

"I am sorry that we must come into port against the wind," he said; "but this inhospitable breeze blows from Boston. You shall be welcomed less roughly if you will visit my native province of Virginia."

"Don't you say nothin' agin Boston, Mr. Brauxholm," said the Captain, who was passing. "Boston's the heart and the mouth of the Colonies. She's all real grit, she is,—and you'll see that the wind that blows from Boston will set every weather-cock from New Hampshire right away down 'o Georgia."

"I hope not, Captain," said a tall young man, with very light blue eyes and a fair face, which the cold had only made more ruddy. "I hope the example of disobedience and rebellion to His Gracious Majesty——"

"Disobedience and rebellion, sir?" cried the Captain, his long lean Yankee face all awork. "We want our rights and liberties, sir! Liberties assured to us by a dozen charters! Look you, Lieutenant, some of our fathers fled away hither across the seas from the tyranny of kings and bishops—all of 'em bore the burden and heat of the day. They found this country a wilderness, given over to the cruel and treacherous heathen; they have turned a great part of it into flourishing colonies, even as the garden of the Lord. We *made* this country, sir! And now, shall we tamely sit by and see our commerce cramped and fettered, and our prosperity destroyed, to swell the British revenues? I tell you, Lieutenant Digby, our ruin is meant! They have us every way. First——" here the Captain grew more excited still, and slapped his thigh at each emphatic word, "first, there was the Stamp Act. Then we must pay duty in specie—to drain us of our ready money, and leave us helpless——"

"The money was all to be spent in the defence of the Colony," interrupted the Lieutenant.

"A pretty defence!" cried Eliphalet Ward. "You hindered us defending ourselves, and you sent us a stubborn fool, who stuck fast in the mud till Benjamin Franklin got him out, and was cut to pieces with his army, through his own ignorant folly. Our officers was thrust aside by impudent jackanapes that never saw an Injun in all their born days, and had no more notion how to tackle one nor they had how to treat free Colonists. And the very money that was to pay these mighty defenders was to be shipped off to Britain and back again! Shall I tell ye why, Mr Digby? Because, sir, money's like