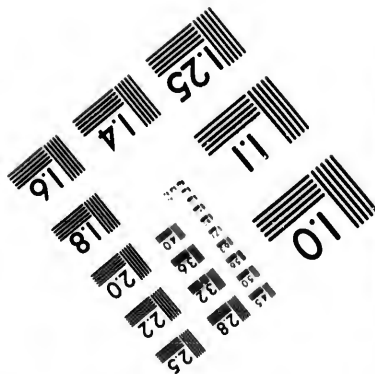
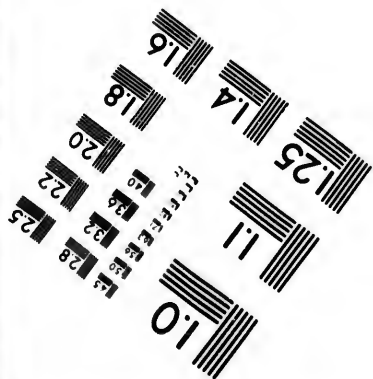
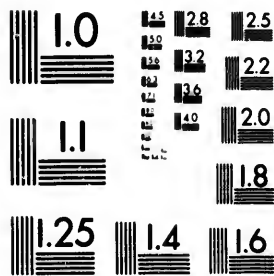


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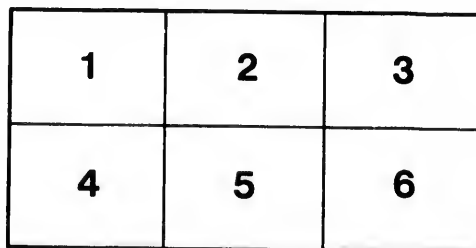
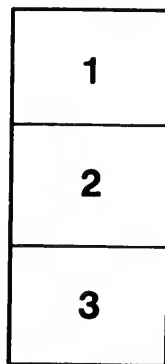
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I

Compliments of Thomas Stone
KINGSTON

AND THE
LOYALISTS OF 1783.

BY
WALTER BATES.



KINGSTON CHURCH.

With Appendix—The Diary of Sarah Frost.

EDITED WITH NOTES BY
REV. W. O. RAYMOND, A. B.,
Rector St. Mary's Church, Saint John, N. B.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.:
BARNES & CO., PRINTERS, 84 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.
1889.

LO

TO

KINGSTON

AND THE

LOYALISTS OF THE "SPRING FLEET"

OF

A. D. 1783.

WITH REMINISCENCES OF

EARLY DAYS IN CONNECTICUT:

A NARRATIVE.

BY

WALTER BATES, ESQ.,

Sometime High Sheriff of the County of Kings.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED A DIARY WRITTEN BY SARAH
FROST ON HER VOYAGE TO ST. JOHN, N. B.,
WITH THE LOYALISTS OF 1783.

EDITED WITH NOTES BY

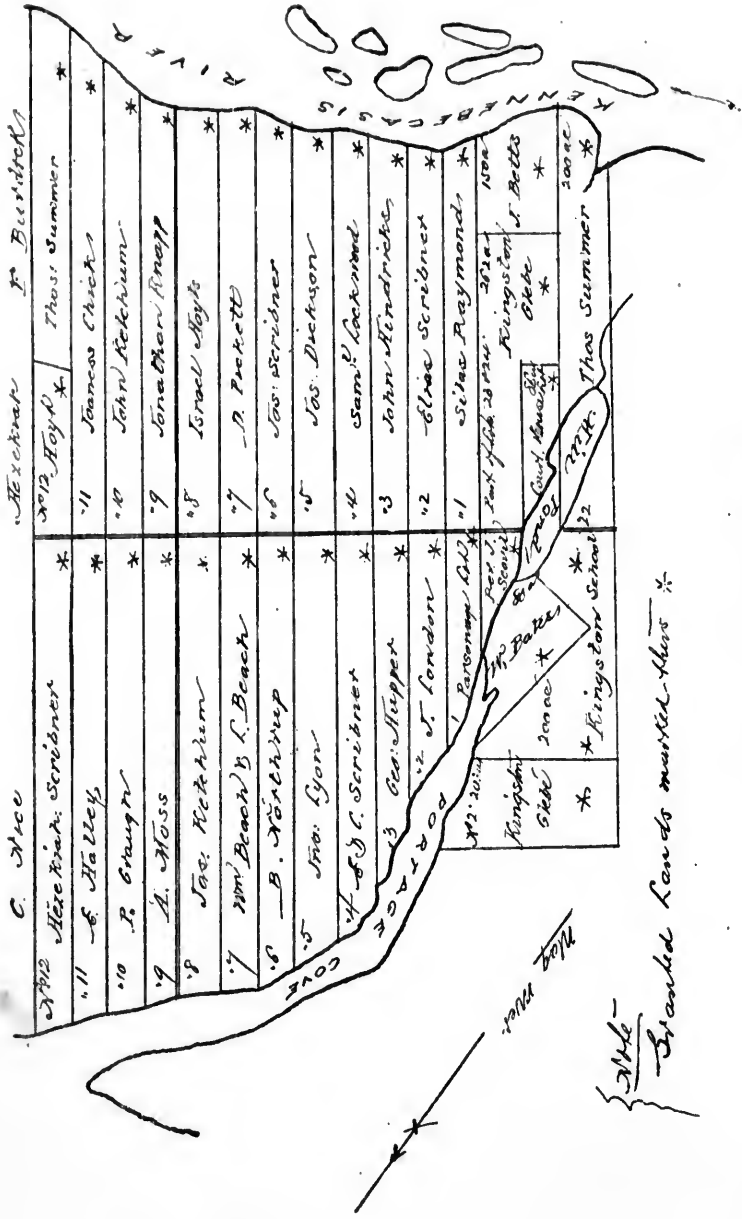
W. O. RAYMOND, A. B.

Rector of St. Mary's Church, St. John, N. B.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.:

BARNES AND COMPANY, 84 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

1889.



ORIGINAL KINGSTON GRANT.
(As surveyed by Frederick Hauser, 1783.)

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KINGSTON AND THE LOYALISTS OF THE "SPRING FLEET" OF 1783.

INTRODUCTORY.

Year by year the task of collecting reliable information regarding the early history of this province becomes increasingly difficult.

Already through indifference and neglect much valuable information has been irreparably lost. It, therefore, becomes a matter of some importance to preserve in a more permanent form such trustworthy records as are yet in existence.

It is by no means improbable that much material of real value to the future historian lies hidden from the light of day in many an old dwelling in this province. Old family documents and letters—faded and musty—consigned in numerous instances to the attic or the lumber-room, are capable of supplying here and there a missing link, or throwing light on some obscure point in our provincial history.

The publication of the following extremely interesting narrative of the late Walter Bates, Esq., of Kingston, will be especially valuable if it should prove the means of arousing a spirit of inquiry and investigation amongst the possessors of old papers and documents.

In the notes which I have appended to the narrative, occasional reference will be made to the *History of New York during the Revolutionary War*, by Thomas Jones, justice of the supreme court of that province.

The work is 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.

The position taken by the Loyalists at the time of the American revolution has been largely misunderstood, and, as a con-

sequence, greatly misrepresented. Their true position is admirably stated in the preface to the work just mentioned, and the following quotation is particularly valuable, as coming from a citizen of the United States:

"It is a common belief," says Mr. de Lancey, "that the loyal inhabitants of America—the truly loyal, those who acted from principle, were the unhesitating supporters of the British government in its unjustifiable and tyrannic invasions of the rights and liberties of its American people.

"United States writers have naturally, perhaps, so described them, while the few English historians who have treated American History, have either taken a similar view, or have ignored them altogether.

"The history of the course of the Loyalists at the American Revolutionary epoch, and of their plans for relief from the British tyranny which then oppressed America, has never been written. There can be no greater error than to suppose that the Loyalists as a whole were willing to submit quietly to the exactions of the Mother Country, and her invasion of their rights and liberties as British subjects. As Americans they felt those grievances, and were as indignant at the treatment they were subjected to as those of their countrymen who took up arms. But they wished to fight the battle for those rights and liberties and the redress of those grievances, with the powerful weapons which the constitution of England gave to them as to other Englishmen—weapons which had proved successful before as they have proved successful since in similar emergencies—freedom of speech, freedom of the pen, freedom of the press.

They desired, by political agitation, to force the home government to a change of policy, or to drive it from power and place in office the foes of the oppression of the colonies.

"*Their enemy was the ministry of Lord North, not the King of England, to whom they owed and had sworn allegiance. This object they were prevented from carrying out. Royal folly in England and demagogic fanaticism in America eagerly joined hands to crush such a constitutional settlement of the dispute, brought about a bloody civil war, and finally effected a termination of the quarrel unlooked for by either party at its commencement.*"

A brief biographical sketch may here be given of the author of the old manuscript which now for the first time appears in print.

Walter Bates was the fourth son of John and Sarah (Bostwick) Bates. He was born March 14, 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 quite a prominent personage in the land of his adoption. Indeed during the later years of his life the name of "Sheriff Bates" was familiar in Kings 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 Kings 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 82 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 labors. A square freestone column bears the following inscription:

In Memory of
WALTER BATES, Esq.,
High Sheriff of this County,
Who died
Feb. 11th, A.D. 1842,
Aged 82 years.

In Memory of
MRS. ABIGAIL BATES,
Wife of WALTER BATES, Esq.,
Who died
July 6, 1820, in the 58th year of her age.

It seems undoubtedly to have been the intention of Mr. Bates to publish the old manuscript, but increasing years and infirmities prevented the consummation of his wishes. In 1840 he drew up the following

PROSPECTUS.

Nearly ready for the press—published by subscription—A brief historical sketch of the seven ministers who first, at the commencement of the rebellion against King Charles the First, embraced the doctrine of predestination and free will election, and to escape from the king's displeasure fled to New England, and there proclaimed themselves Puritans. . . . With a brief extract of their first Blue Laws; contrasted with those church ministers and loyal British subjects who were persecuted in the times of the late rebellion in New England, and who on the declaration of Independence fled from persecution into the wilderness of Nova Scotia, A.D. 1783, and established the Church of England in Kingston.

The volume to contain more than 100 pages. Price to subscribers, 2s. 6d.

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

W. O. RAYMOND.

THE NARRATIVE OF WALTER BATES.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS OF THE REVOLUTION, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS OF THE LOYALISTS.

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 no where 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 whose womb I was conceived, at whose breasts I was nourished, 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 falsehood 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. In carrying out their systematic plan of persecution, the doors of the prisons were opened, and prisoners became the leaders of mobs, composed largely of negroes, vagabonds, and thieves. The governor and council finally entered the lists, and anxious at all events to get rid of so formidable an opponent, accused him of being a spy of Lord North

and the bishops, and proclamation was made to that effect in every Republican pulpit in the colony on Sunday, the fourteenth day of August, 1774. This encouraged an armed mob of "patriots" to surround his house the same night in a tumultuous manner, ordering gates and doors to be opened.

Mr. Peters, from his window, asked if they had a warrant from a magistrate to enter his house. They replied, "We have Joice's warrant, which Charles the traitor submitted to, and it is sufficient for you."

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.

On Sunday, the 4th September, the country was falsely alarmed by reason of Colonel Putnam's declaring Admiral Graves had burnt Boston, and that General Gage was murdering old and young, except Tories and churchmen.

