

The British kept firing. When it was over, five Bostonians were dead and six more wounded. Two of the wounded were seventeen-year-old apprentices, like Samuel Maverick. The British soldiers were arrested and tried for murder. Paul Revere, an engraver and silversmith (who later became famous for his midnight ride), drew a picture of the shootings and etched it into a piece of copper so that it could be reproduced again and again. It showed—inaccurately—an even row of British soldiers calmly shooting at unarmed and peaceful citizens. Revere's patriot friend Sam Adams dubbed the event the "Boston Massacre." The picture and the story spread like fire throughout the colonies. And helped ignite a war.

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*"The smell of war began to be pretty strong."*

## Joseph Plumb Martin: "And Now I Was a Soldier"

Milford, Connecticut, 1775

*Joseph Plumb Martin was a tall, strong, hardworking boy who grew up on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut. Though he never went to school, he managed to write one of the best diaries of the Revolutionary War.*

Joseph Martin forced the metal plow deep down into the stony soil while his grandfather walked alongside, guiding the horse that pulled it. It was a fresh April morning, a perfect planting day. Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of bells and gunshots in Milford. Joseph dropped the plow and dashed into town, his grandfather following behind as fast as he could.

A crowd was gathered in front of the tavern, where an express rider from New Haven shouted news of three days before: There had been a bloody battle in Concord, Massachusetts.

**R** Unlike the Continental Army, when needed, the "Continental Dragoons"—were who got paid in the army. Continental Army companies were called a battalion. The army had to fight on foot soldiers one of artillery.

Many were dead. Soldiers were needed now. A silver dollar was the reward for anyone who would enlist in the American army and march off to New York to join General Washington.

Joseph was only fourteen, a year too young to enlist. Until that day, his thoughts about soldiering had always been clear: "I felt myself to be a real coward. What—venture my carcass where bullets fly! That will never do for me. Stay at home out of harm's way, thought I."

But now friends his age and even younger were scrawling their names and grabbing up those dollars while adults cheered. Joseph was torn. He hated to stay home while his friends marched off to glory, and the thought of a whole silver dollar made "the seeds of courage begin to sprout," but he needed more time to get used to the idea. Two months later, he was ready. On June 25, 1776, Joseph slipped away from his grandparents' house and hiked into town, his mind made up to enlist for six months, the shortest term possible. When a group of boys he knew saw him coming toward the tavern, they began to taunt him:

"'Come, if you will enlist, I will,' says one.

"'You have long been talking about it,' says another. 'Come, now is the time.'

"'Thinks I to myself, I will not be laughed into it or out of it. I will act my own pleasure after

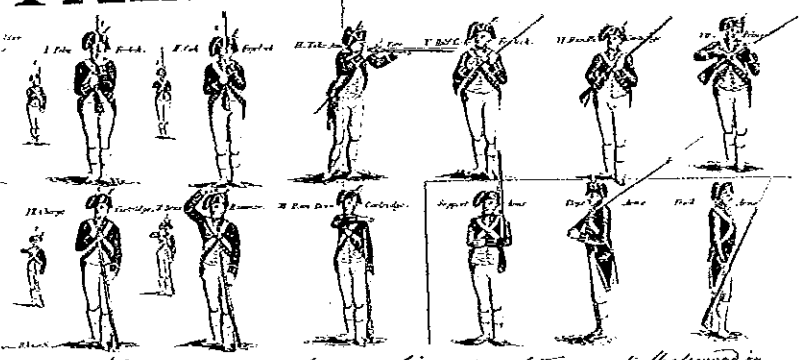
all . . . So seating myself at the table, enlisting orders were immediately presented to me. I took up the pen, loaded it with the fatal charge, made several mimic imitations of writing my name, but took especial care not to touch the paper with the pen until an unlucky [friend] who was leaning over my shoulder gave my hand a strike which caused the pen to make a woeful scratch on the paper. 'O, he has enlisted,' said he . . . Well, thought I, I may as well go through with the business now as not. So I wrote my name fairly upon the indentures. And now I was a soldier, in name at least."

His grandparents were unhappy, but they "fit him out" with clothing, a musket, and powder. His grandmother gave him cheese and cake and stuffed his Bible into his knapsack. He sailed to New York City to join a Connecticut company. For more than a month all they did was march in parades and

ey, this recruitment notice for the  
ntal army promises good clothing,  
e rations, and "the opportunity of  
a few happy years in viewing the  
parts of this beautiful continent."

