

On Britain still he cast a filial eye;
 But sovereign fortitude his visage bore,
 To meet their legions on th' invaded shore.
 Sage Franklin next arose, in awful mien,
 And smil'd, unruffled, o'er th' approaching scene;
 High, on his locks of age, a wreath was brac'd,
 Palm of all arts, that e'er a mortal grac'd;
 Beneath him lies the sceptre kings have borne,
 And crowns and laurels from their temples torn.
 Nash, Rutledge, Jefferson, in council great,
 And Jay and Laurens op'd the rolls of fate.
 The Livingstons, fair freedom's gen'rous band,
 The Lees, the Houstons, fathers of the land,
 O'er climes and kingdoms turn'd their ardent eyes,
 Bade all th' oppress'd to speedy vengeance rise;
 All powers of state, in their extended plan,
 Rise from consent to shield the rights of man.
 Bold Wolcott urg'd the all-important cause;
 With steady hand the solemn scene he draws;
 Undaunted firmness with his wisdom join'd,
 Nor kings nor worlds could warp his stedfast mind.

Now, graceful rising from his purple throne,
 In radiant robes, immortal Hosmer shone;
 Myrtles and bays his learned temples bound.
 The statesman's wreath, the poet's garland crown'd:
 Morals and laws expand his liberal soul,
 Beam from his eyes, and in his accents roll.
 But lo! an unseen hand the curtain drew,
 And snatch'd the patriot from the hero's view;
 Wrapp'd in the shroud of death, he sees descend
 The guide of nations and the muse's friend.
 Columbus dropp'd a tear. The angel's eye
 Trac'd the freed spirit mounting through the sky.

Adams, enrag'd, a broken charter bore,
 And lawless acts of ministerial power;
 Some injur'd right in each loose leaf appears,
 A king in terrors and a land in tears;
 From all the guileful plots the veil he drew,
 With eye retortive look'd creation through;

Op'd

Op'd the wide range of nature's boundless plan,
 Trac'd all the steps of liberty and man;
 Crowds rose to vengeance while his accents rung,
 And Independence thunder'd from his tongue.

SPEECH OF BUONAPARTE, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF
 THE FRENCH ARMY IN ITALY, TO HIS BRETHREN
 IN ARMS.

SOLDIERS,

YOU are precipitated like a torrent from the heights of the Appenines; you have overthrown and dispersed all that dared to oppose your march. Piedmont, rescued from Austrian tyranny, is left to its natural sentiments of regard and friendship to the French. Milan is yours; and the republican standard is displayed throughout all Lombardy. The dukes of Parma and Modena are indebted for their political existence only to your generosity.

The army, which so proudly menaced you, has had no other barrier than its dissolution to oppose your invincible courage. The Po, the Tessen, the Adda, could not retard you a single day. The vaunted bulwarks of Italy were insufficient. You swept them with the same rapidity that you did the Appenines. Those successes have carried joy into the bosom of your country. Your representatives decreed a festival dedicated to your victories, and to be celebrated throughout all the communes of the republic. Now your fathers, your mothers, your wives, and your sisters, will rejoice in your success, and take pride in their relation to you.

Yes, soldiers, you have done much; but more still remains for you to do. Shall it be said of us, that we know how to conquer, but not to profit by our victories? Shall posterity reproach us with having found a Capua in Lombardy? But already I see you fly to arms. You are fatigued with an inactive repose. You lament the days that are lost to your glory! Well,

then,

then, let us proceed; we have other forced marches to make, other enemies to subdue; more laurels to acquire, and more injuries to avenge.

Let those who have unsheathed the daggers of civil war in France; who have basely assassinated our ministers; who have burnt our ships at Toulon; let them tremble! the knell of vengeance has already tolled!

But to quiet the apprehensions of the people, we declare ourselves the friends of all, and particularly of those who are the descendants of Brutus, of Scipio, and those other great men whom we have taken for our models.

