

like a young man growing up into his strength. By good discipline and careful management; he becomes an honour, an ornament, and an addition of strength and security to his family. By being neglected and permitted to follow every humour, and indulge every passion, without controul; he looses his natural, social and filial affections; considers himself as the sole and only object of his concern; gives vent to every froward passion, and promotes his own single and partial interest, in opposition to every generous, laudable, and public consideration; and becomes, at length, the shame, the scourge, perhaps, the ruin of his family.

Here, let us drop the curtain. In a future time, more dispassionate judges than those of this day, will pronounce decisively upon the present drama, and the present actors: and the felicity, or misfortune of Great Britain, attending upon the sequel of the piece, will procure to them in another age, immortal honour: or, eternal disgrace.

I am, Sir, &c.