Mr. Jonathan Lyte!
- Good day to you, Mr. Lyte.
- Good day, Lapham.
- I have a commission for you.
- Yes, sir, your servant.

The teapot to this set was ruined by a careless maid. I value the piece and wish to replace it.
But I must have it by Monday next.
Monday, sir? It's a mighty short time for such a fine piece.
Looks like one of Revere's best.
Why not take it to him?
Revere? Look at the mark.
You made that set yourself more than 30 years ago.
So I did. So I did.
Oh, but Monday, sir. I don't know.
It's a long time since I've done anything like this.

Very well,
I shall have to take it to Revere.
We can do it, Mr. Lyte.
My master's too modest.
You do not seem overburdened in that direction. Who are you?
- Johnny Tremain, sir.
- [Lapham] My apprentice.
We'll, since you allow him to speak for you, on Monday morning.
- Early.
- Yes, sir.

A fine commission, and you'd have let it go out the door!
Beautiful, isn't it?
And I made it.
I think I can do most of it, sir.

A fine piece like this?
And you not half through your term?
Takes a tall man to cast a great shadow, boy.
Put it away.
But I'm sure I can do it.
Heed Holy Writ, Proverbs 1 6:
"Pride goeth before destruction
and a haughty spirit before a fall."
I think I can do anything, Cilia,
just about anything,
if I get the chance.
Well, Grandpa's right about one thing.
When the meek inherit the earth,
I doubt you'll get one square foot
of sod, Johnny Tremain.
Oh, it's no use.
It looked all right when it was...
You think I don't know
what's wrong?!
[sighs] God's will is plain.
Mr. Lyte will have to find
another smith.
I'll go to Mr. Revere in the morning.
He helped me before,
he'll know what's wrong.
You've let commissions go before
when Grandpa didn't feel up to them.
Why are you so anxious about this one?
Mr. Lyte's our landlord.
Isn't that reason enough?
What's this?
A mark to sign my silver with
when I'm my own master.
Using Mr. Lyte's family crest?
J for Johnny, T for Tremain,
what's the L for?
[night watchman]
Seven o'clock on a fine night!
It's a secret I've never told anyone.
[night watchman] All's well!
You can tell me.
Promise on your hope of heaven
you'd never tell anyone else?
- On my hope of heaven.
- Well...
My mother told me my real name
is Jonathan Lyte Tremain.
Jonathan Lyte Tremain?
You, a relative of Mr. Lyte?
What are you to him?
I don't know.
Mother wouldn't tell me.
Why? Was she afraid?
Or ashamed?
Proud, I think.
She was the proudest woman
in the world.
But apprenticing you to Grandpa...
And the Lytes almost as rich
as John Hancock himself.
She wanted me to learn my trade,
make my own way.
Are you crazy?
A chance at a big house,
servants, coaches,
and your own ships
sailing the seven seas?
I'd rather be my own master
and stand on my own feet.
Johnny, this isn't another one
of your tricks, is it?
Maybe you'll believe this.
If I ever have to go to Mr. Lyte,
I'm to show him this.
But she made me promise I wouldn't go to
him unless God himself had forsaken me.
And I never will.
[salesman] Fresh cod! Mackerei!
- I'm looking for Mr. Revere.
- His shop's down the street.
Yes, I know.
His wife told me I'd find him here.
- He's busy.
- Well, I'll wait.
If you want to.
"Countrymen,
ships laden with English tea
are now bound for this port."
"Shun the detested beverage,
let none be landed on these shores."
What's this?
The most important
piece of news in Boston.
- Tea? But I like tea.
- Almost everyone does.
The English Ministry has already collected a tax on this tea,
and added it to the price.
Now, if we let that stuff in,
every time we buy a pound of it,
we'll be paying a tax
we haven't voted.
That's why we're printing these,
to warn everyone of the real truth.
Who is 'we'?
- The Sons of Liberty.
- But who are you?
Everyone in Boston who believes
their liberties are worth fighting for.
You can keep your politics.
I'll stick to my trade
and mind my own business.
- Rab, you finished yet?
- Yes, Uncle Nat.
- If they suit Mr. Adams.
- I'll look at them.
- What are you doing here?
- I want to see you, Mr. Revere.
- In a moment.
- Yes, sir.
- Excellent, Rab.
- Thank you, Mr Adams.
Get them to your Liberty boys. Sooner they spread through town, the better.
I'll nail one
to the Governor's door myself.
Sometimes I wonder
why we trouble ourselves.
- Liberty is for the young.
- They have the spirit for it.
This lad seems to have business with you, Paul. We'll go on.
Good day, gentlemen.
Dr. Warren, Mr. Adams...
Seems like everybody in Boston's interested in tea.
Not tea, the principle behind it.
Now what is it this time?
WeII, we've been commissioned
to replace the teapot in a silver set.
I copied this from the creamer
and enlarged it,
but it always comes out wrong.
This is properly the work
for a master, not an apprentice.
Mr. Lapham feels he's too old for
such work, but we need the trade badly.
The fault here is not craftsmanship.
I've seldom seen better.
No, it's in your design.
Enlargement isn't enough. Proportion
has to be taken into account too.
Now...
If we make our curves...
...deeper, like this.
You see?
Enough of work, Iad. Don't you hear
the bell ringing for vespers?
I've almost finished this pattern...
There are things much more important
than a rich man's silver.
The boy is only trying to do
what you can't do yourself.
God granted him a great gift.
But he must learn gratitude
and humbleness.
But, Grandpa, only an hour?
It's time that God and His Word
came first in this house.
We will begin our Sabbath tonight
as becomes humble people.
Begin with the 19th verse.
[Johnny] "And I will break
the pride of your power;
and I will make your heaven as iron
and your earth as brass.''
"'And your strength
shall be spent in vain
for your land
shall not yield or increase.'"
'Neither shaII the trees of the Iand yieId their fruits.'
Pray the Deacon's meeting Iasts extra Iong so he won't miss us from our pews.
We'd be jaiIed for breaking the Sabbath.
If we get caught. Fetch water so we can douse the fire if anyone comes.
Then keep watch down the street.
- Hurry up, Johnny!
- Yes, Mrs. Lapham.
The ConstaIe's coming!
Put it away, quickIy.
I'II douse the fire.
Johnny!
[CIIa] Oh, Johnny!
Hey, it's you again.
- Where you been?
- Around.
- What happened to your hand?
- I burned it.
What's the gun for?
The tea I toId you about, it's in that ship.