ALL BRAVE, HEALTHY, ABLE BODIED, AND WELL  
DISPOSED YOUNG MEN,  
NEIGHBOURHOOD, WHO HAVE ANY INCLINATION TO JOIN THE TROOPS,  
NOW RAISING—UNDER  
GENERAL WASHINGTON,  
FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE  
LIBERTIES AND INDEPENDENCE  
OF THE UNITED STATES,  
Against the hostile designs of foreign enemies,

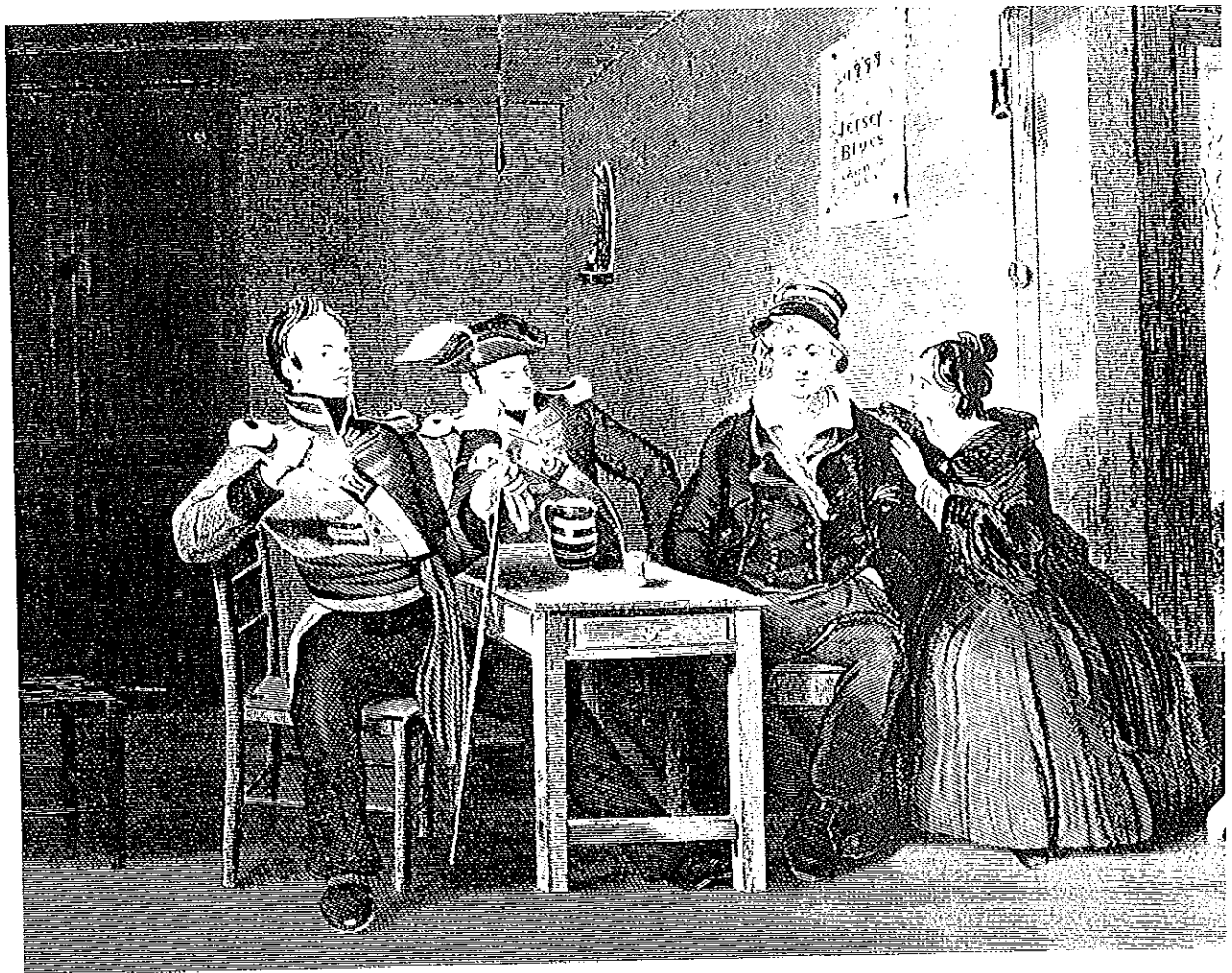
# TAKE NOTICE,



Friday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday at Shelwood in  
equality attendance will be given by  
of the 11th regiment Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Aaron Ogden, for the purpose of receiving the enthusiasm of  
spirit, as may be willing to enter into this NOBILITATE service.  
AGREEMENT at this time, to enlist, I solemnly and generously, namely, a bounty of TWENTY dollars, an annual and full sufficient  
and handsome clothing, a daily allowance of a large and ample ration of provisions, together with SIXTY dollars, a year in going  
under an accession of joy, the whole of which the soldier may buy up for himself and friends, as all articles proper for his subsistence and  
ordered by law, without any expense to him.  
may favour this recruiting party with their attendance as above, will have an opportunity of hearing and seeing in a more particular  
of this beautiful continent, in the honorable and truly respectable character of a soldier, after which, he may, if he pleases return  
only, with his pockets full of money and his head covered in with laurels.  
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practice battle drills. Joseph's biggest problem was getting used to the food—salt pork or **boiled** beef, hard bread, and turnips or boiled potatoes.

