

There are many Things in War besides fighting which only ought to take place when the same is inevitable. When his Lordship first arrived at *Hallifax*, after a dangerous Voyage in the *Nightingale*, which is as slow a sailing Ship as in the *English Navy*, it was the Seventh of *July 1757*; he found every Thing in disorder, (the Army scarcely consisting of nine Hundred Men, the Regiments of *Lascelles*, *Hopson*, and *Warburton*; all incomplete,) was disheartened; Division and Jealousy preyed upon the Minds of the Officers, Discontent and Murmuring fill'd the Mouths of the private Men, while the whole Provinces repined with Impatience for the Arrival of Admiral *Holborn*, with the Transports, which did not happen till a Fortnight afterwards. Magazines were wanting, Arsenals were out of Repair, the Artillery were unfit for use, the Roads which lay between him and a superior Enemy were unpassable, and in many Places were no Roads at all; add to all this, that the Enemy had a superior Army at *Louisbourg*, and a Fleet capable of fighting the Squadron under Admiral *Holborn*.

To remedy all which Evils, his Lordship arriv'd so late that if none of these Obstacles had been in the Way, nothing could have been done against the Enemy; however, he was so far from being inactive, that he was incessant in repairing every Inconveniency, and as nothing but Caprice and Rage prevailed in the different Provinces, that was like to break out into a Civil War; he by a Dexterity and Skill, equally remarkable, applied to reconcile opposite Parties, to remove false Prejudices, and by dissipating Jealousy and Distrust, to cement them to each other, and engage them cordially in the Cause of their King and Mother Country; he repaired from *Hallifax* with his Army in a Fleet of Transports to *New-York*, where he rectified Abuses; conferred