

their own manner and affected no claim to superior recognition other than their naturally overbearing character commanded. Their only attitude toward their better class neighbors was one of shy reserve, which was really a form of pride.

The son, who had had little or no education, save in the experience of woodcraft, showed an instinctive dislike for those who made any pretense to gentility, and it needed little to change him into an active antagonist toward all which pertained thereto. In the case of the father, however, in spite of all social prejudices, it was a different matter. He could not have explained why he had come back to dwell under British rule; and it certainly was a mystery, one of these problems of seeming inconsistency of character and principle so hard to solve, save from the standpoint that the man was a misanthrope and restlessly weary of all governments. Something had probably disgusted him with the life in New England, and he had fled to this place farther into the wilderness, without realizing that the hated arm of king, or lord, or church could reach out to disturb his ideals of human individuality and personal liberty in this remote fringe of society on the edge of the American forest.

In truth, Ambrose Bradford was a dreamer, and like many recluses, in his way, a mystic, as so many of the best of his early New England compatriots were, a sort of aristocracy of the spirit, too proud to bend to any, be it God or man, but having in them all the qualities of the spiritual tyrant, that hardest and most unyielding of all despots. But away from his former