

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet,
 She's fair *white paper*, an unsullied sheet;
 On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
 May write his name, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring;
 'Tis the great man who scorns a little thing;
 Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
 Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone:
 True genuine *royal paper* is his breast;
 Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

EXTRACT FROM CATO'S SPEECH BEFORE THE ROMAN SENATE, AFTER THE CONSPIRACY OF CATALINE.

I HAVE often spoken before you, Fathers, with some extent, to complain of luxury and the greediness for money, the twin vices of our corrupt citizens; and have thereby drawn upon myself abundance of enemies. As I never spared any fault in myself, I was not easily inclined to favour the criminal excesses of others.

But though you paid little regard to my remonstrances, the Commonwealth has still subsisted by its own strength; has borne itself up, notwithstanding your neglect. It is not now the same. Our manners, good or bad, are not the question, nor to preserve the greatness and lustre of the Roman empire; but to resolve whether all we possess and govern, well or ill, shall continue our's, or be transferred with ourselves to enemies.

At such a time, in such a state, some talk to us of lenity and compassion. It is long that we have lost the right names of things. The Commonwealth is in this deplorable situation, only because we call bestow-

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ing other people's estates, liberality, and audaciousness in perpetrating crimes, courage.

Let such men, since they will have it so, and it is become the established mode, value themselves upon their liberality at the expense of the allies of the empire, and of their lenity to the robbers of the public treasury: but let them not make a largess of our blood; and, to spare a small number of vile wretches, expose all good men to destruction.

Do not imagine, Fathers, that it was by arms our ancestors rendered this Commonwealth so great, from so small a beginning. If it had been so, we should now see it much more flourishing, as we have more allies and citizens, more horse and foot, than they had. But they had other things, that made them great, of which no traces remain amongst us: at home, labor and industry; abroad, just and equitable government; a constancy of soul, and an innocencè of manners, that kept them perfectly free in their councils; unrestrained either by the remembrance of past crimes, or by craving appetites to satisfy.

For these virtues, we have luxury and avarice; or madness to squander, joined with no less, to gain; the State is poor, and private men are rich. We admire nothing but riches; we give ourselves up to sloth and effeminacy; we make no distinction between the good and the bad; whilst ambition engrosses all the rewards of virtue. Do you wonder, then, that dangerous conspiracies should be formed? Whilst you regard nothing but your private interest; whilst voluptuousness solely employs you at home, and avidity or favor governs you here, the Commonwealth, without defence, is exposed to the devices of any one who thinks fit to attack it.

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DIALOGUE

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 DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE GHOSTS OF AN ENGLISH
 DUELLIST, A NORTH-AMERICAN SAVAGE, AND MER-
 CURY.

Duellist. MERCURY, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water. Allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither with me. I never before saw one of that species. He looks very grim. Pray, Sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

Savage. Yes, I learned it in my childhood, having been bred for some years among the English of New-York. But, before I was a man, I returned to my valiant countrymen, the Mohawks; and having been villainously cheated by one of your's in the sale of some rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the rest of my tribe in the late war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied: for my brethren were victorious; and, before I was shot, I had gloriously scalped seven men, and five women and children. In a former war, I had performed still greater exploits. My name is the Bloody Bear: it was given me to express my fierceness and valour.

Duel. Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamester and a man of honor. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honorable single combat; but don't understand cutting the throats of women and children.

Sav. Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its customs. But by the grimness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you
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were killed as I was, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

Duel. Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me a sum of money; and after two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him. I thought his demand, which was somewhat peremptory, an affront to my honor, and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde Park. The fellow could not fence: but I was absolutely the adroitest swordsman in England. So I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honor should; without any snivelling signs of contrition or repentance: and he will follow me soon; for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said that his wife is dead of grief, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged, and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife. I always hated marriage: my mistress will take good care of herself, and my children are provided for at the foundling hospital.

