

I can easily imagine a timorous Man to observe no Proportion, in the Means he chuses for his Safety? I can imagine him first to hide himself from the Danger, and upon the nearer Approach of it, to employ a Train of Artillery, in the Destruction of a Rat.

But that this same timorous Man should call it diverting an Enemy at a Distance, to bring him nearer Home ; so near that even his Domesticcs may be sent out to Encounter him, and that his very Spits may be converted into Swords, whilst his Cooks and Parasites are fighting *Pro focis* ; this is an Inconsistency of Conduct, and Character, which I cannot imagine, even amidst all the new Men, and new Events, which the World is continually exhibiting.

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