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But even as they practiced, hundreds of British warships were arriving at nearby Staten Island, unloading 32,000 redcoated soldiers. Late in August, Joseph's company was ordered to Long Island to stop British forces from taking New York City. Just before they marched off, Joseph climbed onto the roof of a house and squinted in the direction of the battlefield: "I distinctly saw the smoke of the field artillery, but the distance and the unfavorableness of the wind prevented my hearing their report, at least but faintly. The horrors of battle then presented themselves to my mind in all their hideousness. I must come to it now, thought I."

They took a ferry across the East River to Brooklyn and marched toward a field, the shots growing louder and louder with each step until they boomed like thunder. "We now

began to meet the wounded men, another sight I was unacquainted with, some with broken arms, some with broken legs, and some with broken heads. The sight of these a little daunted me, and made me think of home.”

And then all at once he was fighting, too. “Our officers . . . pressed forward towards a creek, where a large party of Americans and British were engaged. By the time we arrived, the enemy had driven our men into the creek . . . where such as could swim got across. Those that could not swim, and could not procure anything to buoy them up, sunk.”

On the opposite bank of Gowanus Creek he could make out a long row of British soldiers—professional warriors from what was then the best army in the world. They stood straight and tall in red jackets as they fired on command at the retreating Americans. The creek was filling up with American bodies. Joseph’s company shot back furiously, trying to provide cover for those still thrashing through the water.

Then they marched on to a part of Manhattan called Kip’s Bay and readied themselves for another battle. One night they camped so close to a British warship that Joseph could overhear soldiers on board mocking the Americans. Early on a Sunday morning, Joseph slipped into an unlocked warehouse for a rare moment of privacy and peace. He was seated on a stool, reading some papers he’d discovered, when “all of a sudden there came such a peal of thunder from the British shipping that I thought my head would go with the sound. I made a frog’s leap for the ditch and lay as still as I possibly could and began to consider which part of my carcass would go first.” They were soon dashing for their lives, leaping over the bodies of their friends. As Joseph put it, “The demons of fear and disorder seemed to take full possession of all and everything that day.”

Joseph was still alive when October came and cool weather set in, and life got even more uncomfortable: “To have to lie, as I did almost every night on the cold and often wet ground without a blanket and with nothing but thin summer clothing was tedious . . . In the morning, the ground [often was] as white as snow with hoar frost. Or perhaps it would rain all night like a flood. All that could be done in that case was to lie down, take our musket in our arms and packe the lock between our thighs and ‘weather it out.’ ”

When Joseph was discharged from the Continental army on Christmas Day, 1776, he felt older than fifteen. A battle-tested patriot, he was proud that he had stood his ground against the British. He set off for home, fifty-two miles away, with four shillings of discharge pay in his pocket and enough stories to get him through the winter and more. He

#### RECRUITING FOR THE CONTINENTAL ARMY

The wave of enthusiasm that led Joseph Plumb Martin to enlist in 1775, recruiting for the Continental Army got harder each year. Part of the problem was that the Continental Army needed the well-equipped British soldiers in ragged uniforms that they had to provide for themselves. Many soldiers fought with muskets that were rusty and bayonets that were not always paid on time. It was not that it mattered much—most soldiers got only about seven dollars a month. Some soldiers deserted, but many more remained out of a desire for independence and a respect for George Washington.

farmed for a year, got bored, and reenlisted. When the war ended six years later, he was still a soldier. And he was also a free citizen of a new nation.

### WHAT HAPPENED TO JOSEPH PLUMB MARTIN?

He moved to Maine in 1794 and began to farm. He married and became the father of five children. He loved to write, tell stories, and draw pictures of birds. When he was seventy, his Revolutionary War account was published. He died in Maine at the age of ninety.