Sav. Mercury, I won't go in the boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman; he has murdered his friend: I say positively, I won't go in the boat with that fellow. I will swim over the river: I can swim like a duck.

Mer. Swim over the Styx! it must not be done: it is against the laws of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat and be quiet.

Sav. Don't tell me of laws: I am a savage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman: there are laws in his country; and yet you see he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject, in time of peace, because he asked him to pay an honest debt. I know, indeed, that the English are a barbarous nation: but they can't possibly be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

Mer.

Mer. You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder; you, who have frequently massacred women in their sleep, and children in the cradle?

Sav. I killed none but my enemies: I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it. If he does, I will burn it instantly in the fire I see yonder. Farewell. I am determined to swim over the water.

Mer. By this touch of my wand, I deprive thee of all thy strength. Swim now if thou canst.

Sav. This is a potent enchanter. Restore me my strength, and I promise to obey thee.

Mer. I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you; otherwise worse will befall you.

Duel. Mercury, leave him to me. I'll tutor him for you. Sirrah Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou not know that I have kept the best company in England?

Sav. I know thou art a scoundrel. Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend who lent thee money for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight. I will drive thee into the Styx.

Mer. Stop. I command thee. No violence. Talk to him calmly.

Sav. I must obey thee. Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

Duel. Sir, I gamed, as I told you. Besides, I kept a good table. I eat as well as any man either in England or France.

Sav. Eat! did you ever eat the liver of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder? There is fine eating for you! I have eat twenty. My table was always well served. My wife was esteemed the best cook for the dressing of man's flesh in all North-America. You will not pretend to compare your eating with mine?

Duel.

Duel. I danced very finely.

Sav. I'll dance with thee for thy ears. I can dance all day long. I can dance the war dance with more spirit than any man of my nation. Let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod? Or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast never yet learned. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging rascal?

Duel. O misery! must I bear all this! What can I do with this fellow? I have neither sword nor pistol; and his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

Mer. You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well bred; but he will tell you some truths which you must necessarily hear, when you come before Rhadamanthus. He asked you what you could do beside eating and dancing.

Duel. I sung very agreeably.

Sav. Let me hear you sing your death song, or the war whoop. I challenge you to sing. Come, begin. The fellow is mute. Mercury, this is a liar. He has told us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

Duel. The lie given me! and alas! I dare not resent it! What an indelible disgrace to the family of the Pushwells! This is indeed tormenting.

Mer. Here, Charon, take these two savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge. But what can be said for the Englishman? Can we plead the custom of Duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but here it cannot avail. The spirit that urged him to draw his sword against his friend is not that of honor; it is the spirit of the furies; and to them he must go.

Sav. If he is to be punished for his wickedness, turn him over to me. I perfectly understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin my work with this box on

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your ears, and will soon teach you better manners than you have yet learned.

Duel. Oh my honor, my honor, to what infamy art thou fallen!

SPEECH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF, OF THE STOCKBRIDGE TRIBE, TO THE MASSACHUSETTS CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1775.

BROTHERS!

YOU remember, when you first came over the great waters, I was great and you were little; very small. I then took you in for a friend, and kept you under my arms, so that no one might injure you. Since that time we have ever been true friends: there has never been any quarrel between us. But now our conditions are changed. You are become great and tall. You reach to the clouds. You are seen all round the world. I am become small; very little. I am not so high as your knee. Now you take care of me; and I look to you for protection.

Brothers! I am sorry to hear of this great quarrel between you and Old England. It appears that blood must soon be shed to end this quarrel. We never till this day understood the foundation of this quarrel between you and the country you came from. Brothers! Whenever I see your blood running, you will soon find me about you to revenge my brothers' blood. Although I am low and very small, I will gripe hold of your enemy's heel, that he cannot run so fast, and so light, as if he had nothing at his heels.

