

THE OLD LOYALIST

CHAPTER I.

THE CLINTON HOME ON THE BAY OF QUINTE.

SQUIRE CLINTON sat in his shirt sleeves, in his comfortable farm-house, enjoying an accustomed after-supper smoke from a long clay pipe. He was a portly man, with smooth, round face, high forehead, large, well-shaped nose and deep-blue eyes—a man of considerable strength of character one would conclude at a moment's glance. Tilted back in his favorite great-armed chair against the wall, with his feet, encased in slippers, resting on the damper of a large box-stove, in which the fire loudly crackled and roared, George Clinton, the owner of the old Loyalist Clinton homestead, looked a perfect picture of good nature and happy contentment on a cold winter's night near the close of the year 1865.

It was on the Canadian frontier, not far from where the picturesque Bay of Quinte debouches into the magnificent Lake Ontario. The exact locality was on the north shore of the bay, in the vicinity of the first great bend westward from its mouth, where its course abruptly swings from a westerly to an easterly direction.

Mrs. Clinton, an elderly, sweet-faced little woman, the Squire's very amiable wife, was seated beside the stove in a well-cushioned rocking chair, which had