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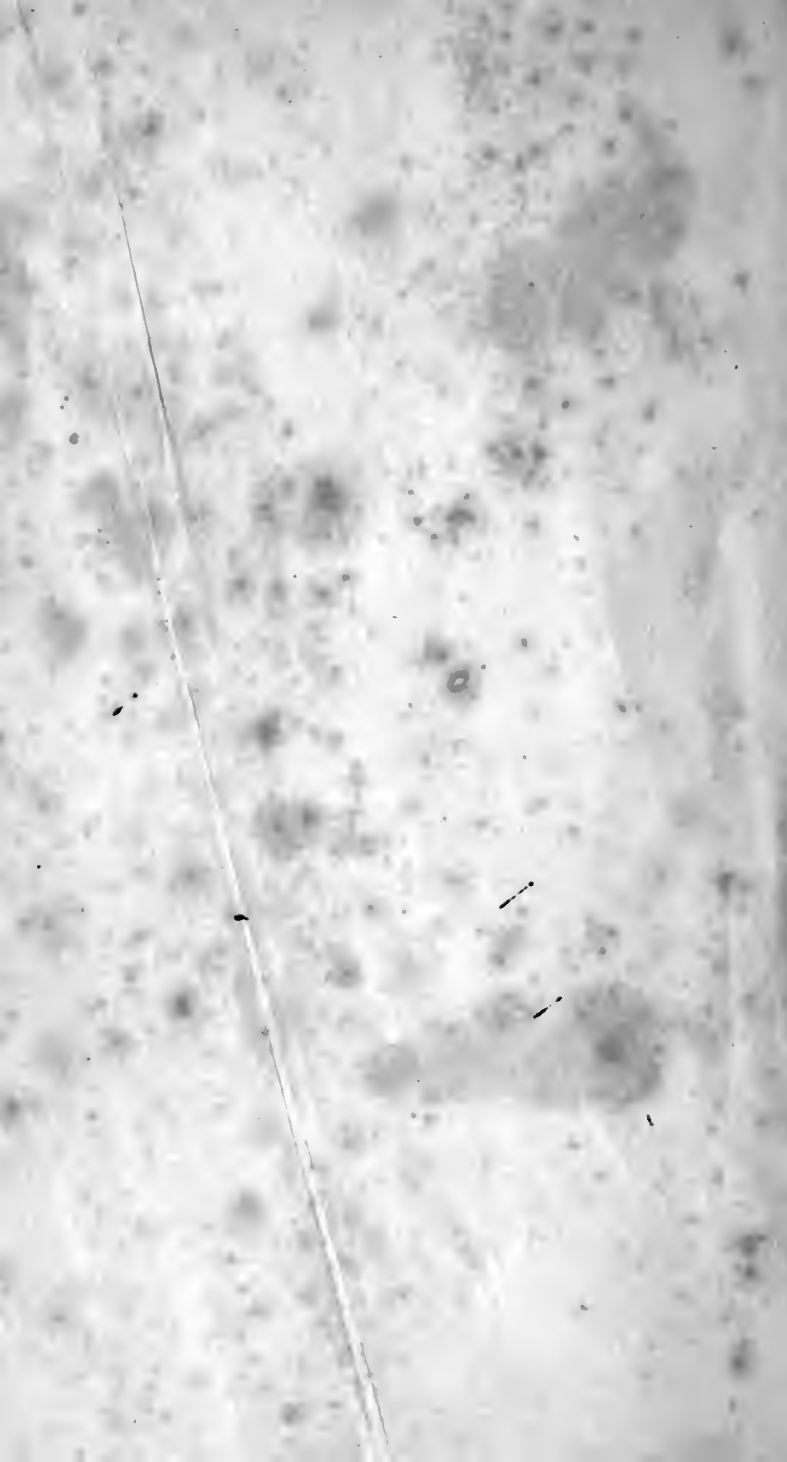


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Tucker, Mary Orne, 1794-
1865.

Itinerant preaching in the
early days of Methodism

Ms. A. Wing,







ITINERANT PREACHING

IN THE

EARLY DAYS OF METHODISM.

BY

A PIONEER PREACHER'S WIFE.

EDITED BY HER SON, THOMAS W. TUCKER.



BOSTON :

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To

REV. A. D. MERRILL,

ONE OF THE FATHERS IN ISRAEL,

WHO HAS BEEN GRACIOUSLY SPARED TO WITNESS THE ABUNDANT
HARVEST RAISED FROM SEED SOWN BY THE

ITINERANT PIONEER METHODIST PREACHERS OF
NEW ENGLAND,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY

T. W. TUCKER.

B.-08441



P R E F A C E .



IN these palmy days of Methodism, when its churches are numbered by the thousand and its members by hundreds of thousands, and in our large cities it is even fashionable to be a Methodist, it is difficult for the member of a wealthy society, worshipping in a spacious modern built church, with its luxurious seats, costly organ, cultivated choir, and general surroundings indicative of wealth and refined tastes, to realize that fifty or sixty years ago it cost something more than dollars to be a Methodist, especially to be a Methodist preacher. The little plain, barn-like meeting house, the district school house, or the town hall accommodated the devoted band, few in numbers, poor in worldly goods but rich in faith, who, with their poorly paid, poorly clad, but persistent and faithful preacher, planted the seeds of Methodism, which, watered by the dews and showers of divine grace and judiciously weeded by the itinerant husbandman, have produced the abundant harvest.

To the wealthy and well-to-do worshippers of the present day it would seem almost incredible, that one of these faithful toilers in the MASTER'S vineyard, working day and night, sweltering beneath the summer's sun, or buffeting the storms of winter on his

cheerless circuit, should be able to make a decent appearance in public and bring up respectably a family of four children on a salary of three hundred—never exceeding four hundred—dollars a year. Even this small allowance was often part cash, part *promises!* No complaint was ever made by the recipient of this “princely” salary; nor did he ever make a year’s pleasure tour on the Continent for the relief of a “bronchial difficulty,” but labored on hopefully, amid chilling discouragements, certain of a reward from the MASTER’S hand when the account of his stewardship was rendered in.

It may not be out of place for me to say a word here in behalf of that invaluable Methodist institution, the Preachers’ Aid Society. If wealthy and charitably disposed Methodists were only made aware of the good use they were making of their money when contributing to its funds, contributions would not be made grudgingly. The worn-out veteran of the Cross, who has spent his life in unceasing labor and has received only a bare subsistence, finds in his declining years no comfortable home, where, possessed of the good things of life, he can, in cheerful quietude, await his final summons, but is often oppresssd with the heavy feeling of dependence and painful consciousness that he is regarded as a burden. The provision of this society for such, and there are many of them, is a heavenly charity, and will meet the approval of our heavenly Father, who “suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground” without his notice.

T. W. T.

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I.

BIOGRAPHICAL.



MRS. MARY TUCKER, from whose writings the pages of this little volume are selected, was the wife of Rev. Thomas Wait Tucker, who was, prior to his decease in August, 1871, the oldest living member of the New-England Conference. She was born in the year 1794, at Corinth, Vt., and died at South Dedham, Mass., in October, 1865. She was married in 1816. Mr. Tucker, at the date of their marriage, had entered the fifth year of his ministry in the New-England Conference, although he had, for several years previously, labored acceptably as an exhorter. Whilst laboring in this capacity, he was instrumental in the conversion of a rough young sailor who afterwards acquired a world-wide celebrity, —REV. E. T. TAYLOR.

The circumstances attending the conversion

of this remarkable man, as related by Mr. Tucker, will perhaps not be considered out of place in this brief biographical sketch. The year was 1810, and the occasion an awakening meeting in the vestry of the Bromfield-lane (now Bromfield-street) Church. A powerful discourse had been preached by that gifted and stirring preacher, ELIJAH HEDDING, and several awakened individuals had in response to the general invitation come forward to the altar, when Mr. Tucker, who was an active, zealous young member, noticed a roughly clad, and rough appearing individual, apparently a sailor, who seemed much distressed in mind. Approaching him, Mr. Tucker kindly urged him to go forward with the other inquirers and kneel at the altar. Though rather reluctant at first, he finally yielded, and, in the course of the evening, he came out of his trial triumphantly. He never forgot the agency of Mr. Tucker in his conversion, and always, after embracing and kissing him in his impulsive manner, would address him as "My dear Father," "My earthly Saviour." Mr. Tucker has often said that Edward T. Taylor, at the time of his conversion, was, to all appearances, one of the roughest and most unpromising specimens of a sailor that he had ever seen, and gave but

faint promise of a brilliant career. The rough diamond was then uncut.

The maiden name of Mrs. Tucker was Mary Orne. She was the eldest daughter of Joseph Orne, a respectable townsman of Corinth. Her grandfather was a brave and tried soldier during the revolutionary war, and was with General Arnold in his dreadful winter march through the Maine wilderness to Quebec. Her mother was a woman of strong intellect, determined will, and of great executive ability, — qualities which her daughter inherited in a marked degree. She possessed, also, by inheritance, a very independent spirit, which sometimes, in her nomadic life, proved a stumbling-block in her path; but her kindly heart and her earnest piety usually overcame any rebellious tendencies.

Married after very brief preliminaries, and leaving a home where all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life were enjoyed to share the lot of a Methodist circuit preacher in the wilds of Vermont, enduring privations so graphically described in her journal, the change in her life was very marked. The life of an itinerant minister's family is one of infinite variety. No sooner are they comfortably settled, acquaintances formed, and a home-like

feeling beginning to pervade the household, than the annual decree from Conference is received to pack up and leave for a new station. These frequent but inevitable movings were of little consequence to the unmarried preacher in the early days of itineracy, as the hopeful young apostle never required a "Saratoga trunk" to stow away his clerical wardrobe, but of infinite toil and anxiety to the anxious mother of a family of small children. These annual journeyings were not without compensating qualifications; for they afforded rare opportunities for the study of human nature in a great variety of phases.

Mrs. Tucker possessed a remarkable faculty of cultivating people, so to speak. Her genial manner and kindly smile always created a prepossession in her favor, and her rare conversational powers always gave an additional charm to intercourse, either in the home or social circle. She was particularly happy in the society of children, always ready in winning accents to draw from her exhaustless fund of stories something appropriate to the occasion. When with children she "thought as a child and spake as a child," and never seemed so supremely happy as when surrounded by a crowd of delighted juveniles. Her sense of the

ludicrous was remarkably keen, and she was equally ready with story, joke, or repartee. Her adversaries, in controversy of any sort, often had occasion to regret their temerity in provoking her cutting sarcasm or sharp retort, always good-naturedly given, but wincingly received. Nothing displeased her so much as insincerity; her frank and truthful nature abhorring subterfuge of any sort. She wielded a ready pen, and often contributed, in a very acceptable manner, to the columns of newspapers located in the neighborhoods of their various stations. In the year 1834, whilst her husband was stationed at Westfield, Mass., the celebrated Dr. Sylvester Graham introduced, in a practical way, his theory of a vegetable diet. The novelty of his argument, and his ingenious method of quoting Scripture in support of his position, attracted the attention of the religious community particularly, and many conscientious persons accepted his new doctrine without taking the trouble to search the Scriptures to ascertain whether or no the eating of a beefsteak implicated them in committing the "unpardonable sin." An ex-lieut.-governor of the State, residing in Westfield, became a convert to Grahamism, and in the ardor of his new conversion he felt called to ventilate his newly

adopted views through the columns of the "Westfield Journal," quoting Scripture liberally, though not literally, in support of his positions.

