

same kind of curiosity, I thought I could not employ my time better than in attempting to gratify it. Besides, it is no more than a piece of justice due to the *mighty dead*. It is but right we should know what we owe to them, and how far we have improved upon, or fallen short of them. Who could not give almost any thing to have seen Garrick, and Betterton, and Quin? Our politicians are almost as short-lived a race as our players, "who strut and fret an hour upon the stage, and then are heard no more." The event, and the hero of the moment, engross all our attention, and in the *travesty* of our present views, we entirely overlook the past. Those celebrated men of the last age, the Walpoles, the Pulteneys, the Pelhams, the Hayleys, the Townshends, and the Norths, who filled the columns of the newspapers with their speeches, and every pot-house with their fame, who were the mouth-pieces of their party, nothing but perpetual smoke and bounce, incessant volley without let or intermission, who were the wisdom of the wise,