We're here to stop them Ianding it.
Oh, the tea gain.
Good morning, sir.
Fine day, isn't it?
That it is, Iad.
If you're gonna carry one of these things, Iearn to carry it right.
Yes, sir.
- Who's that?
- AdmiIaI Montagu of His Majesty's Navy.
He's taken quarters for himseIf over there,
but he can't Iand the Marines he's got on his fIagship.
What do you mean? You wouIdn't hang around this tea ship Iong if he did.
That's it.
Governor Hutchinson won't Iet him.
HaIf of Boston wouId turn out if the
Marines were landed against us.
Why not get your master to give you some
time off so you can take a turn with us?
My master's a silversmith,
not a troublemaker.
You could've rode to Charlestown for
that charcoal, time you've been gone.
There were others ahead of me,
I had to wait my turn.
Since when have you taken to waiting
for other apprentices
when there's work to be done?
- What's got into you?
- Let the boy be.
- Everything in good time.
- He's been moping about for weeks.
- But, Ma, his hand.
- Time we looked at that, too.
Unwrap it, Johnny.
Did you hear me, boy?
Move your fingers.
I can't.
It's no wonder.
They've all grown together.
I know.
Well, so... So that's it.
[Mrs. Lapham] There'll be
no more following the trade for you.
Why, we're not bound
to his contract after this, are we?
Johnny's contract is with me.
Come here, boy.
I've said nothing about
the broken Sabbath, Johnny.
God has sent you
enough punishment for that.
If you can't serve me,
you'll have to find other work.
But I want you to know
that as long as I live,
there'll be a place in this house
for you.
Not if I can't earn it.
Johnny!
Johnny!
Johnny, I don't want you
to go off like this.
Goodbye, Cilla.
But at least stay
until you can find something.
You're a stubborn fool, Johnny Tremain.
Sixteen hundredweight
of West Indies molasses
to the order of
Hitchbourn and Company,
at Boston in the bay of Massachusetts.
Good, boy, very good.
Lads who can read
are hard come by these days.
Now let me see a sample of your pen.
Come on, boy.
I'm sorry, boy,
we could've used you.
[man] Fine sinew on your bones.
Enough to weather a voyage
in fine style.
- We sail on the Tuesday tide.
- You'll give me a berth?
Here's my hand on it.
I'm sorry.
But who's going to hire
a boy with one hand,
when there are dozens
to be had with two?
[man] 'Ware coach!
Wait here.
Bill me for these
at the end of the month.
Yes, sir. Good day, sir.
- By your leave, sir.
- Well, what is it?
- Sir, I wanted to talk to you.
- Aren't you Lapham's apprentice?
The young rascal who ruined
the silver he was making for me?
Yes, sir, I was. But my name
is Jonathan Lyte Tremain.
So, Jonathan Lyte Tremain.
Get on with it.
There's more to it, isn't there?
Or shall I tell you how it goes?
Your dying mother told you
to come to me in adversity.
That you are my relative,
Isn't that it?
Why, yes,
but I didn't realize you'd know.
What rich man doesn't know that trick?
It's one of the oldest in the world
and one of the scurviest.
But, sir, I have this
to prove what I say is true.
- Where'd you get that?
- My mother gave it to me.
Gave it to you, eh?
A long time ago, I suppose?
Yes, when she told me
about my name.
Quite so.
Suppose you bring that
to my house after supper tonight
and we'll discuss our...
...our relationship
in proper surroundings?
- Drive on.
- Thank you, sir!
- What do you want, boy?
- I have an appointment with Mr Lyte.
Oh, Master Tremain!
Can I take your bag, sir?
Right this way.
- Master Jonathan Lyte Tremain.
- Ah, come in, my boy.
- My friend Mr Hooper.
- Your servant.
That cup, boy.
I think you've solved a family mystery
of long standing, Master Tremain.
I think we can agree that these
four cups are identical and of one set.
Bearing the Lyte family crest.
It is obvious that this fourth cup
now stands where it belongs.
There remains only the question
of how it came
into Master Tremain's hands.
I've already told you, sir.
My mother gave it to me.
Ah, yes. Your mother.
Constable, didn't I report
on August 10th last
that a window was broken
in this room and one of these cups,
carelessly left out, was stolen
along with some other trifles of silver?
That you did, sir.
Well, we've found our burglar,
Constable.
Take him away.
Come, boy.
Mr. Revere! Rab!
How did you know I was here?
He's with us, Johnny.
He lets us know every time
he gets a new tenant.
Looks as though Mr. Lyte
intends to make an example of you.
But don't worry, lad.
This is Mr. Josiah Quincy.
He's taking your case.
I can't afford a lawyer,
let alone the best one in Boston.
Any innocent man can afford me.
But I'm a nobody.
We're all nobodies
when we're standing alone.
It's what I tried to tell you, Johnny.
[Rab] It's when we fight together
that counts.
We believe we must fight as fiercely
against small tyrannies as big ones.
So, Mr. Quincy is your lawyer.
Now, then, Mr. Lyte,
having heard your testimony
and that of the defendant,
a few questions if you please.
CertainIy, sir.  
You state that these cups were presents from your father to each of his children to commemorate their christening.  
Yes, as the sole survivor of those children, these cups have come into my hands in due course.  
Quite so. Each of your three brothers passed on to his reward, leaving his goods and chattels, including these cups, to you.  
But, sir, yours is a very well-known family, both here and in England.  
I'm under the impression that your father had five children, rather than the four you mention.  
True, there was a sister, lost under tragic circumstances many years ago, before any of us came to America.  
Is it not possible this boy's story could be true?  
Could he not in fact be related to you?  
You say my name and family are well known.  
Look at this beggar from the streets and look at me, sir, and let that be your answer.  
Your eloquence is respected by all, Mr Quincy, but I fear, sir, that not even you can alter fact.  
That heirloom, of little value in itself, was plainly stolen for no other purpose than to establish just such a preposterous claim as that young ruffian has proposed.  
Your Honor, the apprentices of Boston get out of hand these days. They roam the streets in lawless bands, roaring out treasonous songs in the public squares,
and prating of Liberty
Like drunken parliamentarians,
Ioyal and IawfuI citizens
at their mercy.