His first essay attracted considerable attention, and his argument in favor of the "bran-bread system" was considered by many as unanswerable. He proved to his own satisfaction by Scriptural references, that the eating of animal flesh was not only sinful but unclean. His very untenable position attracted the notice of Mrs. Tucker, who was a diligent reader, and she at once prepared to refute his plausible advocacy of a vegetable diet by interpreting the Scriptures in behalf of animal food. She completely demolished his unclean theory, by quoting and commenting on the remarkable vision of Peter in Acts x. and xi., wherein it is stated that the "heavens were opened and a certain vessel descended as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the earth. And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter, kill and eat. But Peter said, Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean. And the voice spake unto him a second time, What God hath

cleansed that call not thou common." The lieutenant-governor gracefully acknowledged his defeat.

During the years in which the anti-masonic excitement raged fearfully, and when it was almost a matter of personal risk to avow any sympathy for the masonic movement, it became known that her beloved husband was a member of that hated fraternity, and a storm of persecution fell upon his devoted head. At this juncture, she stepped boldly forward, and, through the columns of the "Masonic Mirror," — then the only organ of the order, — contributed a series of articles over the signature of "Cynthia" in defence of free-masonry, which, from their great ability, attracted much attention, and, from their judicious distribution by her hands among the opponents of her husband, were successful in restoring peace and harmony in place of discussion and discord. In all the relations of life she was tender and considerate, firm in her convictions of right, but ready to make needful concessions when circumstances seemed to demand them. Her busy life terminated upon her seventy-first birthday, in October, 1865. Her health had been rapidly failing for several years previously, but her will seemed to keep her alive; her cheerfulness

and sanguine temperament never deserting her; indeed, so full of vitality was she, that her most intimate friends could not realize the intense suffering she patiently endured. Death came at last in a manner unexpected to all but herself, but did not find her unprepared. Sitting at the dinner-table with a dear friend and relative, whose life-long friendship she highly prized, the summons came whilst they were engaged in cheerful conversation. Suddenly sinking back in her chair she became insensible, and remained in that state nearly forty-eight hours before released from the cares and fleeting pleasures of earth.

REV. THOMAS W. TUCKER, the partner of her long and varied pilgrimage, was born in Boston, Mass., April, 1791. He was the youngest of a family of eight children, six of whom arrived at the average age of eighty years. His father was a resident of the old North End, in the vicinity of Copp's Hill, where so many of Boston's early and illustrious citizens lie buried. Mr. Tucker's recollections of some of the noted men who flourished in revolutionary times were interesting, especially to his children. That eminent hero and patriot, Paul Revere, lived a few doors from his father's residence, and Mr. Tucker loved to speak of him as a fine specimen

of the old-school gentleman. Mr. Tucker became interested in religion when quite a youth, his attention being drawn in that direction by attending some of the evening meetings held by the pioneer Methodists, in a small antiquated building situated in a small passage-way running through from Hanover to Ann streets, called Methodist Alley. This little obscure place of worship, which in its best estate was mean and insignificant, was often glorified by the eloquence of Hedding and other illustrious founders of Methodism. It was here that the eccentric Lorenzo Dow secured the wondering attention of his audience, by drawing from his capacious pocket a huge silver watch of the "warming-pan" pattern, and dangling it by its massive chain before their astonished eyes. He at length broke the oppressive silence by remarking, "Watch, I say unto you," and then proceeded to give them a sound discourse on watching and praying.

Mr. Tucker soon connected himself with the society in Bromfield Lane, now Bromfield Street, and was active in all the evening meetings as an exhorter. He possessed a remarkably sweet and melodious voice, and his singing was always admired. His talent in this line proved of great service to him during his protracted religious

career, particularly in congregations without a choir or leader. His labors as a preacher commenced in 1812, and terminated only at his death, in August, 1871, although he had occupied a superannuated relation to the Conference for several years previously.

II.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.



CHAPTER I.

HER EARLY DAYS — FIRST RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS — A DEATH IN THE HOUSE — A METHODIST PREACHER — AN UNEXPECTED INTERVIEW — A HAPPY OLD PILGRIM.

IN early childhood my father, meeting with severe pecuniary reverses, became so crippled in his resources that it was found necessary to place a portion of his large family of children in the care of near relatives, as it was my mother's wish that we might have better chances for education than her limited means could afford us. My lot was cast with an uncle, a well-to-do farmer at Charlestown, N.H., and I became a resident in his family. My uncle and aunt were kind, hospitable people, good neighbors, and excellent members of society, but strangers to religion, and indifferent about matters pertaining to the soul. About this time I was taken dan-

gerously ill with an epidemic disorder which raged in the neighborhood, and at its crisis it was thought I could not survive. Whilst lying on my bed, in a helpless state, I distinctly heard the observations made by the friends and neighbors around my bed, and, when it was remarked that I must die, I became so alarmed at the prospect of death, that I cried aloud to God that he would have mercy on me, and save my soul from endless misery.

As religion was little known or talked of in that place, the physician and neighbors did not comprehend the dreadful feelings which agitated me, but thought me delirious, and used their best efforts to soothe and quiet me. God, in his infinite mercy, did not see fit to remove me in my sinful state, and mercifully spared me; but the impressions I received on that occasion lasted for many a month. Had I at that time any one to direct me in spiritual things, I should not have delayed the day of repentance. Shortly after this solemn experience, I was called to witness a death-bed scene. My uncle had from motives of compassion given shelter to a poor but pious woman, who had met with severe misfortunes, not only losing friends and money, but health. From the effects of a severe exposure, she contracted consumption, which

rapidly hurried her to eternity. During the last few days of her sickness, she was visited by an English Methodist preacher named Asbury, sent for at her request, she formerly belonging to that church in Canada. He sang and prayed in such a zealous and sincere manner that I was wonderfully impressed; but when he took leave of the family he took each member by the hand and addressed them a short exhortation. I thought he would omit me on account of my tender age, but, greatly to my surprise, I received from his lips the first words of admonition ever addressed me by a professor of religion. The impression made upon my mind by his conversation was one of awe and reverence for such a holy and devoted person, who dared to face the terrors of death in a manner that showed the "king of terrors" had no power to make him afraid.

A few weeks elapsed, and I was destined to encounter another sensation of a somewhat different character, but tending to the same result; namely, a deepening of my religious impressions. One dark and stormy winter evening my uncle admitted to the hospitable shelter of his comfortable house a poor, wayfaring old man, who humbly craved a shelter for the night. He was shown into the ample kitchen, where a

generous fire blazed in the capacious fireplace, and after a warm supper, and some general conversation, was shown to his chamber for the night. My room adjoining his, every movement could be distinctly heard. I had lighted my candle and was preparing to retire, when a sound of an unusual character for our house proceeded from the old man's room. It was the sound of a melodious voice singing a hymn. After a few moments, I had the curiosity to stop in the entry and listen. His door being wide open, I could see the venerable gentleman sitting with a little book in his hand, from which he was singing a hymn, commencing with

“Though troubles assail us, and dangers affright,”

each verse ending with, “The Lord will provide.”

I thought I had never heard such music before. The novelty and beauty of the words, and the sweet, plaintive tones of his voice, affected me almost to tears; so that after he had finished I could not resist the impulse to speak to him, and request him to let me see the little book which contained such beautiful words. He very politely informed me that it was the Methodist Hymn Book, and handed it to me for inspection. His unaffected politeness, and simple, pleasing manners contrasted singularly

with his humble, well-worn apparel ; but I soon found that though poor in this world's goods he was rich in faith. He apologized for his singing, and hoped it did not disturb the family ; but I begged him to quit apologizing, and sing one more of his delightful tunes. He complied, and sung two more hymns to my great satisfaction. His appearance was very impressive ; his age apparently about seventy ; and his silvery hair hanging about his neck gave him a peculiar but picturesque look. But the great charm which made him look beautiful was the heavenly benignity which beamed in his countenance ; and, as he raised his eyes to heaven whilst singing, his upturned face was angelic in its expression. My feelings were so wrought upon that I was constrained to say, "Do tell me, old man, what makes you look so happy? You are poor, and you came here on foot in this severe storm ; I am certain that you possess but little to render life cheerful, yet you seem perfectly so."

"I will tell you, my dear child," said the old man, "why it is that I am so happy now. I was once a great sinner, and for many years lived on, careless of my future. No one warned me of my danger until I heard the silver trumpet of the gospel sounded by a Methodist preacher." The

old man then went on to tell me how his heart was changed from nature to grace, and how, through the influences of the Holy Spirit, his soul was made happy: and now, he continued, religion makes me happy all the time; if you wish for true happiness in this world, seek religion, and you will find a lasting joy and peace which poverty and misfortune can never take away.

I now left the old gentleman, and retired to reflect upon this singular interview. In pondering upon what had transpired, the quaint and melodious singing, the little book of beautiful hymns, his heavenly expression of countenance, his apparent poverty, and his cheerful, happy frame of mind under such discouragements impressed my ardent imagination with the idea that he was something more than human. I had read of "entertaining angels unawares," and almost persuaded myself that he was one. After breakfast we parted never again to meet in this world; but I trust we shall meet again in the abode of saints made perfect, where his humble, earthly apparel shall be exchanged for the spotless robes of light worn by the redeemed.

CHAPTER II.

ADVENT OF A WIDE-AWAKE METHODIST PREACHER—OPPOSITION OF UNIVERSALISTS—IRATE OPPONENTS—WAKING A SLEEPER—THE INDIGNANT FRENCHMAN—THE GRAND BALL—HER SINGULAR CONVICTION—HER CONVERSION.