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*"This child . . . learned more French in a day than I could learn in a week with all my books."*—John Adams about his son, John Quincy

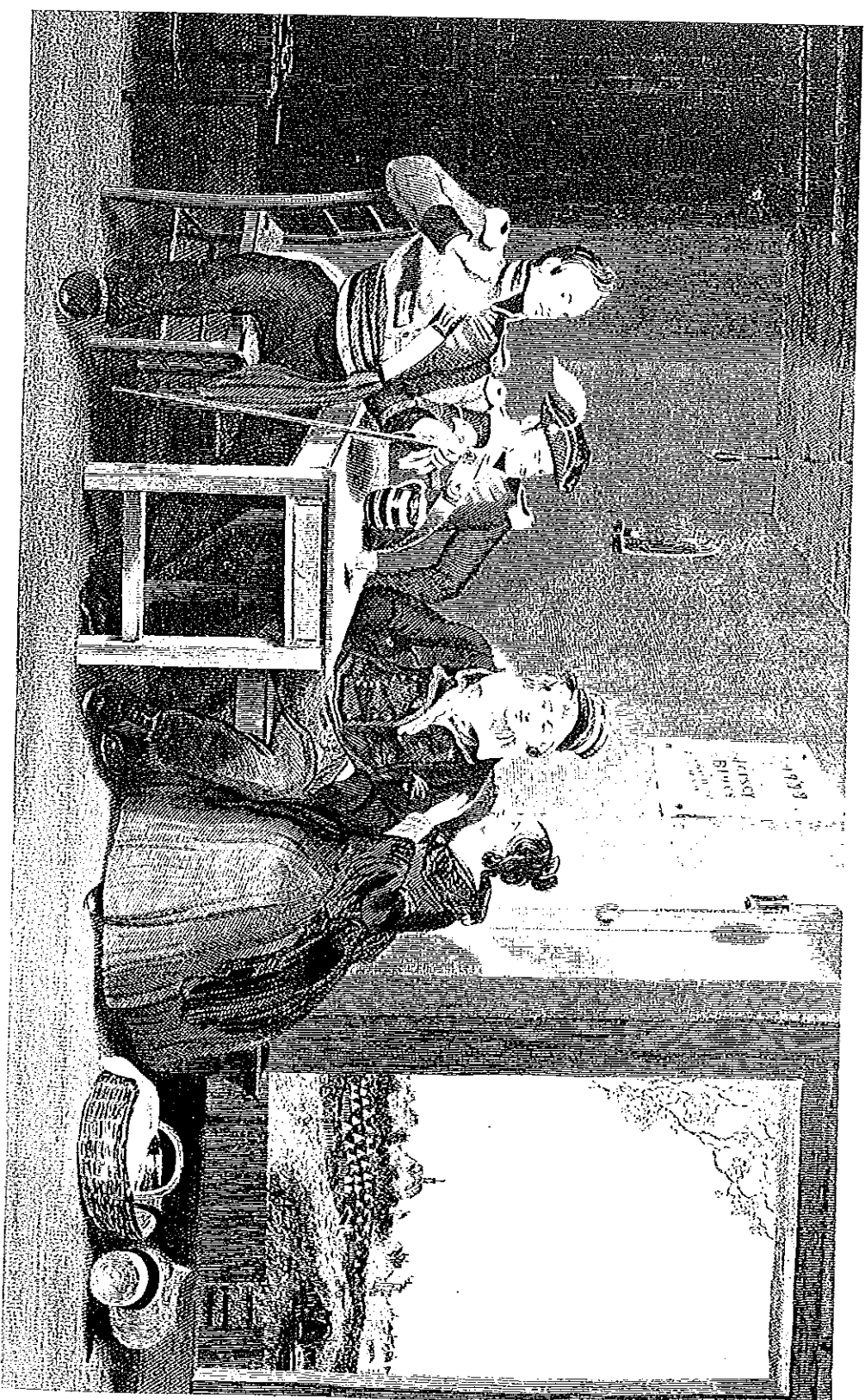
## John Quincy Adams: Translating for the Revolution

America, France, and Russia, 1770s and early 1780s

*John Quincy Adams—"Johnny" to his family—was born to be a patriot. Both his parents, John and Abigail Adams, were leaders of the American Revolution. Johnny had an amazing talent for learning languages. He was so good that as a boy he traveled the world with his father, seeking money and support for the American cause. By the time he reached his early teens, he was one of America's most experienced statesmen.*

One afternoon when Johnny Adams was eight, a sound like thunder rocked his family's farm. His mother grabbed his hand and pulled him to the top of Penn's Hill, the highest point on their property. Looking north toward Boston Harbor, he could see a British warship launching cannonballs at the village of Charlestown. Pillars of smoke rose toward the clouds, and houses were in flames. He looked up at his mother and knew the war had started. "I witnessed the tears of my mother and mingled them with my own," he wrote later. Soon four thousand English soldiers

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practice battle drills. Joseph's biggest problem was getting used to the food—salt pork or boiled beef, hard bread, and turnips or boiled potatoes.

But even as they practiced, hundreds of British warships were arriving at nearby Staten Island.

*With his mother at his side, a young boy summons his courage and prepares to sign the enlistment roster that will make him a soldier in the Continental army.*