

taken place. Officers and men of the local militia companies had been transferred to different parts of the state and their places had been taken by Colonial levies who knew not Stephen Boyyer; who, moreover, were more bitter in animosity to the d——d Tories, as they designated all those who dare to acknowledge fealty to King George. Already, on one or two occasions, had master Stephen Boyyer been irritated by the conduct of these new arrivals, and it was in quite a stubborn frame of mind that he strode over his land, skirting over the water's edge as he walked along.

"'Tis a sad pity," he grumbled to himself, "that some king's ship could not come into harbor this fine morning. They would, in truth, soon make themselves masters again." The old man was aware that a large number of the patriot forces had, some days before, been withdrawn from Boston to engage in enterprises further abroad.

He had, by this time, reached a hill which rose steep from the shore, and enabled a wide view of the harbour to be seen. As if in answer to his lately-uttered prayer, he perceived sailing, into the bay, a large vessel, evidently a ship of war. In her wake, hull down on the horizon, were two other ships. The old man's heart beat faster, and he watched excitedly the leading ship. Anxiously he looked for her flag, and it was with a thrill of that pride which stirs the blood of every Briton who

gazes upon it that he recognized the Union Jack.

Meantime, excitement among the small craft anchored in the harbor was observable. Several sloops had rapidly shook out their sails, and glided towards the town. One that boldly stood out to sea aiming to cross the British ships course, was fired upon, but to no effect, as she kept on her way without stopping. By this time, with most of her sails taken in, the man-of-war had approached as near shore as was thought safe, and her anchor was dropped.

At this precise moment Stephen Boyyer heard himself roughly hailed, and he turned around, to be confronted by two perspiring members of the local militia, who had evidently been making haste.

"We want you to bring your oxen and help us haul some cannon hither to open fire upon that brazen ship of George's," said one, firmly but respectfully.

"Then ye shall want," snapped the old man, "hitherto I have not meddled with your politics nor have I been meddled with, but no step shall I take that is disloyal to my king."

"Look you here, old Tory," angrily spoke the other soldier, "we want not to have trouble with you—we have been told to deal leniently with you and yours, but there be those amongst us who will take your oxen, and treat