The governor seized this opportunity to set the mobs with redoubled fury upon Mr. Peters and the loyalists of Hebron, whom they called "Peterites." On this occasion intoxicated ruffians spared neither houses, goods nor persons. Some had their bowels crushed out of their bodies. Others were covered with filth and marked with the sign of the cross, in token of loyalty to bishops and kings, who, they said, designed to crucify all good people. Even women were hung up, tarred and feathered. The Rev. Mr. Peters, with his gown torn off, was treated in the most insulting manner. His mother, daughter, two brothers and servants wounded, one of his brothers so badly that he died soon after, and these fiends dragged Mr. Peters almost naked from his dwelling, in spite of the cries and tears of his mother and sisters, which might have melted the heart of a savage, though it produced nothing but peals of laughter which rent to the skies. While they were dragging him to their "Liberty Pole," with intent of hoisting him up and down, as was their manner of treatment, so extremely cruel and barbarous was their usage that the sheriff of Litchfield county could not withhold his interference, by whose timely assistance Mr. Peters was finally set at

liberty and his life providentially saved. Half naked and wounded, he fled to the royal army at Boston, from whence he went to England, by which means he preserved his life, but not his property, from the rapacity and bloody hands of his cruel countrymen.

After such an experience, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Peters had but a poor opinion of Republican liberty, or that he should have penned the following recipe:

Take the herb of Hypocrisy and root of Pride three handfuls—two ounces of Ambition and Vanity—pound them in the mortar of Faction and of Discord—leave over the fire of Sedition until you perceive the Steam of Deceit at the top—strain it through the cloke of Rebellion—put it in the bottle of Envy—stop it with the cork of Malice till settled—then make it into pills of Conspiracy—take nine when you go to bed—say a long prayer that may be heard in the street—then go to sleep if you can, and it will be sure to have the due effects. All the next day you will be well disposed to censure the church, burn all the Bishops, murder the King, plunder the nation and cut the throats of all honest men.

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 overran the colony, and frequent irruption was 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

*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*.

That the Puritans entertained sentiments of decided hostility towards Mr. Peters we have already seen. Subsequently he was charged by them with maliciously forging the so-called "Blue Laws of Connecticut." The origin of the "Blue Laws" has been the source of much controversy—some of it of a recent date. It would seem most probable that the truth lies between the views of the extremists, viz.: that in the early days of Connecticut there existed laws similar to those recorded by Rev. Samuel Peters, although not expressed in language identical with that employed by him.

In connection with the name of Mr. Mansfield, mentioned above, the following is of interest as an illustration of the narrow-minded spirit of the times. Whilst attending Harvard College, Cambridge, young Richard Mansfield through religious conviction renounced the faith of his forefathers, and decided to study for the ministry in the Church of England. So great was the animosity excited by his conduct, that when he sailed for England to be ordained by the Bishop of London, his own sister prayed that he might be lost at sea.

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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 statute 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 overthrown. 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.*

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

As long ago as 1716 the Rev. John Talbot had expressed the desire felt in America for a resident Bishop in the following emphatic words: "The poor church here in the wilderness, there is none to guide her among all the sons she has brought forth. When the apostles heard that Samaria had received the word of God, immediately they sent out two of the chief, Peter and John, to lay hands on them, and pray that they might receive the Holy Ghost. And when Paul did but dream that a man of Macedonia called him, he set sail all so fast, and went over himself to help them. But we have been here these twenty years calling till our hearts ache, and yet own 'tis the cause and call of God, and yet ye have not heard, or have not answered, and that's all one."

More than thirty years later (A. D. 1748) Rev. Dr. Johnson writes "twenty-five men have gone a

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 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 unamutilated 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 kneeled 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. †

In 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

thousand leagues for Episcopal orders, of whom no less than five have lost their lives and several others suffered the most dangerous sicknesses, and all at the expense of more than we could well afford."

† 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 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."

as far as White Plains, about twelve miles from Stamford, to the alarm of all the 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.

CHAPTER II.

PERSONAL ADVENTURES OF THE NARRATOR DURING THE WAR.

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 supposed 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 compelled to give me, if I did not confess, one hundred stripes, and if 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 "Tory" was allowed to speak to me, but I was insulted and abused by all.

The next day the committee proposed many means to induce a confession from me, the most promising was that of confining me to a log on a carriage in the Saw mill and let the saw cut me in two if I did not expose "those Tories." Finally they sentenced me to appear before Col. Davenport, in order that he should send me to head quarters, where all the Tories he sent were surely hanged. Accordingly next day I was brought before Davenport—one of the descendants of the old apostate Davenport, who fled from old England—who, after he had examined me, said with great severity of countenance, "I think you could have exposed those Tories."

I said to him "You might rather think I would have exposed my own father sooner than suffer what I have suffered." Upon which the old judge could not help acknowledging he never knew any one who had withstood more without exposing confederates, and he finally discharged me the third day. It was a grievous misfortune to be in such a situation, but the fear of God animated me not to fear man. My resolution compelled mine enemies to show their pity that I had been so causelessly afflicted, and my life was spared. I was, however, obliged to seek refuge from the malice of my persecutors in the mountains and forests until their frenzy might be somewhat abated.

After two year's absence, on my return home, I found my father down with the small-pox, suspected to be given him by design, consequently the family were all in inoculation, which I also had to endure,

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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.

I was provided with the necessary pass from the commanding officer to General DeLancey* at Jamaica (Long Island), who furnished me with a pass directed to General Smith at Brooklin, who furnished me with a pass to Colonel Axtell† at Flat Bush, who administered the oath and also furnished me with a pass to General DeLancey again at Jamaica. Here not being acquainted with customs of the army exposed me to great inconvenience. I just only prudently knocked at the same door where I had received my pass the day before. This I was informed was considered an offence and that the old General was apt to be very severe after drinking wine all night.

At length the old General came down from his chamber, and surely his face looked to me as red as his coat.

"Where is that damned rascal who has disturbed my quarters this morning?"

*Oliver DeLancey upon the submission of Long Island to General Howe, in 1776, was commissioned a Brigadier-General, with orders to raise three battalions of 500 men each for the defence of the Island. To raise this corps large sums of money were contributed by General DeLancey and by the inhabitants of every town on the island.

Sons of many reputable farmers and a number of respectable freholders enlisted. The third battalion, commanded by Colonel Gabriel G. Ludlow, was composed entirely of natives of Queens county, Long Island. Colonel Gabriel Ludlow was afterwards first mayor of St. John, N. B. (A. D. 1785), also Administrator of the province for five years after the retirement of Lieut. Governor Thomas Carleton. The house in which he resided still stands, near St. George's church, Carleton, N. B.

Colonel Ludlow's battalion was stationed at Brookhaven and Lloyds Neck, on the north shore of Long Island, till the close of the Revolutionary war, when the three battalions were disbanded in Nova Scotia. A full and extremely interesting account of DeLancey's corps will be found in the *History of New York During the Revolutionary War*, by Judge Thomas Jones, edited by Edward Floyd de Lancey.

†Judge Jones gives an amusing account of Colonel Axtell and his achievements: "William Axtell,

Send him to the guard house!" roared he. This subjected me to great difficulties, too unpleasant to mention.

Yet kind providence seemed to prepare ways and means, unforeseen by me, for my escape and preservation amidst all troubles, afflictions and dangers by land and sea, and during that unhappy war there were many instances of God's mercy for which I can never be sufficiently grateful. For example in the case of my eldest brother's sickness, on Long Island, with the fever that few survived at that time, I was providentially in a situation to render him every comfort he could receive while in life, and after his death to attend to his decent burial in the town of Huntington, the 10th day of September, 1781; and soon after I was taken sick with the like fever on Lloyds Neck, where I must soon have died had not I providentially been removed to a friendly house in Huntington, where I received the kind attention of the family. It was feared that I could not survive until morning, a doctor was called late at night who administered medicine which, under providence, gave immediate relief and I was soon restored to my former health.

Shortly after this I commenced teaching a school on Eaton's Neck, where all the people were Loyalists and most part with myself, churchmen from Connecticut.

Here some of the Church clergymen came occasionally to hold divine service on Sundays.

There being none of other religion on the "Neck" we were so united the church

Esq., of Kings county, Long Island, was commissioned by the Commander-in-Chief as Colonel of a regiment to consist of 500 men, to be raised by him on the King's account, the officers to have the same rank, and pay, as the other provincial corps, with this condition however, they were to be disbanded on the first day of the ensuing December. Axtell's recruits amounted to about thirty. These formed his regiment. It was in pay from the 1st of May 1779 to the 1st of December following, seven months. It was encamped in his courtyard. It guarded his house, his poultry, his hogs, his sheep and his cows. No other service did the regiment do. Yet he received full pay, clothing, arms, and provisions for 500 men the whole time. . . . His excellency, the General, gave orders that no person whatever should pass Brookland (Brooklyn) ferry from Long Island to New York without a pass from Colonel Axtell. Not less than 20,000 people, exclusive of the military, at that time annually passed the ferry. Every one, instead of the two pence formerly paid, was obliged to pay the Colonel eight shillings, which yearly amounted to the tune of some thousands."

at Eaton might be justly styled a church of *Eden*.*

The Rev. John Sayre came to attend public worship here in April, 1783, and at the same time to acquaint us that the King had granted to all Loyalists who did not incline to return to their homes, and would go to Nova Scotia, two hundred acres of land to each family, and two years provisions; provide ships to convey them as near as can be to a place for settlement where lands would be granted for support of church and school. The next day I obtained the articles for settlement (yet in my possession) from Huntington. A general meeting was held on Eaton's Neck to investigate the same together with our present and future prospects.

After we had discussed the matter it was resolved by all present, and mutually agreed to remove with all their families into the wilderness of Nova Scotia, and settle all together in such situation as we might enjoy the comforts of a church and school

* Nevertheless, the position of the Loyalists at Eaton's Neck was not free from its trials, as witness the following, the original of which is in possession of Miss Pickett, Kingston, N. B.:

"To His Excellency, James Robertson, Esquire, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Province of New York and Lieutenant General of His Majesty's Forces, etc., etc.. etc.

The Memorial of John Fowler, Israel Hoyt and David Pickett, most humbly sheweth:

That having left their properties in the country and come within the Royal Lines for protection, upon application to Government for support they obtained with others a grant of Eaton's Neck, the property of John Sloss Hobart, in Rebellion, but the same being applied for and obtained by James Jamcey, Esquire, and others, who had a mortgage on the same, your memorialists hired the same from those gentlemen at a Rental agreed on.

That being settled on said place upon the aforesaid terms, and endeavoring to support their families by honest industry, they found themselves disappointed, and prevented enjoying the fruits of their labors by the crews of the armed vessels stationed in Huntington Bay for their protection, who have taken their property from them without any license, pay or satisfaction.

That they have made repeated application to the commanders of said Guard Ships to prevent the ravages of their crews and to obtain satisfaction, but obtaining neither, they, with their associates, applied to Admiral Digby for redress, who kindly wrote to said commanders on the subject, but without producing the desired effect; that upon the delivery of Admiral Digby's letter to Captain Steel he flew into a violent passion, threatening to tie the complainants to a gun and flog them, ordering them out of the ship, and adding he would blow them to

in the wilderness, fully relying for future support in the promises of God to His people.

