

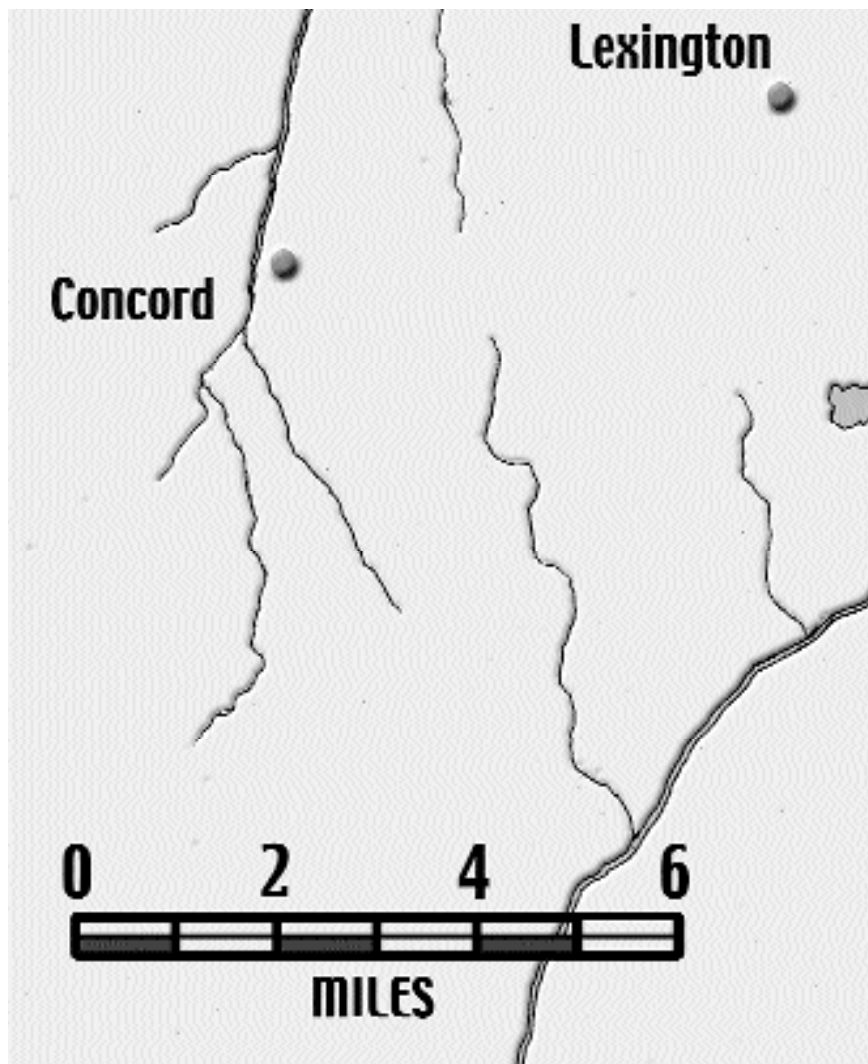
A STEP INTO HISTORY

For Liberty

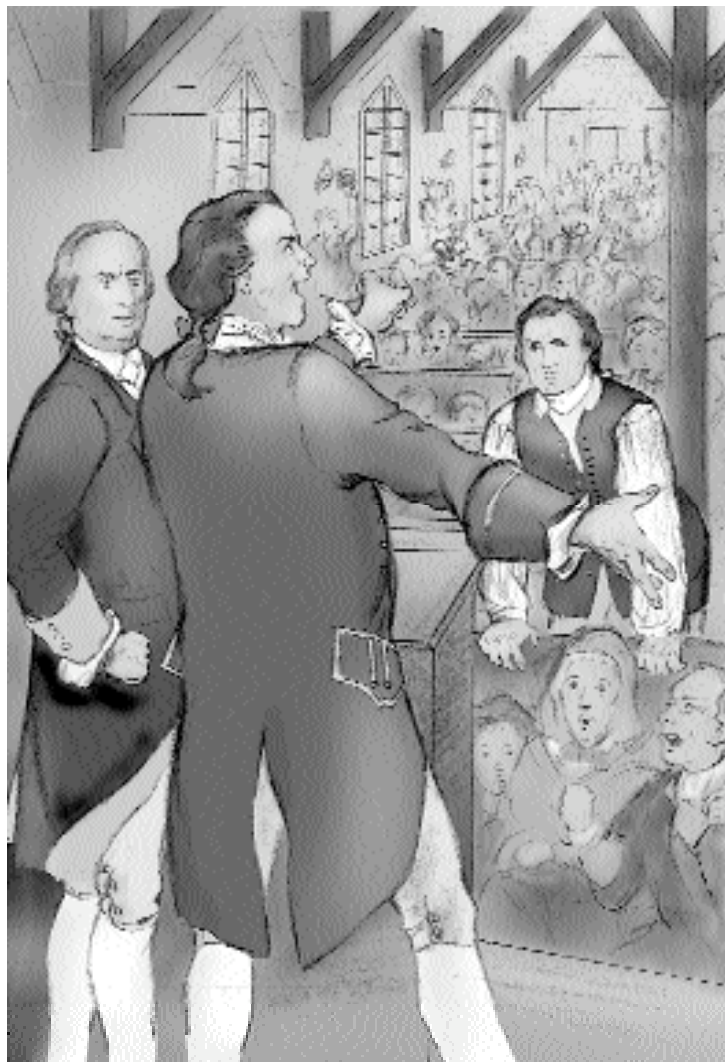
A Story of the American Revolution

by Godwin Chu

Don Johnston Incorporated
Volo, Illinois







Chapter One

The Night the Revolution Began



It was cold in Boston the night the Revolution began, but inside the Old South Church, tempers ran hot and words flew like sparks from a fire. The church was filled with so many people that it seemed to me as if the entire city of Boston had come to the meeting.

