

Bradford had inherited from her father, who was direct in lineal descent from one of the famous or infamous regicides who condemned Charles the First and afterwards fled to the New England Colony, a strong spirit of uncompromising hostility to the Tory idea of government and social caste. Young as she was, she had even as a child imbibed his extreme ideas concerning church and state; and nowhere could there be found a more intensely disloyal contemner of the whole principle of king, aristocracy and state church than this beautiful young Roundhead of the commencement of the nineteenth century.

It may not generally be realized that there may be another kind of aristocracy than that which recognizes rank and monarchs. But there is; and it was the instinct of this class or order which, to a great extent, was influential in the founding of the New England Colonies; and it was from a stock possessing this peculiar heredity that Ambrose Bradford and his children were descended.

He was a tall, dark man, who rarely conversed, save when roused on the subject of his peculiar tenets regarding society. On other occasions he showed a dignity and reserve, the natural outcome of a shy and abstracted nature, which marked him out from those about him, and which, added to his superior attainments and holdings of land, gained for him the appellation, among the commonalty of his neighbors, of Squire Bradford,—just as many of them dubbed his noted antagonist, “Lord Monmouth.” This, however, had no effect on this remarkable family, who lived simply in