ABOUT this time a pioneer Methodist preacher made his appearance in Charlestown, and at once attracted great attention. His name was Caleb Dustan, and he soon proved himself to be a man of zeal and power. He was a ready, forcible speaker, and expounded his doctrines with such directness and force that the Universalists, who were numerous and strong in Charlestown, were wonderfully stirred up, and their opposition to the daring Methodist was bitter and unrelenting. Through the exertions of my uncle, who possessed considerable wealth and influence, a suitable place was found in which to hold services, and a subscription raised to defray expenses. This movement so enraged the opposition, that the leaders resolved to interrupt and break up the meetings of the intruding Methodists. A prominent Universalist of the place, a man who had

the bump of self-esteem largely developed, made himself conspicuous as a leader of the "Methodist haters," and often essayed to interrupt and break up their services. On one occasion, whilst Elder Dustan was preaching, he arose and commenced flourishing a horsewhip with all the gestures and fury of a madman, using the most opprobrious and insulting language, but so choked with rage that he was almost unintelligible. Another hoary-headed old sinner became so excited at the plain talking of the truthful elder, that, at one point of his discourse, he jumped up and shouted, "You lie, sir; I say you lie, sir!" Elder Dustan waited very patiently for his effervescence to subside, and then very coolly remarked, "I have cut out a garment and thrown it down; if any one picks it up, tries it on, and finds that it fits him, let him wear it." At another time, whilst denouncing the sin of Sabbath breaking a man sprung up from his seat, exclaiming, "This aint fair play to expose a man before this meetin' for puttin' a few hoops on a barrel this forenoon. I guess I aint much wuss than other folks." Having delivered himself of this self-condemning speech, he departed, making a great noise with his heavy cowhide boots.

At another time, the bold preacher suddenly

delivered with considerable emphasis that passage, "Awake, thou that sleepest." This aroused a sleepy old Frenchman, who, overcome by the fatigues of the week and the warmth of the day, sat nodding in his pew. He supposing the remark directed particularly at himself, jumped up in great anger, exclaiming, "What you mean, sar? Can't I take von leetel nap in mine own pew without von insult, sar? I leaves dis house, sar, an' I comes here no more, sar!" and out marched the irate Frenchman, shaking his cane violently and stamping upon the floor. Such scenes were not uncommon, but the elder stood at his post firm as a pillar of iron, whilst the arrows of the archers flew harmlessly over his head. Sometimes the singers were tampered with by the enemy and refused to sing; but the elder, who had a voice more remarkable for strength than melody, made shift to do his own singing. He was certainly a man of great courage and self-possession, and possessed peculiar qualifications for a pioneer preacher.

Singular as it may appear, the way of salvation as pointed out to me by this outspoken disciple, and the means of grace as presented at the solemn meetings of the faithful few, which I constantly attended, did not bring me before the altar as a repentant sinner. It was reserved that the arrow

of conviction should smite me in a place of widely different character,—a ball-room. I early learned to dance, and in the society where I was brought up dancing was considered not only an elegant but a useful accomplishment. It was a fascinating amusement to me, and I often attended balls and social gatherings where it was the principal feature of attraction. One Thanksgiving evening, a grand ball was arranged to take place at the Town Hall, and great preparations were made by the young folks for the gay occasion. For several days my thoughts were completely absorbed by the all-engrossing subject of preparing a suitable costume, and other preliminaries. My anticipations of happiness were very bright, and not a cloud for a moment darkened my horizon. The evening arrived, and I set out for the ball-room in great hilarity of spirits. No one of the company, I am sure, went with a more decided expectation of enjoying the evening than myself; and for a while I did enjoy in a high degree what the world calls pleasure. After being called upon the floor several times, I again stood ready to lead down the dance, when, in an instant, as it were, every power and faculty of mind and soul were arrested by a tremendous and awful thought. It was DEATH and ETERNITY.

The sudden and appalling presentation of this

dread subject at such a time was the sudden recollection of a fearful scene which was enacted a short time before in this very place. A young gentleman, who had just graduated with full honors at Dartmouth College, gave a grand ball in honor of the event. Whilst on the floor, engaged in a dance, he suddenly fell, and in a few moments expired. He was apparently in such robust health, so full of life and buoyancy, that his instantaneous death amid such surroundings spread consternation through the gay throng, and brought the entertainment to a sudden termination. It was the vivid recalling of this solemn dispensation that so suddenly checked me in my thoughtless career. The soul-harrowing thoughts which pervaded my whole being were so pungent that for a few moments I could scarcely stand upon my feet; I felt like one paralyzed, and even lost my power of speech. Several of my companions were surprised at my appearance, and inquired what was the matter, making various suggestions having for their object my relief from what they supposed an attack of illness. I evaded their interrogations, and pleading fatigue, sat down. Oh, how long the evening seemed! the music, of which I was passionately fond, sounded discordant; and the smiles of my most dearly intimate friends were painful to me. The

most welcome sound to me was that of the carriage which was to bear me home. I arrived there at last, and throwing myself upon my knees as soon as I entered my room, with sobbing and tears I besought the mercy and compassion of God. In an agony of mind I begged forgiveness for my sins, which seemed to rise up before me like a huge wall. I had read of the crucifixion of Christ for the redemption of sinners, but had no clear idea of the doctrine of atonement. I could only beseech God to have mercy on me. I passed a wretched, sleepless night, and arose the next day greatly depressed in spirits. The great change from my usual manner soon attracted the notice of the family, and many were the conjectures as to the cause of my unusual appearance. I tried a little self-examination, and as I could recall no very heinous sin or offence that I had committed, I sought to persuade myself that my condition was not so alarming as I had supposed; that I was quite as good as other people, and perhaps a little better than the average. I received but little satisfaction, however, from this Pharisaical view of myself; on the contrary, the convictions of my own sin and depravity grew deeper and stronger, and the more odious I appeared in my own view. The remembrance of my past forgetfulness of God, whose boundless

mercies to me had met with no requital, caused me exquisite anguish of mind, and that dreadful word ETERNITY haunted me continually. When I retired for the night, I was fearful if I closed my eyes I should awake in eternity, that awful, untried state of existence, totally unprepared to stand before the throne of the pure and spotless Deity. In my deep distress of mind, having no friendly hand to lead, and no word of counsel to direct me to the right path, I groped my way through the mire and darkness in a state of mind inexpressibly wretched. I was like a poor, crawling worm surrounded by a circle of fire. Having sought in vain on every side for some place of escape, in despair of finding any help from beneath it raises itself *upwards*. So my poor soul, worn out in fruitless attempts to find relief from sublunary assistance, raised itself in fervent supplications to the throne of grace. At length came a termination to this long struggle. The twenty-seventh day of August, 1812, was a day by me ever to be remembered. I arose in the morning more determined to give myself wholly to the Lord, and to act entirely in reference to his will. All day I wrestled in prayer for a display of his mercy to my soul. Towards evening I felt a calm pervade my mind, and soon a light and heavenly joy diffused itself through my soul.

From a state of deep despondency, I was raised to a condition of joy and happiness unspeakable. After this transition, I can truly say that

“ Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song.”

I had a favorite spot for resort on the bank of the beautiful Connecticut River, where, in pleasant weather, I wended my way with Bible and hymn book in hand, and seating myself on some moss-covered rock beneath the spreading branches of the trees, I joined my notes with the sweet songsters of the forest in praise to the Creator.

From the time that I found peace and pardon my mind was greatly exercised upon the subject of baptism. I felt it to be a duty and privilege thus to publicly acknowledge my faith in Jesus, the atoning Lord. At my request, my uncle went to see Elder D., a Methodist local preacher, who resided in an adjoining town, and engaged him to come to our place the next Sabbath, preach in the meeting-house, and administer the ordinance. Word being given out, and it being a novel thing to witness a baptism, hundreds came that day, the young people being largely represented. The day was fine, and every thing in nature conspired to raise my thoughts heavenward. After divine

service, the congregation adjourned to the bank of a little river which empties itself into the Connecticut. My adorable Redeemer supplied that holy confidence which enabled me to face the curious gaze of hundreds, many of whom looked upon me as foolish and fanatical. Alone I went down the bank and knelt in the little stream, where the water was poured upon my head and I was baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I felt like one separated from the world, and mentally besought God to keep me faithful, and give me power to ever renounce the vanities of this world. I truly felt like a "pilgrim and a stranger;" for not one from the large crowd came forward to take me by the hand, or give me one word of encouragement. Such things were new and strange to them; but God more than made up this deficiency of human help by granting me a double portion of his blessed Spirit. I have always thought it a great mercy to me that he led me in just the path he did, and that he gave me an evidence of acceptance as clear as noonday, else the temptations by which I was surrounded might have swerved me from the path of duty. I felt like one saved, and could sing with the poet, —

"Here let my rest forever be,
Close by thy bleeding side."

CHAPTER III.

HER ACQUAINTANCE WITH MR. TUCKER — HIS PROPOSAL — THE MARRIAGE — DEPARTURE FOR CHARLESTOWN — A DRUNKEN AND BLASPHEMOUS DRIVER — A TORNADO — ARRIVAL IN BOSTON — TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF FATHER TOLMAN — ARRIVAL OF MR. TUCKER FROM CONFERENCE — DEPARTURE FOR VERMONT WITH REV. T. C. PIERCE.

ONE evening I was invited to attend a lecture to be given by a Methodist preacher in a neighbor's house. Although since my conversion I had not regularly attended Methodist meetings, I did love to hear their preachers, they were so hearty and sincere, and reproved sin as though they meant it; but I felt a great reluctance to converse with them on account of my inability to satisfactorily express my feelings upon religious subjects. That evening I heard him preach a good sermon, and the next day he was introduced to our family circle, and we enjoyed a pleasant and familiar conversation. We were much pleased with him, and an invitation was given him to take tea at my grandmother's, to be accompanied over by my aunt. She was taken suddenly ill the next morning, and it was arranged that I

should go over and return with him. I am sure that I should have been exceedingly embarrassed had I at the time known that I had been recommended to him before he came there as a suitable person for a minister's wife. On our way back, he spoke of the itinerancy of Methodist preachers, and asked me "how I should like travelling about." The idea never once struck me that he had any other motive in asking the question excepting to make conversation, and much less did it occur to me that any one should choose me as a suitable companion for a herald of the Cross. I answered him without embarrassment, that it would greatly depend in what capacity I travelled, — that I should like travelling for pleasure but not by necessity.

After some other conversation he said, that after seeing me, and from impressions received by conversing with a near and dear friend of mine, that he had resolved proposing for my consideration a subject involving great interests to both of us. In fact he proposed that we should share the joys and ills of life together, that I should seriously weigh the matter, and, if after a more mature acquaintance, we found that our feelings were congenial, a decision could be made.

I confess I was greatly surprised at this turn

to our conversation ; it was a course in life I had never marked out for myself, and a proposition so new and unexpected made me hesitate long for a suitable answer. The thought occurred to me, This may be from the Lord ; it may be a plan of his to release me from the difficulties which constantly surrounded me, and give me that religious society for which I had longed and prayed. At length I gave him to understand that I felt myself to be a very unsuitable person for such a life, but I would think of it, and, after consulting my own heart and the judgment of my uncle and aunt, I would after the lapse of a certain number of weeks give him my decision.

It would hardly interest the reader were I to narrate the various and conflicting current of my thoughts and emotions during the subsequent six weeks of this probationary state ; suffice it to say, that after much prayer and self-investigation I decided to leave friends and home to share the lot of an itinerant Methodist preacher. Not the least of my trials was the opposition of near and dear friends, who, influenced by worldly feelings, thought me rash and foolish in uniting my destiny with that of a penniless Methodist preacher. However, I had put my hand to the plough determined not to look back, and I commenced preparations at once for the career before me.