Brothers! You know I am not so wise as you are, therefore I ask your advice in what I am now going to say. I have been thinking, before you come to action, to take a run to the westward, and feel the mind of my Indian brethren, the Six Nations, and know how they stand; whether they are on your side, or for your

your enemies. If I find they are against you, I will try to turn their minds. I think they will listen to me; for they have always looked this way for advice, concerning all important news that comes from the rising sun. If they hearken to me, you will not be afraid of any danger from behind you. However their minds are affected, you shall soon know by me. Now I think I can do you more service in this way than by marching off immediately to Boston, and staying there. It may be a great while before blood runs. Now, as I said, you are wiser than I, I leave this for your consideration, whether I come down immediately, or wait till I hear some blood is spilled.

Brothers! I would not have you think by this, that we are falling back from our engagements. We are ready to do any thing for your relief, and shall be guided by your counsel.

Brothers! one thing I ask of you, if you send for me to fight, that you will let me fight in my own Indian way. I am not used to fight English fashion; therefore you must not expect I can train like your men. Only point out to me where your enemies keep, and that is all I shall want to know.

ON THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

TO the ancient philosophers, creation from nothing appeared an unintelligible idea. They maintained the eternal existence of matter, which they supposed to be modelled by the sovereign mind of the universe, into the form which the earth now exhibits. But there is nothing in this opinion which gives it any title to be opposed to the authority of revelation. The doctrine of two self-existent, independent principles, God and matter, the one active, the other passive, is a hypothesis which presents difficulties to human reason, at least as great as the creation of matter from nothing. Adhering then to the testimony of scripture, we believe,

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that "in the beginning, God created," or from non-existence brought into being, "the heavens and the earth."

But though there was a period when this globe, with all that we see upon it, did not exist, we have no reason to think, that the wisdom and power of the Almighty were then without exercise or employment. Boundless is the extent of his dominion. Other globes and worlds, enlightened by other suns, may then have occupied, they still appear to occupy, the immense regions of space. Numberless orders of beings, to us unknown, people the wide extent of the universe, and afford an endless variety of objects to the ruling care of the great Father of all. At length, in the course and progress of his government, there arrived a period, when this earth was to be called into existence. When the signal moment predestinated from all eternity, was come, the Deity arose in his might, and with a word created the world.

What an illustrious moment was that, when, from non-existence, there sprang at once into being this mighty globe, on which so many millions of creatures now dwell! No preparatory measures were required. No long circuit of means was employed. "He spake; and it was done: He commanded, and it stood fast." The earth was, at first, "without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." The Almighty surveyed the dark abyss; and fixed bounds to the several divisions of nature. He said, "Let there be light, and there was light."

Then appeared the sea, and the dry land. The mountains rose; and the rivers flowed. The sun and moon began their course in the skies. Herbs and plants clothed the ground. The air, the earth, and the waters were stored with their respective inhabitants. At last, man was made after the image of God. He appeared, walking with countenance erect; and received his Creator's benediction, as the lord of this new world. The Almighty beheld his work when it was finished, and pronounced it good. Superior beings saw with

with wonder this new accession to existence. "The morning stars sang together; and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

But, on this great work of creation, let us not merely gaze with astonishment. Let us consider how it should affect our conduct, by presenting the divine perfections in a light which is at once edifying and comforting to man. It displays the Creator as supreme in power, in wisdom, and in goodness. Let us look around, and survey this stupendous edifice, which we have been admitted to inhabit. Let us think of the extent of the different climates and regions of the earth; of the magnitude of the mountains, and of the expanse of the ocean. Let us conceive that immense globe which contains them, launched at once from the hand of the Almighty; made to revolve incessantly on its axis, that it might produce the vicissitudes of day and night; thrown forth, at the same time, to run its annual course in perpetual circuit through the heavens.