I suggest that these sentiments
have prejudiced you against this Iad.
Most certainly not.
My reputation for fairness
is known throughout this coIony.
I bear no ill wiII
towards my feIIow man,
whatever his age or station.
But I have been robbed and the gaIIows
of this city have been too Iong empty.
In the interests of justice,
I demand the death penaIty.
That, fortunateIy,
is for the court to determine.
I thank you, sir.
Does that conclude your case,
Mr. Quincy?
No, no, Your Honor.
I remind you that
we have a fuII docket today.
I had hoped to summon a witness
on behaIf of my client.
Out of the way,
out of the way, sir.
[Quincy] There she is now.
I caII PrisciIIa Lapham.
Go on.
Do you swear by the Iiving God that
your evidence concerning this cause
shall be the truth, the whole truth and
nothing but the truth, so heIp you, God?
I do.
Miss Lapham,
have you ever seen this cup before?
- Yes, sir.
- WiII you teII the court where?
In Grandfather's shop.
[Quincy] And you know
to whom this cup beIongs?
Him. He showed it to me
the night he told me
his true name
was Jonathan Lyte Tremain.
And when was that?
- The fifth of July.
- Are you sure of the date?
I'll never forget it.
It was just two days
before he burned his hand.
I submit, Your Honor, more than a month
before Mr. Lyte
says his missing cup was stolen.
Thank you, Miss Lapham.
Just a moment, girl.
Do you know who I am?
- Yes, sir.
- Good.
Now, isn't it a fact that
the accident to which you refer
occurred while this felon
was deliberately breaking the law?
He was breaking the Sabbath, you mean.
- Precisely.
- We all were, except Grandpa.
Because this unprincipled boy
urged you to it.
No, sir,
because you'd brought us an order
that could've paid
all the back rent Grandpa owes you.
Your Honor, it is not I
who am prejudiced in this case.
This girl is obviously
in love with the prisoner,
and is determined to protect him.
I'm not in love with Johnny Tremain.
He's the most stiff-backed,
 thick-headed, stubborn boy in Boston.
- And a lying thief.
- That isn't so!
Don't argue with me!
Johnny may be everything I said,
Your Honor,
but he never told a lie
or did a dishonest thing in his life.
I am not interested in your opinions.
- What I want to know...
- One moment, Mr. Lyte.
A tenant who dares to testify
against her landlord has courage, sir.
And in the opinion of this court,
no possible motive but the truth.
This court finds no evidence to support
the charges against this defendant.
Good day, Mr. Lyte. Next case.
- Thank you, Cilla.
- It was my duty.
And don't get an idea
it was anything else.
Things look a little brighter?
Thanks to you, Mr. Revere
and your friends.
You've all helped me so much,
I'd like to help you somehow.
- Doesn't sound like Johnny Tremain.
- What do you mean?
What happened to the master Smith
who was gonna stand on his own feet
and let others stand on their own?
The one who thought freemen's rights,
people working together,
was just a lot of things
that got argued about by politicians?
Guess I have learned
a bit about that, haven't I?
But just the same,
I wish there was something I could do.
As a matter of fact, there is.
Come on, you can help me with a chore
across the street.
- Who's Gobin?
- Pump some water.
I'll bring him out to meet you.
- Like him, don't you?
- Who wouldn't?
- He belongs to you?
- Uncle Nat.
- Gobin, that's a funny name.
- He's a funny horse.
  His imagination gets the best of him
  every now and then.
A rag, a paper, a bush, he thinks
they're goblins that eat horses.
I bet I could make friends with him.
You know, Johnny,
there is something you could do.
- If you could only ride.
- Why can't I?
  It only takes one hand
  to hold the reins.
On Goblin,
even two hands aren't enough.
I can do it, can't I boy?
All right, I'll get his saddle.
We'll see.
- Haven't you had enough?
- Just a little bit longer.
  I think he's beginning to trust me.
All right, once more.
But that's all!
We've got to show him this time, Goblin.
Do this for me and I won't
let anything happen to you.
No goblins are gonna get you
when you're with me.
- Will he do?
- Yes, Uncle Nat.
We finally got
the horse boy we need.
Good. Tomorrow's paper,
you'd better start folding it.
- Yes, Uncle Nat.
- Can I help?
If you want to.
- Are they still upstairs?
- They've adjourned.
532 subscribers.
The biggest newspaper
in the whole province.
Rab, what's it all about?
The latch on the door,
and the people upstairs?
I was waiting for you to ask.  
Know what this is?  
- Looks like the Liberty Tree.  
- It is.  
It's our badge.  
You see, the Observer is really  
the voice of the Sons of Liberty.  
The Committee meets secretly here  
upstairs, like tonight.  
Sometimes, part of your job  
will be to carry messages for them.  
- Who's the Committee?  
- The men who organized us.  
The greatest patriots in Boston.  
There isn't any list.  
Don't dare to write it down for fear  
it'll fall into the wrong hands.  
So you'll have to  
memorize the names.  
- You trust me?  
- Any reason why we shouldn't?  
Here they come.  
- Good night.  
- Good night, Mr Lorne.  
Sam Adams and Dr. Warren,  
Paul Revere and Mr. Quincy,  
you know them.  
That's the Reverend Samuel Cooper  
and his brother William.  
Martin Brimmer,  
Mr. Moineaux,  
Moses Gill,  
Newman Greenough,  
Tom Boylston, Oliver Wendell,  
Joseph Ayres...  
- Mr. Quincy, sir.  
- Yes, Johnny, what is it?  
Mr. Lorne's compliments. You owe  
the Boston Observer six shillings.  
Thank you.  
No work for a few days  
until the swelling goes down.  
- Hello.  
- Mr Lorne's compliments, sir.
And you owe the Observer
six shillings.
Tell Mr Lorne
I'll attend to it straightaway.
- Mr Lorne's compliments, sir.
- I owe the Observer six shillings?
- Thank you. Mr. Adams just told me.
- Yes, sir.
"You owe the Observer six shillings"
means the Committee's meeting at six,
doesn't it?
Maybe.
What do you suppose
the meeting's all about?
It could be to draft
a letter of apology to the Governor
for interfering in his affairs.
On the other hand,
there's a tea ship at Griffin's Wharf
that will have been in harbor
20 days tomorrow.
The law says, after 20 days,
any cargo that hasn't been unloaded,
must be seized by the Governor
and sold at auction.
They might want to talk about that.
They've been talking over an hour.