We were married on the 25th of April, 1816. On the following Sabbath Mr. Tucker preached his farewell sermon in Charlestown, and I left there the next morning to wander out into the world from friends and home, a pilgrim and a stranger. On the evening of my last Sabbath in Charlestown, I attended a class meeting of the devoted little band of Methodists, and experienced a most refreshing time with these persecuted but not disheartened followers of Jesus Christ. The Spirit of the Lord was there and comforted us on the eve of our parting from them, perhaps forever. I hope and pray that it will be my happy lot, when the storms of this life are over, to meet them again "where the wicked cease from troubling." We left Charlestown at three o'clock in the morning, taking the stage for Boston, the birth-place of Mr. Tucker and the home of his relatives. Our first day's ride was disagreeable at the outset, and terrific near its close. Our driver was a drunken and profane wretch, who shocked us by his profanity and brutality. The roads being very hilly and rough, the poor, abused horses were hardly equal to the task of dragging their heavy load up some of the steep hills, and were fearfully cursed by the brutal driver. At noon, after an exchange of horses, we proceeded on our journey, and for several

hours progressed with tolerable comfort : but we were destined to an experience of a terrific nature ; for we were overtaken by a tornado of frightful power, which coming from our rear, passed over us, bearing in its resistless grasp clouds of dirt and sand, limbs of trees, boards and shingles, in fact almost every thing lying in its path. The crashing of thunder, the blinding flashes of lightning, the roar of the rain, and the noise of falling trees, as uprooted by the terrible blast they fell in every direction, in several instances nearly striking our stage load of terrified passengers, caused the stoutest hearted amongst us to shake with fear. Our blustering, swearing driver, a few moments before bold enough to blaspheme his Maker, proved an arrant coward of the most contemptible sort, and almost lost control of his frightened horses, which added to the terror of the already excited passengers. A portion of the road skirted the side of a steep hill, at the base of which ran the Merrimack River, and a very slight deviation from its track would have sent us rolling down to the waters below.

We stopped a short time at a little village, or rather, collection of houses, and had some refreshments. I have forgotten the name of the place ; but that little settlement is now the City of Lowell, — a marvellous change for a few years to

make. The next day brought us to the end of our journey and we arrived in Boston late in the evening, quite fatigued, as we had rode eighty miles without rest. The lateness of the hour, and Mr. Tucker's relatives living in a distant part of the city, decided us in remaining at the stage house in Back (now Salem) Street. In the morning we visited his relatives, who gave us a cordial and affectionate reception. We remained in Boston nearly two months, in which time I made a numerous and valuable acquaintance. Among them were good old Brother and Sister Minot, who lived just back of the site now occupied by the Tremont House. One day, whilst calling on the venerable saints, a sister came in and said, "If any of you wish to get a blessing to your souls, come with me and see old Father Tolman die." This was a man who had lived a great sinner for more than sixty years; at length becoming converted, he reckoned the years of his life from the time he began to live the life of a Christian: so he now called himself six years old! From the period of his conversion he had led a devoted life, and was what many people call a "noisy" Methodist; as such he continued to the latest moment of his existence. I went and found him in the last stages of consumption, dying by inches, and suffering greatly from diffi-

culty in breathing, but his soul so filled with heavenly rapture that he constantly shouted with all his remaining strength, and praised God for the prospect of a speedy entrance into glory. Raising his poor emaciated hands, already grown cold with the chill of death, he exclaimed, "See this poor body turning back to dust; in a few hours it will be a lifeless lump of clay but my happy soul will be in heaven: how I long to be there! Glory, glory! Glory be to God!" Many visitors came in to witness his triumphant exit, each of whom he took by the hand and charged to meet him in heaven. Just before his breathing ceased, he quite audibly prayed that the gates of glory might open and receive his soul. I had never before witnessed such a scene as this; and how from my inmost heart did I wish that some of the Universalists of Charlestown, with whom I had always been associated, had been there to witness the departure of this glorious old man! I think it must have shaken them from their *sandy* foundations.

I visited much among the Methodist brethren and sisters in Boston, and what loving, affectionate Christians I found them! One afternoon I called at Brother (afterwards Bishop) Hedding's. This was the first Methodist minister's house I was ever in. I there met a French gentleman,

Mr. Otheman, father of Bartholomew and Edward Otheman. He invited us to his fine residence in Dorchester, where we passed a week most agreeably. At the time of our visit, there was no Methodist society in Dorchester, and no public services except occasional preaching at the house of Mr. Otheman.

June 30, 1816, Mr. Tucker returned from Conference, which was held that year at Bristol, R.I. As he had travelled four years, he was ordained an elder. While he was absent I used often to retire alone to my chamber, and give myself up to reflections, which, if profitable, were certainly not always agreeable. I saw how greatly those had the advantage over me who had been brought up in the bosom of Christian society, with the advantages of daily religious intercourse and conversation. They could talk familiarly upon religious subjects; while I had been accustomed only to the privilege of *thinking* upon them. I hardly dared to express an opinion, for fear of committing some blunder. I had read the Bible without any commentary, and it had led me into a blessed way; but I was aware that I had read much that I could not comprehend without instruction, and now to stand in a position where it was expected of me that I should be well informed in such matters gave me great uneasiness

and pain of mind. I, who in my own neighborhood was looked up to as better learned in religious things than many others, now looked up to every professor of religion as greatly my superior. I could hardly open my mouth in class, much less in the prayer-meeting. The thought that something more was expected of a minister's wife greatly embarrassed me, and lessened my self-confidence, which was of great disadvantage to one in my position; still I strove assiduously to do my duty according to my knowledge.

Mr. Tucker informed me on his return that he was stationed at Athens Circuit, Vt., some hundreds of miles away; and one other young preacher, T. C. Pierce, who had been brought up in Boston in the same neighborhood with my husband, was sent to Barre, Vt., still further away. They were both not a little disheartened at the prospect, as the distance seemed great and the country which was their destination was in those days a comparative wilderness. The situation was indeed rather dubious for two Boston lads, brought up to city comforts and conveniences, and the path of duty appeared to us all rather a narrow and crooked one, and some "lions in the way" withal; yet, as the Lord was able to make the "crooked straight, and the rough

places plain," we started off on our pilgrimage, cast down somewhat but not discouraged. As Mr. Tucker had had four years' experience in roughing it on New Hampshire and Vermont circuits, the prospect of such an exile was not so formidable to him as to myself, yet he felt somewhat anxious on my account, knowing something of what was in store for us.

CHAPTER IV.

A ROUGH ROAD TO TRAVEL — AN ECCENTRIC OLD LADY — ARRIVAL AT ATHENS, VT. — UNCOMFORTABLE REFLECTIONS — MR. TUCKER'S DEPARTURE ON THE CIRCUIT — A REVIVAL AT ATHENS — A CIRCUIT — MY FIRST EXPERIENCE ON A CIRCUIT — NOVEL MODE OF TRAVELLING — A SNOW STORM — A GUNPOWDER PLOT, ETC. — PRIMITIVE DWELLINGS.

THE roads in those days were not "ways of pleasantness" nor "paths of peace" to the traveller; and a ride of a hundred miles in a single day, starting on the journey at one o'clock in the morning, was quite as fatiguing as a voyage to Europe at the present day. Still, as every thing in nature has its compensations, we found many objects and novelties to compensate us for aching bones and throbbing heads. The passengers in a stage coach always make an interesting study to a person of observing faculties, and the incongruous material which makes up the company affords plenty of food for thought and speculation. One stout, fat gentleman, with a very rubicund countenance, complained that the stage made him *sea sick!* I judged from appearances, and from the peculiar odor that pervaded his quarter of the

stage, that alcohol was more instrumental than the motion of the stage in producing his *sea sickness!*

We had one passenger on board, an old lady, who was the possessor of the most voluble tongue I had ever listened to. She talked voluntarily and incessantly; for no one had an opportunity to break for an instant the thread of her interminable discourse. Every thing was "fish that came to her net;" but her chief topic was herself and her relatives. Almost every splendid habitation we passed she called the attention of the company to the *fact* that a grandfather, brother, uncle, cousin, or some particular friend resided in that elegant abode. She had also many marvellous stories to relate of hair breadth escapes from stage coach accidents in which she was the heroine. While she was pausing a moment to take breath and prepare for a fresh avalanche, the coach passed a spot which a gentleman remarked as being the scene of a stage accident, by which an unfortunate man had his back broken. This fired up the old lady, who exclaimed, "That is nothing to what I suffered. I was once upset in a stage, and my back was broken in *three* places!" This statement rather *upset* the gravity of us all, and I was in hopes that some one would relate an accident by which a person's *neck* was broken,

just to ascertain in how many places the old lady's *neck* had been snapped by a similar accident.

On the 26th of July we arrived at Athens, and were kindly received by Brother N——, a steward of the church. His family, though well disposed to make us comfortable, lived in exceedingly primitive style, and had but scanty provision for the new preacher and his wife. Every thing appeared uninviting, especially my future prospects, — when my husband ascertained that his circuit was one hundred and sixty miles in circumference, taking about three weeks to go around it and fulfil all the appointments. The roads were exceedingly bad; too rough for a vehicle, and many of them passable only on horseback. Mr. Tucker's experience in horsemanship had been very limited, causing me great anxiety during his absence lest his inexperience might result in some serious accident. The necessity of remaining in Athens a stranger, without books, society, or a friend to associate with during the long absences of my husband, was a trial to us both which made us feel the need of much grace to support us. A boarding place was provided for me in the family of Brother R——, and Mr. Tucker, with valise in hand, mounted a horse, and for the second time since our marriage bid me good-bye.

The plan of circuit preaching, now obsolete, was an effective method of preaching the gospel, adopted in the early days of Methodism. The pioneer circuit preacher had his circle mapped out, making at intervals his appointments to preach and pray, and thus forming at various points a nucleus for a future station. By means of this itinerant method, hundreds of persons on each circuit were drawn into religious influences and heard the gospel preached, where otherwise they would have been entirely deprived of the means of grace.

Shortly after Mr. Tucker's return from his first pilgrimage around the circuit, he gave out word that he would preach on the next Sabbath in a grove near the centre of the town. The novelty of out-door preaching attracted a large number of people, many coming from quite a distance. Several persons walked from the town of Acton, more than eight miles distant, and back. How precious must the gospel have been to those who could take so much pains to hear it preached! On this occasion, Mr. Tucker, mounted on the stump of a tree for a pulpit, spoke with great fervor and power; and the good Lord, blessing the words thus spoken, made his presence known in a most unmistakable manner. One young lady, a school teacher, who had previously been

serious, was brought into the liberty of the sons and daughters of God. She arose after the sermon, and told what God had done for her soul in such a sensible, pathetic manner that the whole congregation was deeply affected. Many were greatly distressed to know what they should do to be saved, and asked the prayers of Mr. Tucker in their behalf.