I here introduce the rhymes of a young School master:

Come Loyalists all come
And listen to my word;
We left our country and our home
And trusted in the Lord;
Let us not now forsake our trust
Returning back with sorrow;
I fain would see the Rebels flee
Like Sodom and Gomorrows,
Yet think these offers very just
And thank the King sincerely—
Altho' the Rebels gain so much,
We see not yet quite clearly;
God is too wise to be unjust,
Too good to be unkind,
While subject to his sovereign will
Our hearts are well inclined.
God when He gives supremely good,
Not less when He denies;
Afflictions from His Sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.
For in the wilderness, we're told,
God's church will comfort give,
And no good thing will He withhold
From those who justly live.

W. BATES.

Hell if they came alongside again, telling them he would give them no redress nor protection, but would have his revenge before he left the station.

In this situation, being left remediless, they apply to your Excellency, as Governor of the Province, the Patron and Director of all Loyal subjects driven from their habitation, and humbly request that your Excellency would be favorably pleased to recommend their distressed case to His Excellency Admiral Digby, and to interpose in their favor, so that they with the others suffering in a similar situation may have effectual redress and a stop be put to such ravages for the future; and they as in duty bound will ever pray, etc.

New York, 8th January, 1782.

Nor were the British soldiers more forbearing than the seamen, as will be seen from the following extract from Judge Jones' *Loyalist History* of New York. Speaking of the conduct of the soldiers quartered on Long Island, he says: "They robbed, plundered and pillaged the inhabitants of everything they could lay their hands upon. It was no uncommon thing, of an afternoon, to see a farmer driving a flock of turkeys, geese, ducks or dunghill fowls and locking them up in his cellar for security during the night. The whole day it was necessary for a person to attend in the fields where they fed to protect them from the ravages of the military.

It was no uncommon thing for a farmer, his wife and children to sleep in one room, while his sheep were bleating in the room adjoining, his hogs grunting in the kitchen, and the cocks crowing, hens cackling, ducks quacking and geese hissing in the cellar. Horned cattle were for safety locked up in barns, stables and outhouses.

This robbing was done by people sent to America to protect Loyalists against the persecutions and depredations of Rebels! To complain was needless. The officers shared in the plunder."

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CHAPTER III.

THE VOYAGE OF THE FIRST FLEET OF 1783 AND THE SETTLEMENT OF KINGSTON BY A BAND OF LOYALISTS.

It seemed as if heaven smiled upon our undertaking, selecting the best ship in the fleet for our comfort, and by far the best captain. And so, with warm, loyal hearts, we all embarked with one mind on board the good ship *Union*, Captain Wilson, who received us all on board as father of a family.*

Nothing was wanting to make us comfortable on board ship, which blessing seemed providentially to attend us throughout.

From Eaton's Neck the ship sailed through East River to New York.

Having a couple on board wishing to be married we called upon Reverend Mr. Leaming† who received us with much kindness and affection, most of us having been formerly of his congregation; who after the marriage reverently admonished us with his blessing that in our new home we pay due regard to church and school as means to obtain the blessing of God upon our families and our industry. We re-embarked. Next day the ship joined the fleet and on the 26th day of April, 1783, upwards of twenty sail of ships under convoy left Sandy Hook for Nova Scotia—from whence our good ship *Union* had the honor of leading the whole fleet fourteen days and arrived at Partridge Island before the fleet was come within sight.

Next day our ship was safely moored by Capt. Daniel Leavett, the pilot, in the most convenient situation for landing in the harbor of St. John all in good health.

We remained comfortably on board ship

*Huntington Bay, on the north side of Long Island, is formed by Lloyds' Neck on the west and Eaton's Neck on the east, both of which project a considerable distance into the Sound. The water is deep enough for the largest man-of-war; the anchorage good, and the bay secure from almost every wind. The bay is large enough to contain the whole navy of England.

The embarkation began on Friday, April 11th, and was completed five days later. The original Manifest of the ship *Union* is now in the possession of William Fyler Dibbler, of Woodstock, N. B., a copy of which is set out on the following page.

†The Rev. Dr. J. Leaming of Norwalk, was elected by the clergy of Connecticut in 1783 to be

till we could explore for a place in the wilderness suitable for our purpose of settlement. Those who came in other ships were in some cases sickly, or precipitated on shore. Here again we were favored.

A boat was procured for the purpose of exploration, and David Pickett, Israel Hart, Silas Raymond and others proceeded sixty miles up the River Saint John. On their return they reported that the inhabitants were settled on intervale land by the river—that the high lands had generally been burned by the Indians, and there was no church or church minister in the country.

They were informed of the existence of a tract of timber land that had not been burned on Bellisle Bay, about thirty miles from the harbor of Saint John, which they had visited. They viewed the situation favorable for our purpose of settlement. Whereupon we all agreed to disembark from on board the good ship *Union* and proceed thither. We departed with Captain Wilson's blessing, and embarked on board a small sloop all our baggage.

The next morning with all our effects, women and children, we set sail above the Falls, and arrived at Bellisle Bay before sunset.

Nothing but wilderness before our eyes; the women and children *did not refrain from tears!*

John Marvin, John Lyon and myself went on shore and pitched a tent in the

their first Bishop. He however declined on the ground of his infirmities and Dr. Seabury was then chosen.

On July 11, 1779, Norwalk was burned by General Tryon. In the conflagration Mr. Leaming's church and house were destroyed. "I have lost everything," he writes, "my furniture, looks, and all my papers, even all my apparel except what was on my back. My loss on that fatal day was not less than twelve or thirteen hundred pounds sterling." He was soon after placed in jail as a Tory, and denied even the comfort of a bed. This brought on hip-disease which made him a cripple for life.

Many of the early settlers of Kingston were baptized and married by Rev. Dr. Leaming.

Return of the Families, etc., Embarked on Board the Union Transport, Comsett Wilson, Master, Began Huntington Bay April 11th, and Completed April 16th, 1783.

Signers' Names.	No. of Signers		Children above 10 years old.	Children under 10 years old.	Servants.	Former Place of Abode.	Occupation.
	Men.	Women.					
Fyler Dibblee.....	1	1	3	1	2	Stanford, Connecticut.....	Attorney-at-Law.
Walter Dibblee.....	1	do. do.....	Farmer.
William Dibblee.....	1	do. do.....	Farmer.
John Lyon.....	1	1	4	1	..	Reading, do.....	Farmer.
John Lyon, jr.....	1	do. do.....	Farmer.
Reuben Lyon.....	1	do. do.....	Farmer.
David Picket.....	1	1	3	4	..	Stanford, do.....	Farmer.
Joseph Caswell.....	1	1	2	2	..	Massachusetts.....	Blacksmith.
Ephraim Deforest.....	1	1	2	1	..	Reading, Connecticut.....	Shoemaker.
Ebenezer Slokum.....	1	1	4	2	..	Rhode Island.....	Farmer.
William Boon.....	1	1	2	do.....	Farmer.
Seth Squiers.....	1	1	3	3	..	Stratford, Connecticut.....	Farmer.
Seth Squiers, jr.....	1	do. do.....	Farmer.
John Baker.....	1	Massachusetts.....	Seaman.
Abram Carrington.....	1	1	Milford, Connecticut.....	Farmer.
William Straight.....	1	Killingsworth, do.....	Refiner of Iron.
Seth Seely.....	1	1	4	3	..	Stanford, do.....	Farmer.
Seth Seely, jr.....	1	do. do.....	Farmer.
John Hendrickson.....	1	1	Duches County.....	Farmer.
Israel Hait.....	1	1	4	2	..	Norwalk, Connecticut.....	Shoemaker.
Widow Mary Raymond.....	1	0	do. do.....	..
Nathan Shippy.....	1	Duches County.....	Carpenter.
Martin Treacarty.....	1	1	do.....	Carpenter.
Silas Raymond.....	1	1	3	1	..	Norwalk, Connecticut.....	Carpenter.
Jaramiah Holcomb.....	1	1	..	2	..	Hackingsack, Jersey.....	Farmer.
George Happle.....	1	1	..	1	..	Duches County.....	Shoemaker.
Joseph Rothburn.....	1	Rhode Island.....	Farmer.
James Picket.....	1	1	1	1	..	Norwalk, Connecticut.....	Carpenter.
Lewis Picket.....	1	do. do.....	Carpenter.
John Underwood.....	1	1	Newport, Rhode Island.....	Farmer.
Widow Ruth Nichols.....	1	0	1	1	..	do. do.....	..
Johannes Chick.....	1	1	1	1	..	Eaton's Neck, Long Island.....	Farmer.
John Chick.....	1	do. do.....	Farmer.
Walter Bates.....	1	Stanford, Connecticut.....	Farmer.
John Gordon.....	1	1	Danbury, do.....	Farmer.
Joseph Lyon.....	1	1	1	2	..	Connecticut.....	Farmer.
Simon Losee.....	1	1	4	1	..	Long Island.....	Shoemaker.
Thomas Carle.....	1	1	4	2	..	Duches County.....	Farmer.
Jacob Maybee.....	1	1	2	do.....	Farmer.
William Maybee.....	1	do.....	Farmer.
Widow Hester Burlock.....	1	0	1	1	..	Norwalk, Connecticut.....	..
Stephen Fountain.....	1	1	Stanford, do.....	Blacksmith.
Thomas Burdin.....	1	1	3	1	..	Massachusetts.....	Farmer.
George Sweet.....	1	1	..	1	..	Rhode Island.....	Wheelwright.
Thomas Wade.....	1	..	1	do.....	Farmer.
Abram Dickerman.....	1	New Haven, Connecticut.....	Shoemaker.
Elenzor Slokum.....	1	1	1	Massachusetts.....	Seaman.
Samuel Boon.....	1	Rhode Island.....	Farmer.
Massey Harriis.....	1	0	do.....	..
George Lumsden.....	1	1	1	3	..	New Haven, Connecticut.....	Shoemaker.
Robert Comely.....	1	Pennsylvania.....	Mason.
John Fowler.....	1	1	..	2	..	Massachusetts.....	Farmer.
John Hurd.....	1	1	1	1	..	East New Jersey.....	Carpenter.
Elias Scribner.....	1	1	2	3	..	Norwalk, Connecticut.....	Shoemaker.
Hesekiah Scribner.....	1	1	do. do.....	Farmer.
Thaddens Scribner.....	1	do. do.....	Shoemaker.
Joseph Ferris.....	1	Newtown, do.....	Joiner.
Gideon Coree.....	1	Rhode Island.....	Cooper.
Solomon Tucker.....	1	1	1	3	..	Stanford, Connecticut.....	Weaver.
Daniel Smith.....	1	New Milford, do.....	Farmer.
Andrew Jostlin.....	1	Rhode Island.....	Farmer.
Abel Barstley.....	1	1	1	Fairfield, Connecticut.....	Farmer.
Ephraim Lane.....	1	do. do.....	Farmer.
John Marvin.....	1	Norwalk, do.....	Farmer.
John Seaman.....	1	Duches County.....	Farmer.

65 Signers; 35 Women; 59 Children over 10 years old; 48 Children under 10 years old; 2 Servants.
Total, 209. A True Return Test, (Signed) FYLER DIBBLEE, D. Agt.

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bushes and slept in it all night. Next morning every man came on shore and cleared away and landed all our baggage, women and the children, and the sloop left us alone in the wilderness.

We had been informed the Indians were uneasy at our coming, and that a considerable body had collected at the head of Bellisle. Yet our hope and trust remained firm that God would not forsake us. We set to work with such resolution that before night we had as many tents set as made the women and children comfortable.