Probably dry enough for some punch now.
Very well.
- May I take this up for you?
- Oh, I can manage.
Oh, I see. You've never been up there,
have you?
No, sir.
- Very well, Johnny.
- Thank you, sir.
Then we are all agreed?
[Quincy] To the last detail, doctor.
[Warren] The one move
they'll not expect us to make.
Help yourselves, gentlemen. Take my
word, there's not a drop of tea in it.
Oh, Rab!
Have you warned your Iads
we may need them?
- Yes, sir. They're ready.
- Good.
We're going from here
to a mass meeting at Old South.
A last plea to ship the tea back to
England has been sent to the Governor.
His answer will come back to me
at the meeting.
If he refuses us again,
I'll give you the signal.
- You know what to do?
- Yes, but we'll be outside the church.
If there's much of a crowd,
we won't be able to hear you.
There may be a crowd, all right.
Johnny, do you have a whistle?
- I can get one, sir.
- Good boy.
You get over to Old South and get inside
where you can see me and hear me.
When the Governor's message comes,
if you hear me say:
"This meeting can do nothing more
to save the country"
you get outside and blow that whistle
for all you're worth.
- Understand?
- Yes, sir.
Gentlemen, a toast.
A toast to the hope
that is foremost in all our hearts,
a reasonable answer
from Governor Hutchinson.
We stand upon moral grounds
no less firm than the rock-ribbed shores
of our own continent,
the rights of free Englishmen,
wherever they may be.
And from this unassailable vantage,
we must face the gale.
I see the clouds which rise
thick and fast upon our horizon,
the thunder roII
and the lightning play,
and to that God
which rides the whirlwind...
- Make way, Governor's business.
- [Quincy] ...commit my country!
- Don't look like real Indians.
- We're not supposed to.
Just so we don't look like ourselves.
If you can't recognize anybody,
you can't blame anybody.
Quiet!
Mr. Adams would speak.
Fellow citizens,
Governor Hutchinson's answer
has arrived.
This meeting can do nothing more
to save the country.
Come on, Iads!
Seven o'clock on a fine night
and all's well!
Seven o'clock on a fine night
and all's well!
All is well tonight, indeed.
The seditious meddlers who
call themselves the Sons of Liberty
have given us a bad time
these past 20 days, Admiral.
I swear if I hadn't stiffened
the Governor's resolution,
he'd have shipped
that tea back to England.
What a misfortune
that would have been.
Allow me to offer you a glass of port,
in celebration of your victory.
Thank you. The landing of that tea
tomorrow is a bit of a victory for me.
I dare say, Mr. Lyte. Naturally,
you'll buy it in at the auction?
- Naturally.
- At a vast profit.
I'm a man of business, sir.
But my real satisfaction
is in the utter defeat
of these radical demagogues
who've so long corrupted Boston.
I'm convinced we shall hear no more
prattle of liberty or the rights of man.
Remember your orders.
No damage to the ship,
no violence to the crew,
no harm to any cargo but the tea.
It would seem, Mr. Lyte,
our celebration is a trifle premature.
- To your task, gentlemen.
- Come on, lads.
We'll, sir,
aren't you going to do something?
What, for instance?
Those ships are loaded
with His Majesty's Marines.
- Bring them ashore!
- I take my orders from the Governor.
Good evening, Captain.
I must ask you for your keys.
If you please, sir.
Excited, Johnny?
This is a night
I wish I had two good hands.
You can. I've told you before,
any time you come to my surgery.
A few moments with a knife,
a few moments of pain,
your fingers will be free.
We need good men,
the best we can get.
Don't you realize? That tea is worth
more than two shillings a pound.
Those chests weigh
near four hundredweight apiece.
A loss of more than 40 sterling
a chest,
as much as 18,000 value
for the whole cargo!
No doubt, Mr. Lyte. But isn't it odd?
Those Indians
seem to prefer principle to profit.
'Shun the detested beverage
and let none be landed on these shores.'
[man] Here goes the last one!
That's it, Iads.
There you are, sir.
All ship-shape and Bristol fashion.
And thank you, Captain,
for the use of these.
[man] Good night, Admiral!
? Plant the seed
in our homeland boys
? Let it grow where all can see
? Feed it with our devotion, boys
? Call it the Liberty Tree
? It's a tall old tree
and a strong old tree
? And we are the Sons
Yes, we are the Sons
? The Sons of Liberty
? Save it from the storm, boys
? Water down its roots with tea
? And the sun will always shine
? On the old Liberty Tree
? It's a tall old tree
and a strong old tree
? And we are the Sons
Yes, we are the Sons
? The Sons of Liberty
? March along with the piper, boys
? We were born forever free
? Let's go pay the piper, boys
? Beneath the Liberty Tree
? It's a tall old tree
and a strong old tree
? And we are the Sons
Yes, we are the Sons
? The Sons of Liberty
? Pay the price they're asking, boys
? Always pay the tyrant's fee
? Never give up the struggle, boys
? Fight for the Liberty Tree
? It's a tall old tree
and a strong old tree
? And we are the Sons
Yes, we are the Sons
? The Sons of Liberty
? Stand for the rights of man, boys
? Stand against all tyranny
? Hang the lamps of freedom, boy
? High on the Liberty Tree
? It's a tall old tree
and a strong old tree
? And we are the Sons
Yes, we are the Sons
? The Sons of Liberty
? It will grow as we grow, boys
? It will be as strong as we
? We must cling to our faith, boys
? Faith in the Liberty Tree
? It's a tall old tree
and a strong old tree
? And we are the Sons
Yes, we are the Sons
? The Sons of Liberty ?
...two, three, four, hup...
My name is Warren. I have
an appointment with the Governor.
Yes, Dr. Warren.
General Gage is expecting you, sir.
- Dr. Warren, sir.
- Come in, doctor.
I trust my sending for you
is not an imposition?
Not at all, General.
Any service at my command.
I have always held you
in great respect, sir.
You will believe my sincerity
when I tell you that
the time has come when
we must have an understanding.
We, General?
It has long been known to me
that you are the most influential voice
in that body
which you call the Committee.
And now, doctor, the fate of Boston
lies on this table between us.
I received today this newspaper from Portsmouth. It contains an account of Lord Chatham's speech to the House of Lords.
- I wonder if you have seen it?
- No, doctor.

