

personal Bravery. • • When the Duke of Marlborough commanded, the common Soldiers signalized themselves in a distinguished Manner, not only as they depended on the Judgment of their General, but as they knew he was always provided to carry any Point he determined on.

This needless Panegyric on the Skill and Judgment of the Duke of Marlborough needs no Comment. The scandalous Use designed to be made of it, and the Reflection intended to be fix'd by it, are too obvious to escape your Penetration. I shall therefore leave the Chastisement of a Writer, that thus dares tacitly reflect on the Judgment of the most promising military Genius of the Age, to your, and the Reader's Discretion, assuring myself you will still have a View to his secret *Hyssop* to *W———*'s *old Constitution*, in passing Sentence upon him.

If you should still doubt that he is not the Incendiary I would represent him, and for the dark Purpose I have hinted, I hope you will be convinced by reflecting on the following Portraiture of England lately drawn by the same Pen, wherein you will find us satyrized for a Conduct, which in his *State of the Nation*, he recommends with the utmost Ardour and Vehemence.

† • Great Britain, I conceive, is in a Situation very particular and distinct from what either the Ancients knew, or the Moderns are well acquainted with. We are, in the Character of Balance-Masters-General, to fight every Body's Battles, and arbitrate every Nation's Difference; no War ever lasts long but what we have a Hand in; nor any Peace made where we are not the principal contracting Parties; so that, like *Augustus Caesar*, we either give the World Rest; or, like the *Roman Senate*, let all the Nations know what a happy Talent we have at Fighting. The House of *Austria* and *Sardinia*, the *Seven United Provinces*, and the *Empire*, (and more especially *Holland*, he might have said) are all under our express Care and Guardianship; and when we cannot defend them by our own natural Power, we fetch Succours from the remotest Regions; happy in that, we always carry our Point at last; but much happier in always having a Point to carry.

Could you imagine the same Pen drawing this Picture of his Country, and at the same time, declaiming her into a Contingence of an inauspicious, unsuccessful War? By this little Finger you may judge of the *Hercules*, who has brought this Address upon you, *From Yours, &c.*