

There is one, whose Genius has directed him to seek for Glory on that Element, which Heaven has made the peculiar Scene of *Britain's* Triumphs; and whose opening Abilities fill the Hearts of all her faithful Sons, with the happiest Presages! Let the Navy be assigned to his Care! Let *Britain's* Thunder shake the trembling Shores, from Pole to Pole, under his Command!

There is another, who has led her Armies, with immortal Honour in the Field; who proved the hereditary Courage of his Soul, and sealed his Attachment to the Liberties of Mankind with his Blood at *Dettingen*; who gathered Lawrels at *Fontenoy*, which made the Victors blush; and whose Conduct at *Culloden* fixed the Foundation of his Father's Throne so firmly, that Faction or Rebellion could never shake it more, on that important Day, when many, who have now crept into its Shadow, and bask in the Smiles of Favour, watched, panting with impious Hope for its Fall. Let the Sword be given into his experienced Hand again! Let him command that Army,
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