To re-establish the capital; to replace the statues of those heroes who have rendered it immortal; to rouse the Roman people entranced in so many ages of slavery; this shall be the fruit of your victories. It will be an epoch for the admiration of posterity; you will enjoy the immortal glory of changing the aspect of affairs in the finest part of Europe. The free people of France, not regardless of moderation, shall accord to Europe a glorious peace; but it will indemnify itself for the sacrifices of every kind which it has been making for six years past. You will again be restored to your fire-sides and homes; and your fellow-citizens, pointing you out, shall say, "There goes one who belonged to the army of Italy!"

REFLECTIONS OVER THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG MAN.

HERE lies the grief of a fond mother, and the blasted expectation of an indulgent father. The youth grew up, like a well-watered plant; he shot deep, rose high, and bade fair for manhood. But just as the cedar began to tower, and promised ere long, to be the pride of the wood, and prince among the neighbouring trees, behold! the axe is laid unto the root; the

the fatal blow struck; and all its branching honors tumbled to the dust. And did he fall alone? No: the hopes of his father that begat him, and the pleasing prospects of her that bare him, fell, and were crushed together with him.

Doubtless it would have pierced one's heart, to have beheld the tender parents following the breathless youth to his long home. Perhaps, drowned in tears, and all overwhelmed with sorrows, they stood, like weeping statues, on this very spot. Methinks I see the deeply-distressed mourners attending the sad solemnity. How they wring their hands, and pour forth floods from their eyes! Is it fancy? or do I really hear the passionate mother, in an agony of affliction, taking her final leave of the darling of her soul? Dumb she remained, while the awful obsequies were performing; dumb with grief, and leaning upon the partner of her woes. But now the inward anguish struggles for vent; it grows too big to be repressed. She advances to the brink of the grave. All her soul is in her eyes. She fastens one more look upon the dear doleful object, before the pit shuts its mouth upon him. And as she looks, she cries; in broken accents, interrupted by many a rising sob, she cries, Farewell, my son! my son! my only beloved! would to God I had died for thee! Farewell, my child! and farewell all earthly happiness! I shall never more see good in the land of the living. Attempt not to comfort me. I will go mourning all my days, till my grey hairs come down with sorrow to the grave.

SCENE FROM THE DRAMA OF "MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES."

JOCHEBED, MIRIAM.

JOCHEBED. **W**HY was my prayer accepted? why did Heaven
In anger hear me, when I ask'd a son?

Ye dames of Egypt! happy! happy mothers!
 No tyrant robs you of your fondest hopes;
 You are not doom'd to see the babes you bore,
 The babes you nurture, bleed before your eyes!
 You taste the transports of maternal love,
 And never know its anguish! Happy mothers!
 How different is the lot of thy sad daughters,
 O wretched Israel! Was it then for this
 Was it for this the righteous arm of God
 Rescu'd his chosen people from the jaws
 Of cruel want, by pious Joseph's care?
 Joseph, th' elected instrument of Heav'n,
 Decreed to save illustrious Abram's race,
 What time the famine rag'd in Canaan's land,
 Israel, who then was spar'd, must perish now!
 O thou mysterious Pow'r! who hast involv'd
 Thy wise decrees in darkness, to perplex
 The pride of human wisdom, to confound
 The daring scrutiny, and prove the faith
 Of thy presuming creatures! clear this doubt;
 Teach me to trace this maze of Providence;
 Why save the fathers, if the sons must perish?

Miriam. Ah me, my mother! whence these floods
 of grief?

Joch. My son! my son! I cannot speak the rest.
 Ye who have sons can only know my fondness!
 Ye who have lost them, or who fear to lose,
 Can only know my pangs! None else can guess them.
 A mother's sorrows cannot be conceiv'd,
 But by a mother. Wherefore am I one?

Mir. With many prayers thou didst request this son,
 And Heav'n has granted him.

