I have heard that we surprised the enemy; if we did, they must have been a lazy, indolent set of rascals, which is nothing to the credit of a regular army, as the English called themselves. But anyone who would even suppose such a thing must indeed be ignorant, when it is well known our whole country was filled with timid, designing Tories and informers of all descriptions, and our march so slow that it was impossible but that they should be apprised of it. It was likewise asserted at the same time that the enemy were all drunk; if they were, it shows there was no good discipline among those brave, regular troops. If they were drunk, I can swear we were all sober to a man; not only sober, but nearly half dead with cold for the want of clothing, as, putting the storm to one side, many of our soldiers had not a shoe to their feet and their clothes were ragged as those of a beggar. I am certain not a drop of liquor was drunk during the whole night, nor, as I could see, even a piece of bread eaten, and I am willing to go upon oath that I did not see even a solitary drunken soldier belonging to the enemy, and you will find, as I shall show, that I had an opportunity to be as good a judge as any person there.