My dear husband now began to feel quite encouraged, thinking that the Lord had work for him to do among these mountains and valleys, and he started out again on his lonely circuit with renewed zeal and courage. Among the brethren was one man, good at heart but rough in speech, who at first treated us with a coolness we could not account for, but after the revival became cordial in his manner toward us. He afterwards told us that when we first came to Athens he conceived a prejudice against us, and said to himself, "No reformation this year. That little young man and woman, with their high-heeled boots and shoes, and other Boston notions, can never do any good here;" but now he believed that the Lord sent us. This was the first revival of religion I had ever witnessed, and it cheered and encouraged me greatly.

The friends around the circuit were anxious to have me visit them, and I wished much to accom-

pany my husband, but the state of the roads did not admit of travelling by means of any vehicle, so that my journey appeared impracticable. I had noticed that the people of the place were in the habit of riding two upon one horse; so I proposed to my husband that we adopt the same method. He rather objected to this style of riding, thinking it ridiculous, but I had made up my mind to go; so that when he was ready to start off, so was I. A blanket was thrown upon the horse, and I mounted. We set out in rather awkward style, which afforded a little amusement to some of the lookers on, but it did not disconcert me, as I expected to improve by practice. It was not a very comfortable mode of travelling, but a perfectly safe one for me, as I was young and nimble as a squirrel, and had no fears of a sudden descent from my elevated position. We were every where received with the greatest cordiality, and my first essay at circuit travelling was successful.

We had spent half the year on the lower part of the circuit, and the people on the upper part were solicitous for us to remain with them the other half; so we packed up our small wardrobe, and started one winter's morning for Weston, some twenty miles from Athens, and nearer the mountains. The weather was excessively cold,

and the snow very deep. When within a few miles of Weston, the wind commenced blowing a gale, which drifted the snow so badly that the roads were soon entirely blocked up. At one time, no houses being nigh, we became lost in the deep drifts, and must have perished had we not been rescued by some men who were out with teams breaking the drifts. These kind-hearted, hardy mountaineers broke a path through for us, and assisted us to reach the house of Sister W—— in Weston, to which place we were recommended. We arrived half frozen, and were ushered into a room where sat Sister W—— with four children before the largest fire I had ever seen. The fire-place was enormous, and contained at least half a cord of wood, all on fire. Although the fire was very *warm*, our reception was very *cool*. Our hostess did not rise or exchange a word; and no one offered us a seat, or asked me to remove my outer garments. This unlooked for treatment, cold, tired, and hungry as I was, so affected me that I burst into tears, which had the effect of bringing her slowly to her feet. Without a preliminary word, she went to a shelf, and taking down a long tobacco pipe, filled and lighted it, and after taking a few whiffs she presented it to me, saying, "Take a little smoke, Miss; it will do you good." This invi-

tation, ridiculous as it seemed to me, indicated that her intentions were good, and gave me courage to remove my wet garments and try to make myself at home. Mr. Tucker, as soon as we were alone, told me that the custom in that region for people visiting was to step in and help themselves, without leave or license; that no questions were asked or expected.

Mr. W——, her husband, had, for certain reasons, a number of enemies in the neighborhood, who had on several occasions made him considerable trouble. Of this Mr. Tucker and myself were ignorant. One night we retired as usual, little thinking of the narrow escape we were to have from a violent death. During the night some scoundrel or scoundrels made an attempt to blow up the whole household. They had placed a large hollow log of wood under a corner of the house containing a quantity of powder sufficient to blow us all high in the air, and set it on fire. Providentially Mr. W—— had occasion to get up in the night to go to the barn on account of a disturbance among the cattle, and discovered the fire in season to extinguish it with a bucket of water, thus preventing an explosion and conflagration. We were devoutly thankful to our Divine Maker for his watchful care in preserving our lives on this perilous occasion, and on our

knees offered up our thanksgivings to the Divine Protector.

Our circuit comprised the towns of Acton, Landsgrove, Londonderry, and Peru. These places were mostly a dense forest, except here and there a small farm or clearing in the first stages of improvement. The dwellings were principally log huts, one of which, good old Brother Clark's, I will describe as a sample of the rest. It was built of unhewn logs, laid across in the style of children's cob houses until high enough for the roof, which was composed of rough slabs and the bark of hemlock trees. The open spaces between the logs were lathed with thin strips of wood and plastered over with clay and the holes corked up with moss. The windows were holes sawed through the logs, and closed with wooden shutters. Sometimes a frame was inserted, covered with oiled paper, for the double purpose of making light and shedding the rain. Those who could afford the luxury had in lieu of paper an untanned sheep skin, oiled. There was but one room, with a rough plank floor, and the fire-place consisted of a few flat stones set up edgewise. The smoke escaped through a hole in the roof, except during a high wind or rain storm, when it would beat down and nearly suffocate the inmates.

CHAPTER V.

UNCOMFORTABLE LODGINGS—AN APPETIZING SUPPER—TOUGH TRAVELLING—DESPONDENCY CURED—SEVERE AND NOVEL EXPERIENCES—ARRIVAL OF MR. TUCKER FROM CONFERENCE—OUR APPOINTMENT—THE DEPARTURE—INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY—ARRIVAL AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD—EXPERIENCES IN THAT STATION—BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER—HER BAPTISM—KINDNESS OF THE PEOPLE.

WE often suffered much from uncomfortable lodgings. In one of the towns on this circuit, a well-to-do brother had built a frame house, the only one in the town, to which, as a mark of respect to us, we were invited to pass the night. The weather was fearfully cold; the open work style of the house making it as cold inside as without. We managed to crawl under the bed clothes and buffalo skin, wrapping the clothes about our heads to protect us from the snow, which drifted in through the numerous openings in such quantities that our bed and floor were covered with the fleecy mantle. In the morning, our kind host appeared with a shovel and removed the snow, which was *ankle deep*. We felt no disposition to complain, as we fared as

well, if not better, than the family. Our bill of fare at the tables of our good brethren would not prove very attractive at a modern hotel or boarding place; but we had youth, health, and good appetites, consequently we partook of what was placed before us, "asking no questions for conscience' sake."

I cannot forbear mentioning one instance in which nature rather rebelled against the repast set before us. On this occasion, Mr. Tucker and myself went to one of his Sabbath appointments, starting quite early in the morning, immediately after our breakfast. Having had no dinner, towards night we were decidedly hungry, and gladly accepted the invitation of a woman to take supper with her. We rode about three miles out of our way, and arriving at her house, found her husband, an old man, and a young daughter busily engaged in boiling up for soap grease an old horse that had recently died a natural death; in two large kettles, between which hung the pot that contained our supper! The kettles containing the horse were boiling fast, and would ever and anon bubble over into the dinner pot. The table was spread in the same room, and we were invited to sit down. We could not refuse, though appetite had fled. Just as we were seated, a loud thumping and knocking, interspersed with heavy

groans, was heard proceeding from the room directly beneath us. Our hostess, upon noticing our surprise, naively informed us that it was nothing but the hogs. These interesting animals were kept in a pen which extended underneath the sitting-room and parlor!

I mention these incidents not for the purpose of ridiculing the honest people who extended their rude hospitalities to a young preacher and his wife, but to show by way of contrast the experiences of the early preachers when compared with the treatment at the present day of our ministers. What young preacher, recently graduated from a first-class university, and always surrounded by the comforts and luxuries of life, would fancy an appointment reached by such a route as I will describe. This, be it known, was only a sample of many of the "incidents of travel" Mr. Tucker experienced. He had an appointment to preach once in three weeks in the town of Acton, about twenty miles from our first station. The larger portion of the journey was through dense and almost impenetrable woods by a rough path, beset with quagmires. One of these places, called the "Slough," was difficult, if not dangerous, to pass, particularly after dark. When he arrived at this place he was obliged to dismount, take the saddle and bridle from his

horse, and drive him in. The animal would by wading through the mud and swimming the Styx-like waters reach the other side, Mr. Tucker, with his load, following, by crossing on fallen trees, stones, &c., occasionally slipping into the deep mud and water. When man and beast had crossed, Mr. Tucker cleaned his horse with leaves, saddled him up, and rode on, finding other places hardly less difficult to cross. Arriving in Acton, his bones in a normal condition, but his outer habiliments in a shocking bad plight, he rode up and dismounted at the best house in town, Brother F——'s. His was the only frame house in the place, — a frame simply boarded up, leaving large cracks through which the preacher could gaze upon the moon, or count the stars, whilst lying in his bed. Looking out of a window was an impossible performance, there not being a pane of glass in the house. This rude structure, small as it was, *accommodated* sixteen persons. Tired out by "working his passage" to this haven, he partook of a supper of cold baked beans, and retired to his well-ventilated apartment, devoutly thanking his Maker for unnumbered blessings.

Our precarious means of subsistence often gave me seasons of anxious thought, sometimes bordering upon despondency, especially during Mr. Tucker's absence. My previous life with my

uncle at Charlestown, where we had at all times full cellars, full store-houses, and a full pantry of every thing good, ill-fitted me for a life of privation; so that on one occasion, after a protracted absence of Mr. Tucker, I was reduced down to the last handful of flour and the last potato. I almost gave up in despair, and lamented my folly in leaving a good home for what seemed to my then excited feelings a vagrant life. Mr. Tucker's arrival found me in this unhappy frame of mind. He remarked the change from my usual cheerful manner, and kindly inquired the cause. I told him of my fears respecting our precarious livelihood, and my anxiety lest we should come to beggary and want. "Is that all, my dear wife," said he, "that distresses you?" You may rest contented that while we are engaged in the service of the Lord, he will not forsake us or suffer us to want for any thing necessary to our good. We must live by faith and not by sight." I asked him if it was his faith in God that made him so trustful and easy. He answered that it was.

Then, thought I, it is enough, — I will, God helping me, live in this way too; and from that day to this, I have never even in the darkest time been left to distrust the good providence of God, and I have always found him true to the trust. If we have sometimes lacked in one thing

it has been made up in another. Thanks be unto him for all his mercies!

During the winter of 1817, which was a remarkably severe one, Mr. Tucker and myself met with many rough experiences in travelling from place to place, often through and over snow drifts from ten to fifteen or more feet in depth. On one journey, one of my feet was so badly frozen that I did not recover from the effects for many years. On this occasion we arrived, after a severe ride through drifts of blinding snow, at the house of Brother G——, in Grafton, in an almost perishing state. My feet were in such a condition that cold water was used to thaw them out, and I suffered excessively during the operation. The house of Brother G—— consisted of what was designed to be two rooms; but in fact there was but one, and in that were two beds and a sort of crib for the children. Upon retiring, we felt somewhat embarrassed at our awkward situation, but the artless simplicity of the family put us more at our ease than we anticipated. I had read much of rural simplicity, but never found it better illustrated than here. It seemed that religion, pure and undefiled, found a home in this primitive dwelling. During the next day that we tarried with them, my soul was visited by the Divine presence in an unusual manner,

and I was continually in a mood to praise God for all his benefits conferred upon my unworthy self. The efforts of this worthy family to gather a few of the scattered neighbors to hear the word of God expounded were rewarded by a soul-refreshing season. Praise the Lord, O my soul! for all his mercies.