Joch. O sad estate
 Of human wretchedness! so weak is man,
 So ignorant and blind, that did not God
 Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
 We should be ruin'd at our own request.
 Too well thou know'st, my child, the stern decree
 Of Egypt's cruel king, hard-hearted Pharaoh;

"That

"That ev'ry male, of Hebrew mother born,
 "Must die." O! do I live to tell it thee?
 Must die a bloody death! My child! my son,
 My youngest born, my darling must be slain!

Mir. The helpless innocent! and must he die?

Joch. No: if a mother's tears, a mother's prayers,
 A mother's fond precautions can prevail,
 He shall not die. I have a thought, my Miriam!
 And sure the God of mercies, who inspir'd,
 Will bless the secret purpose of my soul,
 To save his precious life.

Mir. Hop'st thou that Pharaoh—

Joch. I have no hope in Pharaoh; much in God;
 Much in the Rock of Ages.

Mir. Think, O think,
 What perils thou already hast incur'd;
 And shun the greater, which may yet remain. [serv'd
 Three months, three dang'rous months thou hast pre-
 Thy infant's life, and in thy house conceal'd him!
 Should Pharaoh know!

Joch. O! let the tyrant know,
 And feel what he inflicts! Yes, hear me, Heav'n!
 Send the right aiming thunderbolts—But hush,
 My impious murmurs! Is it not thy will,
 Thou infinite in mercy? Thou permit'st
 This seeming evil for some latent good.
 Yes, I will laud thy grace, and bless thy goodness
 For what I have, and not arraign thy wisdom
 For what I fear to lose. O, I will bless thee,
 That Aaron will be spar'd! that my first-born
 Lives safe and undisturb'd! that he was given me
 Before this impious persecution rag'd!

Mir. And yet who knows, but the fell tyrant's rage
 May reach his precious life?

Joch. I fear for him,
 For thee, for all. A doting parent lives
 In many lives; through many a nerve she feels;
 From child to child the quick affections spread,
 Forever wand'ring, yet forever fix'd.

Nor

Nor does division weaken, nor the force
Of constant operation e'er exhaust
Parental love. All other passions change,
With changing circumstances : rise or fall,
Dependant on their object ; claim returns ;
Live on reciprocation, and expire
Unfed by hope. A mother's fondness reigns
Without a rival, and without an end.

Mir. But say what Heav'n inspires, to save thy son ?

Joch. Since the dear fatal morn which gave him birth,
I have revolv'd in my distracted mind
Each mean to save his life : and many a thought,
Which fondness prompted, prudence has oppos'd
As perilous and rash. With these poor hands
I've fram'd a little ark of slender reeds !
With pitch and slime I have secur'd the sides.
In this frail cradle I intend to lay
My little helpless infant, and expose him
Upon the banks of Nile.

Mir. 'Tis full of danger.

Joch. 'Tis danger to expose, and death to keep him.

Mir. Yet, O reflect ! Should the fierce crocodile,
The native and the tyrant of the Nile,
Seize the defenceless infant !

Joch. O, forbear !
Spare my fond heart. Yet not the crocodile,
Nor all the deadly monsters of the deep,
To me are half so terrible as Pharaoh,
That heathen king, that royal murderer !

Mir. Should he escape, which yet I dare not hope,
Each sea-born monster ; yet the winds and waves
He cannot 'scape.

Joch. Know, God is every where ;
Not to one narrow, partial spot confin'd ;
No, not to chosen Israel. He extends
Through all the vast infinitude of space.
At his command the furious tempests rise,
The blasting of the breath of his displeasure :
He tells the world of waters when to roar ;

And

And at his bidding, winds and seas are calm
In Him, not in an arm of flesh I trust ;
In Him, whose promise never yet has fail'd,
I place my confidence.

Mir. What must I do ?

Command thy daughter, for thy words have wak'd
An holy boldness in my youthful breast.