After such a meditation, where is the greatness, where is the pride of man? Into what total annihilation do we sink, before an omnipotent Being! Reverence, and humble adoration ought spontaneously to arise. He, who feels no propensity to worship and adore, is dead to all sense of grandeur and majesty; has extinguished one of the most natural feelings of the human heart.

LINES SPOKEN AT A SCHOOL-EXHIBITION, BY A LITTLE BOY SEVEN YEARS OLD.

YOU'D scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public, on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.

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Large streams from little fountains flow;
 Tall oaks from little acorns grow:
 And though I now am small and young,
 Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue;
 Yet all great learned men, like me,
 Once learn'd to read their A, B, C.
 But why may not Columbia's soil
 Rear men as great as Britain's isle;
 Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
 Or any land beneath the sun?
 Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great
 As any other sister state?
 Or, where's the town, go far and near,
 That does not find a rival here?
 Or where's the boy, but three feet high,
 Who's made improvements more than I?
 These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
 To be the greatest of mankind;
 Great, not like Cesar, stain'd with blood;
 But only great, as I am good.

EXTRACT FROM MR. PITT'S SPEECH IN THE BRITISH
 PARLIAMENT, IN THE YEAR 1766, ON THE SUBJECT
 OF THE STAMP-ACT.

IT is a long time, Mr. Speaker, since I have attended
 in Parliament. When the resolution was taken in
 the House to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I
 could have endured to have been carried in my bed,
 so great was the agitation of my mind for the conse-
 quences, that I would have solicited some kind hand to
 have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my tes-
 timony against it. It is now an act that has passed.
 I would speak with decency of every act of this House;
 but I must beg the indulgence of the House to speak of
 it with freedom.

I hope a day may be soon appointed to consider the
 state of the nation with respect to America. I hope
 gentlemen

gentlemen will come to this debate with all the temper
 and impartiality that his Majesty recommends, and the
 importance of the subject requires. A subject of great-
 er importance than ever engaged the attention of this
 House! That subject only excepted, when, nearly a
 century ago, it was the question whether you yourselves
 were to be bond or free. In the mean time, as I can-
 not depend upon health for any future day, such is the
 nature of my infirmities, I will beg to say a few words
 at present, leaving the justice, the equity, the policy,
 the expediency of the act to another time.

I will only speak to one point, which seems not to
 have been generally understood. Some gentlemen
 seem to have considered it as a point of *honor*. If gen-
 tlemen consider it in that light, they leave all measures
 of right and wrong, to follow a delusion that may lead
 to destruction. It is my opinion that this kingdom has
 no right to lay a tax upon the Colonies. When in this
 House we give and grant, we give and grant what is
 our own. But in an American tax, what do we do?
 We, your Majesty's Commons of Great-Britain, give
 and grant to your Majesty, what? our own property?
 No. We give and grant to your Majesty, the property
 of your Majesty's Commons of America. It is an ab-
 surdity in terms.

There is an idea in some, that the Colonies are vir-
 tually represented in this House. I would fain know
 by whom an American is represented here? Is he rep-
 resented by any knight of the shire, in any county in
 this kingdom? Or will you tell him that he is repre-
 sented by any representative of a borough; a borough,
 which perhaps no man ever saw? This is what is called
 the *rotten part* of the Constitution. It cannot contin-
 ue a century. If it does not drop, it must be ampu-
 tated. The idea of a virtual representation of America,
 in this House, is the most contemptible idea that ever
 entered into the head of a man. It does not deserve a
 serious refutation.

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The Commons of America, represented in their several assemblies, have ever been in possession of the exercise of this, their constitutional right of giving and granting their own money. They would have been slaves if they had not enjoyed it.

A great deal has been said without doors, of the power, of the strength of America. It is a topic which ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valour of your troops. I know the skill of your officers. There is not a company of foot that has served in America, out of which you may not pick a man of sufficient knowledge and experience, to make a governor of a colony there. But on this ground, on the Stamp-Act, when so many here will think it a crying injustice, I am one who will lift up my hands against it.

