

a remarkable one. It is ably edited by Edward Floyd de Lancey, a personal friend of Dr. C. W. Weldon, M.P., of this city, to whose kindness I am indebted for its perusal.

Walter Bates was the fourth son of John and Sarah (Bostwick) Bates. He was born March 14th, 1760, in the eastern part of the town of Stamford, Connecticut—now known as Darien. The story of his early manhood is given in a very entertaining form in the narrative that follows. After his arrival in Kingston, A. D. 1783, he soon became a very prominent personage in the land of his adoption. Indeed, during the later years of his life, the name of "Sheriff Bates" was familiar in King's county as a household word. A man of strict integrity and good ability, he naturally took a leading position in civic affairs. For many years he filled the position of sheriff of King's county with much efficiency and fidelity. He was ever a loyal British subject, and a faithful and devoted member of the Church of his fathers, in whose welfare he took the liveliest interest.

As a writer, he was possessed of no mean ability. Indeed, it is probable that in no other way will the name of Walter Bates be more widely known or longer remembered than as the author of that remarkable and popular book, *The Mysterious Stranger, or Memoirs of the Noted Henry More Smith*—a book first published by W. L. Avery, of this city, and which has passed through many subsequent editions by George W. Day.

Walter Bates died at Kingston, at the advanced age of eighty-two years.

• This very year old Trinity church, in whose erection he greatly rejoiced, commemorated the centennial of its existence. It stands as a faithful sentinel amongst the silent graves of its builders—those hardy pioneers beneath whose axes the giant trees of a primeval forest rang 100 years ago. And there, beneath the shade of the old church he loved so well, the old loyalist rests from his labours.

Passing over for the present the former part of Mr. Bates' manuscript, which is in some places incomplete, I proceed to take up that portion which will be of special interest.

THE NARRATION OF WALTER BATES.

Having through age and other infirmities been much longer with the former portion of my subject than I at first anticipated, I must therefore of necessity be very brief in what follows, hoping that my infirmities in so doing may not be viewed with severity.

It is now my desire to give a narrative of events connected with the rise and progress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Kingston, New Brunswick, recording facts but not inventing anything, rescuing many valuable facts from oblivion. The work in a few minor details may

possibly be not always correct, yet in the main it is unaffected—a body of facts, many of which in our day are entirely new and the whole is nowhere else to be found in so convenient a form. The work has been prepared at great expense of time, under the pressure of many cares not unmingled with sickness, pain and sorrow.

In the words of Bishop Bramhall: "No man can justly blame me for loving my spiritual mother, the Church of England, in which I was born, and in whose bosom I hope to die."

I must only give a brief statement of what took place after the return of those five gentlemen in orders under the patronage of the society in old England for promoting Christian Knowledge. Whereupon the Episcopal Church increased mightily in Connecticut. Several of the Presbyterian ministers went to England and obtained Episcopal ordination and soon after their return churches were built in almost every town in Connecticut, to the great annoyance of the old Puritans who cherished great jealousy against the Church of England, inherited from their ancestors.

They asserted that the Episcopal clergy were guilty of writing home amazing falsehoods and that it would seem to be an agreeable office to distinguish the innocent from the guilty. About this time mobs were assembled for persecuting the loyal element in Connecticut.

Every town which did not subscribe for support of Boston was styled a Tory town, which they spared not to insult.

As on one hand rebellion raised her crest in Connecticut, with more insolence than in other parts, so loyalty has there exhibited proofs of zeal and fortitude beyond example to be found elsewhere. In particular the clergy, by their steady adherence to their oaths, and firmness under the assaults of their enemies, were a conspicuous example of fidelity. Not one among them all in their fiery trial have dishonoured the King or the Church of England. The suffering of some of them within my memory I cannot wholly pass over in silence.

As a resolute antagonist of the Puritan party, and a zealous supporter of the loyal cause, the Rev. Mr. Peters stood conspicuous. Many were the attempts to ruin him and his character. Finally, it was agreed that a committee, composed of the most respectable men in the party, should read all the papers belonging to Mr. Peters. Accordingly, after inspecting all his papers as much as they pleased, they reported that they were satisfied Mr. Peters was not guilty of any crime laid to his charge.

Throughout this unhappy war the Episcopal church, in some places veiled in obscurity, still continued to exist in America, notwithstanding the utmost persecution evil men could bring upon it, and at length I have happily lived to see what so long I vainly hoped for—Dr. Seabury, the persecuted priest from the