

Do not imagine I mean to intimidate you with the Dread of Perils, or alarm you with the Idea of *French* Power, to the asking an ignominious Peace. I am no Advocate but for my Country, and for *English* Glory: All I intreat you is, not by exclaiming against *French* Perfidy to lose the Sight of displacing those, who, by the Want of Understanding, are yet greater Enemies to this Nation.

As I know that Success must ultimately depend on Prudence and Understanding, that Heaven has originally determined that Human Glory shall be the Slave of these and Virtue, as your Lives and Properties, Liberties and Religion, must be the ignominious Victims of wrong Judgment. Remember how dangerously you are at present situated. Will not one Miscarriage in *Europe* push you headlong into the Gulf of Perdition, from that Precipice on which you at present stand exposed?

LET not the Clamor of Dispatch, and Impetuosity of Warlike Preparation, deceive you into an Opinion of these Men. The headstrong Horse, whose Violence carries him without the Course, as effectually loses the Race as that which is distanced: The Traveller who rides Post out of the Way, is at the Evening only more tired and farther distant from his Home than he
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