

A BEAUTIFUL REBEL

CHAPTER I

THE ENVOY

IT was in the evening of a beautiful day in the early summer of 1812, a year most memorable in the history of the fortunes of Canada, that a horseman might have been seen riding slowly along a rude road, or rather blazed pathway, which wound among and over some forest-clad hills and swamp-lands on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie.

He was young and distinguished-looking, slightly above the average height, with a handsome, sensitive face, over-refined for the struggle with the rough life of the frontier in which he was now travelling. His carriage and dress both showed him to be of the military profession, but not of the rude pioneer type, rather that of the environment of courts and camps of the old world.

In spite of a stern manner, rather habitual than natural, and his upright, soldierly bearing, there was about the young man's handsome, youthful countenance, when at rest, a suggestion of thought, of secret self-conference and melancholy, which indicated some inward influence which saddened his nature; though the pride and repression of the man of rank forbade that he