Joch. Go then, my Miriam ; go, and take the infant ;
Buried in harmless slumbers, there he lies ;
Let me not see him. Spare my heart that pang.
Yet sure, one little look may be indulg'd ;
One kiss ; perhaps the last. No more, my soul !
That fondness would be fatal. I should keep him.
I could not doom to death the babe I clasp'd :
Did ever mother kill her sleeping boy ?
I dare not hazard it. The task be thine.
O ! do not wake my child ; remove him softly ;
And gently lay him on the river's brink.

Mir. Did those magicians, whom the sons of Egypt
Consult, and think all potent, join their skill,
And was it great as Egypt's sons believe ;
Yet all their secret wizard arts combin'd,
To save this little ark of bulrushes,
Thus fearfully expos'd, could not effect it.
Their spells, their incantations, and dire charms
Could not preserve it.

Joch. Know, this ark is charm'd
With spells, which impious Egypt never knew.
With invocations to the living God,
I twisted every slender reed together,
And with a prayer did ev'ry osier weave.

Mir. I go.

Joch. Yet ere thou go'st, observe me well.
When thou hast laid him in his wat'ry bed,
O leave him not ; but at a distance wait,
And mark what Heav'n's high will determines for him.
Lay him among the flags on yonder beach,
Just where the royal gardens meet the Nile.
I dare not follow him. Suspicion's eye

Would

Would note my wild demeanor; Miriam, yes,
The mother's fondness would betray the child.
Farewell! God of my fathers, O protect him!

SPEECH OF CAIUS CASSIUS TO HIS COLLECTED
FORCES, AFTER THE DEATH OF CESAR.

SOLDIERS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,

THE unjust reproaches of our enemies we could easily disprove, if we were not, by our numbers, and by the swords which we hold in our hands, in condition to despise them. While Cesar led the armies of the republic against the enemies of Rome, we took part in the same service with him; we obeyed him; we were happy to serve under his command. But when he declared war against the commonwealth, we became his enemies; and when he became an usurper and a tyrant, we resented, as an injury, even the favours which he presumed to bestow upon ourselves.

Had he been to fall a sacrifice to private resentment, we should not have been the proper actors in the execution of the sentence against him. He was willing to have indulged us with preferments and honours; but, we were not willing to accept, as the gift of a master, what we were entitled to claim as free citizens. We conceived, that, in presuming to confer the honors of the Roman Republic, he encroached on the prerogatives of the Roman people, and insulted the authority of the Roman senate. Cesar cancelled the laws, and overturned the constitution of his country; he usurped all the powers of the commonwealth, set up a monarchy, and himself affected to be a king. This our ancestors, at the expulsion of Tarquin, bound themselves and their posterity, by the most solemn oaths, and by the most direful imprecations, never to endure. The same obligation has been entailed upon us as a debt by our fathers; and we, having faithfully paid and discharged it,

it, have performed the oath, and averted the consequences of failure from ourselves, and from our posterity.

In the station of soldiers, we might have committed ourselves, without reflection, to the command of an officer, whose abilities and whose valour we admired; but, in the character of Roman citizens, we have a far different part to sustain. I must suppose, that I now speak to the Roman people, and to citizens of a free republic; to men who have never learned to depend upon others for gratifications and favours; who are not accustomed to own a superior, but who are themselves the masters, the dispensers of fortune and of honor, and the givers of all those dignities and powers by which Cesar himself was exalted, and of which he assumed the entire disposal.

Recollect from whom the Scipios, the Pompeys, and even Cesar himself derived his honors; from your ancestors, whom you now represent, and from yourselves, to whom, according to the laws of the republic, we, who are now your leaders in the field, address ourselves as your fellow-citizens in the commonwealth, and as persons depending on your pleasure for the just reward and retribution of our services. Happy in being able to restore to you what Cesar had the presumption to appropriate to himself, the power and the dignity of your fathers, with the supreme disposal of all the offices of trust that were established for your safety, and for the preservation of your freedom; happy in being able to restore to the tribunes of the Roman people the power of protecting you, and of procuring to every Roman citizen that justice, which, under the late usurpation of Cesar, was withheld, even from the sacred persons of those magistrates themselves.

