

CHAPTER
4

GUIDED READING *The Stirrings of Rebellion*

Section 1

A. As you read this section, trace the following sequence of events.

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| 1a. The British Parliament passed the Stamp Act (1765) in order to . . . | b. Colonists responded to the act by . . . | c. Britain responded to the colonists by . . . |
| 2a. The British Parliament passed the Townshend Act (1767) in order to . . . | b. Colonists responded to the act by . . . | c. Britain responded to the colonists by . . . |
| 3a. The British Parliament passed the Tea Act (1773) in order to . . . | b. Colonists responded to the act by . . . | c. Britain responded to the colonists by . . . |
| 4a. The British Parliament passed the Intolerable Acts (1774) in order to . . . | b. Colonists responded to the act by . . . | c. Britain responded to the colonists by . . . |

B. On the back of this paper, identify or explain each of the following:

Samuel Adams **Boston Massacre** **committees of correspondence**
Boston Tea Party **King George III** **martial law**

CHAPTER
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Section 2

GUIDED READING *Ideas Help Start a Revolution*

A. As you read this section, answer the questions in the time line.

| | | |
|--------------------------|--|---|
| 1774 Sept. | The first Continental Congress convenes. It agrees to meet again if problems with Britain continues. | 1. What does the Continental Congress do to bring about peace? |
| 1775 Apr. | Clashes between British soldiers and American Minutemen at Lexington and Concord result in the loss of life. | |
| May | Since problems with the British intensify, the Second Continental Congress meets. | 2. What does the Continental Congress do to prepare for war? |
| Fall & Winter | Fighting between the British and the colonists increases. | |
| 1776 Jan. | Thomas Paine publishes his <i>Common Sense</i> pamphlet. | 3. What are the main ideas of <i>Common Sense</i> ? |
| July | With the increase of fighting between Britain and the colonies, the Continental Congress adopts the Declaration of Independence. | |
| | | 4. What is the purpose of a formal declaration of independence? |
| | | 5. What are the main ideas of the Declaration of Independence? |

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B. On the back of this paper, identify each of the following:

Thomas Jefferson Patriots Loyalists

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Section 3

GUIDED READING *Struggling Toward Saratoga*

A. As you read this section, write answers to the questions about each of the Revolutionary War battles listed below.

| | Who won? | Why did they win? | What were the important results? |
|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------------|---|
| 1. New York | | | |
| 2. Trenton | | | |
| 3. Philadelphia | | | |
| 4. Saratoga | | | |

B. Summarize the difficulties faced by each group of Patriots during the Revolutionary War?

| Patriots | What were some of the hardships they faced? |
|------------------------|--|
| 1. Soldiers | |
| 2. Members of Congress | |
| 3. Civilians | |

C. On the back of this paper, identify or define each of the following:

Valley Forge inflation profiteering

CHAPTER
4

GUIDED READING *Winning the War*

Section 4

A. As you read this section, take notes about people and events that helped to win American independence.

1. Friedrich von Steuben

2. Marquis de Lafayette

3. The Battle of Yorktown

4. The signing of the Treaty of Paris

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B. On the back of this paper, identify or define each of the following:

Charles Cornwallis egalitarianism

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Section 4

SKILLBUILDER PRACTICE *Analyzing Causes;
Recognizing Effects*

Without help from France, the course of the Revolutionary War may have gone quite differently for American forces. To learn more about the causes and effects of French involvement, read the passage below. Then, as you complete the cause-and-effect diagram at the bottom of the page, notice how effects can turn into causes. (See Skillbuilder Handbook, p. 1040)

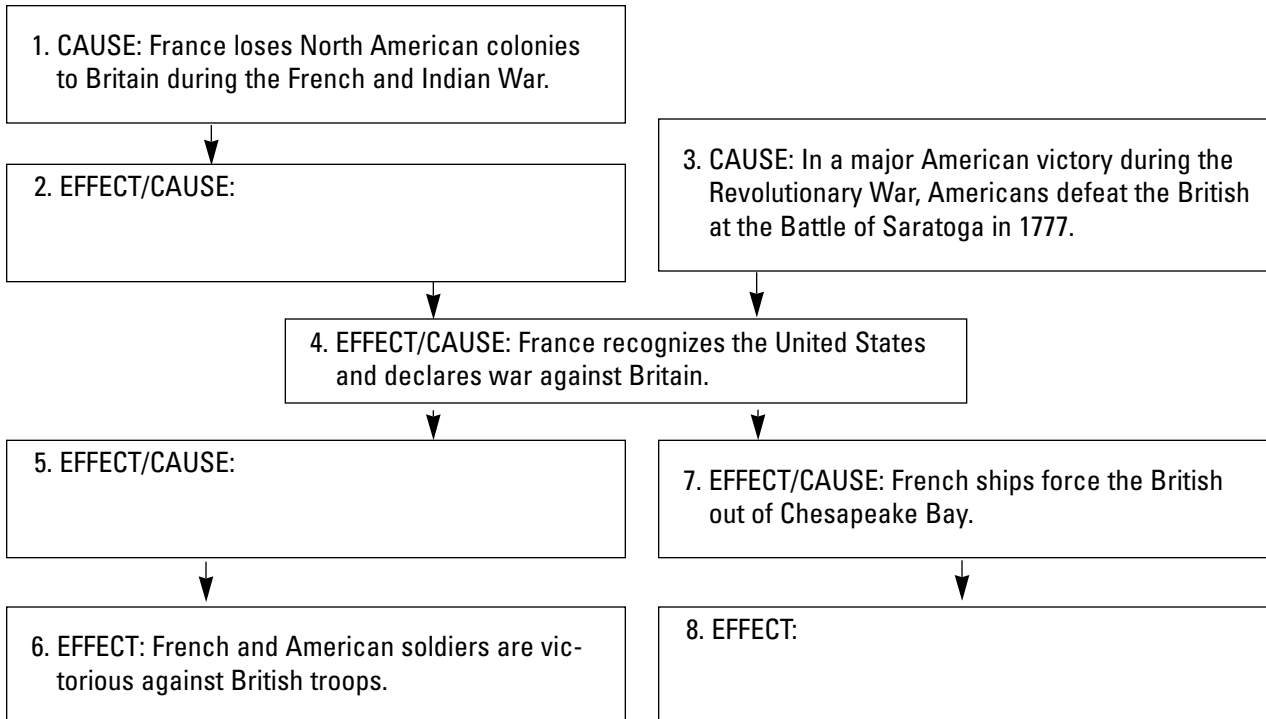
French and British Conflicts in North America Long before the American Revolutionary War, France and Britain had been enemies. Disputes over ownership of North American territories and the rights to fur trading and fishing there led to the French and Indian War. Although the French were successful at first, the British eventually defeated them. As a result, France lost most of its North American territory to Britain.