Next morning we discovered a fleet of ten Indian canoes slowly moving towards us, which caused considerable alarm with the women. Before they came within gunshot one who could speak English came to let us know, "We all one brother!" They were of the Micmac tribe and became quite friendly, and furnished us plentifully with moose meat.

We soon discovered a situation at the head of Bellisle Creek suitable for our purpose of settlement with Church and school.

No surveyor was appointed until July when Frederick Hauser was commissioned with directions to survey and allot our land according to our wishes.

He commenced where we had designed for our Church and school house in Kingston with a road six rods wide and surveyed twenty-two lots numbering on each side. Before the lots were exposed for draft it was agreed that one acre off each adjoining corner of the four first numbers should be allotted the place for the Church and school house and that lot number one on the west side should be reserved for the parsonage. The water privilege to be reserved for those who would engage to built a grist mill and saw boards enough for our Church and school house.

Accordingly the lots were drawn and the numbers fell to the persons named in the grant.

Whereupon every man was jointly employed clearing places for building, cutting logs, carrying them together by strength of hands and laying up log houses, by which means seventeen log houses were laid up and covered with bark, so that by the month of November every man in the district found himself and family covered under his own roof and a happier people never lived upon this globe enjoying in unity the blessings which God had provided for us in the country into whose coves and wild

woods we were driven through persecution. Here with the protection of a kind providence we were perfectly happy, contented and comfortable in our dwellings through the winter, and on Easter Monday met together, and as secondary means to promote religion, elected the following persons preparatory for the church, namely:

WARDENS.

David Pickett and Joseph Lyon.

VESTRYMEN.

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| John Lyon, | James Ketchum, |
| Israel Holt, | Silas Raymond, |
| Jonathan Ketchum, | Ephraim Lane, |
| Andrew Patching, | James Moore, |
| Elias Scribner, | Seth Seeley, |
| John Fowler, | Thomas Sumner. |

The Rev. John Sayre who ministered to us at Eaton's Neck soon after his arrival in the fall fleet removed to Mangerville.*

The Rev. John Beardsley † officiated for us occasionally, and made some preparation for building in Kingston.

On Thursday, the 7th day of October, 1784, I had the honor of the first marriage

* The Rev. John Sayre was missionary at Fairfield, Conn., where he had a trying experience during the Revolutionary war. In a letter dated Nov. 8, 1779, he speaks of the hardships endured by the Loyalists at the hands of both the contending parties. In his church the hangings were torn down, the leads stripped off, bullets fired through the windows and the entire buildings exposed to every sort of wanton defilement. His congregation were subjected to every kind of oppression—fined and imprisoned on the most frivolous pretences. Mr. Sayre himself was confined to his house and garden and proclaimed as an enemy to his country, and all persons were forbidden (under threat of severe penalty for disobedience) to have any manner of dealing with him. "This order was posted up in every store, mill, mechanical shop, and public house in the county and was repeatedly published in the newspapers. * * * * * Yet we wanted for nothing; our people under cover of night supplying us with the comforts and necessaries of life."

On July 7, 1779, the British troops under General Tryon landed at Fairfield and set fire to the town. "The ungovernable flames," writes Mr. Sayre "soon extended on all sides and in a few minutes left me with a family consisting of wife and eight children destitute of food, house and raiment. * * * My loss included my little all."

† Rev. John Beardsley, of Stratford, Conn., was for some time stationed at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. During the war he was Chaplain in Col. Beverly Robinson's regiment, and with it came to New Brunswick. He was the first clergyman to officiate at St. John and Kingston, after the landing of the Loyalists. From 1786 to 1802 he was stationed at Mangerville. Retiring from active work, he then resided at Kingston, where he died in 1810.

On June 24th, 1803, when at the age of 71 years, Mr. Beardsley preached a sermon in Old Trinity church, St. John, to the Free Masons, met to celebrate the memory of St. John Baptist. A copy of this sermon, printed by Jacob S. Mott, Prince William street, is in the possession of J. W. Lawrence, Esq.

Wilson, 783.

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2 Servants. D. Agt.

by the first minister. On the death of the Rev. John Sayre, in 1786, the Rev. John Beardsley was removed to Mougerville.

The vestry appointed to hold church at the house of Elias Scribner, and Mr. Frederick Dibblee to read the prayers. Public worship was thus attended regularly on Sundays till July, 1787, when Rev. James Scovil came from Connecticut, with the view of removing to this province as a missionary. As an encouragement we voted him the lot reserved for the parsonage, and on the following summer he removed with his family into Kingston, and attended public worship on Sunday in the house of Elias Scribner, where he found, and much to his comfort, a full congrega-

tion of church people in the wilderness ready to do everything in God's name the exigencies of the church required.

With the coming of the Rev. James Scovil and the establishment of all the ordinances of religion, our little community was well content.

These homes for weary pilgrims made,
Like happy tents of peace they stand
Amid the dark and silent shade,
The Altar cheers our forest land.

No splendor clothes each humble dome,
No shingled roof or painted shrine,
Yet faith and hope find here a home—
The Christian feels the place divine.

"Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young, even Thy altar, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God."

CHAPTER IV.

TRINITY CHURCH—ITS HISTORY AND ITS RECTORS.

At the meeting held on the 5th day of July, 1787, to arrange with the Rev. James Scovil about his coming to reside with us, Messrs: Silas Raymond, Elias Scribner and John London did in the presence of said meeting, give each of them, severally, one acre of land off the adjoining corners of their respective lots to the said church free and clear from all incumbrances for ever, as a privilege to build a Church House thereon. At the same meeting it was voted to build a Church on the hill upon the land given by Silas Raymond, Elias Scribner and John London.

Later in the season a subscription paper was drawn up as follows:

KINGSTON, December 5th, 1783.

We, the subscribers, impressed with a full and vigorous sense of the importance of religion, and the strong obligation we as Christians are under to pay all due homage, adoration and obedience to Almighty God the common Father and benevolent Governor of the Universe, in whom we live and move and have our being—and upon whom all our hopes depend both for time and eternity; and being firmly persuaded that a due performance of the duties of religion in His house of prayer are the most likely and effectual methods of cultivating and keeping alive a proper sense of religion, according to the laws of the Gospel among us, do for the best good of ourselves and our children for ever, covenant and agree to pay to the Church Wardens and Vestry of the Parish of Kingston, in Kings County, or their order, such sum or sums as shall be by us affixed to our names, in labor, money, or other articles as we shall sign—which sum or sums signed by us shall be appropriated and applied in the most prudent

and effectual manner for the erection of a House to the Honor and for the Public Worship of Almighty God according to the usage of the Church of England, in the Parish of Kingston aforesaid upon the square or plot of ground near the house of the Rev. James Scovil.

The subscription paper was returned in a few weeks with seventy-two signers—total amount subscribed £134, 15s. 0d.

In February it was agreed to build the Church 50 feet in length and 38 in breadth under the direction of the vestry, and it was further agreed to allow fifteen shillings a thousand for eighteen inch shingles and three shillings a day for common labour.

On Saturday the 27th day of June, 1789, the frame was raised in perfect harmony and in good order, and by united exertion was so far advanced that on the 5th day of November it was dedicated to the service of Almighty God by the Rev. James Scovil by the name of TRINITY CHURCH.

On examining the records in the clerk's books, I found no mention of the consecration of Trinity Church. I cannot omit giving my statement of the same from my own recollections and such statements as I find in my possession, however imperfect they may be found by those who may have more and better information.

This, then, is a brief sketch from the address delivered by the Rev. James Scovil on the occasion of the consecration of Trinity Church in Kingston, N. B.

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"MY CHRISTIAN BRETHREN: We have now witnessed a ceremony which in all probability we as a Parish shall never witness again. This is but one of the solemn considerations which is brought into view by an event like this.

We have now begun a temple dedicated for the worship of God, in which temple by God's grace our children and their posterity are made meet partakers of a rich inheritance. Wherein the precious tidings of Christ and His cross shall ever find sanctuary. Where we trust the Divine presence shall abide after we are gathered unto our fathers.

But why need there be any religious ceremony on this enterprise of our building?

Because, 'except the Lord build the house their labor is but lost that build it.' We therefore now as it were in a mystical sense baptize our church in its infancy by the name of Trinity Church, and with

be applied on the church and one-third for the parsonage, but afterwards fifty pounds was appropriated to the use of the church at Oak Point, in Long Reach, and it was voted likewise that the inhabitants on the Kanabeckatous should have an equal amount for the building of a church on that river, near James Hoyt's.

The seats and pews were rented in 1796 for twenty-one pounds twelve shillings, but the amount diminished year by year. Objection was made that since there was not pews for all many did not like to intrude



KINGSTON CHURCH

the sign of the Cross in token hereafter it shall be a monument and a witness of the faith of Christ crucified.

In the name of God we have erected it and we today offer this token of our devotion to Him who is the way, the truth, and the life.

Here we may believe that God's promises will be fulfilled and blessings will be abundantly bestowed. May the permanent blessing of heaven rest upon the solemn transactions of this day, and may this Parish of Kingston ever be the means of extending pure and undefiled religion. In this and all our undertakings may the Lord bless us and keep us, the Lord make His face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us, the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us and give us peace both now and ever. Amen."

It was decided to furnish the church with pews and seats. In July following we received a donation from government of four hundred pounds. Voted that two-thirds

into the seats of others. Others claimed that all pews ought to be free. The vestry then proposed a subscription, which succeeded, and the pews and seats all remained free.

In 1803, the Rev. James Scovil being infirm and unable to hold Divine service on all occasions, it was proposed to employ his son, Elias, who was then ordained, to assist his father, and to secure forty pounds a year, to be paid half-yearly. He to officiate one-half of his time in Kingston, one-fourth in Hampton and one-fourth in Springfield. The former place to raise twenty pounds and the others ten each.

We continued to make improvements in the church from time to time. In the

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spring of 1808 the sum of one hundred and three pounds was subscribed by forty-nine persons for the purpose of erecting a steeple with an end gallery and completing necessary repairs on condition the sale of pews be revoked, and they be free in

chancel be built square with a Venetian window at the end. In September, 1813, was received a bell weighing 129 lbs. generously presented by some gentlemen of Saint Johns as a gift to the church. It was voted that the sum of two pounds ten shil-



THE RIGHT REV. CHARLES INGLIS.

the future. On June 15, the steeple was framed and raised in good order without any accident happening to any one.

It was not until 1810 that a stove was procured for the church when fourteen pounds fourteen shillings was raised for erecting a stove and completing the same with pipe.

The following year it was voted that the

lings a year shall be allowed for tending the stove of the church and ringing the bell.

On December 19th, 1808, it pleased God to take to himself our worthy and revered rector, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and fiftieth year of his ministry, of which twenty years he was rector of Kingston.

In the last years of his life he suffered with a long and painful disease, which con-

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tinued day by day to increase until he entered his rest.

He was cheerful in common conversation, and instructive in the strength of his reasoning. As a minister he was an ornament to his profession—a worthy example for his congregation. The duties of religion he inculcated by example as well as precept. The life he recommended to his congregation he lived before them. His friendly intercourse with his people continued to the last unquenched by sickness, pain and old age. He was gentle without weakness, dignified without pride, strict without severity. Good cause have his children to remember the kind counsel and pleasant companionship of such a father. Happy, too, are we that his successor in the church is of the same family.

On Sunday, July 29, 1809, the Right Rev. Charles Inglis, Bishop of Nova Scotia,* visited our church and confirmed 257 persons.