The next day we returned to Athens through deep snow and drifted roads. As we passed a burying-ground we saw a new-made grave. Upon inquiry, we found it to be for a child of Mr. William Nichols that had been named for me. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence!

May 24, 1817, Mr. Tucker returned from Conference, which sat in Concord, N.H., and informed me that he was stationed on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, several hundred miles away from the scenes of our past year's labor. What a change this was surely, from a wilderness of woods to a wilderness of water! My spirits were somewhat heavy at the thought of going so far from friends and acquaintances; yet I nerved myself up to the duty, feeling that it was a call from the Master, and must be obeyed. Mr. Tucker having bought a horse some time before, thought to dispose of it and take the stage route to Boston, but not succeeding, he purchased a light wagon, and we commenced our journey

towards Martha's Vineyard in our own conveyance. After a tedious three days' ride we arrived safely in Boston, where we rested for several days. Mr. Tucker made an effort to dispose of his horse and wagon, but not succeeding, we again had recourse to this mode of travelling. We passed the first night in Scituate, the next in Plymouth, and the third in Falmouth; from which place we were to take a sailing vessel for the Vineyard. When within about ten miles of Falmouth, we stopped to bait our horse at a small, neat-looking tavern, the landlady of which inquired of Mr. Tucker if he was not a Methodist preacher. Upon his stating that such was his profession, she sent out for her husband and a number of her neighbors, and after supper we had a little prayer-meeting. As they seldom enjoyed such a privilege, this was an occasion of rare enjoyment for these dear brethren and sisters. The Lord be with and bless them for their kindness to his unworthy messengers!

After a day passed in Falmouth, we took a boat for the island, and arrived at Holmes' Hole after a sail of several hours over a pretty rough sea, and stopped at the house of Brother Linton, who with his family treated us with the most kindly attention. There are three towns on the island; viz., Edgartown, Tisbury, and Chilmark.

Between these places Mr. Tucker was to labor alternately, and occasionally preach at Chappaquidick and Elizabeth's Island. During the latter part of the summer and through the fall our time was passed quite pleasantly; Mr. Tucker being from home a great portion of the time, I was thrown into the society of the neighbors and town's people to a greater extent than ever before. The people with scarcely an exception were exceedingly good-hearted and hospitable, and it seemed a pleasure to them to cheer with kind words and kindlier actions the lonely hours of a young wife far from her relatives and friends. The winter season on this island is rough and tedious, interspersed with heavy gales and storms; but the monotony is often broken by an occasional shipwreck or disaster upon the turbulent deep.

On the 20th of January, 1818, the good Lord committed to our care a little smiling daughter, whom we named Hannah Marilla. She was born at Holmes' Hole. When she was six weeks old we gave her to the Lord in the ordinance of baptism. When her father laid his hand upon her little head, closed his eyes, and prayed fervently that the blessing of God might rest upon the dear child, many in the congregation were affected to tears. The kindness and attention of these dear, affectionate people to me could not

have been exceeded by my nearest and dearest relatives. We were daily visited, and our little babe was loaded with presents.

“ To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe and move and live !
Freely we have received from Thee,
Freely may we rejoice to give.”

CHAPTER VI.

TOUR OF THE ISLAND — ITS EARLY METHODISM — DEPARTURE FROM THE ISLAND — A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE — ARRIVAL IN BOSTON — APPOINTMENT TO BRISTOL, R.I. — JOURNEY TO THAT PLACE — AN IMPERTINENT OLD LADY — ARRIVAL IN BRISTOL — HARD WORK — A GREAT REFORMATION — APPOINTMENT TO SOMERSET — UNPROMISING ASPECT OF THINGS — A VISIT TO EGYPT — HAPPY RESULT — A GREAT REVIVAL.

THE people were anxious that we should make a tour of the island and visit them all before Conference, as Mr. Tucker had intimated that it was very doubtful if he returned to them another year, on account of his preference for the main land. We accordingly broke up housekeeping on the 11th of April and went up to Chilmark, where we were received with every mark of affection and kindness, and it was with the deepest feelings of regret that we gave them the parting hand, to meet them no more upon the shores of time. We visited Edgartown, and then crossed over to the island of Chappaquidick, visiting nearly every family upon it. There were no special revivals during the year, but numbers were added to the Church, and up to the

time of our departure a general quickening and serious attention prevailed that bid fair to result in much future good.

The birth of Methodism upon this island dates to the year 1797, when Jesse Lee preached a few sermons, awakening considerable interest. He was followed by Joshua Hall, who in March, 1798, formed a class of ten persons at Holmes' Hole. He was succeeded by Joseph Snelling, who added seven more to the society. Next came Jacob Reckhow, and after him Epaphras Kibby, who tarried but a few months. This was about the year 1807. In the autumn of 1809 Erastus Otis visited the island, from his station in Falmouth, and formed the society anew. In 1811, there were in the three places ninety-three persons professing Methodism.

May 12, we bade a tearful adieu to these blessed brethren and sisters, and crossed over to Falmouth to take stage from thence across the Cape to Sandwich, and from that place by packet to Boston. We crossed over in a large, open sail boat, with eight or ten other passengers, in quite a rough gale of wind, which had the effect of making every one seasick. In tacking the boat, we all had to shift our seats to the windward side in a very limited space of time, or be knocked over by the boom which came round

with a rush. Encumbered with my babe, I had just started to my feet when the boat keeled to leeward, throwing me against the gunwale and my babe from my arms directly over the side of the boat. Quick as thought, I caught her blanket in which she was wrapped and before she struck the water had saved her, and in an instant she was in my arms. The miraculous activity with which I was endowed on this perilous occasion, I ascribe to divine interposition in my behalf. I sank down to a seat completely overcome by my emotion, and when I had time to collect my thoughts, my soul was filled with thankfulness to my heavenly Father for this great act of kindness to me. To protect my babe from the chilling wind I had pinned her up so securely in her blanket that not a fastening had given way, else she would have rolled out into the hungry sea and disappeared in the devouring waves. The hand of Providence, so visible in the saving of our precious child, caused our hearts to overflow with gratitude to the great Giver of all good.

We left Plymouth on the 22d of May, in the sloop "Sophia," bound for Boston, at which place we arrived on the 24th, after a quiet and pleasant trip. On the 28th, Mr. Tucker left by a packet for Hallowell, Me., to attend the Annual Conference. In his absence, I found refreshing

scenes of enjoyment in the company of his mother, a precious old lady, deeply devoted to the cause of Christ. Mr. Tucker's arrival from Conference brought with it the announcement of our destination, which was Bristol, R.I.

On the 19th of June we left Boston for this appointment by stage. We had rather a motley collection of passengers, but on the whole a civil, well behaved company, with the exception of an old lady, who was exquisitely vain and foolish. She had the remains of an insipid style of beauty; and her vanity was so excessive, that she assumed girlish airs quite out of keeping for an antiquated matron of sixty. Her weight, I should judge, was upwards of two hundred pounds, and her portly person occupied the space allowed for two seats, she only paying for one; yet she made a great fuss when I stepped into the stage with my child in my arms, giving me a most withering look, as she loudly expressed her regrets that she had taken passage on a trip when there were so many passengers, and a baby besides. She was riding for pleasure and the benefit of her health, and she so disliked to be annoyed by a baby in the stage. Her allusions to the number of passengers present, I cared nothing for, but her malicious flings at my innocent babe were too much for a mother to bear; so I gave her to

understand that I was not travelling for pleasure, but from necessity; that the most unpleasant feature of stage-coach travelling was caused by the impertinence of ill-bred people, who, when journeying for *pleasure*, and not having the means to procure a private conveyance, were obliged to take a stage to the annoyance of less pretentious passengers, who were not educated up to the point of appreciating *shabby gentility*. My remarks were evidently highly relished by the passengers, and the old lady for the rest of the journey preserved quite a dignified silence.

We found a house prepared for us at Bristol, and immediately commenced housekeeping. The people appeared very affectionate and kindly disposed, but the state of religion was at very low ebb, and Mr. Tucker bent all his energies to the task of awakening his charge from this lethargic state. The importance of his labors upon the Sabbath pressed so heavily upon him, that he seldom partook of food until after his third sermon, when he would arrive home quite exhausted. His labors were divided between Bristol and Warren, an adjoining town; and he toiled unceasingly, but up to the end of our conference year with very little apparent effect. The Conference this year was held in Lynn, and Mr. Tucker was stationed another year in Bristol. How anxious did he

feel, and how fervently did we both pray that the Lord would revive his work this year, and that souls might be gathered in like sheaves into the garner! My dear husband had labored for a year and a half, but the heavens seemed like brass and the hearts of the people like steel, when the Lord gave him for encouragement four souls. From this time the prospect seemed to brighten. On the last day of February one other soul found peace, and this was the beginning of the greatest revival of religion I ever witnessed. It came like a mighty rushing wind, and did not abate until *five hundred* souls in Bristol found the pardoning love of God.

It also spread into many neighboring towns with great power and glory. It commenced and continued among the Methodists about two weeks before it spread among the other churches. So great was the interest felt, that for some length of time shops were closed, and business throughout the town nearly suspended. The different churches were open for meetings night and day, and at the Methodist church it was no uncommon sight to see thirty or forty weeping penitents come forward to the altar for prayers. Mr. Tucker received two hundred and twenty into the society, and twenty more joined after we left Bristol. Seventy-eight arose at one time in the

chapel and joined on trial. One evening, soon after the services commenced, a vessel load of people from Fall River entered the house. They had come to "see the reformation." After the brethren had seated them, Mr. Tucker paused in his discourse, and then addressed a few words of exhortation directly to them, hoping that those who came to see the reformation might not only see but feel the power of God in their hearts.

On the next evening, when the packet was to sail, it was found she had no passengers: so many of their number had been pricked in their hearts by the arrows of the Lord they were unable to leave, and the vessel remained until the next day. A large number were converted, and went home rejoicing to tell their neighbors and friends about the great reformation. This great revival embraced all classes of society, so general were its effects. Though I felt greatly rejoiced at this glorious work, my rejoicing was not un-mixed with anxiety on account of my dear husband, who I feared would entirely wear himself out, so incessant and unremitting were his labors. From daylight at morning until twelve at night the chapel doors were not closed for more than three months; and as no minister, with but one exception, came to assist him, his work was laborious indeed. LORENZO DOW preached once for

him; but he had recently buried his beloved wife PEGGY, and in consequence was not in a fit condition of mind to preach acceptably. He was an eccentric being, and at times his mind appeared to be bordering upon insanity. He was frequently at our house, and I had good opportunities to study the peculiarities which gave him such great notoriety. He possessed decided originality, but his eccentricities attracted more attention than his talents.