You are an admirer of Lord Chatham?
What Englishman is not?

Lord Chatham's speech proposes an address to the king with the demand that you and your soldiers be immediately withdrawn from Boston.
I see.

May I take it, sir, that such a decision would not be entirely unwelcome to you?
I have lived in these provinces for too many years, sir, to enjoy the responsibilities now thrust upon me.

Chatham speaks here of the Ministry and the effects of its colonial policy.
He... May I?

"Resistance to your acts was as necessary as it was just, and your imperious doctrines will be found incompetent to convince or enslave your fellow subjects in America, who feel that tyranny is intolerable to British subjects."

"All attempts to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation must be vain, must be fatal."

"We shall be forced ultimately to retreat."

"Let us retreat while we can... not when we must."

Lord Chatham is one of the greatest statesmen England has ever known. But Lord Chatham is not in office. I am a soldier, sir, and must take my orders from the Ministry in power. Those orders are explicit.
I must not open this port
to any trade whatsoever,
until the tea has been paid for
to the last shilling.
And I must stamp out vigorously
the least sign of resistance
to the Ministry's policy.
In this connection, there are things
to which I can no longer close my eyes.
The illegal bodies of militia,
drilling on every village green.
They must be disbanded.
I am also aware that considerable stores
of munitions are being assembled.
They must be surrendered at once.
That is why I sent for you.
I am sorry, General, but that
I do not have the power to do.
Why not?
Free men will never consent to give up
the means of defending their liberties.
Good day, doctor.
Good day, sir.
You realize, doctor, this means
that I must enforce my orders?
I do, sir.
We have our duty.
We cannot deny you yours.
[man] 'Ware coach!
Ah, come in, my boy. Come in.
Delightful weather we're having.
Yes, sir.
This way.
See to it we're not disturbed.
Well, sit down, my boy, sit down.
Johnny,
I've decided to go back to England.
Boston is no place for a merchant now.
The government in the hands
of the military, the port closed,
trade at a standstill, and more soldiers
than civilians on the streets.
It's a sorry situation, isn't it?
Yes, sir. Why doesn't General Gage
take his redcoats home?
But you don't understand.
Boston must first accept responsibility
for the tea she destroyed.
Why? We didn't ask for the tea.
The Ministry forced it on us.
That has nothing to do with it!
Do you know that
a group of loyal merchants,
myself amongst them,
offered to pay out of their own pockets
the 18,000 in damages
the Ministry demands for the tea?
- Yes, sir.
- And do you know that
the political leaders of Boston
have repeatedly refused
this generous solution to the plight
of the town and its people?
- Yes, sir.
- Then can you sit there
and tell me that such leaders
work in the public interest?
Yes, we can't give up our principles.
Principles! Huh!
What do beardless boys like you,
or traitors like Sam Adams
and his kind, know of principles?
They're trying to stir the colony
to defiance of Crown and Ministry alike!
- They're not.
- Then what are they doing?
Defending our liberties.
Every Englishman has that right.
You parroting young popinjay!
I didn't send for you
to hear a political lecture!
Why did you send for me?
To make an offer I now realize I would
have regretted for the rest of my life.
I've been at pains to investigate
your claim of relationship to me.
I was willing to grant you might indeed
be my dead sister's son.
I'd intended to take you to England with me,
and try and make a gentleman of you.
You would have wasted your time, sir.
I would never leave Boston.
I warn you, Iad.
When the hangman comes for your rebel friends,
there'll be no one to whom you can turn.
Then I'll hang with them.
This cup means more to you than it ever will to me.
Dr. Warren,
Mr. Adams and Mr. Revere are upstairs making plans right now.
I've sent for all of you because they need help.
What can we do?
They think General Gage is going to make a move soon.
They have to know what he plans to do before he does it.
That's where you come in.
Watch the General's headquarters and the redcoats
— and report everything they do and say.
— What about you?
Some of us are old enough to carry guns.
Captain Parker out in Lexington is my cousin.
He wants us to join his Minutemen when the redcoats move.
Wait, you're not gonna leave me out of that?
There's plenty for you to do here, Johnny.
You watch the redcoats billeted on the street across the way.
Dorcas, you and the Hitchbourn boys watch the camps on the common.
Don't take it so hard. I'm glad you're not going to Lexington.
I like it better with you here.
I can carry a gun as well as he can.
I've been thinking.
A lot of redcoats
are billeted at the Green Dragon.
I can get a job in the kitchen
and pick up things while I'm serving.
I don't want you hanging around
a lot of redcoats.
That's what we're supposed to do.
All of us.
I want you where I can keep an eye
on you while you're watching them.
Colonel Smith and his staff
are quartered at the Afric Queen.
That's a better place for you.
All right, Johnny.
[Man] You doddering old fool.
Three weeks is enough to make
campaign flasks for the regiment.
All I wanted was my old one repaired.
- I'm sorry, in a day or two...
- A day or two!
I sail on the morning tide
and I want my flask.
Pardon, sir. Has the port been re-opened
so ships may sail from Boston again?
What business is it of yours?
I thought Mr Lapham might
send your flask on another ship.
I go by military transport.
There'll be no ships...
Maybe he can send it on by me.
I deliver newspapers
to most of the nearby towns...
You don't deliver newspapers
to Portsmouth, New Hampshire.
- It worked!
- It worked!
- Dr. Warren still here?
- What's up?
I don't know. Maybe nothing.
What's the matter?
The redcoats after you?
- They're after something.