Having learned that the pews in the church were all held free, the Bishop wrote the following letter, expressing his disapproval:

FREDERICTON, 5th August, 1809.

Gentlemen,—

When lately at Kingston I received much pleasure from seeing so large a congregation on Sunday, the decency of their behavior during divine service, the large number of persons who presented themselves for confirmation.

I sincerely rejoice at these circumstances, and now earnestly pray the Great Shepherd and Redeemer of souls that He would effectually bless both the ordinances then administered in that church to

*Rev. Charles Inglis, D. D., was the last Rector of New York under the Crown.

In a letter dated New York, Oct. 31, 1776, he describes at length the trials and difficulties experienced by himself and his brethren in the ministry. "Some," he writes, "have been carried prisoners by armed mobs—detained in close confinement for several weeks and much insulted. Some have been flung into jails, by committees, for frivolous suspicions of plots. Some have been pulled out of the reading desk because they prayed for the King. Others have had their houses plundered and their desks broken open under pretence of containing treasonable papers.

Soon after Washington's arrival in New York, he attended our church, but on Sunday morning before divine service began, one of the rebel generals called at my house and left word that General Washington would be at church and would be glad if the violent prayers for the King and royal family were omitted. This message, as you may suppose, I disregarded. The conduct of the messenger, I since learned, was not authorized by Washington.

One Sunday when I was officiating and had proceeded some length in the service a company of about 100 armed rebels marched into the church, with drums beating and fifes playing, their guns loaded and bayonets fixed. The congregation was thrown into the utmost terror and several women fainted expecting a massacre was intended. It was expected that when the prayers for the King and the royal family were read I should certainly be

the spiritual nourishment and growth in grace of all who did or shall partake of them.

But it gave me no small concern to learn that the pews in the church of Kingston were all held in common, and that none were appropriated to individuals—as is the case in all other churches in our communion.

I never knew an instance before this, in Europe or America, where the pews were thus held in common, and where men—perhaps of the worst characters—might come and set themselves down by the most religious and respectable characters in the parish. This must ultimately tend to produce disorder and confusion in the church, and check the spirit of true devotion and piety.

When a man has a pew of his own, he can leave his Bible and prayer books in that pew when public worship is ended on Sunday, and he will be sure to find them in his pew on the next Sabbath.

The infirmities of age and bad health require attention to the comfort of warmth, especially in the winter. A man may procure that comfort by lining his pew with some kind of cloth and covering the floor.

It is needless to say that the mode of holding the pews in common must necessarily preclude these with many other benefits and conveniences that might be named.

What could occasion such an innovation—such a departure from the usage of the Church of England I am unable to conceive; the greatest disorder must be the consequence, if this mode be continued, when the country becomes populous; in some places it would at this day be ruinous to the church. * * * Very earnestly wishing for the prosperity of the Church and Congregation at Kingston, I earnestly recommend to your consideration, Gentlemen, the removal of this strange arrangement.

Your prudence and good sense will point out the mode of accomplishing this, which should be gentle and conciliatory—and I flatter myself when the matter is coolly and deliberately weighed that there will scarcely be an objection to it.

To obviate any difficulty there should be in yours, as in most other churches, a pew or two set apart for strangers, and the poor should not be neglected.

And as Government contributed to the building of your Church, the same order should be observed in it as in all other regular established churches.

fired at, as menaces to that purpose had been frequently flung out. The matter, however, passed over without any accident, though I was afterwards assured that something hostile and violent was intended, but He that stills the raging of the sea and the madness of the people overruled their purpose whatever it was.

A fine equestrian statue of the King was pulled down and totally demolished. All the King's arms, even those on signs of taverns were destroyed. The committee sent me a message which I esteemed a favor to have the King's arms taken down in the church or else the mob would do it. I immediately complied.

The royal arms here referred to were until recently supposed to be the same now in Trinity church, St. John, N. B., but this has lately been shown by Mr. J. W. Lawrence to be a mistake.

In February, 1775, Dr. Inglis wrote an answer to a pamphlet by Tom Paine, entitled "Common Sense." The first impression was seized by the "Sons of Liberty" and burnt. A second edition was printed at Philadelphia, and a copy is now in possession of Mr. Jonas Howe, of this city.

For some time after the publication of the reply to "Common Sense" Dr. Inglis was exposed to great danger.

At the evacuation in 1783 he came to Halifax. On August 12, 1787, he was consecrated at Lambeth, and became thereby the first Bishop in the colonies of Great Britain.

Heartily commending you and your congregation to the special blessing and protection of Almighty God.

I am gentlemen,
Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,
CHARLES NOVA SCOTIA.

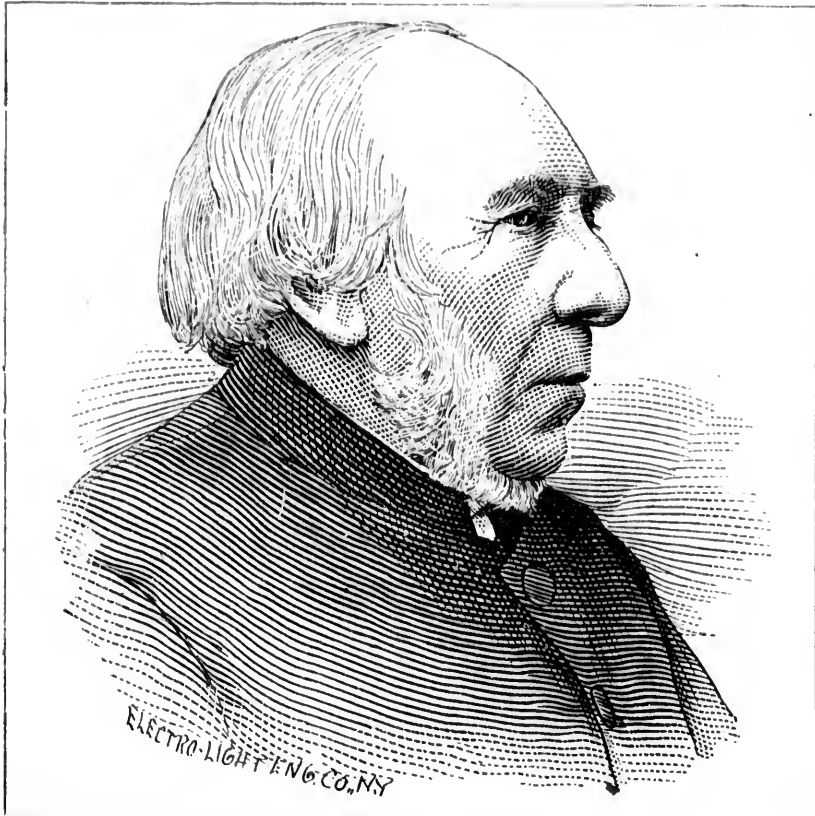
To the Rector, Church Wardens, }
and Vestry of Kingston.

The people being acquainted with the Bishop's letter upon the question of selling the pews being put to the meeting thirty-

In 1819 the Rev. James Cookson came out as missionary to the Parish of Hampton, much to the satisfaction of the people of Hampton and to the relief of the Rector of Kingston.

In 1820 it was voted that the Church be dressed in mourning for King George the third who had deceased.

July 26, 1826, the Right Rev. John



THE RIGHT REV. JOHN MEDLEY, D. D.
(First Bishop of Fredericton.)

three voted to comply with his wishes and seven only to the contrary. Of course the pews were sold, and remained so ever since.*

*The following extract from the Parish Records of 1845 will be of interest in this connection. Bishop Inglis' views regarding paid sittings were rather different from those of the first Bishop of the newly created diocese:

"The Right Rev. John Medley, (the first Bishop of this province) made his first visit to Kingston

Inglis, Bishop of Nova Scotia, made his first visit and confirmed 182 persons.

In 1833 voted money in hand for the

"and held confirmation, administering this holy rite to 63 persons, on the 27th day of August, 1845. His Lordship again visited the Parish on the 30th of October, 1845, and consecrated the new chapel, (called St. James) on the Long Reach. Before the consecration his Lordship required the sittings should be made free, and the pew holders signed

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purpose of adding to the Church the convenience of a vestry room.

On Sunday the second day of August, 1835, the Right Rev. John Inglis, Bishop of Nova Scotia, ordained in the Church at Kingston, William Scovill, Deacon, to the office of Priest.† After Divine Service, his Lordship addressed the Corporation in the Vestry room where in his pleasing address he represented the Church in Kingston as the root from which all other churches in the county were sprouts.

Having brought my history thus far I must now bring it to a conclusion hoping that my readers may judge of my infirmities without severity.

It may be mentioned that on Mr. Frederick Dibblee's removal from Kingston in 1790 to be ordained as the first clergyman at Woodstock, it was voted that some fit person be appointed to read prayers and a sermon in the absence of the Rector. Walter Bates was selected and by this means the Church in Kingston has ever been kept open upon the Lord's Day.

Having now with all fidelity treated of my subject, I would fain hope it is something more than idle curiosity that prompts me to wish it was possible to know the future destiny of this country.

One conjecture, I presume, to offer on the subject, that sometime or other there will surely be a restoration of the colonies of America—that after a long series of dissensions and contests their downfall will come from the north, and by the like means which hath been usual in the course of history, and that at some future period the vast and northern deserts of Acadia and Canada will give laws to all North America. But what will be the destiny of the three portions of the globe where a few

"an agreement to that effect, reserving the right of resuming their seats on the terms of the original sale, it while they live in this Parish it should be deemed advisable, with consent of the Bishop, to have the pews again sold and appropriated to individuals."

(Signed) JOHN RAYMOND,
Vestry Clerk.

†Mr. G. Herbert Lee, in his "historical sketch of the first fifty years of the Church of England in the Province of New Brunswick," writes, "It is noteworthy that father, son, and grandson occupied successively the position of Rector in the same Parish. For one hundred and thirty years the three Scovills were in the ministry, and for ninety years they officiated at Kingston." Rev. Ellas Scovill died Feb. 10, 1841, in the 70th year of his age, and the 40th of his ministry; and the Rev. William E. Scovill on June 6, 1876, in the 67th year of his age and 43rd of his ministry.

have acted their part alone? I refer to British North America, the British settlements in Hindostan and the vast but yet infant colony of Botany Bay. What is to hinder Great Britain from transporting her empire to the East, where she might possess in India a territory inferior only to the kingdom of China, which for love of peace would be a good neighbor.

I am tempted to hazard the conjecture that there will be eventually the appearance of a great new power in the world under one great British monarch, which it is no more within my province than it is within the compass of my abilities to delineate in detail. I cherish the idea of a new, strong and durable wise confederacy—a triple cord formed by the three happiest countries in the three quarters of the world. †

To the foregoing story of Walter Bates a very few words only need be added.

Soon after his return from a visit to his old home (see foot note), he in all probability completed his narrative, of which the reminiscences of the early days of Connecticut which follow are by no means the least interesting portion.

The closing words, as given above, are almost a dream of Imperial federation.

Kingston church was remodelled in 1857, but is yet, however, substantially the same church, erected by the energies of its Loyalist founders one hundred years ago. The accompanying engraving is from a photograph taken about the time of the centennial commemoration, June, 1889.

† Rev. E. B. Huntington, in his History of Stamford, says: "In 1738 Walter and Augustus Bates, who were among the banished loyalists returned to the home of their childhood. Though honored and much esteemed in the home of their adoption, they still retained their youthful love for the one they had lost. The following extracts are from a brief 'Jubilee,' which the former brother penned as expressive of their feelings.