After suffering these losses, France was anxious to challenge Britain again and regain her colonies. For this reason King Louis XVI of France considered joining the American side against the British in the Revolutionary War in North America.

Before he would commit French soldiers and ships to the war, however, Louis XVI wanted proof that

American troops could win a major battle on their own. The American victory he had been looking for came in October, 1777, when British troops surrendered to American forces after the Battle of Saratoga.

The French and American Alliance Four months after the Battle of Saratoga, France formally recognized the United States as an independent country. In June 1778, France declared war with Britain. French soldiers began arriving in the summer of 1780 to fight alongside Patriot forces, and within a year, they were contributing to U.S. victories. In September 1781, French ships forced a British naval fleet to leave Chesapeake Bay, setting the stage for the defeat of the British by the combined U.S. and French forces at Yorktown, the last significant battle of the war.



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Section 4

GEOGRAPHY APPLICATION: PLACE *The Siege of Yorktown*

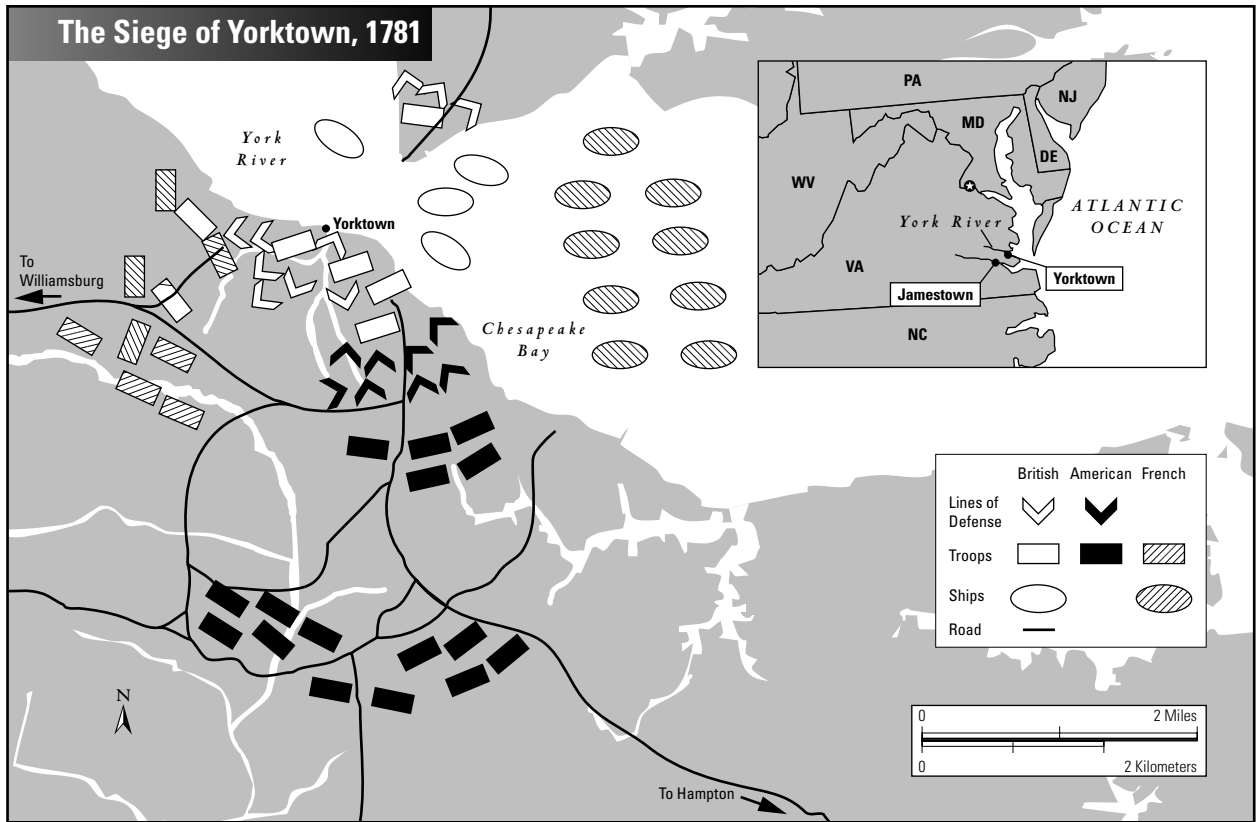
Directions: Read the paragraphs below and study the maps carefully. Then answer the questions that follow.

