

exulting in the Number of your gallant Ships, and those Vollies of Thunder, and Storms of rapid Balls, you are ready to discharge on the perfidious Enemy. All triumphing in the Sound of your Drums, and *Spirit-stirring* Fifes and Trumpets, the Prancing of your warlike Horses, and the Splendor of your rich Caparisons: All, rejoicing, exulting, triumphing in these; and, if you behave worthy of yourselves, and the important Cause in which you are engaged, ready to applaud and extol your Valour to the Skies. But if not---What can you reasonably expect, but that all should join in branding your coward Names with everlasting Infamy, and cursing your dastardly Weakness and effeminacy of Spirit?

You