"Our two oldest brothers being dead, the remaining family, eight in number, were singularly separated—two only remained in Stamford, two settled in different towns within the United States, two in the province of New Brunswick and two in Upper Canada where we remained 1,200 miles from each other, and 600 from our native place, until the eldest had arrived at the age of 80 and the youngest to the 62nd year of his age. After the full term of fifty years, guided and protected by a kind Providence, we are permitted to visit our native home, the town and place of our birth, here to celebrate this our jubilee, . . . praising God in communion with our remaining relations and friends, in the same church wherein we were in infancy first dedicated to God by our parents."

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PART II.

INCIDENTS OF THE EARLY DAYS OF CONNECTICUT.

The part of the narrative now to be taken up is of a rather fragmentary nature, several pages apparently having been lost.

In reading what follows we must bear in mind that our author was a man of decided character and pronounced views. He had suffered much for his loyalty to king and country, and he writes from the standpoint of his party and of his times.

The relations existing between the descendants of the old Puritans of New England and the Loyalists—never very cordial at the best—were greatly embittered by the Revolutionary war: So much so that it is only of recent years that the burning topics of that period have been temperately considered by the descendants of either party. Impartial American historians of today, however, admit that the Loyalists of New England received exceedingly harsh treatment at the hands of their fellow citizens during the early years of its history.

The Rev. Dr. E. E. Beardsley, of New Haven, in a valuable historical work writes:

"The sufferings of the Puritans were the fruit of the principles of the times. * * * Neal, in his 'History of New England,' says 'it must be allowed that when the Puritans were in power, they carried their resentments too far'. Unwarrantable 'cruelty in one party is no justification of it in another; yet when men talk of the sufferings and sacrifices and self-denial of the Puritans, they should consider the spirit and principles of the age, and remember how those who were thus persecuted turned persecutors, and practised the rigors from which they thought to escape."

Preparations for the settlement of Connecticut were begun in 1633 on the banks of the river which gives name to the State, but shortly before this the Dutch from Manhattan had erected a fort at Hartford.

The name of the celebrated Joseph Hooker is inseparably connected with the early days of Hartford, and has been generally viewed in a different light from that in which he appears to our author, who writes as follows:

When Hooker first established himself at Hartford, he was received by the ruling Indian chief with caution. The Sachem

did not like his new neighbors; refused to give or sell any land to them, but told them, as they came to trade with him and spread the Christian religion among his subjects, he had no objection to their building wigwams, planting corn and hunting on his lands.

The wisdom and steady temper of the Sachem made Haynes and Hooker cautious of their conduct.

Many people of Massachusetts Bay, hearing that Hooker had made good terms with the Sachem, removed to the banks of Connecticut, that they might share in the work of spreading the gospel among the poor benighted heathen. Rev. Mr. Huet, with his followers, fixed themselves at Windsor, eight miles north of Hartford, and Rev. Mr. Smith at Wetherfield, four miles south of it. So that in the space of eighteen months the dominion of Hartford contained several hundred inhabitants and several voluntary independent churches. Hooker, Huet, Smith and others hereby found means to spread the gospel into every Indian town, and to their eternal infamy with the gospel spread the small-pox. This distemper raged in every quarter; it swept away the great Sachem, and laid waste his ancient kingdom.

Hereupon Haynes and his assembly proclaimed Joshua Sachem, who had been an ambitious captain under the great Sachem, and all such as did not acknowledge his power were to be put to death or fly the dominion.

These colonists having at last driven out the heathen, and got possession of a land flowing with milk and honey, next expelled the Dutch as a dangerous set of heretics.

Hooker having done so much for his new Dominion expected the homage of every independent church. This homage, however, he could not obtain, because each minister had pretensions not much inferior to his own. Hence disputes arose about doctrine and discipline. Hooker is said to have taught the existence of forty-two varieties of Grace, though all of little value

except saving Grace. As to discipline, he held he had received his ministerial ordination from the hands of the laity who were in full communion.

Throughout the controversy the majority of the people were on the side of Mr. Hooker, and they soon determined by vote according to their code of laws in his favour. But the other ministers and the minority were not convinced by this vote.

To avoid excommunication they formed themselves into separate irresponsible bodies. Nevertheless they soon felt the thundering anathemas of Hooker and the heated vengeance of the civil power.

However, persecution by its certain consequences fixed the Separatists in their schism which continues to the present time in Connecticut.

Hooker may be said to have reigned twelve years as high priest over Hartford, and then died, about 60 years of age, to the great joy of the Separatists of well nigh as many sects as Hooker had taught kinds of grace.

The death of Cromwell in 1658 struck awe throughout all New England. Hartford and New Haven appointed their days of fasting and prayer. Davenport prayed the Lord to take the New England vine under His immediate care as He had removed by death the one great protector of the Protestant liberty. Nevertheless, Davenport lived to see the time when Charles the second obtained possession of his father's crown.

However, in the midst of their sorrows they were comforted by the presence of many regicides and refugees who fled from England, amongst whom were Whalley, Goffe, and Dixwell, three of the judges and murderers of Charles the first. Davenport and Leet, the then Governor, received them, with open arms, and blessed God they had escaped from the hands of Herod, the son of Barrabas.

They arrived about the 27th of March, and made Mr. Davenport's house the place of their residence. For some time they appeared to think themselves out of danger, but it was not long till the King's proclamation against the regicides arrived, requiring wherever they might be found they should be immediately apprehended.

They remained secreted most of the time at Mr. Davenport's until about the last of April. For a short time they made their quarters in the woods and then fixed them-

selves in a cave in the side of a hill, which they named Providence hill, where Dixwell died and lies buried with the seeds of rebellion in New Haven, and where his grave is visited with veneration, even held sacred as the tomb at Mecca.

New Haven dominion, being suddenly filled with such inhabitants, saw itself enabled to support its independency, and paid no attention to the king and parliament of England.

The people of Massachusetts, ever forward in promoting their own consequence, privately appointed Mr. Winthrop their agent to negotiate their business in England, which he willingly undertook, and procured from the cautious Charles the Second as ample a charter as was ever given. New Haven too late discovered the intrigue, but after two years' opposition, they submitted to the charter, purely out of fear lest some of their leaders should be put to ignominious death for aiding in the murder of the king.

To the joy of the people of Boston, Winthrop was appointed by the charter Governor of all Connecticut, and was annually elected till his death, which happened in 1676. The laws enacted under the charter are decent compared with the Blue Laws. One law is as follows: "When any trespass is committed in the night, the injured person may recover damage of any one he shall think proper to accuse unless he can prove an alibi."

Queen Ann repealed the cruel laws respecting Quakers and other denominations. The idea of independence of Great Britain was not, as might be imagined, destroyed by the charter. Indeed, the charter is as much in favor of Connecticut as if it had been drawn up in Boston or New Haven.

The general assembly made a law, that whosoever should attempt to destroy the constitution of this colony as by charter established, should suffer death, and declared "Sober Dissent" to be the established religion of the province.

They denied to the inhabitants the free exercise of conscience, arbitrarily fining those who would not come to their congregational assemblies. Members of other religious bodies inhabiting there could not obtain justice in the courts of that colony, and all men of known loyalty were excluded from the government in order to keep the law in the hands of the majority.

In consequence of his impeachment, King James the Second ordered *quo warranto* to be issued against the Charter of Connecticut.

The people at length perceived the King was in earnest. The Assembly met as usual in October according to charter. Whilst they were sitting, Sir Edward Andros, General of New England, demanded the Charter and declared the government under it to be dissolved. Whereupon the Assembly resigned the Charter into his hands at Hartford, October, 1687.

But the very night after its surrender, Captain Samuel Wadsworth with the assistance of a mob broke into the apartment of Sir Edmund, regained, carried off and hid the Charter in the hollow of an elm and Robert Treat, who had been elected in 1687, was declared by the mob still to be the governor of Connecticut. The latter daringly summoned his old Assembly, who being assembled voted the Charter to be valid in law, and that it could not be vacated by any power without the General Assembly, and voted that Samuel Wadsworth should bring forth the Charter, which he did in solemn procession attended by the High Sheriff, and delivered it to the Governor. The General Assembly voted their thanks to Wadsworth and twenty shillings reward for stealing and hiding the Charter.

The General Assembly though unsupported either by law or justice, now resolved to settle their land west of the Susquehannah River. They modestly passed over New York and the Jerseys and seized on Pennsylvania claimed by the Quakers who fight not either for wife or daughter, and as it to imitate the iniquity of their fathers, destroyed the Quakers and Indians, and took possession of their lands. They plead that their Charter bound them west by the South Sea.

The Sober Dissenters having been established by the General Assembly, the true Independents denied that the Assembly had any power over Christians than their protection. Hence arose contention between the Assembly and the Independents, and both parties having been brought up under Cromwell their battle was well fought.

The Independent ministers proclaimed from their pulpits that the Assembly acted more for their own interest than for the glory of God. These spiritual warriors

proved formidable opponents. Indeed none disputed their vote with impunity.

At length a governor was appointed who determined to reduce them under the civil power, and accordingly the Assembly sent their sheriff to bring before them certain leading men among the ministers of whom they banished some, silenced others, and fined many for preaching sedition. The ministers told the assembly that "eurst cows had short horns." However they ostensibly submitted to the Assembly and went home. But when the day of the election came they told the free men that the Lord's cause required a man of Grace to stand at the head of the colony and with confidence recommended the moderator of their association to be their governor, who accordingly was elected.

This event greatly inflamed the magistrates, who thereupon cried out, "This is Presbyterian Popedom!"

While the churches were thus divided, alarm was caused by the appearing of the Quakers, a number of whom arrived in Boston, and were committed to the common gaol. A number of their books had been seized with a view of being burnt. At the general court, in September, it was recommended to the several general courts that all Quakers, Episcopalians, Ranters and heretics should be prohibited coming into the colony.

While speaking of the religious phrenzies and persecutions in Connecticut under the sanction of their charter, I must notice the word of an eminent Quaker, who was banished, and upon return sentenced to be hanged: "Dost thee not think," said he to his judge, "that the Jews who crucified the Saviour of the world had a *charter*?"

As late as the year 1746, the Rev. Mr. Gibbs, of Synsbury, refusing to pay the rate for the salary of the Congregationalist minister in the same town, was by the collector thrown across a horse, lashed hand and foot under the creature's belly, and carried several miles to gaol. Mr. Gibbs was half dead when he got there, and though he was released by his church wardens, who, to save his life, paid the assessment, yet having taken cold in addition to his bruises, he became delirious, and remained in a state of insanity until his death.

The Rev. Mr. Mozley, a missionary from the Society for Propagation of the Gospel at Lichfield, was prevented by the

grand jury from marrying a couple belonging to his parish, the bans having been duly published and consent of parents obtained. The court mildly fined him £20 because he could not show any other license to officiate as clergyman than what he had received from the Bishop of London. One of the judges said: "It is high time to put a stop to the usurpation of the Bishop of London, and if fines will not curb you, imprisonment shall."

Hartford town is deemed the capital of the province. The town is half a mile wide. A grand court house and two very elegant meeting houses, with steeples, bells and clocks adorn it.

In 1760, a foundation of quarry stone was laid for an Episcopal church in this town, at an expense of £300, on which occasion mortifying proof was afforded that the present inhabitants inherited the spirit of their ancestors. Samuel Talcott, Esq., one of the judges of the County court, with the assistance of a mob, took away the stones, and with them built a house for his son. This action was justified by the General Assembly of Connecticut.

