

THE STRANGE NARRATIVE

Of Walter Bates, Esquire, Subject of the King,

FORMERLY OF NEW ENGLAND

Sometime High Sheriff of the County of Kings,

BIOGRAPHER OF THE NOTORIOUS HENRY MORE SMITH.

In These Chronicles, Now Given to the World for the First Time, is Told the Tale of the Loyalists, and Their Amazing Trials Amid the Enemies of His Majesty in the Colonies.

After the escape of Mr. Peters, 1775, the Rev. Messrs. Mansfield and Viets were cast into prison and tried for high treason for giving food to loyalists flying from drunken mobs—fined and imprisoned.

Everything but decency and order over-ran the colony, and frequent irruptions were made in which many loyalists were disarmed, plundered and made prisoners, among whom was the Rev. Dr. Seabury and the mayor of the city of New York. Governor Tryon and others happily escaped their fury through a back window.

Mr. Rivington, the King's printer, was one of the sufferers by loss of property. They plundered his house of all his printing materials—since employed in the service of their congress. The King's statue maintained its ground in New York until Washington took possession of the city, when it was indicted for high treason against America, found guilty and received sentence that the lead of it should be run into bullets for the destruction of the English.

Mr. Washington thought proper to notice in his General Order "next day he was sorry his soldiers should in a riotous manner pull down the statue of the King, yet he could not but commend them for defaming every monument of British tyranny.

Meanwhile, in Connecticut organized mobs continued their acts of violence and outrage, breaking windows in the houses of loyalists and crying out, "No Bishops, Kings, Lords or Tyrants!" The New Englanders felt that the authority of the government of England and the National church must be crushed or their Puritanism be overturned. It was this spirit largely which originated the late rebellion in America.

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 city of New York, return the first consecrated Diocesan Bishop of Connecticut—my native land. †

In July, 1776, Congress declared independence, and ordered the Commonwealth to be prayed for instead of the King and Royal family. All the loyal churches were thereupon shut up, except one at Newton, Connecticut, of which the Rev. John Beach was rector. His gray hairs adorned with

* The clergy of the Episcopal Church were particularly obnoxious in New England during the Revolutionary war. This fact was in some measure due to the old antagonism existing between the descendants of Puritans and the Church of England.

Rev. Samuel Peters, referred to in the narrative, was a staunch supporter of the cause of "Church and State" and a resolute opponent of the Puritans. After his return to England, in 1775, he wrote a History of Connecticut.

† Dr. Samuel Seabury was consecrated Bishop at Aberdeen, Scotland, November 14th, 1784, by Bishops Kilgour, Petrie and Skinner.

loyal and Christian virtues overcame the madness of his enemies. This faithful disciple entered his church, saying: "If I am to credit the surmises kindly whispered to me, that unless I forbear from praying for the King I shall never pray or preach more, I can only say, whilst no intimation could well be more distressing, it admits not one moment's delay: with all due respect for my ordination oaths, I am firm in my resolution while I pray at all to conform with the unimpaired liturgy of the church, and pray for the King and all in authority under him."

Upon this the rebels seized him, resolved to cut out his tongue. He said, "If my blood must be shed, let it not be done in the house of God." The pious mob then dragged him out of the church. "Now, you old devil," said they, "say your last prayer!" Whereupon he devoutly knelt down, saying, "O Lord and Father of mercies, look upon these mine enemies and forgive them. They know not what they do; they are blindly misled; O God, in mercy open their eyes."

By the Providence of God, the council of his enemies was brought to naught and his life spared. ‡

On September 1776, Washington was compelled to evacuate New York, by General Howe, to the great relief of loyalists in New York. He penetrated into the country as far as White Plains, about twelve miles from Stamford, to the alarm of all the

posed them concealed in the neighborhood and that I must be acquainted with it.

At this time I had just entered my sixteenth year. I was taken and confined in the Guard House; next day examined before a Committee and threatened with sundry deaths if I did not confess what I knew not of. They threatened among other things to confine me at low water and let the tide drown me if I did not expose these honest farmers. At length I was sent back to the Guard House until ten o'clock at night, when I was taken out by an armed mob, conveyed through the field gate one mile from the town to back Creek, then having been stripped my body was exposed to the mosquitoes, my hands and feet being confined to a tree near the Salt Marsh, in which situation for two hours time every drop of blood would be drawn from my body; when soon after two of the committee said that if I would tell them all I knew, they would release me, if not they would leave me to these men who, perhaps, would kill me.

