

gentleman merchant from New-Brunswick, with a large quantity of smuggled goods from New-York, which he said were coming on after him in waggons: these he said he intended to dispose of on very moderate terms, so as to suit purchasers.

Here he called upon my brother, Augustus Bates, Deputy Postmaster, at Wellington Square, head of Lake Ontario, and informed the family that *he was well acquainted with Sheriff Bates, at Kingston*, and that he called to let them know that he and his family were well. He regretted very much that he had not found Mr. Bates at home, and stated that he was upon urgent and important business, and could not tarry with them for the night, but would leave a letter for him. This he accordingly did, properly addressed, and in a good handwriting; but when it was opened, and its contents examined, no one in the place could make out the name of the writer, or read any part of the letter! It appeared to have been written in the characters of some foreign language, but it could not be deciphered. This was another of his characteristic eccentricities, but his intention in it could not be well understood.

He did not appear desirous to make himself particularly known to the family, nor to cultivate any further acquaintance with them, but proceeded thence to the principal boarding house in the town, and engaged entertainment for himself and thirteen other persons, who, he said, were engaged in bringing on his waggons, loaded with his smuggled goods. Having thus fixed upon a residence for himself and his gang of waggons, he then called upon all the principal merchants in the town, on pretence of entering into contracts for storing large packages of goods, and proposing to give great bargains to purchasers on their arrival, and in some instances actually received money as *earnest* on some packages of saleable goods, for the sale of which he entered into contracts. It may be remarked, by the way, that he wrote also in an unknown and unintelligible hand, to the celebrated Capt. Brant, the same as he had written to Mr. Bates, but with what view was equally mysterious and unaccountable.

Notwithstanding his genteel and respectable appearance, there was a singularity in his manner and conduct which, with all his tact and experience, he could not altogether conceal; and hence arose some suspicions as to the reality of his pretensions. These suspicions received confirmation, and were soon matured into the reality of his being a *genteel impostor*, from the fact that the time for the arrival of his waggons was now elapsed, and they were not making their appearance. At this juncture, when public attention and observation were directed to the stranger to observe which way the balance would turn, an individual named Brown, who had formerly resided in New-Brunswick, and had moved with his family to Canada, coming into contact with the