— Sir, the French nation has never experienced the blessings of liberty, in the same manner Oliver Cromwell reared himself upon the religious factions & fanaticisms of his age;—a fanaticism which absorbed every principle of liberty. Thus we see Sir, that for a nation to be subjugated by an usurper, it must have previously lost it, liberty. For as long as the pure spirit of liberty breathed throughout a country—the corrupt & heavy yoke of tyranny would sink beneath it refined atmosphere.

"Unleap corruption first deport the pride
And guardian rays of the free-born sun
All cruel attempts of violence are vain
The fire within, while at heart unquenched
Sic vos non, by force was Freedom overcome."

Yours truly,

Sir, the gentleman has inveighed with much severity against the tyrannies of the Camp,—which he identifies with a school of corruption—his school of vice. Such anathema, might well said the unskilled and profane mercenary of the desert; but can by no means apply to the soldiers of our Republic. What Sir, was the charm chimerical features, that distinguished our patriotic citizens, from the kindling of being George? What was it in Sir, that enabled a few half-starved militia, to triumph over the well-armed regulars of a powerful monarch? It was their strict discipline; that rigor, with which martial law was carried into execution, & that reconstruction of our officers, ever act, as a preventative against licentious conduct. The prudent policy of our republic, will not submit, a commander of George's time.