

serted that some of our late Expeditions have been ill planned, and worse directed; and that the Design of others, as well as the Persons and Means employed to carry them into Execution, have been ill adapted to such arduous Enterprizes. This has been palpable enough, where we have been unsuccessful; as the several Blunders made on the Coast of *France*, and in *North America*, may ingloriously testify. And if, in some others more prudently directed, we have been so happy as to succeed, has it not rather been owing to adventitious Circumstances, and the greatest good Fortune in the World, than to the Measures calculated to insure Success?

I will not insist on our shameful Miscarriage at *Rochfort*, or foolish Retreat at *St. Cas*; the Siege of *Quebec*, and the Battle of *Minden* are our favourite Objects of Triumph. But if our Expedition against the former had not succeeded, (and how great a Chance has it appeared that it did not!) might it not, at this Time, have been represented as a wrong-headed Enterprize, favouring of Quixotism, and tending only to the Destruction of the Adventurers; who were too few, too ill supplied, or too ill directed, to carry their Point? Might not the projected Assistance of our *American* Troops, in the Neighbourhood of *Crown-Point*, have been virulently exploded, as (it indeed appears to have been) premature and chimerical? Might it not have been esteemed a gross Instance of
Ignorance