In the late spring of 1781, the British general Cornwallis marched his troops northward out of North Carolina and in July set up camp at Yorktown, Virginia. Yorktown is on a peninsula at the point where the York River meets Chesapeake Bay. While fighting to take all of Virginia, Cornwallis wanted to be connected with other British troops in New York by sea and with the British naval forces in the Atlantic.

However, a French fleet of 24 ships in Chesapeake Bay was able to seal off the waters to the east. Meanwhile, Generals Washington and Rochambeau led American and French troops south-

ward toward Yorktown and joined up with Lafayette. They surrounded Yorktown and began hitting the town with cannon fire. This final battle of the Revolutionary War was fought just a few miles from Jamestown, the site of the first English settlement on the continent.

The map below shows the positions of the British and of the Americans and their French allies at Yorktown. On October 17 American and French cannon fire increased on Yorktown, which was then low on ammunition. On the 19th, the British troops surrendered.



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Interpreting Text and Visuals

1. Why was Yorktown seemingly a good place for Cornwallis to establish fortifications? _____

2. Why was Cornwallis unable to be reinforced by British ships entering Chesapeake Bay? _____

Why could he not be reinforced by British ships coming down the York River from the west? _____

3. Who controlled the roads leading from Yorktown to the south? _____
Who controlled the roads leading from Yorktown to the west? _____

4. On October 16 a violent storm prevented Cornwallis's troops from crossing the York River at night to a peninsula of British land to the north. Most boats were blown back a mile or more below Yorktown. Based on the map, how might the weather have influenced Cornwallis's decision to finally surrender within days? _____

5. Summarize how the geography of Yorktown led to the defeat of the British. _____

6. What is ironic about the English presence in North America coming to an end at Yorktown? _____

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Section 1

PRIMARY SOURCE **The Boston Tea Party**

On the night of December 16, 1773, George Hewes disguised himself as a Mohawk and helped dump 342 chests of tea into Boston Harbor to protest the British Tea Act. As you read Hewes's account of the Boston Tea Party, think about the causes and effects of the rebels' protest.

The tea destroyed was contained in three ships, lying near each other at what was called at that time Griffin's wharf, and were surrounded by armed ships of war. The commanders had publicly declared that if the rebels, as they were pleased to style the Bostonians, should not withdraw their opposition to the landing of the tea before a certain day, the 17th day of December, 1773, they should on that day force it on shore, under the cover of their cannon's mouth. On the day preceding the seventeenth, there was a meeting of the citizens of the county of Suffolk, convened at one of the churches in Boston, for the purpose of consulting on what measures might be considered expedient to prevent the landing of the tea, or secure the people from the collection of the duty. At that meeting a committee was appointed to wait on Governor Hutchinson, and request him to inform them whether he would take any measures to satisfy the people on the object of the meeting.

To the first application of this committee, the Governor told them he would give them a definite answer by five o'clock in the afternoon. At the hour appointed, the committee again repaired to the Governor's house, and on inquiry found he had gone to his country seat at Milton, a distance of about six miles. When the committee returned and informed the meeting of the absence of the Governor, there was a confused murmur among the members, and the meeting was immediately dissolved, many of them crying out, "Let every man do his duty, and be true to his country"; and there was a general huzza for Griffin's wharf.

It was now evening, and I immediately dressed myself in the costume of an Indian, equipped with a small hatchet, which I and my associates denomi-

nated the tomahawk, and a club. After having painted my face and hands with coal dust in the shop of a blacksmith, I repaired to Griffin's wharf, where the ships lay that contained the tea. When I first appeared in the street after being thus disguised, I fell in with many who were dressed, equipped and painted as I was, and who fell in with me and marched in order to the place of our destination.

When we arrived at the wharf, there were three of our number who assumed an authority to direct our operations, to which we readily submitted.

After having painted my face and hands with coal dust in the shop of a blacksmith, I repaired to Griffin's wharf, where the ships lay that contained the tea.

They divided us into three parties, for the purpose of boarding the three ships which contained the tea at the same time. The name of him who commanded the division to which I was assigned was Leonard Pitt. The names of the other commanders I never knew. We were immediately ordered by the respective commanders to board all the ships at the same time, which we promptly obeyed.

The commander of the division to which I belonged, as soon as we were on board the ship, appointed me boatswain, and ordered me to

go to the captain and demand of him the keys to the hatches and a dozen candles. I made the demand accordingly, and the captain promptly replied, and delivered the articles; but requested me at the same time to do no damage to the ship or rigging. We then were ordered by our commander to open the hatches and take out all the chests of tea and throw them overboard, and we immediately proceeded to execute his orders, first cutting and splitting the chests with our tomahawks, so as thoroughly to expose them to the effects of the water.

In about three hours from the time we went on board, we had thus broken and thrown overboard

every tea chest to be found in the ship, while those in the other ships were disposing of the tea in the same way, at the same time. We were surrounded by British armed ships, but no attempt was made to resist us.

