

THESE CHANGES NEED TO BE MADE FOR THE THIRD PRINTING OF *THE VOICE, THE REVOLUTION, AND THE KEY*, on pages 470-473, 475, and 478

PAGE 470

WHARTON AND BOWE BOOKSELLERS, BOSTON, MARCH 5, 1770, 4:00 P.M.

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[I didn't cut and paste the first couple of paragraphs here – only the heading needed a time change above.]

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"Yes, sir. I've always been interested in artillery, ever since I joined 'The Train' militia company of artillery in 1768," Henry answered, closing the book. "I was just sixteen at the time, but I've loved reading about military history and warfare since I started working here as a nine-year-old boy. I think I've read every book in this shop!"

Comment [JT1]: Change from 1766 to 1768. Had the incorrect year, as well as needed to add a real Captain's name and change "Captain Frost" to "Sgt. Frost."

"Ah yes, didn't you tell me ~~you~~ The Train drilled with a British regular artillery unit ~~the~~ that winter of '66?" Captain Preston recalled.

"Indeed! The British regulars were delayed from leaving Boston for Quebec, so ~~our captain~~ Captain Mason had ~~us~~ The Train benefit from that bad winter weather by learning from the best artillery soldiers. I was only sixteen at the time, but one of the Sergeants allowed me to watch them up close. Would you believe his name was Captain-Sgt. Jock Frost?" Henry asked with a grin.

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"Jock Frost? Not Jack Frost?" Captain Preston asked.

"No, sir, Captain-Sgt. Jock Frost," Henry confirmed. "Well, what can I help you with today, sir?"

Captain Preston pointed to a can of snuff on the shelf behind Henry. "One can, and the latest Gazette. I'm the officer of the day, but it will soon be a cold night. Simple comforts."

"Very good, sir," Henry answered, reaching for the snuff. As his back was turned, he heard the bell on the entrance door sound, announcing another customer. He turned to see his ~~the~~ old ~~commander~~ sergeant from The Train step inside, and at his feet was a little black dog.

"Captain-Sgt. Frost! What a strange coincidence! I was just talking about you to Captain Preston here," Henry told him, setting the box of snuff on the counter.

“Good day, lad. Aye, ’tis a cold, snowy day, jest like the day we trained with those guns,” the old, white-haired [officer-soldier](#) answered, his blue eyes twinkling with a knowing grin. He nodded to Captain Preston and put a finger to his black tricorne hat. “Sir.”

“And who is this fine dog?” Henry asked with a big grin, kneeling to pet the Scottish terrier. “Aren’t you the sturdy fellow?”

“His name is Max, and he’s been one of me best soldiers, always barrelin’ through the snow and ice,” [Captain-Sgt.](#) Frost answered with a grin. “Never was there a finer breed ta have by yer side in winter, Mr. Knox. Ice and snow don’t seem ta bother Scotties a bit.”

“I’d love to have a dog like this,” Henry agreed, rubbing Max behind the ears, then standing with his hands on his hips, grinning broadly.

“Aye, of course ye would, bein’ a fine Scot yerself,” [Captain-Sgt.](#) Frost answered. He winked at Max. “Maybe ye’ll be lucky enough ta have a son of a gun from Max here one day.”

Captain Preston put his coin on the counter, picked up the Boston Gazette and frowned. Sprawled on the front page was the horrible news covering the massive funeral for Christopher Seider a week before. “Such a senseless tragedy.”

“They say it was the largest funeral ever held in America. Some 2,000 people lined the streets of Boston,” Henry reported with a wrin-kled brow.

“If only Dr. Warren could have saved the boy,” [Captain-Sgt.](#) Frost added sadly, shaking his head. His eyes brimmed for a brief moment as he looked down at Max, who looked up at him with sad eyes.

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Captain Preston folded the paper and snapped it on the counter. “I know that hothead Sam Adams and his kind roused up those boys to go after the Customs official. Then he roused the crowds to line the streets for the boy’s funeral,” he surmised angrily. “He played on the people’s emotions by having three hundred children dressed as angels in white to walk behind the casket! The situation was sad enough with-out Adams making it worse! Tensions have been high all week and until those hotheads learn to respect British authority, things are only going to get worse for the people of Boston.”

“One thing ye must always keep in mind, Captain Preston, is that Bostonians are passionate about their liberty, and they’ll fight ta the last drop of blood in their veins if they have ta,” [Captain-Sgt.](#) Frost warned, stopping the man as he turned to leave. “They do wish ta remain loyal ta the Crown, but not at the expense of their freedom. But understand also that there are those who wish ta cause trouble for the sake of trou-ble. The scuffles between yer soldiers and the citizens at the Rope Walk the other day could lead ta more heated conflict. Keep a close watch on yer men, Captain. It’s a powder keg on the

streets of Boston. We don't want any more innocent blood spilled out there. Let the frosty chill of the night remind ye ta cool yer tempers."