During the height of the reformation, I was taken seriously ill, which quite prevented a regular attendance on these interesting occasions. After such an enforced absence from the meetings for several weeks, and the first Sabbath that I entered the church, I was struck with wonder at the great change the Lord had wrought in the appearance of the congregation. Every countenance expressed a deep and decided interest; even the choir of singers, so gay and thoughtless before, now wore a smile of heavenly benignity and a truly devotional aspect.

In June, Mr. Tucker attended Conference at Nantucket and received his appointment to labor in Somerset, Mass., about ten miles from Bristol. We commenced housekeeping in Swansey Village July 11, 1820. This we found to be a dull place as to religion. The change from Bristol

to such a place was like going from a torrid to a frigid zone. Our friends were mostly scattered about upon farms, and this being a busy season of the year with them, we made but little acquaintance through the summer. With a few exceptions, the people loved not the Methodists, or religion either. Good old Brother Brayton, who has since gone home to glory, was the main pillar of the church here, and in his family we were treated with the greatest affection. A revival of religion in this unpromising place originated in a call rather accidentally made, and seemingly of trifling importance when compared with the laborious, persistent efforts made in more promising localities.

One afternoon we went out to ride with Brother Brayton, and on our returning we called on a Methodist woman at a little place called Egypt; so called on account of a man named *Joseph* Brown, who brought corn from the North River and sold it from a store house. After Mr. Tucker had sang and prayed with the Methodist woman, he told her family that as she was unable to go far to meeting, he would preach to them if they would procure a place. They went immediately and secured a schoolhouse, and the next evening but one he went down with Brother Brayton and family and was surprised to find the building

crowded. He preached with much power, and a young man in the congregation was so much affected that he cried aloud for mercy. After the sermon, Mr. Tucker, Brother Brayton, and another brother offered up fervent prayers for the young man, who soon after came out rejoicing. The people, who were mostly from Somerset, were greatly struck with the manner of this young man's conversion, and desired another meeting. The next evening he preached the Town House was filled to overflowing, and a powerful revival commenced, which progressed, and resulted in an accession of between thirty and forty members to the Methodist society. Singing Methodist hymns was a new thing to them; and Mr. Tucker, in addition to his preaching, praying, and exhorting, had to sing to them until his lungs were nearly exhausted.

CHAPTER VII.

RE-APPOINTMENT TO SOMERSET—A MIRACLE NOT PERFORMED—
CURIOUS FANCY OF A FANATIC—APPOINTMENT TO NEW LONDON—
—INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY TO THAT PLACE—EXPERIENCES IN
NEW LONDON—ILL HEALTH OF MR. TUCKER—APPOINTMENT AT
MARBLEHEAD—A SHORT STAY—LEAVE FOR BRISTOL, R.I.—
—AFFECTING INCIDENT—A YEAR'S EXPERIENCE IN BRISTOL—
LEAVE FOR MILFORD, MASS.—STATIONED AT LUNENBURG—
—STATIONED AT WEYMOUTH.

IN the month of May we made a journey to New Hampshire and Vermont, for the purpose of giving me a visit to my relatives, from whom I had been parted over four years. We rode in all about five hundred miles, which in those days was quite a journey. The Conference sat in Barre, Vt., this year, and we were returned to our station in Somerset. Our second year in this place was not marked by any special revival, but our little society steadily prospered, and the converts generally remained steadfast. Swansey Village was once visited by the noted female fanatic Jemima Wilkinson, who promised the people a performance of the miracle of walking upon the water. A great concourse collected at

the water side to see this miraculous performance. She looked around the multitude and asked them if they had faith to believe she could do it. Being answered in the affirmative, she said, "Ah! then that will answer as well as if the miracle were performed," and left them, indignant with her and disgusted with themselves for being so easily duped.

A curious instance of fanaticism occurred in this place, just before we resided there, which occasioned much comment and considerable amusement. A man, very respectably connected and a Baptist by persuasion, had studied his Bible diligently and had conceived the idea of imitating, as nearly as possible, the dress and general appearance of the apostles and ancient Christians. He had read how some of them dressed in sheep skins and goat skins, and dwelt in caves and dens of the earth. He accordingly proceeded to carry out his idea by procuring a number of undressed sheep skins, which he sewed together, with the wool side out and the tails dangling down. One hot summer morning, he dressed himself in this unique garb and walked several miles to meeting, where he made his appearance soon after the morning service commenced, to the great surprise and consternation of the congregation. At noon, the boys and

young people were so rude, and his dress so uncomfortably warm, that he thought it best to retreat, and started for home. Here his difficulties began to assume a serious aspect; for his skins, which were but slightly sewed together, began to give way, and one rent after another became so large that he could no longer walk in the road with propriety, so he crawled along behind the fences and walls. A lady told me, that as she was looking out of her window she was surprised and affrighted by seeing this strange figure pass on the other side of the road, not knowing what kind of an animal it was. This unfortunate excursion cured him of trying to imitate the apostles in dress.

This year (1823) the Annual Conference was held in Bath, Me. Mr. Tucker being quite unwell did not attend, but we were notified that his appointment was New London, Conn. We took passage for that place in a New-York packet schooner, July 30. There were quite a number of passengers, and the sea being very rough, especially in the vicinity of that notable locality, Point Judith, I had a busy time in taking care of my little children, — the poor things being sadly tossed about in their berths, much to their discomfort and alarm. Their conduct on this disagreeable occasion, was less trying to me

than that of our retching, groaning passengers, whose childish helplessness far exceeded that of my little charge. We arrived safe and sound in New London, and proceeded by invitation to the house of Dr. Hubbard, where we were entertained several days, until a house was provided for us. The congregation in this place was large, and towards autumn quite an increase was perceptible; but Mr. Tucker's health was so poor that at times it was difficult for him to preach with his usual liberty.

Notwithstanding this drawback, the society continued to prosper, and our prayer and class-meetings to increase in interest until Mr. Tucker's health broke completely down. In October he went to New York, and in returning by vessel he took a severe cold, which, added to his previous prostration, resulted in a lung fever, which brought him to the gates of death. He lay in a very critical state for several weeks, and recovered but slowly, — his disease leaving him a token of its relentless power in the shape of a severe cough, which so affected his speaking that he was obliged to hold a supernumerary relation to the Conference for three years.

Our next station was Marblehead, Mass., quite a remove from New London, Conn., and in those days a place seemingly upon the outskirts of

civilization. The society was small and poor, having the previous year contributed but *one hundred and fifty dollars* for the support of their preacher. Think of that, ye modern preachers; one hundred and fifty dollars to support the preacher, wife, and four children! Ministers of the Methodist persuasion never grew fat in those days. We remained in Marblehead but ten weeks, as we found, upon investigation, that money enough could not be raised to purchase food even for ourselves and little ones. What motive influenced our presiding elder to recommend this station to the Conference for Mr. Tucker (I afterwards learned that he did do so) was a mystery to us; but to stay was impossible, and we had no alternative but to throw ourselves and helpless children upon our friends for present support. We made known our situation and our proposal to leave to our presiding elder upon this district, Brother Hyde, and he expressed his approbation of our decision. Accordingly, we packed our few household goods and prepared to depart, we hardly knew whither.

This was one of the most trying situations I ever experienced, familiar as I have been with the trials and discomforts of an itinerant life. My husband sick and discouraged, my four helpless children to be provided for, — with a scant supply

of money, no home, no station, or any provision for our support, — our prospects were most dubious; but I never distrusted the kind providence of God, nor was my faith in the promise that the righteous shall never be forsaken nor his seed be found begging bread shaken, although the pathway looked dark enough. Some of our kind and devoted friends at Bristol, R.I., were informed of our condition and kindly invited us to come there and make it our home until Mr. Tucker's health should be re-established. Their invitation was so hearty and friendly, that after a few days spent with Mr. Tucker's relatives, in Boston, we took stage for Bristol. I felt considerably affected by a little incident which occurred during our ride to that place. A lady in the stage asked one of our children, "Where do you live, my little dear?" The poor little fellow, after being shifted about so often, was at a loss for an answer but replied "I don't know," then with artless simplicity looked up to me and asked, "Ma, where do I live?" I was as much puzzled as the child, but replied, "You live here in the stage to-day, my boy." Not feeling satisfied, he again queried, "Ma, where is our home, haven't we *any home?*" It is impossible for me to describe the strange sensation which came over me as I realized how homeless we were; but the

thought that we might claim a heavenly home soothed and comforted me, and I mentally cast my burden upon the Lord.

We remained in Bristol one year. An account of our year's experience would not make a very cheerful page, so I will omit giving any detailed account of it in this place. The bret' ren and sisters were very kind to us, and the Lord raised up a kind friend not belonging to our society who gave us assistance in our need, so that our necessities were met. This was done without interfering with the claims of Brother Merritt, who was the stationed preacher.

Mr. Tucker's health now began to gradually improve; his cough, which had prevented him in a great measure from speaking in public, left him, though not entirely; and with returning health his spirits revived, so that he was enabled to preach and exhort with much of his former efficiency. A vacancy occurring at Milford, Mass., he was appointed to fill it; and we accordingly removed to that place, after bidding a tearful farewell to the kind people of Bristol who had befriended us in our time of trial. May our good Lord reward them here and hereafter! We found quite a comfortable tenement provided for us at Milford; but as our household goods had not arrived, we were for a few days received

into the family of Mr. LEE CLAFLIN, the main pillar of the society, one of "Nature's noblemen." The people appeared pleased with our coming, and manifested their good feelings by providing liberally for our temporal wants. As our minds were now at ease, our bodily healths improved, — Mr. Tucker once more visiting, preaching, and praying with freedom, and to general acceptance. The year we spent in Milford was a happy one, and we left the place with great regret.

This year (1827) the Conference was held in Lisbon, N.H. Mr. Tucker did not attend, but he received notice of his appointment to Lunenburg, Mass., for which place we departed Oct. 1. The society here, though quite small, was composed of good, kind-hearted, Christian people, who strove to make us comfortable. Mr. Tucker was returned to Lunenburg the next year (1828), and labored with great success.

The Conference for the next year (1829) was held in Portsmouth, N.H. Mr. Tucker received his station at Weymouth, Mass., a small town some twenty miles south of Boston. We took leave of the affectionate and kind-hearted friends at Lunenburg, taking stage for Weymouth via Boston. Our year in the place was a rather uneventful one, though some twenty persons were added to the church, and at times considerable

interest was manifested. Some three months before the expiration of our year I was prostrated by a lung fever, which nearly terminated my career of alternate joys and sorrows. I was so feeble when the time for our departure to a new appointment arrived, that my physician earnestly protested against the journey, giving me an intimation that I could not possibly live to reach my destination. I thanked him for his well-meant advice, but assured him that I should make the attempt at all hazards.