We then quietly retired to our several places of residence, without having any conversation with each other, or taking any measures to discover who were our associates; nor do I recollect of our having had the knowledge of the name of a single individual concerned in that affair, except that of Leonard Pitt, the commander of my division, whom I have mentioned. There appeared to be an understanding that each individual should volunteer his services, keep his own secret, and risk the consequences for himself. No disorder took place during that transaction, and it was observed at that time that the stillest night ensued that Boston had enjoyed for many months.

During the time we were throwing the tea overboard, there were several attempts made by some of the citizens of Boston and its vicinity to carry off small quantities of it for their family use. To effect that object, they would watch their opportunity to snatch up a handful from the deck, where it became plentifully scattered, and put it into their pockets. One Captain O'Connor, whom I well knew, came on board for that purpose, and when he supposed he was not noticed, filled his pockets, and also the lining of his coat. But I had detected him and gave information to the captain of what he was doing. We were ordered to take him into custody, and just as he was stepping from the vessel, I seized him by the skirt of his coat, and in attempting to pull him back, I tore it off; but, springing forward, by a rapid effort he made his escape. He had, however, to run a gauntlet through the crowd upon the wharf, each one, as he passed, giving him a kick or a stroke.

Another attempt was made to save a little tea from the ruins of the cargo by a tall, aged man who wore a large cocked hat and white wig, which was fashionable at that time. He had sleightly [secretly] slipped a little into his pocket, but being detected,

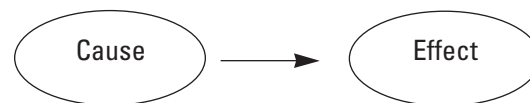
they seized him and, taking his hat and wig from his head, threw them, together with the tea, of which they had emptied his pockets, into the water. In consideration of his advanced age, he was permitted to escape, with now and then a slight kick.

The next morning, after we had cleared the ships of the tea, it was discovered that very considerable quantities of it were floating upon the surface of the water; and to prevent the possibility of any of its being saved for use, a number of small boats were manned by sailors and citizens, who rowed them into those parts of the harbor wherever tea was visible, and by beating it with oars and paddles so thoroughly drenched it as to render its entire destruction inevitable.

from Richard B. Morris and James Woodress, eds., *Voices From America's Past: Volume 1, The Colonies and the New Nation* (New York: Dutton, 1963), 77–79.

Activity Options

1. Make a cause-and-effect diagram like this one to illustrate causes and effects of the Boston Tea Party described in this eyewitness account.



2. Work with your classmates to plan a reenactment of the Boston Tea Party. Choose roles, including Hewes, Leonard Pitt, and Captain O'Connor, and then dramatize the events described in Hewes's firsthand account. Also, use details in Hewes's account to help you decide about props, costumes, dialogue, and so forth. Rehearse your dramatization and then present it to your class.
3. The Boston Tea Party was an extreme form of protest against the Tea Act. What other forms of protest might disgruntled Bostonians have used? Design a poster, a button, a protest song, or a slogan that protests the Tea Act and share it with your classmates.

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Section 2

PRIMARY SOURCE Political Cartoon

After the Declaration of Independence, American colonists were torn between remaining loyal to Britain or seeking independence. Approximately 60,000 Loyalists fled the country; others remained and faced persecution. Study this British political cartoon to find out how Loyalists such as William Franklin feared they would be treated by America (portrayed as an Indian maiden).



SHELBU-NS SACRIFICE or the recommended Loyalists, a faithful representation of a Tragedy shortly to be performed on the Continent of America. Invented by Cruelty. Engraved by Dishonour. Line engraving, 1783.

Research Options

- To the right of center in the cartoon is Lord Shelburne, the British prime minister in 1783. Find out more about him to discover why Britain (portrayed as a British maiden with spear and shield) calls him a hypocrite and a Patriot (portrayed as an Indian) says “Shelbu-n for ever.” Report your findings to the class.
- Did Loyalists meet the bloody fate forecasted in the cartoon? Find out more about what happened to Loyalists before, during, and after the American Revolution. Prepare a chart to illustrate the political, economic, social, and physical challenges that Loyalists faced.

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Section 3

PRIMARY SOURCE *from Valley Forge Diary*

After he reached the winter quarters where General George Washington camped with his army, the 27-year-old surgeon Albigeance Waldo recorded in his diary the desperate conditions that he encountered at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. As you read this portion of Waldo's diary, think about what hardships the American soldiers faced.

December 21. Preparations made for huts. Provisions scarce. . . . Sent a letter to my wife. Heartily wish myself at home. My skin and eyes are almost spoiled with continual smoke. A general cry thro' the camp this evening among the soldiers, "No meat! No meat!" The distant vales echoed back the melancholy sound—"No meat! No meat!" Imitating the noise of crows and owls, also, made a part of the confused music.

"What have you for your dinners, boys?"

"Nothing but fire cake [a flour and water mixture baked over an open fire] and water, Sir."

At night: "Gentlemen, the supper is ready."

"What is your supper, lads?"

"Fire cake and water, Sir."

Very poor beef has been drawn in our camp the greater part of this season. A butcher, bringing a quarter of this kind of beef into camp one day, had white buttons on the knees of his breeches. A soldier cries out, "There, there, Tom, is some more of your fat beef. By my soul I can see the butcher's breeches buttons through it."

December 22. Lay excessive cold and uncomfortable last night. My eyes are started out from their orbits like a rabbit's eyes, occasioned by a great cold and smoke.

"What have you got for breakfast, lads?"

"Fire cake and water, Sir."

