

eral elbow-room!" And Burgoyne flushed at the recollection of his boast.

The old woman was Ann, who lived, and happily, beyond the end of the war. She lived to hold young Ellerys in her arms, and to know that the old name would not die out. She saw Roger an educated man, and a leader in business; yet she never would acknowledge complete happiness, since Master Dickie remained a soldier, and would not marry.

But though she would not admit it, she was happy. And Boston, while the town had much to repair, and still was called upon to bear its part of the burden of the war, knew contentment also; for war never came there again. But afar in England, or in the wilds of unsettled Canada, those Tories who had left Boston lived unhappy lives. Some grew prosperous again, but the weight of exile pressed on them all, and many died before their natural time.

Anthony Paddock died—unhappy Anthony, who went with his father to England. He was asked to enlist in the army, but refused. "I shall never stand in arms again," he said, "against Dickie Ellery."

An officer spoke in his presence of the cowardice of the rebels. "They are not cowards," said Anthony sadly. "You shall apologise, or else meet me."

The next morning he received the officer's bullet. It was not a serious wound; the doctors said that they could save him. But he answered calmly: "I shall not live." He died; his heart was broken.

And many others died heartbroken, but not so quickly. It is recorded that soon after the end of the war forty-five refugees, from Massachusetts alone, all men of station, had died in England, mourning their lost land.

But to the wretched remnant Barbara Savage—whose