In such a cause, your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the State, and pull down the constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace? Not to sheath the sword in its scabbard, but to sheath it in the bowels of your countrymen? Will you quarrel with yourselves, now the whole house of Bourbon is united against you?

The Americans have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side. I will undertake for America, that she will follow the example.

Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the House what is really my opinion. It is, that the Stamp-Act be repealed absolutely, totally, and immediately.

SCENE

SCENE FROM THE FARCE OF LETHE.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. TATOO, and ÆSOP.

Mrs. Tat. WHY don't you come along, Mr. Tatoo? what the deuce are you afraid of?

Æs. Don't be angry, young lady; the gentleman is your husband, I suppose.

Mrs. Tat. How do you know that, Sir? What, you an't all conjurers in this world, are you?

Æs. Your behaviour to him is sufficient proof of his condition, without the gift of conjuration.

Mrs. Tat. Why, I was as free with him before marriage as I am now; I never was coy or prudish in my life.

Æs. I believe you, madam; pray, how long have you been married? you seem to be very young, madam.

Mrs. Tat. I am old enough for a husband, and have been married long enough to be tired of one.

Æs. How long, pray?

Mrs. Tat. Why, above three months: I married Mr. Tatoo without my guardian's consent.

Æs. If you married him with your own consent, I think you might continue your affection a little longer.

Mrs. Tat. What signifies what you think, if I don't think so? We are quite tired of one another, and are come to drink some of your le—lethaly—le-lethily, I think they call it, to forget one another, and be unmarried again.

Æs. The waters can't divorce you, madam; and you may easily forget him without the assistance of lethe.

Mr. Tat. Aye! how so?

Æs. By remembering continually he is your husband: there are several ladies have no other receipt But what does the gentleman say to this?

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Mrs.

Mrs. Tat. What signifies what he says? I an't so young and so foolish as that comes to, to be directed by my husband, or to care what either he says, or you say.

Mr. Tat. Sir, I was a drummer in a marching regiment, when I ran away with that young lady. I immediately bought out of the corps, and thought myself made forever; little imagining that a poor vain fellow was purchasing fortune at the expense of his happiness.

Æs. 'Tis even so, friend; fortune and felicity are as often at variance as man and wife.

Mr. Tat. I found it so, Sir. This high life (as I thought it) did not agree with me; I have not laugh'd, and scarcely slept, since my advancement; and unless your worship can alter her notions, I must e'en quit the blessings of a fine lady and her portion, and, for content, have recourse to eight pence a-day and my drum again.

Æs. Pray, who has advised you to a separation?

Mrs. Tat. Several young ladies of my acquaintance; who tell me, they are not angry at me for marrying him; but for being fond of him since I have married him; and they say I should be as complete a fine lady as any of them, if I would but procure a separate divorcement.

Æs. Pray, madam, will you let me know what you call a fine lady?

Mrs. Tat. Why, a fine lady, and a fine gentleman, are two of the finest things upon earth.

Æs. I have just now had the honour of knowing what a fine gentleman is; so, pray confine yourself to the lady.

Mrs. Tat. A fine lady, before marriage, lives with her papa and mamma, who breed her up till she learns to despise them, and resolves to do nothing they bid her; this makes her such a prodigious favorite, that she wants for nothing. And when once she is her own mistress, then comes the pleasure!

Æs. Pray let us hear.

Mrs.

Mrs. Tat. She lies in bed all the morning, rattles about all day, and sits up all night; she goes every where, and sees every thing; knows every body, and loves no body; ridicules her friends, coquets with her lovers, sets them together by the ears, tells fibs, makes mischief, buys china, cheats at cards, keeps a lap-dog, and hates the parson; she laughs much, talks loud, never blushes, says what she will, does what she will, goes where she will, marries whom she pleases, hates her husband in a month, breaks his heart in four, becomes a widow, slips from her gallants, and begins the world again. There's a life for you; what do you think of a fine lady now?