The Lord send that our Commissary of Purchases may live [on] fire cake and water till their glutted guts are turned to pasteboard.

Our division are under marching orders this morning. I am ashamed to say it, but I am tempted to steal fowls if I could find them, or even a whole hog, for I feel as if I could eat one. But the impoverished country about us affords but little matter to employ a thief, or keep a clever fellow in good humour. But why do I talk of hunger and hard usage, when so many in the world have not even fire cake and water to eat?

December 25, Christmas. We are still in tents when we ought to be in huts. The poor sick suffer much in tents this cold weather. But we now treat them differently from what they used to be at home under the inspection of old women and Dr. Bolus Linctus. We give them mutton and grog and a capital medicine once in a while to start the disease from its foundation at once. We avoid Piddling Pills, Powders, Bolus's Linctus's Cordials, and all such insignificant matters whose powers are only rendered important by causing the patient to vomit up his money instead of his disease. But very few of the sick men die.

from Albigeance Waldo, "Valley Forge, 1777-1778, Diary," Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, XXI, No. 3 (1897).

Activity Options

- Using details from Waldo's diary, visualize what the winter camp at Valley Forge looked like. Draw a sketch to accompany this diary entry and share it with your classmates.
- Waldo's diary entries provide a vivid portrait of conditions at Valley Forge. Create a chart like this one listing specific sensory details that bring the sights and sounds of Valley Forge to life.

| | |
|--------|--|
| Sights | |
| Sounds | |
| Tastes | |
| Smells | |
| Touch | |

CHAPTER
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Section 1

LITERATURE SELECTION *from April Morning*
by Howard Fast

Adam Cooper, the 15-year-old narrator of this novel, lives in Lexington, Massachusetts. An eyewitness to “the shot heard round the world,” Adam is there when the American Revolution breaks out. As you read this excerpt, notice the range of emotions he experiences when war erupts in his town on the morning of April 19, 1775.

When the British saw us, they were on the road past Buckman’s. First, there were three officers on horseback. Then two flag-bearers, one carrying the regimental flag and the other bearing the British colors. Then a corps of eight drums. Then rank after rank of the redcoats, stretching back on the road and into the curtain of mist, and emerging from the mist constantly, so that they appeared to be an endless force and an endless number. It was dreamlike and not very believable, and it caused me to turn and look at the houses around the common, to see whether all the rest of what we were, our mothers and sisters and brothers and grandparents, were watching the same thing we watched. My impression was that the houses had appeared by magic, for I could only remember looking around in the darkness and seeing nothing where now all the houses stood—and the houses were dead and silent, every shutter closed and bolted, every door and storm door closed and barred. Never before had I seen the houses like that, not in the worst cold or the worst storms.

And the redcoats did not quicken their pace or slow it, but marched up the road with the same even pace, up to the edge of the common; and when they were there, one of the officers held up his arm—and the drums stopped and the soldiers stopped, the line of soldiers stretching all the way down the road and into the dissipating mist. They were about one hundred and fifty paces away from us.

The three officers sat on their horses, studying us. The morning air was cold and clean and sharp, and I could see their faces and the faces of the redcoat soldiers behind them, the black bands of their knapsacks, the glitter of their buckles. Their coats were red as fire, but their light trousers were stained and dirty from the march.

Then, one of the officers sang out to them, “Fix bayonets!” and all down the line, the bayonets sparkled

in the morning sun, and we heard the ring of metal against metal as they were clamped onto the guns.

One of the officers spurred his horse, and holding it at hard check, cantered onto the common with great style, rode past us and back in a circle to the others. He was smiling, but his smile was a sneer; and I looked then at my father, whose face was hard as rock—hard and gray with the stubble of morning beard upon it. I touched my own smooth cheeks, and when I glanced at the men near me, found myself amazed by the shadow of beard on their faces. I don’t know why I was amazed, but I was.

Then, one of the officers sang out to them, “Fix bayonets!”

Then another British officer—I discovered afterward that he was Major Pitcairn—called out orders: “Columns right!” and then, “By the left flank,” and, “Drums to the rear!” The drummers stood still and beat their drums, and the redcoats marched past them smartly, wheeling and parading across the common, while the three mounted officers spurred over the grass at a sharp canter, straight across our front and then back, reining in their prancing horses to face us. Meanwhile, the redcoats marched onto the common, the first company wheeling to face us when it was past our front of thirty-three men, the second company repeating the exercise, until they made a wall of red coats across the common, with no more than thirty or forty paces separating us. Even so close, they were unreal; only their guns were real, and their glittering bayonets too—and suddenly, I realized, and I believed that everyone else around me realized, that this was not to be an exercise or a parade or an argument, but something undreamed of and unimagined.

I think the Reverend was beginning to speak when Major Pitcairn drove down on him so that he had to leap aside. My father clutched the Reverend’s arm to keep him from falling, and wheeling his horse. Major Pitcairn checked the beast so that

it pawed at the air and neighed shrilly. The Reverend was speaking again, but no one heard his words or remembered them. The redcoats were grinning; small, pinched faces under the white wigs—they grinned at us. Leaning over his horse, Major Pitcairn screamed at us:

“Lay down your arms! Disperse, do you hear me! Disperse, you lousy peasant scum! Clear the way, do you hear me! Get off the King’s green!”

At least, those were the words that I seem to remember. Others remembered differently; but the way he screamed, in his strange London accent, with all the motion and excitement, with his horse rearing and kicking at the Reverend and Father, with the drums beating again and the fixed bayonets glittering in the sunshine, it’s a wonder that any of his words remained with us.

