

we did 16,000 in the Year 1744 ; but the Troops to be furnish'd on the Part of the Elector of *Hanover*, were this Year forgotten. In 1744 we had in Effect 22,000, this Year but 18,000 ; so that in Reality we pay more Money for fewer Men.

Under the same Directors our Success in *Flanders* this Year was much the same as the last. Great Expectations were rais'd here in *England*, mighty Threats were thrown out, of what would be done, if the *French* but dared to come out of their Intrenchments : They did come out : And what then ? Why ? they beat us out of our Intrenchments. In this Action, notwithstanding our Boasts of the Number of effective Men to be brought into the Field, the Sum Total of our Forces fell very short of 60,000. The *French* heretofore sung *Te Deum's* for our Victories : We are by one Degree more moderate ; we allow them the Victory and only Claim the Advantage. What mighty Consequences are we not to expect if Victory ever falls to our Lot when our Defeat has been so fatal to our Enemies ? If we do so great Things when Fortune crosses, what shall we not do when she smiles ? I wish my Countrymen would leave this trifling : There is no good in this palliating. No Man would contend with more Eagerness than myself, for what would be of real Use to my Country : But what boots it to deceive ourselves, we cannot deceive the World : We only add Ridicule to Misfortune by endeavouring to disguise it.

But it is pretended that our Defeat was attended with no ill Consequences. Good Gods ! A Defeat attended with no ill Consequences ! In what World do we live ? What new Ideas ! By what Means did this strange Event come to pass ? Is not the Action itself, the very Defeat inseparable from ill Consequences sufficient and too many ? Doth it not discredit us with our Allies, abate the