What do you mean?
An officer told me he's sailing on a
troop transport to Portsmouth tomorrow.
Hardly the move we expected from Gage.
But a shrewd one. Look. Portsmouth
Committee reports Crown munitions
stored at Fort William and Mary.
and the garrison badly undermanned.
The Committee thinks
the fort could be taken.
Apparently,
General Gage thinks so too.
We could use
those arms and powder.
I'll be in Portsmouth before
the transport clears Boston Harbor.
Good evening, Mr. Revere.
Not much traffic these nights,
eh, boys?
Nor daytime either.
- It's a dead town, that's a fact.
- How would cider go with your rations?
We've not forgot
the last jug you brought us.
I have a cousin in Milton.
He'll have one I can bring back.
A good ride to you!
There goes one provincial
who sits his horse like a gentleman.
Aye, and always
as fast as he can go.
I reckon he's
the liveliest man in Boston.
''After securing the keys to the armory,
the provincials carried off
97 kegs of powder,
and 110 stands of small arms.
Their whereabouts are unknown.''
''I have the honor to be,
etc, Henry Green,
Lieutenant Commanding Officer,
Fort William and Mary.'''
The impudence of these
gawking Yankee Doodles!
Their impudence does not disturb me so much as the situation. With arms and powder, they can offer a forcible resistance. They're certain to do so if the Ministry insists on pressing them too far. They've been storing munitions in villages all around Boston. In my opinion, sir, we must confiscate these contraband stores at once. I quite agree. But no blood has been shed by my command thus far, and I am determined none shall be shed. None will be, sir. If I may have a small, picked force, a detachment of grenadier and light infantry from each regiment, - I will undertake the matter. - But if you meet with resistance? There will be no resistance. We are not dealing with a professional army, Major. They are farmers and mechanics who spend a few hours each week playing soldiers on the green. If we can move at night with the utmost secrecy, we'll be back in Boston with their precious munitions before they can summon a dozen of their men from their beds. Very well, Colonel. You may have your picked force. And pray God we are right. Put your back into it, boy. You'll never get a shine on him. - Colonel likes his horseflesh. - Not this old nag, he don't. He hasn't had a saddle on him all spring. We'll, he may any day. And the beast has got to be fit. - The Colonel rides his parade horse.
- A slipper for dancing, a boot for mud.
Bear down like I told you.
Thank you, Iass.
Service has improved
in this rat-trap since you came.
Kind of you to say it, sir.
Orders, sir,
with the General's compliments.
Very well.
Confound it, Iad. He'll never be
a fit horse! Learn the proper stroke.
Here, let me show you.
- Wait a minute, Iass!
- Yes, sir.
Be a good girl
and fetch this to my quarters.
With pleasure, sir.
[soldier] Your back, Iad! Put your back
into it. Here, I'll show you.
Hello, Johnny.
- Where is everybody?
- Most of them already left.
I had to work late, but it was worth it.
- Some hot cider, Cilla?
- Thank you.
Look. A copy of Gage's latest order.
Is that all?
All? Listen.
''All grenadier
and light infantry companies...
...are detached for five days' training
and special evolution.''
Most of us have already brought in
the same thing.
Oh, I see.
- Johnny.
- Yes, sir.
We're calling
a Committee meeting tonight.
- The usual time?
- No, make it nine o'clock.
And tell the members this may be
the last meeting for a while.
- We want them all here.
- Even Mr. Otis?
  Especially Mr. Otis,
if he's well enough to come.
Is that wise? His spells
have been more violent lately.
Before his head injury, James Otis
was the most brilliant mind among us.
He started the Committee.
It's fitting he be here when we end it.
All right, Johnny.
Dr. Warren.
This order means the redcoats
are going to move, doesn't it?
We think so.
Within the next five days.
Then isn't it time
to join Captain Parker?
- What do you think, Sam?
- Every passing day will make it harder
for men and boys of military age
to get out of Boston.
Go ahead, Rab.
- And good luck.
- Thank you, sir.
Come on, Iads.
It's me, Rab.
Oh, Dr. Warren. Where's Rab?
- He's gone on to Lexington.
- But without me?
  You could hardly go, Johnny.
Surely you can see that?
- I'd like to know why not.
- Let's say I need you more here.
- Is Mr. Otis coming?
- Yes, sir.
Good. You take over from me
and admit him when he gets here.
Yes, sir.
[man] For 10 long years, we've tried
to placate Crown and Parliament...
[man] ...the cry is peace! Peace...!
Oh, Mr. Otis. Good evening.
Good evening, boy.
[man] There's no longer
any choice before us... The others are waiting for you, sir. It's Sammy Adams, eh? 
[Adams] ...out of it shall come such a country as was never seen before. A free country. For this we will fight.
Good evening, gentlemen.
Mr. Otis, this place properly belongs to you.
Thank you, doctor.
- There you are, sir.
- Thank you.
Now, Sammy, let's see. You'd got as far as
"For this we will fight."
I've not always agreed with you, but you are right in that.
In all conscience, this Committee cannot declare for war. Determination to defend our rights, yes. Necessary preparations to do so. But war? Only if war is made against us.
A splendid resolve, but it doesn't alter fact. The fatal shot will come, whoever is to pull the trigger. When it does, then fight we must and fight we will.
But for what? This is the thing we must know, that the whole world must know. For what do we fight? Tell me that. To rid ourselves of these infernal redcoats. That's no reason for blood on our land, Paul. We've earned these redcoats. We've shouted our treason in the press and public squares for 10 long years without hindrance. Did ever an occupied city receive better treatment than we of Boston have had?
Where are the firing squads? The jails filled with political prisoners? The gallows erected for Paul Revere,... Samuel Cooper,... Sammy Adams,... and Joseph Warren?