Yet for all that, this was a point where everything appeared to happen slowly. Abel Loring clutched my arm and said dryly, “Adam, Adam, Adam.” He let go of his gun and it fell to the ground. “Pick it up,” I said to him, watching Father, who pulled the Reverend into the protection of his body. Jonas Parker turned to us and cried at us:

“Steady! Steady! Now just hold steady!”

We still stood in our two lines, our guns butt end on the ground or held loosely in our hands.

Major Pitcairn spurred his horse and raced between the lines. Somewhere, away from us, a shot sounded. A redcoat soldier raised his musket, leveled it at Father, and fired. My father clutched at his breast, then crumpled to the ground like an empty sack and lay with his face in the grass. I screamed. I was two. One part of me was screaming; another part of me looked at Father and grasped my gun in aching hands. Then the whole British front burst into a roar of sound and flame and smoke, and our whole world crashed at us, and broke into little pieces that fell around our ears, and came to an end; and the roaring, screaming noise was like the jubilation of the damned.

I ran. I was filled with fear, saturated with it, sick with it. Everyone else was running. The boys were running and the men were running. Our two lines were gone, and now it was only men and boys running in every direction that was away from the British, across the common and away from the British.

I tripped and fell into the drainage ditch,

banged my head hard enough to shake me back to some reality, pulled myself up, and saw Samuel Hodley standing above me with a ragged hole in his neck, the blood pouring down over his white shirt. We looked at each other, then he fell dead into the ditch. I vomited convulsively, and then, kneeling there, looked back across the common. The British were advancing at a run through a ragged curtain of smoke. There was nothing to oppose them or stop them. Except for the crumpled figures of the dead, lying here and there, our militia was gone. The last of them were running toward the edge of the common, except for one man, Jonas Parker, who staggered along holding his belly, his hands soaking red with the blood that dripped through them. Two redcoat soldiers raced for him, and the one who reached him first drove his bayonet with all his plunging force into Parker’s back.

“Oh, no!” I screamed. “Oh, God—no! No! No!”

Then I saw redcoats coming at a trot on the other side of the ditch and, through my sickness and terror and horror, realized somehow that if I remained here, I would be trapped—and it was not death I was afraid of or being taken by

them or getting a musket ball, but that thin, glittering bayonet going into my vitals or tearing through my back the way it had with Jonas Parker. So I leaped up and ran, still holding onto my gun without ever knowing that I held it. The soldiers saw me and ran to cut me off, but I fled past them, across the common, leaped the fence, and ran between two shuttered, blind houses and tumbled down behind a pile of split kindling, and crouched there, vomiting again, over and over, until my chest and shoulders ached with the convulsive effort of it. Then I ran behind the house and another house, and there was the Harrington smokehouse, and I hid in there, with the hams and butts and sides of bacon over me. I crawled into a corner, put my face in my hands, and lay there sobbing.

At fifteen, you can still manufacture a fantasy and believe it for at least a few moments; and I had need for such a fantasy, or I would lose my wits and senses completely; so I began to tell myself that none of this had happened, that it was all something I had invented and dreamed, that I had never at all awakened during the night, that my father was not dead and that the others were not dead. I

“Lay down your arms! Disperse, do you hear me! Disperse, you lousy peasant scum!”

didn't believe any of this fantasy, you must understand; I knew that I was inventing it; but I had to invent it and use it to get hold of myself and to stop the screaming and pounding inside of my head. In that way, it worked. I was able to stop my convulsive sobbing, and to sit with my back to the smokehouse wall and just cry normally. Once I had established a fantasy about my father being alive, I was able to break it down and argue with myself, and then accept the fact that Father was dead.

He was dead. He had been shot by a musket ball, and if that had not killed him, then a bayonet had been driven into him the way I saw the bayonet driven into Jonas Parker. No one had fallen down on the common and lived. I knew that. We had made a mistake. We were stupid people. We were narrow people. We were provincial people. But over and above everything, we were civilized people, which was the core of everything. We were going to argue with the British, and talk them out of whatever they intended. We knew we could do that. We were the most reasonable, talkative people in all probabilities that the world had ever seen, and we knew we could win an argument with the British hands down. Why, no one our side had even thought of firing a gun, because when you came right down to it, we didn't like guns and did not believe in them. Yes, we drilled on the common and had all sort of fine notions about defending our rights and our liberties, but that didn't change our attitude about guns and killing. That British Major Pitcairn on his champing horse knew exactly what we were and how we thought. He knew it better than we knew it ourselves.

And now my father was dead. It was so absolute it closed over me like a blanket of lead. He would never come home again. He had put his arm about me the night before, and had given me such a feeling of love and closeness as I had never known in all my life; but he wouldn't do it again. He was like Samuel Hodley, with the blood pouring out of him; and I began to think of how much blood a man has, and you just never know that a man can bleed so much, a red river coming out of him, until you see it happen—and then I began to think about Mother, and ask myself whether she and Granny and Levi had watched the whole thing from the upstairs windows, and how they had felt when they saw it happen. If you could dig the deepest well in the world and call it misery, you could find the place of my feelings then. I sat there and cried. I hadn't cried so

much since I was a small boy, very small, because a boy gets over crying early in a town like ours.