An usurper is the common enemy of all good citizens; but the task of removing him could be the business only of a few. The senate and the Roman people, as soon as it was proper for them to declare their judgment, pronounced their approbation of those who were concerned

cerned in the death of Cesar, by the rewards and the honors which they bestowed upon them; and they are now become a prey to assassins and murderers; they bleed in the streets, in the temples, in the most secret retreats, and in the arms of their families; or they are dispersed, and fly wherever they hope to escape the fury of their enemies.

Many are now present before you, happy in your protection, happy in witnessing the zeal which you entertain for the commonwealth, for the rights of your fellow-citizens, and for your own. These respectable citizens, we trust, will soon, by your means, be restored to a condition in which they can enjoy, together with you, all the honors of a free people; concur with you, in bestowing, and partake with you in receiving, the rewards which are due to such eminent services as you are now engaged to perform.

PART OF MR. ERSKINE'S SPEECH AGAINST MR. PITT, 1784.

MR. SPEAKER,

IT becomes us to learn, not from the minister, but from the throne itself, whether this country is to be governed by men, in whom the House of Commons can confide, or whether we, the people of England's Representatives, are to be the sport and foot-ball of any juno that may hope to rule over us, by an unseen and unexplorable principle of government, utterly unknown to the Constitution. This is the great question, to which every public-spirited citizen of this country should direct his view. A question which goes very wide of the policy to be adopted concerning India, about which very wise and very honest men, not only might, but have, and did materially differ.

The total removal of all the executive servants of the crown, while they are in the full enjoyment of the confidence

confidence of that House, and, indeed, without any other visible or avowed cause of removal, than because they do enjoy that confidence; and the appointment of others in their room, without any other apparent ground of selection than because they enjoy it not, is, in my mind, a most alarming and portentous attack on the public freedom; because, though no outward form of the government is relaxed or violated by it, so as instantly to supply the constitutional remedy of opposition, the whole spirit and energy of the government is annihilated by it.

If the Right Honorable Gentleman retain his own opinions, and if the house likewise retain its own, is it not evident that he came into office without the most distant prospect of serving the public? Is it not evident that he has brought on a struggle between executive and legislative authority, at a time when they are pointing with equal vigour, unity, and effect, to the common interests of the nation?

The Right Honorable Gentleman may imagine that I take pleasure in making these observations. If so, I can assure him, upon my honor, that it is far from being the case. So very far the contrary, that the inconveniences which the country suffers at this moment, from the want of a settled government, are greatly heightened to my feelings, from the reflection that they are increased by his unguided ambition.

Our fathers were friends; and I was taught, from my infancy, to reverence the name of Pitt; an original partiality, which, instead of being diminished, was strongly confirmed by an acquaintance with the Right Honorable Gentleman himself, which I was cultivating with pleasure, when he was taken from his profession, into a different scene. Let him not think that I am the less his friend, or the mean envier of his talents, because they have been too much the topic of panegyric here already, and both I and the public are now reaping the bitter fruits of these intemperate praises.

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"It is good," said Jeremiah, "for a man to bear the yoke in his youth;" and if the Right Honorable Gentleman had attended to this maxim, he would not, at so early a period, have declared against a subordinate situation; but would have lent the aid of his faculties to carry on the affairs of this country, which wanted nothing but stability to render them glorious, instead of setting up at once for himself to be the first.

How very different has been the progress of my honorable friend, who sits near me; who was not hatched at once into a minister, by the heat of his own ambition; but who, as it was good for him to do, in the words of the prophet, "bore the yoke in his youth;" passed through the subordinate offices, and matured his talents, in long and laborious oppositions; arriving, by the natural progress of his powerful mind, to a superiority of political wisdom and comprehension, which this House had long, with delight and satisfaction, acknowledged.

To pluck such a man from the councils of his country in the hour of her distresses, while he enjoyed the full confidence of the House, to give effect to vigorous plans for her interest; and to throw every thing into confusion, by the introduction of other men, introduced, as it should seem, for no other purpose than to beget that confusion, is an evil, which, if we cannot rectify, we may at least have leave to lament.