In 1652, this town had the *honour* of executing Mrs. Greensmith, the first witch ever heard of in America. She was accused of practising evil things on the body of Ann Cole, which did not prove to be true, but the Rev. Mr. Stone and other ministers swore that Greensmith had confessed to them that she had had very intimate relations with the Devil. The court then ordered her to be hanged.

The same year, Springfield, not to be outdone by Hartford, brought Hugh Parsons to trial for witchcraft. The jury found him guilty, because he made females love him and males hate him: but the judge prevented his execution till the matter was laid before the general court of Boston, which determined he was not guilty of witchcraft.

The tomb of the famous Mr. Hooker, in Hartford, is viewed by his followers with much reverence. Here one of his grandsons is a minister, who inherits more than all his ancestors, virtues without his failings.

According to Dr. Mather, New Haven was, about 1646, to have been made a city, the influence of the city with Cromwell's party being then very great, but a wonderful phenomenon prevented it, and as the New Englanders to the present time be-

lieve his report, I will present my readers with the history of this miracle:

The people of New Haven fitted out a ship and sent her richly laden to England, to procure a patent for the colony and a charter for the city.

After the ship had been at sea a few weeks, there happened in New England a violent storm, which induced the people of New Haven to fast and pray, and to inquire of the Lord whether their ship was in that storm or not. This was a real fast, for the people did neither eat nor drink from sunrise till sunset. At five in the afternoon they came out of meeting, walking softly and heavily and sadly homeward. On a sudden the air thundered and the lightning shone abroad. They looked up towards the heavens and beheld their ship under sail, and the sailors steering from west to east. She came over the meeting house where they had fasted and prayed, and was then met by a violent wind, which rent the sails and overset the ship. In a few minutes she fell down near the weather cock on the steeple, and instantly vanished.

The people all returned to the meeting house, where the minister gave thanks to God for answering the desires of his servants by token of the loss of their ship and charter.

This, and divers other miracles said to have happened in New England, have been and still are useful to the clergy in establishing the people in the belief that there is a great familiarity between God and their ministers.

If I were to give the character of the people of New Haven, I should be inclined to use the words of the famous George Whitefield, in his farewell sermon to them a short time before his decease, who then said: "When I first preached in this magnificent house, about twenty years ago, I told you you were part beast, part man and part devil, at which you were offended. I have since thought much about that expression, and confess that for once I was mistaken. I, therefore, take this my last opportunity to correct my error. Behold, I now tell you that you are not part man and part beast, but wholly of the devil."

New Haven was settled with the most violent Puritans, who claimed so much liberty to themselves that they left none for others. They ever hated the idea of King, Lords and Commons. They sent agents to

fight against the King of England. They denied the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London. Religion and government properly speaking they have none—nor ever had, but in impertinence they excel all the world except Boston and Spain. If I could repeat the names of all the religious societies and voluntary associations which have arisen through their strife and self will it would display the prolific invention of mankind. I shall mention a few of the most considerable: Saybrook Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Scandinavians, Lutherans, Brownists, Independents, Quakers, Old Lights, New Lights, Rogerism, Davisonism, Unitarians, Universalists, Separatists, Hammonites, Brooksites, Peterites.

Concerning New London it may be said that the ports and harbours are the best in the colony. The church, the meeting house and court house are not to be boasted of—the fort is trifling. The first English-made Indian King resides with his party in the town, to whom the people pay some respect because they made him King.

The people of this town have the credit of inventing tar and leathers as a proper punishment for heresy.

They first inflicted it on Quakers and Baptists.

A very extraordinary circumstance happened here in 1740. The Rev. George Whitefield paid them a visit and preached of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, which roused them to cry out "What shall we do to be saved?" The preacher from the pulpit answered them: "Repent; do violence to no man; part with your self-righteousness, your silk gowns and laced petticoats; burn your ruffies, necklaces, tinselled waistcoats with your morality and Bishop's books this very night, or damnation may be your portion before the morning dawn."

Some of them carried their enthusiasm to such an extreme that they made a large fire to burn their books, clothes and ornaments, which they called idols. This imaginary work of piety and self-denial they undertook on the Lord's day and brought their books, necklaces and jewels together on the main street.

They began with burning their erroneous books, dropping them into the fire one after another pronouncing the words, "If the author of this book died in the same sentiment and belief in which he wrote

it, as the smoke of this pile ascends so the smoke of his torments will ascend forever and forever. Hallelujah. Amen."

But they were prevented from burning their fine clothes and jewels—their idols. John Lee, of Lyme, told them his idols were his wife and children, and to burn them was contrary to the law of God and man.

At this period America was overrun with superstition and fanaticism.

Eternal damnation was preached to all people who neglected to attend public worship twice every Sabbath day, fasting and thanksgiving day, provided these last are appointed by themselves and not by the King and parliament of Great Britain.

The steeples of their meeting houses at New London stand at the east end, and the inhabitants bury their dead with their feet to the west because the Episcopalians bury their dead with their feet to the east. A traveller has observed, "They are so perverse and opposite as if they built to God in spite."

Saybrook is greatly fallen from its ancient grandeur, but is notwithstanding resorted to with great veneration as the parent town of the colony. In 1709, this town was honored by a convention of contending Independent divines, who were pleased with no constitution, in church or state. This assemblage, after long debate, published a book called the *Saybrook Platform*, containing the doctrine and rules of the church in Connecticut.

The proceedings of the Ecclesiastical courts during the early history of Connecticut were often marked with much severity. In the course of 160 years, they bored the tongues with hot needles, cut off the ears, branded on the forehead, and banished, imprisoned and hanged more Quakers, Adamites, Ranters, Episcopalians for what they call heresy, blasphemy and witchcraft than there are instances of persecution in Fox's Book of Martyrdom.

A curious event at Saybrook must be mentioned. Time not having destroyed the wall of the fort at this town, Mr. Whitefield in 1740 attempted to bring down the walls as Joshua did those of Jericho, hoping thereby to convince the multitude of his divine mission.

He walked seven times around the Fort with prayer and ram-blowing; he called on the angel to do as he had done at the walls of Jericho, but the angel was deaf to his

call and therefore the wall remained. Here-
upon George cried aloud, "This town is
accursed for not receiving the messenger of
the Lord, therefore the angel is departed
and the wall shall stand as a monument of
a sinful people." Having so said, he
shortly afterward went to Lyra.

I may here say of George Whitefield that
notwithstanding his eccentricities I ever
shall admire his general character—his
personal piety, his goodness of heart and
hatred of persecution. I ever viewed him
as an instrument of heaven, as the greatest
blessing America ever knew: he turned
the profligate to God and roused the luke-

warm Christian. It is true also he has
made wise men mad.

New England, before he came, was but
the slaughter house for heretics. He was
admired by the oppressed Episcopalians
and trembling Quakers. He was followed
by nearly all sects. He made peace where
there was no peace and even his enemies
praised him in the gate.

He is now landed where the wicked
cease from trouble and the weary are at
rest and where his works of faith, love and
charity cloathe him. May his virtues be
imitated—his imperfections forgiven.

THE DIARY OF SARAH FROST.

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE SHIP "TWO SISTERS" DURING HER VOYAGE
TO SAINT JOHN'S RIVER, NOVA SCOTIA, IN THE
SPRING OF A. D. 1783.

INTRODUCTORY.

The narrative of Walter Bates has supplied us with an accurate and reliable account of the departure from New York and subsequent arrival at St. John of the first fleet of A. D. 1783.

The following diary will be found to throw additional light upon the nature of the voyage with all its accompanying discomforts. It will also enable the reader in some measure to realize the trials experienced by the Loyalists in parting with near relatives and life-long friends, and give some idea of their first impressions on landing upon our rugged shores.

Sarah (Scofield) Frost and her husband were natives of Stamford, Connecticut, and relatives of Walter Bates. After their settlement on the banks of the Kennebecasis, at what is now Lower Norton, they manifested much interest in the welfare of the church at Kingston until the erection of a church more conveniently situated. The name of William Frost occurs as a member of the second vestry elected at Kingston on Easter Monday, 1785.

During the closing years of the Revolution a systematic guerrilla warfare prevailed between the Loyalists on Long Island and the "rebels" of Connecticut. It is quite amusing to read the widely differing estimates entertained by the opposing parties regarding the merits of certain individuals and their actions. For example, DeLancey's corps of Loyalists was heartily commended by the commander-in-chief of the British forces, who stated it "had behaved with credit, reputation, honour and courage." The "patriots" of Stamford, on the other hand, strongly protested against allowing any "unprincipled wretches who belonged to the most infamous banditti, called DeLancey's corps," to return to their homes in Connecticut.

During the war William Frost made himself exceedingly obnoxious to many of the citizens of Stamford, by an exploit which must now be briefly described: Having been driven from home, on account of his sympathy with the cause of the mother country, Mr. Frost found an asylum at Lloyd's Neck, Long Island. Thence, on the night of July 21st, 1781, he proceeded at the head of an armed party, crossed the Sound in seven boats, and with his party lay stealthily secreted in the vicinity of Stamford until the following afternoon, when they surprised and captured Rev. Dr. Mather and his entire congregation. The doctor having, in the earlier stages of the quarrel between Great Britain and her colonies, been a pronounced advocate of rebellion, was marched off in company with forty-eight of his townsmen to the boats in waiting, whence they were carried as prisoners to Lloyd's Neck. Here they found not congenial friends, but many of their life-long neighbours, whom the war had transformed into active opponents.

From the British point of view, Captain Frost's expedition was no doubt a brilliant achievement, but the Stamford local historian records it as a "sacrilegious foray."

On a subsequent occasion Captain Frost, with considerable rashness, paid a secret visit to his old home. His presence being suspected he came very near falling into the hands of foes from whom he would have received little consideration. He was, however, eventually smuggled on board a schooner, concealed beneath some hay, and returned in safety to the British lines.

The parents of Mrs. Wm. Frost espoused the side of the Revolutionary party, and her's was one of the many sad instances where families were divided by the event

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of the war. It appears from the diary which follows that the second spring fleet of 1783 consisted of fourteen vessels with a frigate as convoy, bringing probably some 2,000 Loyalists from New York and its vicinity. It is quite possible some of the vessels may have gone to Annapolis. At least two vessels in this fleet, the *Bridge-water* and the *Hope* had already visited St. John with the former fleet and must therefore have returned immediately to New York for the second voyage.

At the time of the arrival of the *Two Sisters*, June 29, only two log huts had been erected on the site of the future city, and town lots sold at from two to twenty dollars. It may be mentioned that Hannah, daughter of William and Sarah Frost, born July 30th, one month after the arrival of the *Two Sisters*, was the second female child born in St. John. The "little girl," (seven years of age) mentioned in the diary, was grandmother of the wife of the writer of this introduction.

THE DIARY.

May 25, 1783.—I left Lloyd's Neck with my family and went on board the *Two Sisters*, commanded by Capt. Brown, for a voyage to Nova Scotia with the rest of the Loyalist sufferers. This evening the captain drank tea with us. He appears to be a very clever gentleman. We expect to sail as soon as the wind shall favor. We have very fair accommodation in the cabin, although it contains six families, besides our own. There are two hundred and fifty passengers on board.

