The Memoir of Paul Revere

As I sit back in repose lounging in my armchair and enjoy life’s little pleasures, I remember when I, Paul Revere, once lived a life so full of work that it is almost alien to me now. Even as I stand up to get my book of memoirs I feel my knees and back protesting against the weight as I once did against the King’s taxes. While I stay warm by the fire so diligently fighting the cold winters chill I pick out a favorite event to relive in my mind. I busy my mind finding an adventure and decide on the Boston Tea Party as people call it.

I read from my book, “It was the evening of December 16, the year of our lord 1773. For three years the duty on tea caused great umbrage among us colonists but with the arrival of three ships from England, the Dartmouth, the Eleanor, and the Beaver, laden with tea in our harbor we were disgusted. Many citizens had already given their efforts to sending the ships back but none prevailed. There was a meeting that afternoon in the Old South Meetinghouse concerning what would be done to send the ships back. A short while before dusk a cry of fire, supposed to be given by Regular officers in citizens’ garb, raised an alarm among us gathered. It nearly served its purpose except for William Cooper telling everyone loudly that there was no fire but the fire of the British, and to keep their seats.

“Immediately after a number of men, including myself, marched down the aisle disguised as Mohawk Indians with tomahawks and coal dust on our hands and faces. We
proceeded to the wharves of Griffin, Gray, and Tileston, where the ships were docked. We split into three groups and proceeded to the ships. We all boarded at the same time and a man from each party went to the captain for keys to the hatches and candles. The captains gave what was asked for, but said not to damage the ship or rigging. We got to work, splitting the crates of tea so as to expose the tea to the cold water of the harbor with our axes and hauling them over board. It was hard work and there was much tea but we worked quickly under the fear that Admiral Montague would attack, and as consequence, we “Sons of Liberty” had emptied the ships of their tea by nine o’clock p.m.

But our work was not done, in order to ensure our safety from arrest for treason, our shoes joined the crates of tea in the harbor, we swept the decks and made the first mates attest that only tea was damaged. All of our affairs that night went smoothly except for when one fellow, by the name of Charles O’Conner, one of the many that longed to have at least some of the tea for himself was caught lining his jacket with precious cargo. He was relieved of his burden and taken a short ways away to be given a coat of tar and feathers.

“The next morning I remember that some number of rowboats was manned by sailor and citizen alike to prevent the large quantities of tea that had floated up to the surface from being salvageable. They took to this task by beating the tea crates with their oars and paddles.”

As I finish reading this story of my earlier life I come back into the sharp reality that I am in my old age and cannot complete such tasks again. My feelings of the present come back to me and I must accept where I am and who I am. I am no longer a man in the height of his health moving about rebelling against tyranny but an old man stuck with
joints that rebel against him sitting in his armchair. I push these thoughts aside so I can return to thoughts of my memory. *What a night that was,* I think to myself. *What a night to remember.* It is now that it hits me like a gunshot in the face, while I busy myself with what I remember, shouldn’t I be busying myself with how I want to be remembered? This is cause for many hours deep thought, but in the end I learn that I wish to be remembered as a father, a patriot, and most importantly a man that does not and will not stand for what is wrong but what is right. As I sit back in repose lounging in my armchair enjoying life’s little pleasures, I feel that I, Paul Revere, have had a weight lifted from me that I have not known of before, but now that it is gone I know that I will enjoy life a little more while it lasts.