I told them that I knew nothing that would save my life. They left me, and the Guard came to me and said they were ordered to give me, if I did not confess, one hundred stripes, and it that did not kill me I would be sentenced to be hanged. Twenty stripes was then executed with severity, after which they sent me again to the Guard House. No

after which I could not by any means think of leaving my father until I had assisted him in his wheat harvest.

The first night after I was summoned with a draft for the Continental Service with three day's notice, consequently was compelled to flee for refuge, I knew not where, but providentially found myself next morning in the immediate neighbourhood of a British garrison. Here I was informed I must go through the regular process, be reported and take the oath of allegiance.

WHO TOOK THE CAKE?

An Episode Not Down on the Bills at a Merry Entertainment in Sussex. It happened in this wise: The Foresters of Sussex were to have a pic social, and the public anticipated lots of fun and no end of a good time.

The night of the entertainment rolled around. Among the features of the evening was a prize cake, with a gold ring carefully concealed in its interior, and this was to be disposed of as such matters generally are, while the fortunate winner of the slice with the ring in it would be the envy and admiration of all beholders.

The music pealed forth harmoniously, the fun grew more exciting, the pies were rapidly auctioned off, and all went as happy as a political clam-bake. But, alas! in the twinkling of an eye, a gloom fell upon the assembly. With disturbed coun-

tenances the committee gazed upon each other and echoed "It's gone." What was gone? Why the prize cake, ring and all had silently and mysteriously disappeared, and the place that lately knew it knew it no more.

The members of the committee, however, were not believers in the supernatural. They had no faith in theory of New Line road witchcraft or buller witches, and they had faith that they could discover its abiding place.

So sallying forth on their errand of search, they finally traced it to the rear apartment of the Doherty mansion, over whose elevated doorway reposes in majestic silence the words "Lager Beer." Here sealed in animated discussion was found a quartette, who, while feigning ignorance, felt within their bones a storm was coming.

It came. The storm burst and a demand was made for the cake. What cake? Why the cake that was lost. Denial was no use—the trailers had struck the trail and the ring was produced, and soon from under the jacket of one of the quartette fragmentary evidences of the missing cake was produced.

Indignation is no word with which to express the views of the searchers. Hot and hotter grew the recriminations, and finally the quartette was left to gaze silently and spasmodically upon one another.

Meanwhile it is said the end is not yet, and indignant Foresters chew the end of silent and oppressive reflection, and vow that the cleverness that spirited away from its resting place the much prized cake may yet meet with a check that will not be pleasant to contemplate. The air is ripe with rumor and speculation as to who took the cake.



THE BABY'S VISITORS.

sympathizers with the British cause. In the day of battle we were collected by the mobs and confined, under strong guards, where we could hear the report of guns, hoping soon to be relieved. The British returning shortly after the mobs all dispersed and the "Tories" were set at liberty.

The British fortified Lloyd's Neck with a garrison, opposite the islands and coves lying between the churches of Norwalk and Stamford, whose inhabitants were wealthy farmers—Churchmen and Quakers—all loyalists that afforded a complete asylum and safe passage, by which my three brothers and hundreds of others passed by night almost continually to the British Garrison.

At length the thing I greatly feared came upon me. A small boat was discovered by the American guard, in one of these coves, by night, in which they suspected that one of my brothers, with some others, had come from the British. They sup-

† In his last letter to the Society for Propagation of the Gospel, written from Newton, Conn., Oct. 31, 1781, Mr. Beach, after referring to the difficulties of conveyance of letters, says: "A narrative of my troubles I dare not now give. Newton and part of Reading are (I believe) the only parts of New England that have refused to comply with the doings of Congress, and for that reason have been the butt of general hatred; but God has delivered us from entire destruction. I am now in the eighty-second year of my age, yet do constantly, alternately, perform service and preach at Newton and Reading; my congregation being commonly about 300 at Reading and at Newton about 600. I have been sixty years a public preacher, and after conviction in the Church of England fifty years." Six months later Mr. Beach died, fairly worn out, but feeling assured that he had conscientiously tried during his long life to "Fear God; honor the king."

NOVELTIES

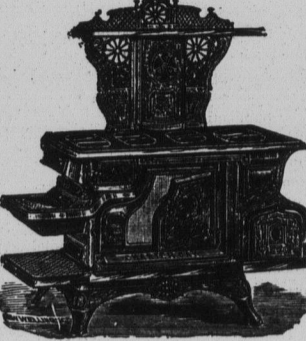
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