My name is David Brady, and I was there with my family. I remember that my parents were sitting in the back of the church, while I stood along the side wall with my sixteen-year-old brother, Andy, and my eight-year-old sister, Bessie. My parents had closed our family's print shop earlier in the day so that we could all come to the meeting.

"The relationship between the American colonies and England will be changed forever after tonight," my father had told us. Now we were all waiting to hear what everybody had to say.

"I'm tired of standing," Bessie complained, shuffling her feet. "We've been waiting for almost an hour!"

"Be quiet, Bessie," Andy said to her, "the meeting is about to start. It looks like John Hancock and Sam Adams are going to speak."

John Hancock was the wealthiest merchant in Boston. Samuel Adams was a politician. They were both leaders of a group called the Sons of Liberty. The crowd, which had been noisy with talk, became quiet when the two men stepped up to the front of the church.

John Hancock spoke first. “Friends and neighbors, as you know, for the past several years, the thirteen American colonies have been struggling with England over taxes.

“When the colonies were founded in America more than 100 years ago, we depended on England for almost everything. There were very few people here at that time, and we depended on England for much of our food, clothing, and supplies, as well as for protection from attack by Indians and the French.

“But it’s 1773 now, and the world is changing. There are more than two million people living in the colonies.



“We grow our own food and make our own clothes,” Hancock continued. “But King George III and the British Parliament continue to think of England as the ‘Mother Country,’ and they treat us like children.”

“I’m sick and tired of being treated like a child,” a man called out.

Other people clapped and called out “Hear, hear!”

“They say the colonies must trade *only* with England,” said Hancock. “They say we must let British warships dock in our harbors. They say we must feed the British soldiers and let them stay inside our houses with our families. And they say that England has the right to tax the colonies without giving us a vote. We are not allowed to elect our own officials to speak for us in the British Parliament.”

“Taxation without representation!” a man in the crowd shouted. “That makes George a tyrant, not a king.”

“Yes, we all agree that taxation without representation is unfair,” Hancock said. “When the British Parliament passed the Stamp Act in 1765, we were forced to buy tax stamps and paste them on everything we printed. We couldn’t read a newspaper, write a will or a contract, get a marriage license or a school diploma without pasting a stamp on it! Mr. and Mrs. Brady will tell you. Everything that came out of their print shop needed a stamp on it to show that the tax had been paid.”

Many people turned and looked at my mother and father.

“Don’t forget decks of cards and calendars,” said Father. “They needed stamps, too.”

“So what did we do?” asked Hancock. “We protested, that’s what. England took away the Stamp Act but turned right around and gave us the Townshend Acts, which were even worse. Now we had to pay taxes on paper, glass, paint, and

spices.” Hancock paused and looked at the crowd. Then he asked, “So what did we do?”

“We protested!” called out a man.

“So we did! We stopped buying British goods. And what did England do then?” asked Hancock. “She took away all of the Townshend Acts except one: we must still pay a tax on tea.”

At the mention of the word *tea*, a murmur went through the crowd.

“A curse on British tea!” a voice in the crowd yelled. “I make my own *American* tea, that’s what I do. And I call it ‘Liber Tea!’ I say ‘No taxation without representation!’”

The crowd clapped and took up the chant, “No taxation without representation! No taxation without representation!”

Then, a man stood up and said, “Remember how the British killed five American colonists when we protested the tea tax? Remember the Boston Massacre?”

“Yes, remember the Boston Massacre indeed!” John Hancock agreed. “British troops firing into a group of unarmed American protesters right here in our own city of Boston!”

Samuel Adams stood up and spoke. “At this moment, there are three British ships at the wharf in Boston Harbor, and on board those ships are 342 crates of tea. Royal Governor Hutchinson has ordered that the ships are not to leave Boston Harbor until the tea has been unloaded and the tea tax has been paid.”

“And I say to the governor, ‘no taxation without representation,’” shouted a man named Paul Revere. Paul Revere was a silversmith in Boston. He was also a leader of the Sons of Liberty and a friend to many families in Boston.

“Friends and neighbors,” said Revere, “I think you all will agree with me that this has gone on long enough. A three-cent-per-pound tax on tea may not

sound like much money, but we all know that the British Parliament has passed the tea tax for only one reason: to prove that England has the power to tax her colonies. If we let this tea tax pass, then it will be just the first of many taxes. You can bet your life on it. If England has the right to take one penny from us without our consent, she has the right to take all we own!”

People in the crowd nodded in agreement.

Samuel Adams said to the crowd, “I say the time has come for action! I say we go to the harbor and dump the tea overboard into the water.”

John Hancock added, “Let every man do what is right in his own eyes!”

“To the harbor!” men in the crowd began to yell. “We’ll throw the biggest tea party that Boston has ever seen!”

