

who trots on soberly; and Fleets and Armies, destined by strong misguided Impulse to wrong Places; useles and inapplicable Designs, only sooner exhaust the Powers of a Nation.

LET me implore you then to remonstrate to Majesty itself, if your Representatives refuse your Petition, that able Heads may direct his Councils; and that Arms be intrusted to your Hands, in whom Safety can be only placed; who love your King and Country, and are ready to offer up your Lives a Sacrifice to their Preservation and Welfare.

LET us not stand thus, almost naked, and exposed to the Attacks and Insults of Two hundred thousand Soldiers, defended by less than twenty thousand: A Battle lost in this Isle decides the Fate of *England*. Remedy those Evils; place yourselves, your King, and Country in Security; chastise your Enemies by Sea. Believe me in what I have uttered, lest, like the *Trojans* who neglected the Prophecies of *Cassandra*, self-sufficient, inattentive, and secure, you bewail too late the predicted Evil, when no human Powers can remove the Weight of that Ruin which now hangs threatening over you.

F I N I S.