Monday, May 26.—Nothing happens worth mentioning. We lie at anchor in Oyster Bay the whole day, not having got all our passengers on board.

Tuesday, May 27.—At 8 o'clock we weighed anchor at Oyster Bay, with a fair wind, for New York. Half after eleven, we are brought to by the guard ship at City Island. Our captain was very angry that they should bring him to, but they did not detain us long. We went on with a fair breeze through Hell Gate; but as we got through, the wind and tide headed us, and we had like to have gone ashore, which put us all in a great surprise. They tried twice to go on, but at length were obliged to anchor at the mouth of Harlem Creek, where we lay that night.

Wednesday, May 28.—We weighed anchor at Harlem Creek at a quarter after six in the morning, with a fair breeze, but the tide being low we struck a rock. We soon got off, but in a few minutes struck again. At half past seven we got off and went clear, and at ten we anchored at the lower end of the City of New York, the

tide not serving to go round into the North River as we had intended. An hour later I went on shore in Capt. Judson's whale boat and went to Mrs. MacKee's, and from there Mrs. Raymond and I went to Mr. Partlow's, where we dined and spent the afternoon. We met Major Hubble there, who formerly commanded the Loyalists at Lloyd's Neck. At evening we returned on board ship, where I drank tea and spent the evening with my little agreeable family.

Thursday, May 29.—This afternoon my husband went on shore with my little son, nearly nine years old. I long to have them come on board again to hear what observations the child will make, for for he has not been in town for some years now. *Later*—He has come on board again. He pleases me very much with his discourse about what he has seen.

Friday, May 30.—Went on shore and spent the day at Mrs. Partlow's. Mrs. Mussels, Mrs. Scofield and Miss Lucretia Bates came there towards evening and gave an account of my parents' welfare and my friends in the country. I am afraid I shall not hear from them again before I leave New York. I grow tired, so I think to quit for the night.

Saturday, May 31.—I rose early, having spent the night at Mr. Partlow's; waited some time for breakfast and then went out amongst the shops to trade. In the evening came on board ship again with my husband and children.

Monday, June 2nd.—We are still lying at anchor in the North River, not having

any orders for sailing, and I don't know when we shall sail but hope soon. Nothing happens worth mentioning.

Wednesday, June 4.—I staid on board all day. It being the King's birthday there was such a firing of cannons and noise amongst the ships it was enough to astound anyone. At night they fired sky-rockets. . . . (Manuscript torn and part of the narrative missing).

Friday, June 6.—We are still lying at anchor waiting for other vessels of our fleet. My father will come on board in the morning if my husband can go and fetch him. I do so long to hear from my dear mother and my brothers and sisters. We have had a very bad storm this evening. Our ship tossed very much, and some of the people are quite sick, but I am in hopes the storm will soon abate. It grows late as I conclude for the night, hoping to see "Daddy" in the morning.

Saturday, June 7.—My husband went on shore and brought father on board to breakfast. Soon after breakfast he returned on shore, for he expected to go home in the same boat he came down in, but hearing there was a vessel coming from Stamford today, he concluded to stay and return in it, so he came on board again to dine.

Sunday, June 8.—We are still lying at anchor in the North River. We expected to sail tomorrow for Nova Scotia, but I believe we shall remain at Staten Island or Sandy Hook for some days, or until our fleet is all got together.

Monday, June 9.—Our women, with their children, all came on board today, and there is great confusion in the cabin. We bear with it pretty well through the day, but as it grows towards night, one child cries in one place and one in another, whilst we are getting them to bed. I think sometimes I shall be crazy. There are so many of them, if they were as still as common there would be a great noise amongst them. I stay on deck tonight till nigh eleven o'clock, and now I think I will go down and retire for the night if I can find a place to sleep.

Tuesday June 10.—I got up early, not being able to sleep the whole night for the noise of the children. The wind blows very high. My little girl has been very sick all day, but grows better towards evening.

Wednesday, June 11.—We weighed anchor in the North River about six o'clock

this morning, and sailed as far as Staten Island, where we came to anchor. I went on shore with Mr. Goreham and his wife, and Mr. Raymond and his wife, and my two children. We picked some gooseberries. We staid but a short time. In the afternoon I went ashore again with Mr. Frost and several others.

Thursday, June 12.—Nothing seems to be worth mentioning today. We are so thronged on board, I cannot set myself about any work. It is comfortable for nobody.

Friday, June 13.—It is now about half after three in the morning. I have got up, not being able to sleep for the heat, and am sitting in the entry-way of the cabin to write. It storms so I cannot go on deck. My husband and children are still sleeping. Through the day I am obliged to lie in my berth, being quite ill.

Saturday, June 14.—I am something better this morning. My husband brings me my breakfast, which I relish. We are still lying at Staten Island. We expected to sail this morning.

Sunday, June 15.—Our people seem cross and quarrelsome today, but I will not differ with any one, if I can help it. At half-past twelve our ship is getting under way—I suppose for Nova Scotia. I hope for a good passage. About five o'clock we come to anchor within six miles of the lighthouse at Sandy Hook. How long we shall lie here I don't know, but I hope not long. About six o'clock this evening we had a terrible thunder storm, and hail stones fell as big as ounce balls. About sunset there came another shower, and it hailed faster than before. Mr. Frost went out and gathered up a mugful of hail stones. Such an instance I never saw before on the 15th day of June.

Monday, June 16.—*Off at last!* We weighed anchor about half after five in the morning, with the wind north-nor'west, and it blows very fresh. We passed the lighthouse about half after seven. We have twelve ships belonging to our fleet besides our commodore's. Two hours later a signal was fired for the ships all to lie to for the *Bridgewater*, which seems to lag behind, I believe on account of some misfortune which happened to her yesterday. At 9 a. m. we have a signal fired to crowd sail. Again we are ordered to lie to. I don't know what it is for, as the *Bridgewater* has come up. It is now two

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o'clock, and we have again got under way. The mate tells me they have been waiting for a ship to come from New York, and she has overhauled us. We have now got all our fleet together: we have thirteen ships, two brigs, one frigate. The frigate is our commodore's. The wind dies away. It is now three o'clock, and the men are fishing for mackerel. Mr. Mills has caught the first one. I never saw a live one before. It is the handsomest fish I ever beheld.

Tuesday, June 17.—The wind began to blow very fresh last night, about eleven o'clock. About half after five we are sixty miles from the lighthouse at Sandy Hook, the wind southwest. They say that is a fair wind for us. At half-past nine we are out of sight of land.

Wednesday, June 18.—Feel very well this morning and go to work, but soon the wind blows fresh, and I have to go back to my berth. At noon we are an hundred and ten miles from Sandy Hook, with the wind very fair, at southwest. At half after five we saw something floating on the water. Some thought it a wreck; others said it was a dead whale. One of our ships put about to see what it was. At sunset we are one hundred and fifty miles on our way.

Thursday, June 19.—We are still steering east by south, with a fine breeze. We sailed five miles an hour through the night, and today we sail seven miles an hour the chief part of the time. It is now about twelve o'clock. We have shifted our course, and are now steering north by east. At two o'clock, Captain Brown tells me, we are two hundred and fifty miles from Sandy Hook, on our passage to Nova Scotia, with the wind west-nor'-west. At six o'clock we saw a sail ahead. She crowded sail and put off from us, but our frigate knew how to speak to her, for at half-past seven she gave the stranger a shot, which caused her to shorten sail and lie to for the frigate to come up. Our captain looked out with his spy-glass. He told me she was a rebel brig; he saw her thirteen stripes. She was steering to the westward. The wind blows so high this evening I am afraid to go to bed for fear of rolling out.

Friday, June 20.—At half after nine this morning our frigate fired to shift our course to north-north-east. We have still fine weather and a fair wind. Mr. Emslie,

the mate, tells me we are at five in the afternoon, five hundred miles from Sandy Hook light. We now begin to see the fog come on, for that is natural to this place. At six our commodore fired for the ships ahead to lie to till those behind should come up with us. The fog comes on very thick this evening.

Saturday, June 21.—I rose at eight o'clock, and it was so foggy we could not see one ship belonging to our fleet. They rang their bells and fired guns all the morning to keep company with one another. About half after ten the fog went off, so that we saw the chief part of our fleet around us. At noon the fog came on again, so that we lost sight of them, but we could hear their bells all around us. This evening the captain showed us the map of the whole way we have come and the way we have still to go. He told us we were two hundred and forty miles from Nova Scotia at this time. It is so foggy we have lost all our company and are entirely alone.

Sunday, June 22.—This morning the fog is still dense. No ships in sight, nor any bells to be heard. Towards noon we heard some guns fired from our fleet, but could not tell in what quarter. The fog is so thick we cannot see ten rods, and the wind so ahead we have not made ten miles since yesterday noon.

Monday, June 23.—It grows brighter towards noon, and the fog disappears rapidly. This afternoon we can see several of our fleet, and one of our ships came close alongside of us. Mr. Emslie says we are an hundred and forty miles from land now. The wind becomes more favorable, the fog seems to leave us and the sun looks very pleasant. Mr. Whitney and his wife, Mr. Frost and myself have been diverting ourselves with a few games of crib.

Tuesday, June 24.—The sun appears very pleasant this morning. Ten ships are in sight. The fog comes on, and they all disappear. We have been nearly becalmed for three days. A light breeze enables us to sail this evening two miles and a half an hour.

Wednesday, June 25.—Still foggy; the wind is fair, but we are obliged to lie to for the rest of the fleet. The commodore fires once an hour. The frigate is near us, and judging by the bells, we are not far from some of the other ships, but we can't see

ten rods for the fog. We have *measles* very bad on board our ship.

Thursday, June 26.—This morning the sun appears very pleasant. The fog is gone to our great satisfaction. Ten of our ships are in sight. We are now nigh the banks of Cape Sable. At nine o'clock we begin to see land, at which we all rejoice. We have been nine days out of sight of land. At half after six we have twelve ships in sight. Our captain told me just now we should be in the Bay of Pundy before morning. He says it is about one day's sail after we get into the bay to Saint John's River. Oh, how I long to see that place, though a strange land. I am tired of being on board ship, though we have as kind a captain as ever need to live.

Friday, June 27.—I got up this morning very early to look out. I can see land on both sides of us. About ten o'clock we passed Annapolis; after that the wind all died away. Our people have got their lines out to catch codfish, and about half after five John Waterbury caught the first one for our ship.

Saturday, June 28.—Got up in the morning and found ourselves nigh to land on each side. It was up the river St. John's. At half after nine our captain

fired a gun for a pilot; an hour later a pilot came on board, and at a quarter after one our ship anchored off against Fort Howe in St. John's River. Our people went on shore and brought on board spruce and gooseberries, and grass and pea vines with the blossoms on them, all of which grow wild here. They say this is to be our city. Our land is five and twenty miles up the river. We are to have here only a building place of forty feet in the front and a hundred feet back. Mr. Frost has now gone on shore in his whale boat to see how the place looks, and he says he will soon come back and take me on shore. I long to set my feet once more on land. He soon came on board again and brought a fine salmon.

Sunday, June 29.—This morning it looks very pleasant on the shore. I am just going ashore with my children to see how I like it. *Later*—It is now afternoon and I have been ashore. It is, I think, the roughest land I ever saw. It beats Short Rocks, indeed, I think, that is nothing in comparison; but this is to be *the city*, they say! We are to settle here, but are to have our land sixty miles farther up the river. We are all ordered to land to-morrow, and not a shelter to go under.

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