Captain Preston stared into the penetrating blue eyes of this old soldier and felt a sense of urgency to get back to his men. "Agreed, [Captain-Sgt. Frost](#)." He nodded to Henry. "Mr. Knox."

As Captain Preston left the bookshop, [Captain-Sgt. Frost](#) turned to Henry Knox and tapped the book about artillery sitting on the counter. "Be on yer guard as well, lad. Remember, it only takes a single spark ta fire a cannon, much less a musket."

"Thank you, sir," Henry replied. "Even though you're retired, you're still on guard for Boston and for me."

"May the same be said of ye one day, lad," [Captain-Sgt. Frost](#) answered, leaning in with a knowing grin. "Ye may not always just read books about firin' cannons. Ye may command an artillery unit of yer own someday. Once a soldier, always a soldier."

"Well, right now I'm saving money to open my own bookstore next year, but I appreciate your confidence in me," Henry replied. "What was it you came in for, sir?"

"Just ta say hello. We'll be going now," [Captain-Sgt. Frost](#) said, turning with Max to walk to the door. A rush of cold air came inside as the

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bell jingled. "Keep yerself safe, lad. It may be a frosty night ahead, but things are heatin' up in the streets of Boston."

"Will do, [Captain-Sgt. Frost](#). Goodbye, Max. Thanks for stopping by," Henry told them, rubbing his upper arms against the blast of cold air. He closed the door behind them and went back to pick up his book. He smiled. "Jock Frost."

When the old soldier and Max were outside walking down the street, Max looked up. "Wha' did ye mean with that 'son of a gun' comment, lass?"

Clarie grinned. "Oh, just planting a seed, Max." Her smile faded as she pulled her collar up around her neck against the chill. "You needed to meet Henry Knox and Captain Preston. We must make sure they are both kept safe tonight. Get ready, Max. Things will happen quickly here in Boston."

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breath rising into the air. He was standing ~~under next to the a small~~ lantern ~~hung~~ by his sentry alcove placed by the Customs House steps. The light from the flame danced off his fixed bayonet as he gripped his musket tight.

Comment [JT2]: I had to make this comment because I read there were no street lanterns yet on the street in Boston. I needed a little light however so I made it a little lantern hung there.

"I'm not afraid to show my face," Edward answered, walking over with his hands on his hips. He leaned in close to the soldier, the glint of the lantern illuminating his defiant sneer. "Especially to a Lobsterback."

Private White's eyes filled with fury and he raised his weapon high, quickly hitting Edward on the side of the head with the butt of his musket. Edward staggered backward and gripped his head, crying out in pain. Bartholomew grabbed Edward by the arms and shouted angrily at Private White, "What do you mean by abusing the people?!"

A redcoat sergeant ran over, having seen what happened. "Get out of here, vermin!" he shouted as he chased the young men away with his sword. The teenagers ran off into the darkness, shouting about what had happened, drawing alarmed bystanders closer to the sentry's post.

Henry Knox ~~had closed up his shop and was was~~ heading home ~~after visiting with friends when.~~ He turned a corner and bumped into the shouting teenagers who continued to rant about what the sentry had done. "Dear God," he muttered under his breath, hurrying to the Customs House. When he arrived, Henry saw Private White removing his bayonet to load his musket. He ran up to the soldier and gripped his arm, shaking his head. "If you fire, you will die!"

Comment [JT3]: Knox had been to see friends and was not at the shop right before.

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Henry Knox saw Captain Preston making his way to his men and grabbed him by the coat, "For God's sake, take care of your men! If they fire, you will die!"

Captain Preston clenched his jaw and calmly looked Henry in the eye. He removed Henry's hand from his coat. "I am aware of it." The two men shared a brief moment of unspoken alarm, recalling ~~Captain Sgt.~~ Frost's words earlier that afternoon: Cool yer tempers!

When Captain Preston left Henry standing there in the street, ~~Captain Sgt.~~ Frost rushed up to the young man, grabbing his arm. "~~Let's get on home now~~ ~~Step back~~, lad. ~~Ye~~ ~~We~~ don't want ta get tangled up in this mess."

Comment [JT4]: Knox didn't leave the scene but remained there so I had to fix this part.

Henry Knox, startled to see his old ~~commander sergeant~~ suddenly next to him again, nodded. "~~Yes, sir.~~" ~~Captain Sgt.~~ Frost ~~looked behind them as they walked away from the scene, guiding~~ ~~pulled~~ Knox ~~firmly by the elbow back into the crowd.~~ ~~firmly by the elbow.~~

Max poked his head out in front of the crowd, seeing the soldiers arrayed in a semicircle, holding their muskets chest-high, their bayonets fixed. Captain Preston walked in front of his men and shouted to the crowd. "Go to your homes! Clear the streets!"