I hate the presence of these troops of the Ministry as much as any of you. But we are not going off into a civil war just to get them out of Boston. Tell me why, then. Why do we fight? To end tyrannous taxation.

Something more important than our precious pocket books.
- But what is it?
- The rights of Englishmen!

Ah...! Now we have a glimmer. And it is prophetic that it should shine brightest in the eyes of youth. Rights, yes.

But why stop with Englishmen? Is the earth so small there can be room for only one people? Or can we here fight for men and women and children all over the world? For this, we can have war.

That there shall be no more tyranny. That a few men cannot seize power over thousands. That wherever the sun shines, a man shall choose who shall rule over him. The rights of Englishmen, you say, Iad.

The battles we shall win over the worst in England will benefit the best in England until the end of time. Even as we shoot down British soldiers, we will be winning rights their children shall enjoy forever. And the peoples of the world, the peasants of France and serfs of Russia shall see freedom rising.
I like a new sun in the west.
For this, we fight. Those natural rights
God has given every man,
no matter how humble.
Or crazy.
They say my injury
bashed the wits from my head.
That's what you think, isn't it, Sammy?
Certainly not, sir.
Perhaps it's true.
Some of us will give our wits.
Some will give our property.
Let those of substance among you
think of that.
Gold and jewels and fine great houses.
Hurts, doesn't it?
You, friend Paul.
God made you to fashion silver,
not to make war.
There's a time for casting silver,
a time for casting cannon.
If that isn't in the Writ, it should be.
And you, Dr. Warren.
What use are the fine mind
and skilled hands of the surgeon
when they have been
mangled in battle?
Then others must do
what I no longer can.
And you, who are so young.
Some of you must die.
To die young is more than dying.
It's to lose so large a part of life.
You, my old friend, my old enemy.
How can I call you?
Even you will give the best you have,
a genius for politics.
And we need you, Sammy.
For we must fight this war
in meeting-house and congress
and the halls of parliament
as well as on the field.
But what it's all about,
you'll really never know.
And yet it's so much simpler than any of you think.
We give all we have,
we fight,
we die,
for a simple thing.
Only that a man can stand.
You write as good a hand as ever, don't you?
Yes, doctor, thanks to you.
Address this to Mr. Adams and Mr. Hancock at Lexington...
- Good morning, Paul.
- Morning.
What's afoot?
They're as busy as red ants all over town.
But no sign of a march, yet.
The transports in the harbor are sending boats down here, along the common.
They may intend to row the troops across to Cambridge.
Those boats may be a trick.
General Gage won't need them if he marches his troops across the Neck.
What route do you intend taking with our message when the time comes?
I'll go by way of Charlestown.
- I've a boat at Mill Cove.
- Good.
Billy Dawes has volunteered to try to get past the guards at the Neck.
One of you should get through.
- What if they don't?
- We've one messenger they can't stop.
The spire of Christ Church. It can be seen from the Charlestown shore.
Friends will watch for the lanterns in the tower when the redcoats march.
One if by land, two if by sea.
One if by land, two if by sea.
Johnny, this may be important.
The Colonel was making a to-do with Caleb over a saddle
when that orderly came looking for him.
All I heard the orderly say was,
"The General's compliments."
Come on, let's see
if Caleb's heard anything else.
Hello, Caleb.
- Fat-bearded redcoat Colonel.
- What happened?
He told he wanted his saddle shined.
How'd I know he only used
that one for show around town,
and he wanted this one
for some country riding tonight?
Country riding?
We'll help,
but remember what the Colonel said.
It'd be more help if you got old Sandy
out and looked him over for me.
- Gotta have him ready too.
- He's too old for much of a ride.
That's what I told the Colonel.
He said he'd be better off
tonight on a horse he can trust.
Sandy'll last out the 17 miles
they have to go all right.
Give me that rag, Cilla.
I thought you were gonna help!
It's tonight, that's certain.
They're beating to arms in every square.
It should be Concord.
We have much of our powder there.
Seventeen miles.
- Wait a minute. Johnny...
- Yes, sir.
You've ridden most roads
for the Observer.
Suppose they did use their boats
and began their march at Cambridge?
- How far would it be to Concord then?
- I make it... 17 miles!
That's it. Priscilla, think you
