

the malcontents in the locality. Ambrose Bradford had removed with his family, consisting of his wife and one son and daughter, from New England some time after the close of the Revolution, and had secured a grant of six hundred acres of land in a beautiful spot skirting a cove at the side of one of the headlands.

Here he had settled and dwelt in a lonely morose manner of life, taking little interest in the clearing of his land, wrapped up in a cloud of abstruse speculations regarding society, and otherwise alien from the life about him.

Here, his wife, who luckily was of a more practical temper, had toiled to make a home, assisted by two faithful negro servants, a man and his wife, whom they had brought over as slaves, but who, receiving their freedom under Simcoe's régime, had refused to leave their mistress, who depended so much upon their aid in clearing and tilling the land and carrying on the household.

Here the two children grew up, the boy into a silent but restless youth, tall and slight like a young Indian. With somewhat of his father's morose character, he found it more natural to his instincts and pioneer habits to excel as a hunter and supply his family with game or to adventure on the lake, than to till the land. The girl had likewise grown up into young womanhood, inheriting her mother's instinct for toil and her father's intellectual unrest, and love of reading. She was, like her brother, slender and dark, but with a beauty which was unusual and compelling in its rich, wild, almost startling quality. Lydia