



Written by [Becky Akers](#) on January 7, 2010

Times That Try Men's Souls

Leviathan's lackeys grope passengers at airports while their bosses salivate to virtually strip-search travelers. Former bureaucrats suggest that we crack down on "homegrown terrorists" (sic for "dissidents") rather than that the Feds should refrain from meddling overseas. Our rulers are nationalizing industries — first the banks, now medical insurance. The two political gangs subjugating us compete to see which can impose the more merciless police-state.

These are dark days for liberty. Indeed, they may be the darkest the so-called land of the free has ever faced. Government by its nature is overweening, and plenty of dictators have reigned over us: had Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, or almost any other politician from this or the last century been born in Germany, Russia, or China, their thievery and bloodlust would have splashed across the headlines as vividly as Hitler's, Stalin's, and Mao's. Tyrants require a statist *zeitgeist* and national tolerance of their wickedness as much as they do armed brutality.



Still, our rulers grow increasingly brazen as they herd us towards totalitarianism. Their surveillance, Tasers, and haughtiness have turned citizens into serfs — and [those few Americans who notice and care into "domestic terrorists."](#) It's easy to despair, tempting to give up. But what would have happened had other "domestic terrorists" marched home 233 years ago this month?

Let's be clear: the Founding Fathers neither confronted nor could have conceived of the threats now throttling liberty. No bureaucrat would have presumed to rifle a lady's baggage as she boarded a ferry, let alone molest her with a ["pat down" that "include\[s\]"](#) the breast area of women and the groin area of both men and women," a la federal airport screeners. And unless it wanted instant revolution, the British Empire would never dare compel colonists to surrender their children for daily indoctrination, prohibit them from driving their carriages without a license, or [decree the size of their buckets](#) lest they waste water.

That makes the war our ancestors fought all the more remarkable: they would die rather than accept the government's "right" to tax them on a few items most colonists bought infrequently, to restrict them from settling past the Appalachian mountains (which enticed few families anyway, given the grisly fate awaiting invaders of Indian country), and occasionally cut constitutional corners in Parliament.

That war had raged for nineteen months by the time the snowstorms of December 1776 did. And the



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first year had been a glorious one, proof enough for any Patriot that his Cause was just. Rebels took arms against the Empire's bullies at Lexington and Concord — and killed or wounded a staggering 20 percent of them. Two months later, they inflicted half again as many casualties at Bunker Hill. Technically, the colonists lost the battle, but who cared? "I wish we could sell them another hill at the same price," gloated Nathanael Greene, an officer from Rhode Island who later sold the South so dearly it cost the Redcoats the war.

The colonists found a hero befitting their courage when General George Washington took command just after Bunker Hill. He and the militia he meant to mold into an army prevented the enemy from pillaging the countryside by besieging them in Boston until the next spring. Then they gleefully watched them sail away. Temporarily, at least, American soil sheltered not a single Redcoat.

[A Declaration in July gloriously defined the Cause](#): "All men...are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights....To secure these rights, governments are instituted among men....Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends...it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government..."

And then things imploded.

Typhus devastated Washington's Continentals that summer, and the Redcoats easily defeated the weakened, amateur army in Brooklyn the last week of August. That began a game of "Bo-Peep," in the words of