"God have mercy on me," I said to myself. "I am losing my mind, and soon I'll be no better than Halfwit Jephthah in Concord, who is sixty years old with the brains of a five-year-old, and now I, myself, am hearing voices." I was hearing voices. I heard a thin, cracked voice wailing, "Adam! Adam Cooper—are you around? Are you alive?"

I opened the door of the smokehouse, and there across the yard was my brother Levi.

"Levi," I whispered.

He jumped like a startled rabbit and looked all around him.

"Levi! Here in the smokehouse!"

Then he saw me in the open door, ran to me, and threw himself sobbing into my arms, hanging onto me as if I was the only thing left in the whole world. He was crying now fit to break his heart, and that dried up the tears in me. I have noticed that when you have two brothers in a difficult situation and one begins to cry, the other usually contains himself. That was the way it happened to me. I pulled him into the smokehouse, closed the door behind us, and said:

"What are you doing out here?"

"Looking for you."

"Well, who sent you to look for me?"

"Granny did. Adam, Father's dead."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him dead," he sobbed. "He had two bullet holes in his chest. They shot him dead, Adam. Those lousy rotten redcoats shot him dead. That's my father. They shot him dead, Adam." He was shivering and shaking. I shook him until he had calmed down and was crying evenly again. Then I put my arm around him and squeezed him, the way Father had done to me, to show him that I wasn't angry.

Activity Options

1. Write an epitaph for a character who died in the Battle of Lexington.
2. With your classmates, plan and create the April 20, 1775 edition of the *Lexington Gazette*, a fictional newspaper. Include lead stories, editorials, letters to the editor, illustrations, and political cartoons related to the Battle of Lexington. Use information from your textbook as well as from this excerpt to lend authenticity to your newspaper.

CHAPTER
4

AMERICAN LIVES **Mercy Otis Warren**
Revolutionary Writer

Section 1

“Madam Mercy Warren [was] the historical, philosophical, poetical, and satirical consort of . . . General James Warren . . . [and] sister of the great but forgotten James Otis.”—John Adams, letter (1814)

Well-read in Enlightenment ideas of personal liberty and rights, Mercy Otis Warren (1728–1814) joined a passion for politics with a penchant for writing. As friends and relatives argued for resistance to British colonial government, she mocked the British and their supporters with biting satire. She also wrote a history that championed democracy and freedom. In the process, she became America’s first woman playwright and its first woman historian.

When Mercy Otis’s father hired the local minister to tutor his two sons, Mercy joined their studies. She proved an excellent student. When her brother James left for college, she continued her studies. James’s graduation allowed Mercy to meet his friend and classmate James Warren, whom she married in 1754. They settled on a farm outside Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Her extensive reading was unusual for a woman of her time, and Warren later said that she thought education the main difference between men and women. She criticized women for too often pursuing trivial interests and found the cause to be “the different education bestow’d on [given to] the sexes.”

She pursued her intellectual interests after marriage, organizing her daily routine so that she had time for “the book and the pen.” She also collected a large library. As Massachusetts came increasingly into conflict with the British government, Warren was increasingly involved. Her brother—James Otis—eloquently argued for colonists’ rights, and she and her husband hosted meetings with him and other patriots.

Between 1772 and 1775, Mercy Otis Warren played a literary part in promoting the cause of colonists’ rights. She published three plays that ridiculed the British colonial government and its supporters. None were performed on stage, but copies were distributed. The villain of the first two works was the evil ruler Rapatio, determined to kill “the ardent love of liberty” in his land. He was clearly meant to be royal governor Thomas

Hutchinson, and soon Patriots called the governor “Rapatio.” The third play ridiculed colonists who supported the British with such names as Brigadier Hateall and Sir Spendall.

The plays were published anonymously, but the identity of the author was well known by Patriots. She was encouraged to further work by John Adams, a close friend. She wrote another play during the war. British general John Burgoyne had mocked the Patriots in a play called *The Blockade of Boston*. Warren replied with her own work that called the British *The Blockheads*.

During the war, James Warren served as paymaster to George Washington’s army and helped hire ships to raid British shipping. Mercy Warren ran the family farm and maintained a close friendship with Adams’s wife Abigail.

Afterwards, personal and political differences split the Warrens and the Adamses. The Adamses supported the Constitution; the Warrens took Thomas Jefferson’s side and opposed it because of the lack of a Bill of Rights. The split became open in 1805, when Mercy Otis Warren, after many years labor, published her history of the Revolution and the early years of the new nation. The history contained highly personal views of many leaders—and criticisms of John Adams. She wrote that “his passions and prejudices” sometimes overruled his judgment and that he combined “pride of talents and much ambition.” The words stung Adams, and the two exchanged angry letters. It took five years and the involvement of a mutual friend to reconcile them.

Questions

1. What do you think led Warren to publish her plays anonymously?
2. How did Warren make the British and their colonial supporters look unsympathetic?
3. What in Warren’s life might have contributed to her strong support for personal freedom?

CHAPTER
4

Section 3

AMERICAN LIVES **Haym Salomon**
Financier of the Revolution

"The kindness of [Haym Salomon] . . . will preserve me from extremities . . . [but] he obstinately rejects all recompense."—James Madison (1782)

Haym Salomon spent little over a decade in America, but he chose a crucial time and played a vital role. From 1778 until his death in 1785, he helped raise funds for the Continental Congress and made loans to many members of the army and government. He was owed large sums by the government he aided—sums never repaid.

