be the substitute of all those labour'd attainments, which fools call solid-merit. But it was not your good fortune, and I make allowances.

Cic. The vivacity you have acquired in studying the writings and the manners of the degenerate Gauls, has led you to set too high a value on qualifications which dazzle the lively perceptions with a momentary blaze, and to depreciate that kind of worth which can neither be obtained nor understood without serious attention, and sometimes painful efforts. But I will not contend with you about the propriety or impropriety of the outward modes which delight a showy nation. I will not spend arguments in proving that gold is more valuable than tin, though it glitters less. But I must censure you, and with an asperity too, which, perhaps, your graces may not approve, for recommending vice as graceful, in your memorable letters.

Chesl. That the great Cicero should know so little of the world, really surprises me. A little libertinism, my dear, that's all; how can one be a gentleman without a little libertinism?

Cic. I ever thought that to be a gentleman it was requisite to be a moral man. And surely you, who might have enjoyed the benefit of a light to direct you, which I wanted, were blameable in omitting religion and virtue in your system.

Chesl. What! superstitious too! You have not then conversed with your superior, the philosopher of Ferney. I thank Heaven, I was born in the same age with that great luminary. Prejudice had else, perhaps, chained me in the thraldom of my great grandmother. These are enlightened days, and I find I have contributed something to the general illumination, by my posthumous letters.

Cic. Boast not of them. Remember you were a father.

Chesl. And did I not endeavor most effectually to serve my son, by pointing out the qualifications necessary to a foreign ambassador, for which department I always designed him? Few fathers have taken more pains to accomplish a son, than myself. There was nothing I did not condescend to point out to him.
True: your confinement was great indeed. You were the pander of your son. You not only taught him the mean arts of dissimulation, the petty tricks which degrade nobility; but you corrupted his principles, fomented his passions, and even pointed out objects for their gratification. You might have left the task of teaching him fashionable vices to a vicious world. Example, and the corrupt affections of human nature, will ever be capable of accomplishing this unnatural purpose. But a parent, the guardian appointed by nature for an un instructed offspring, introduced into a dangerous world, who himself takes upon him the office of seduction, is a monster indeed. I also had a son. I was tenderly solicitous for the right conduct of his education. I entrusted him, indeed, to Cratippus at Athens; but like you, I could not help transmitting instructions dictated by parental love. Those instructions are contained in my Book of Offices; a book which has ever been cited by the world as a proof to what a height the morality of the heathens was advanced without the light of revelation. I own I feel a conscious pride in it; not on account of the ability which it may display, but for the principles it teaches, and the good, I flatter myself, it has diffused. You did not indeed intend your instructions for the world; but as you gave them to a son you loved, it may be concluded that you thought them true wisdom, and withheld them only because they were contrary to the professions of the unenlightened. They have been generally read; and tend to introduce the manners, vices, and frivolous habits of the nation you admired—to your own manly nation, who, of all others, once approached most nearly to the noble simplicity of the Romans.

Spare me, Cicero. I have never been accustomed to the rough conversation of an old Roman. I feel myself little in his company. I seem to shrink in his noble presence. I never felt my insignificance so forcibly as now. French courtiers and French philosophers have been my models; and amid the dissipation of pleasure, and the hurry of affected vivacity, I never considered the gracefulness of virtue, and the beauty of an open, sincere and manly character.

THE END.
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