Æs. As I expected. You are very young, madam, and, if you are not very careful, your natural propensity to noise and affectation will run you headlong into folly, extravagance, and repentance.

Mrs. Tat. What would you have me do?

Æs. Drink a large quantity of lethe to the loss of your acquaintance; and do you, Sir, drink another to forget this false step of your wife; for whilst you remember her folly, you can never thoroughly regard her; and whilst you keep good company, madam, as you call it, and follow their example, you can never have a just regard for your husband; so both drink and be happy.

Mrs. Tat. Well, give it me whilst I am in humour, or I shall certainly change my mind again.

Æs. Be patient till the rest of the company drink, and divert yourself in the mean time with walking in the grove.

Mrs. Tat. Well, come along, husband, and keep me in humour, or I shall beat you such an alarm as you never beat in all your life.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT FROM THE EULOGY ON DR. FRANKLIN,
PRONOUNCED BY THE ABBE FAUCHET, IN THE NAME
OF THE COMMONS OF PARIS, 1790.

A SECOND creation has taken place; the elements of society begin to combine together; the moral universe is now seen issuing from chaos; the genius of liberty is awakened, and springs up; she sheds her divine light and creative powers upon the two hemispheres. A great nation, astonished at seeing herself free, stretches her arms from one extremity of the earth to the other, and embraces the first nation that became so: the foundations of a new city are created in the two worlds; brother nations hasten to inhabit it. It is the city of mankind!

One of the first founders of this universal city was the immortal FRANKLIN, the deliverer of America. The second founders, who accelerated this great work, made it worthy of Europe. The legislators of France have rendered the most solemn homage to his memory. They have said, "A friend of humanity is dead: mankind ought to be overwhelmed with sorrow! Nations have hitherto only worn mourning for Kings; let us assume it for a Man, and let the tears of Frenchmen mingle with those of Americans, in order to do honor to the memory of one of the Fathers of Liberty!"

The city of Paris, which once contained this philosopher within its walls, which was intoxicated with the pleasure of hearing, admiring, and loving him; of gathering from his lips the maxims of a moral legislator, and of imbibing from the effusions of his heart a passion for the public welfare, rivals Boston and Philadelphia, his two native cities (for in one he was born as it were a man, and in the other a legislator) in its profound attachment to his merit and his glory.

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It has commanded this funeral solemnity, in order to perpetuate the gratitude and the grief of this third country, which, by the courage and activity with which it has profited of his lessons, has shown itself worthy of having him at once for an instructor and a model.

In selecting me for the interpreter of its wishes, it has declared, that it is less to the talents of an orator, than to the patriotism of a citizen, the zeal of a preacher of liberty, and the sensibility of a friend of men, that it hath confided this solemn function. In this point of view, I may speak with firm confidence; for I have the public opinion, and the testimony of my own conscience, to second my wishes. Since nothing else is wanting than freedom, and sensibility, for that species of eloquence which this eulogium requires, I am satisfied; for I already possess them.

My voice shall extend to France, to America, to posterity. I am now to do justice to a great man, the founder of transatlantic freedom; I am to praise him in the name of the mother city of French liberty. I myself also am a man; I am a freeman; I possess the suffrages of my fellow-citizens: this is enough; my discourse shall be immortal.

The academies, the philosophical societies, the learned associations which have done themselves honor by inscribing the name of Franklin in their records, can best appreciate the debt due to his genius, for having extended the power of man over nature, and presented new and sublime ideas, in a style simple as truth, and pure as light.

It is not the naturalist and the philosopher that the orator of the Commons of Paris ought to describe; it is the man who hath accelerated the progress of social order; it is the legislator, who hath prepared the liberty of nations!

Franklin, in his periodical works, which had prodigious circulation on the continent of America, laid the sacred foundations of social morality. He was no less inimitable in the developements of the same morality,

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