These evils are, however, imputed, by the Right Honorable Gentleman and his colleagues, to another source; to the bill for the regulation of the East-Indies; from the mischiefs of which they had stepped forth to save the country; a language most indecent in this House of Commons, which thought it their duty to the public to pass it by a majority of above one hundred; but which was, however, to be taken to be destructive and dangerous, notwithstanding that authority: because it had been disapproved by a majority of eighteen votes in the House of Lords. Some of whose opinions I reverence as conscientious and independent; but

but the majority of that small majority voted upon principles which the forms of the House will not permit me to allude to, farther than to say, that individual *Noblemen* are not always *Gentlemen*.

EXTRACT FROM PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS
TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, SEP-
TEMBER 17, 1796.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,

THE period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant; and the time actually arrived, when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person, who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those, out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken, without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation, which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped, that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives;

tives;

tives, which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice, that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty, or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions, with which I first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say, that I have with good intentions contributed towards the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself: and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more, that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe, that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with
which

which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead; amidst appearances sometimes dubious; vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging; in situations in which, not unfrequently, want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism; the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected.

Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error; I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent

abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things; and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government; the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

DIALOGUE ON THE CHOICE OF BUSINESS FOR LIFE.

Enter EDWARD, CHARLEY, and THOMAS.

Edward. IT appears to me high time for us to choose our business for life. Our academical studies will soon be completed; and I wish to look a little forward. What say you? am I right?

Charley. It may be well for you: poor men's sons must look out for themselves. My father is able to support me at my ease; and my mamma says she would rather see me laid in a coffin than shut up in a study, spoiling my eyes and racking my brains, plodding over your nonsensical minister, doctor, and lawyer books; and I am sure she would never have me confined behind a counter, or a merchant's desk. She intends I shall be brought up a gentleman. My mother is of noble blood, and she don't intend that I shall disgrace it.

Edw. Pray, master Charley, who was the father of your noble-blooded mother?

Char. A gentleman, I'd have you to know.

Edw. Yes, a gentleman cobbler, to my knowledge.

Char. Aye, he followed that business, to be sure, sometimes, to stop the clamour of the vulgar. Then

poor

poor people could not bear to see a rich man living at his ease, or give a nobleman his title. But times are altering for the better, my mamma says: the rich begin to govern now. We shall soon live in style, and wear titles here as well as in England. She intends to send over and get my coat of arms, and she hopes to add a title to them.

Edw. High style! titles! and coats of arms! fine things in America, to be sure! Well, after all, I can't really disapprove of your mamma's plan. A lapstone, an awl, and shoe-hammer will make a fine picture, and may appear as well in your mother's parlour, as in her father's shop: and the title of cobbler, or shoe-maker would well become her darling Charley.

Char. I will not be insulted on account of my grandfather's employment, I'll have you to know! I have heard my mother say, her father was grandson of an aunt of 'squire Thorn, who once had a horse that run a race with the famous horse of a cousin of the Duke of Bedford, of —.

Edw. Quite enough! I am fully convinced of the justice of your claim to the title of Duke, or whatever you please. About as much merit in it, I perceive, as in your father's title to his estate. Ten thousand dollars drawn in a lottery! already two thirds spent. A title to nobility derived from the grandson of an aunt of 'squire Thorn, from 'squire Thorn's horse, or perhaps from some monkey, that has been a favorite playmate with the prince of Wales. These are to be the support of your ease and honor through life. Well, I believe there is no need of your troubling yourself about your future employment: that is already determined. Depend upon it, you will repent of your folly, or scratch a poor man's head as long as you live. I advise you to set about the former, in order to avoid the latter.

Char. I did not come to you for advice. I'll not bear your insults, or disgrace myself with your company any longer. My parents shall teach you better manners.

[Exit Charley.]