

DICKINSON

DICKINSON: Is that all England means to you, sir? Is that *all* the affection and pride you can muster for the nation that bore you—for the noblest, most civilized nation on the face of this planet? Would you have us forsake Hastings and Magna Carta, Strongbow and Lionhearted, Drake and Marlborough, Tudors, Stuarts, and Plantagenets? For what, sir? Tell me for what? For *you*? (*He smiles, then turns*) Some men are patriots, like General Washington—some are anarchists, like Mr. Paine—some even are internationalists, like Dr. Franklin. But you, sir, you are merely an *a-gi-ta-tor*, disturbing the peace, creating disorder, endangering the public welfare—and for what? Your petty little personal complaints. Your taxes are too high. Well, sir, so are mine. Come, come, Mr. Adams, if you have grievances—and I'm sure you have—our present system must provide a gentler means of redressing them short of—(*Suddenly his manner changes as he brings his fist down on the desk with a crash*)—*revolution!!* (*Wheeling to the Congress*) That's what *he* wants—nothing less will satisfy him! Violence! Rebellion! *Treason!* Now, Mr. Adams, are these the acts of Englishmen?