can get to Mr. Revere's house?
- Yes, doctor.
- Tell him they're marching on Concord.
- He'II have to leave at once.
- Yes, sir!
And warn him they've moved
the Somerset off Barton's Point.
He'II have to cross under her guns.
Johnny, I want you to go to Mr. Robert
Newman, the sexton at Christ Church.
You'II find him
somewhere about the church.
Tell him too. He'II understand.
Yes, sir.
- You, boy. What are you about?
- I'm on my way home, sir.
Time to get home after we've gone.
Over here with the others.
After him!
- Are you Mr. Newman?
- Yes, Iad.
- Dr. Warren sent me.
- Down this way, men!
- How many Lanterns?
- Two.
Two.
I saw you two thirds across.
I knew it couId be no other boat,
not this night, Paul.
Thanks heavens the watch on
the Somerset didn't have your eyes.
I see you brought the horse.
How do the redcoats go,
PauI, and where?
There's your answer.
Concord by sea.
Thank Mrs Larkin
for the use of the horse.
Turn out! Turn out your militia!
Turn out your militia!
Turn out! Turn out your militia!
- What's all the noise down there?
- The redcoats are coming!
Johnny?
Oh, it's you.
- Where are you going?
- Lexington.
- There may be fighting there.
- I know.
Be reasonable for once,
Johnny Tremain.
- You don't even have a gun.
- I'll get one.
If you did, you wouldn't know how to shoot it.
I'll learn then.
- You'll get yourself killed.
- Not if I can help it.
Goodbye, Cliff.
[soldier] Halt! Halt!
Pull up, there.
How can you eat at a time like this?
It was a long night and I'm hungry.
- Where's Mr. Revere?
- He went to the clerk house to warn Mr. Adams and Mr. Hancock to clear out.
But where are the redcoats?
That's what I want to know.
Ought to be along any minute.
Major Pitcairn, anyway.
- He's commanding?
- The advance party.
He was when I passed them. Colonel Smith was back with the main body.
What do you suppose the advance party's for?
Probably to clear us out of here, so the rest can get on through to Concord.
[man] All right, lads. Take your places. Fall in!
- What are you doing here?
- Same as you.
You haven't got a musket.
I'm standing behind you so the redcoats won't notice. Turn round.
Let everyone of you remember your orders.
You are not to fire unless fired upon.
We stand upon our rights,
not upon the force of arms.
Do not molest them
unless they begin it first.
Squad...
Halt!
No man will fire except on my order.
Is that clear?
No man will fire without order.
Take the column to the left!
Squad, right turn!
To the left!
Turn.
We'll stand by our orders.
But if they mean to have a war,
them let it begin here.
Halt!
Front...
Are they gonna fire on us?
I don't think so.
Just trying to scare us.
To the left!
Whee!
Halt!
Lay down your arms!
Disperse, you rebels!
Why don't you disperse?
Come on!
Hold your fire!
Get back to your ranks!
Back to your ranks!
Hold your fire! Get back.
Get back. Get into your ranks.
Who fired that shot, sir?
The first one?
One of them, one of us.
Someone in one of those
houses over there.
I don't know.
What difference does it make now?
There they are.
- Where we bound?
- North Bridge. They're tearing it down.
- Does it mean fighting?
- We can't get cut off from Concord.
FaII in!
You'd better get out of this.
I'm gonna get one of those
redcoat muskets.
Fire a warning shot.
ShouIder...
...firearm!
Make ready!
Present!
Fire!
Load.
Back to your ranks!
HoId your ranks, men!
HoId your ranks!
[man] We got 'em on the run.
Let's keep 'em running
aII the way back to Boston!
On your right.
After them!
History hoIds no paraIIeI to it, sir.
An untrained, undisciplined rabbIe,
turning a retreat into a rout,
despite aII we couId do.
They fired from every tree
and dunghill the whoIe way back.
Never once did we have an enemy
with whom we couId cIose.
You see those camp fires, gentIemen?
Yesterday, we ruIed over Boston.
Tonight we are besieged in it.
And stiII they come,
from every viIIage and farm.
Tonight, 1 0,000.
Tomorrow perhaps twice 1 0,000.
We've experienced more than a defeat.
More than a mere misfortune of war.
We have been vanquished by an idea.
A beIief in human rights.
Johnny!
- Oh, Johnny...
- CiIIa.
- How did you get here?
- Are you badIy hurt?
Me, hurt? I'm tired, that's aII.
From chasing redcoats all day.
- And I thought you were...
- That's all right.
Hey, you two! Give me a hand.
Johnny, I'm so glad it's over.
Over? Nothing is over.
It's only a beginning.
A kindling of the flame.
Feed it, Iads.
As you fed it with your blood today.
For 'tis the spark of Liberty
that you've touched to fire.
And its light must grow
til every dark corner is vanished
and it illuminates the world.
? It's a tall old tree
and a strong old tree
? And we are the Sons
Yes, we are the Sons
? The Sons of Liberty?