Salomon was born around 1740 in Poland. He supported independence for that land, which suffered partition by other, stronger powers. In 1772 he left Poland for London and soon after arrived in New York. He joined in the agitation for American independence and in the fall of 1776 was arrested by British authorities as a spy. They soon released him, however, preferring to use him as an interpreter: because he knew German, he could communicate with Hessian mercenaries. Unknown to the British, Salomon acted as a double agent by persuading Hessians to desert. About this time, Salomon married.

In 1778 Salomon was arrested again, charged with joining a plot to burn the British fleet and warehouses. Condemned to death, he managed to escape by bribing his guard. He fled south, leaving his wife and an infant son behind. Reaching Philadelphia, Salomon sent a letter to the Continental Congress explaining his actions on behalf of the cause and requesting a job. None came, but with the help of local Jewish business people, he began a business in finance.

Over the next few years, Salomon—along with other Jewish merchants—helped Robert Morris finance the Revolution. He sold bonds issued by Congress, getting valuable Dutch and French money in return. By taking a small commission—only a quarter of one percent—he pleased Congress, which named him official broker of United States bonds. He was also named official paymaster for the French army in the United States and handled virtually all of the money that the Dutch gave the colonies' struggling cause.

Salomon also assisted a number of important actors in the revolutionary cause. His loans—often

with no interest charged—to James Madison prompted the praise quoted above. He loaned money as well to Thomas Jefferson, James Wilson, and Edmund Randolph, all members of Congress. He also made loans to Baron Friedrich von Steuben, General Thaddeus Kosciuszko, and General Arthur St. Clair.

Salomon, though new to the colonies, tried to make the United States a welcome home for future Jewish immigration. In 1783 he joined with another Philadelphia Jew in asking the government of Pennsylvania to change a part of its constitution. The constitution required that new members of the state assembly "acknowledge the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament." Salomon and his colleague pointed out that this oath would exclude Jews, which they argued was unfair given the contribution that the Jewish community had made. While the request was denied at the time, a new state constitution was adopted six years later that cut the oath. In 1784, a financier in Philadelphia criticized Jewish moneylenders for charging high rates. Salomon wrote a defense of the Jewish contribution to the cause of independence.

Early the next year, though, Salomon died, though he was only in his mid-forties. His health may have suffered from his imprisonment by the British. When he died, he was bankrupt, suffering from the lack of repayment of private as well as public loans. His family later claimed that the United States owed him almost \$660,000. The exact amount is not known, as Salomon did not keep good records. While a Congressional committee in 1864 acknowledged that the claim had "undeniable merit," it was never repaid.

Questions

1. What principles of the Revolution would appeal to Salomon and other Jewish people?
2. Describe Salomon's contribution to the revolutionary cause.
3. Why did Salomon feel the need to defend the contribution of Jews to the Revolution?

CHAPTER
4

Project

LIVING HISTORY *Conducting a Survey*

PREPARING YOUR SURVEY Before selecting short excerpts from the Declaration of Independence, read that document carefully. Here are some controversial issues raised by the Declaration that might help you choose the passages for your survey:

- Do people have “natural rights”? If so, what are they?
- Do people have a natural right to rebellion? When can they exercise that right?
- What are all governments basically set up to do?
- What makes a government legitimate?
- When does a government lose its legitimacy?
- Can a dictatorship (*despotism*) sometimes be considered a legal government?

Next, choose three or four passages from the Declaration that are likely to produce a difference of opinion among the people you interview. Then, write each passage on a separate note card to help organize your interview. It's probably better to paraphrase the passages to simplify the vocabulary and writing style and even to disguise the source of the ideas. Here's an example:

Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of the God-given rights of the people, then it is the people's right to change or to abolish that government.

Finally, choose eight to ten people to interview, making sure that they differ enough in age, gender, political outlook, etc. to generate a variety of responses in the survey.

CARRYING OUT THE SURVEY You may want to attach a sheet of paper to each note card to record people's responses and to keep the responses attached to the passages they're referring to. Here is a checklist of things to keep in mind:

- ✓ To assure the validity of your survey, ask your interviewees exactly the same question each time. For example: “Do you agree or disagree with this statement? Why?”
- ✓ Be sure to record the reasons your interviewees hold their opinions.
- ✓ Compile the numbers of *agree*'s and *disagree*'s on each question, along with the reasons given for those opinions. Then look for response patterns in your data.

PRESENTING YOUR RESULTS Prepare a graph, chart, or poster that will clearly present your results. When you address the class, point out any patterns in the responses. For example, did more women agree than men? Were younger people more likely to agree or disagree? What were some common reasons people gave for agreeing or disagreeing? Finally, discuss how your survey results differed from or met your expectations.

CHAPTER
4
Project

LIVING HISTORY *Standards for Conducting
a Survey*

| PREPARATION AND CONTENT | Exceptional | Acceptable | Poor |
|---|--------------------|-------------------|-------------|
| 1. Contains short excerpts or paraphrases from the Declaration of Independence that provokes thought and varied opinion | | | |
| 2. Surveys a variety of people to assure a range of opinions | | | |
| 3. Asks those surveyed for the reasons they agree or disagree with an excerpt | | | |
| ORGANIZATION | | | |
| 4. Groups together survey responses with the excerpts that produced them | | | |
| 5. Points out patterns among the responses of those surveyed | | | |
| INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE | | | |
| 6. Presents survey results effectively | | | |
| 7. Displays results in a clear and readable way | | | |
| 8. Discusses why survey results were or were not expected | | | |

Comments _____

Overall rating _____