

CHAPTER XII

THE FAITHFUL CITY

The siege of Boston was finished; the Whigs came again into their own. In state, on the second day, the army entered the town, and old Mr. Savage entertained at his board the commander who, from that day, stood acknowledged the greatest of Americans. The British fleet, getting at last the wind they desired, sailed for Halifax, and more beside the "Elizabeth" fell into the hands of Manly and his little squadron. But with the sailing of Howe virtually ended the first struggle of the long war.

For the obstinate king sent his men again into the field. Far from Boston, now impregnable, the same armies met on other ground, and Washington continued to wage the noblest war in history. The successes he achieved—the ultimate failure that was Howe's lot—are written in a thousand books. And the other actors at Boston, for good or ill, played the parts as their hearts enabled them.

One only of the British generals returned to Boston. Burgoyne, the lovable and luckless, walked a prisoner through her streets. He was not forgotten there. Some one in the crowd, as he passed the Old South Church, reminded him that he had used it as a riding-hall; and from the roof of a shed, perched where she could see, an old woman cried out shrilly.

"Give way!" she cried. "Give way! Give the gen-