

the Affair went thro' various Metamorphoses, and while our Ministers sat brooding on a vast Abyss of Ignorance, Orders were succeeded by Counter-Orders, till the World were tired with Laughing, when at length, by a kind of false Conception, this notable Scheme was produced. As to what regards the Naval Part of this Expedition, it is said, that the Admiral in his Voyage overshot his Port, having mistaken the Isle of *Belleisle* for *La Gracie*, the Place of Rendezvous, to recover which he was obliged to beat a whole Day to Windward, and thereby alarmed the Coast. But upon Conclusion of this grand Enterprize, the Hurry was so great, that the Admiral sent Notice to the Land Forces, that if they did not reembark immediately, he should be obliged to sail without them, nor was there Time found to give the Ships a Place of Rendezvous, by which Means *Major B* — who was separated with some Transports from the Fleet by Stress of Weather, was forced to return to *England* to get Information concerning the Admiral. Upon the whole, one may venture to declare, that the Wisdom of the Directors of our Affairs is unfathomable, and their Understanding past finding out. But I am afraid this Affair will not so end, and I could wish that when our Forces could do nothing effectual, with regard to Port *Lorient*, they had not done what is ineffectual with regard to the War, had not pillaged the Coast, which piratical Kind of Warfare, is ruinous to particular Persons, and trifling as to the Whole. I heartily compassionate those who live near our own Coast, to the Lot of some whom it will probably fall to make Retaliation, to pay severely for this impotent unavailing Molestation of the Enemy. As I am expressly treating of the Conduct of the War, I must not let pass unnoticed the Discipline of the Navy. That Effeminacy which has unstrung the