CHAPTER VIII.

APPOINTMENT TO NEWPORT, R.I. — HER ILL HEALTH AND JOURNEY — BEAUTY OF THE PLACE — KINDNESS OF THE PEOPLE — ANECDOTES OF REV. ENOCH MUDGE — A WEDDING FEE — WILBRAHAM AND WESTFIELD, MASS. — EXPERIENCES IN THESE PLACES — REV. E. K. AVERY — AN ACCIDENT — LUNENBURG AGAIN — BREAKING UP OF THE FAMILY — APPOINTMENT TO MILLBURY, MASS. — INTERVIEW WITH BISHOP HEDDING — INTERVIEW WITH AN INFIDEL — HARD TIMES — DEVOTION OF THE PEOPLE — REMOVAL TO OXFORD — UNPROMISING STATE OF THINGS — A REVIVAL — CONFERENCE IN BOSTON — THE ABOLITION QUESTION.

OUR destination this year was Newport, R.I., a journey of some seventy-two miles from Weymouth, which we hoped to accomplish by easy stages on account of my feeble condition. Our first day's ride was twenty miles, to South Bridgewater, where we put up at a public house, and received the kindest attention. Here I enjoyed the first night's rest I had experienced for several months, and the next morning arose quite refreshed in body and mind. My strength increased as my journey progressed; so that when we arrived at Newport I was quite another person, physically considered, despite the prognostications of my good Weymouth physician. I was quite

delighted with the beautiful situation of this quiet old town; and the gentle but invigorating breeze which swept through it, wafted from the ocean, gave me renewed health and energy. I am informed that the delicious temperature of these refreshing breezes is owing to the proximity of the Gulf Stream, whose mysterious current approaches the coast of the island upon which Newport is located. The salubrious climate of this quaint old town annually attracts large numbers of people, principally from the South, in quest of health and pleasure. In the summer season, this influx of strangers gives the place an animated appearance. At some future time this fine old town is destined to become a fashionable resort, for its natural attractions are great. One institution of this place (the Redwood Library) was highly appreciated by us all; clergymen and their families having the privilege of taking out books gratis, myself and the children improved it to the utmost. Thinking it may prove interesting to many of his old friends, I will relate a little anecdote of one of Mr. Tucker's predecessors, Rev. ENOCH MUDGE:—

One evening my husband and myself were invited to take tea at Mrs. Perry's, one of the family of Commodore O. H. Perry, the celebrated naval hero. Her mother, an aged lady, was

present, and related the following incident of her first experience in listening to Methodist preaching, which was by this early pioneer of Methodism in New England, — who left his shoemaker's bench in Lynn, a mere boy, and sallied forth into the field. Several of his first efforts in the pulpit were made in Newport, R.I., where his youth, his remarkable talents, and his fervid piety attracted crowds to hear him. Mrs. Perry related, that being on her way to church one Sabbath morning, a friend met her and said, "Madam, why don't you go to the court house, and hear the remarkable young preacher?" "What is his name?" inquired Mrs. Perry. "I don't know," replied her friend; "but this I do know, he is the most wonderful preacher I ever heard." Mrs. Perry's curiosity being awakened, she went up to the court house, and found it completely filled. With difficulty obtaining a seat, she looked up to the pulpit and saw a *little boy* sitting there but took little note of him, as she sat anxiously awaiting the *preacher's* appearance. What was her surprise when this *boy* arose and commenced reading a hymn! She was still more surprised when he knelt and made the most fervent and striking prayer she ever listened to. When he commenced speaking, she observed that he used no notes. Now she began

to tremble for him, thinking the *little boy* would surely break down; but he went on with his discourse, and as he advanced, his flow of language, his knowledge of divine things, and his fervid eloquence, so unlike any thing she had ever heard before, astonished not only her, but every one in the house. The wonderful *boy* so impressed her, that for many long years his appearance and remarkable sermon was fixed in her memory.

More than fifty years had elapsed, and Mrs. Perry, an old lady of eighty-one years, was spending an evening at her daughter's, when an elderly Methodist minister called. In the course of conversation with him, the old lady related how she had been impressed in her youth by listening to a boy preacher at the old court house. "Do you remember his name?" asked the venerable minister. "I do not," replied the old lady. "Perhaps you recollect his text, then?" "Indeed I do," said she; "I shall never forget it." She then repeated the text. The aged minister was silent a few moments, and then with emotion he said, "Madam, my name is Enoch Mudge, and I was that same boy preacher."

On another occasion, Brother Mudge was visiting a friend's house where a large company had assembled, including a very pompous lady whose husband was a college-learned individual. She

very patronizingly condescended to notice the young preacher, and with rather a consequential air inquired of him, "At what college did you take your degree, sir?" Brother Mudge replied with great simplicity of manner, "I took my degree, madam, at my father's *shoemaker's bench* in Lynn, Mass." The lady seemed not a little surprised and confounded, but the company appreciated the truthful good sense of the young preacher.

During our residence in Newport, a little incident occurred which amusingly illustrated the Yankee characteristic of driving sharp bargains. Early one winter's evening, directly after tea, a tremendous rap was heard at the front door, which being answered, a tall, lank, uncouth-looking fellow made his appearance, followed by an equally tall and awkward-looking female. Without removing his hat he stalked into the parlor, and addressed my husband in this fashion, "Are yew the parson?"—"I am a minister," replied Mr. Tucker. "Wall, then," said greeny, "we've come here to git spliced; this gal and I."—"Sit down," said Mr. Tucker, "and I will look at your certificate." Upon examination, the document appeared to be all right, the couple hailing from an obscure place on the other side of the bay; so Mr. Tucker immediately proceeded to

perform the ceremony. "Will you take this woman?" etc., etc.,—the usual question. "Sartin!" responded the bridegroom. A similar question, modified to suit the requirements demanded of the other party, addressed to the bride, elicited the response, "Eggzackly so!" They were speedily made "one flesh," when the bridegroom, with a grin of ineffable satisfaction on his countenance, inquired, "Parson, what's the damage?"—"What you feel disposed to give," modestly replied Mr. Tucker. "How'll one dollar dew ye?" asked greeny. "Satisfactory," was the reply.

The long, bony hands of the bridegroom were thrust first into the pockets of his overcoat, thence into his pantaloons, but after a tedious search, no money was forthcoming. "I swow!" he exclaimed, "guess I must have left my money in tother trousers' pocket. Look here, Mr. Parson, sposin' yew take your pay in white beans! I'll bring you over a dollar's worth next Saturday, sure."—"Just as you please, sir," answered Mr. Tucker; and the bride and groom went their way, rejoicing. The ensuing Saturday Mr. Greeny appeared at the house with a bag of beans, a portion of which formed the basis of the next day's dinner.

We passed two years in Newport,—two of the

most enjoyable of my life ; and when we left the dear, kind people, our leave-taking was sorrowful in the extreme. Here were those who had shown us every attention in sickness and in health, and my heart swelled with gratitude when I thought of the kind attentions which had been universally shown us by the blessed people in this place. The clergymen of different denominations and their people had exhibited great Christian affection in their intercourse with us ; and we left with the full consciousness that we did not leave a single enemy behind. I pray God to reward them for all this kindness to us. There was no especial revival while we were in Newport, but a steadily increasing interest in our meetings ; and an addition of about twenty to our church convinced Mr. Tucker that he had not labored entirely in vain.

Our station this year (1832) was Wilbraham, Mass. When we left Newport, the whole community of that place were in a state of great alarm on account of the Asiatic cholera, which then raged in New York, between which place and Newport there was constant communication by steamboat. We found great excitement also in Providence from the same cause, and the stages leaving there were crowded with passengers running away from the cholera. We left Providence

at one o'clock, A.M., in a stage filled with terror-stricken individuals, the crazy old vehicle threatening them with more peril than cholera.

At Wilbraham we found an old society and a flourishing academy, but no accommodations prepared for the preacher and family, — all tenements not occupied by the owners being used for boarding houses. We managed however to get through the year, partly by occupying rooms in the house of Esquire B——, a prominent member of the society, and sharing a house afterwards with another brother. We were willing to submit to almost any amount of inconvenience, for the sake of giving our children the advantages of the academy.

With this same end in view, we took a station the next year at Westfield, in Hampden County, where there was a large and flourishing school, called the Westfield Academy. Whilst residing in this place, the Methodist Church throughout the whole country was painfully agitated by the arrest and trial of E. K. Avery, a well-known Methodist preacher, for the murder of Sarah M. Cornell. We were well acquainted with Mr. Avery and his previous good character; we also knew the wretched girl for whose supposed murder he was tried for his life. She had been a member of Mr. Tucker's congregation, and was

well known to our brethren and sisters in Rhode Island. She was a bold, bad woman, and capable of committing any crime; yet Mr. Avery's relations to her, and the unexplained mystery of her fearful death, environed his character in a sombre cloud which was never fully dispelled. The affair was a sad blow to our church at the time, and was keenly felt, particularly by his ministerial brethren.

Our residence in Westfield was a pleasant one. The society was new but devoted; and Mr. Tucker's labors were rewarded by a blessed revival. I do not know the number converted, but the church was enlarged by numbers and the congregation increased. Good provision was made for our temporal comfort, and we formed a pleasant circle of acquaintance, not only with our own but with members of other societies. The first camp-meeting I ever attended was held in this place during our stay. The concourse of people was very great, and I was greatly impressed by the novelty and efficiency of this means of grace. I had the misfortune to break my left arm very badly, late in the autumn of this year, by being thrown from a carriage at Springfield, while on a visit to that place.

This year (1834) the Conference was held in Webster, Mass., and we were sent to Lunenburg,

again. The people in this place had formed a strong attachment to Mr. Tucker, and had frequently requested the Conference to again send him to labor with them, so that our return to their midst was mutually agreeable. During our absence the society had been greatly prospered, and had built a fine, commodious church; but we found, to our grief, that the prosperity was only temporal, for the spiritual was at a very low ebb. We soon found also, that our means of support were inadequate to the demands of a growing-up family, and that other means must be devised to meet our wants. Our eldest daughter, now sixteen years of age, who was quite proficient in the solid as well as in the ornamental branches of learning, with my assistance, commenced a young ladies' school in our house. We soon had nearly forty pupils; and the income from this source furnished the family with many articles of comfort,—luxuries we did not aspire to.

In the year 1836, having been re-appointed to Lunenburg, our family, which until that time had shared our wandering fortunes, began to break up; and the elder children, though still very young, left the parent fold to strive for themselves. Our eldest daughter was this year married, and went to reside in Pepperell, Mass.; and our eldest son, though a mere child, went to

Boston, where a situation in a store was procured for him by the efforts of myself, having visited Boston for that purpose. It was hard parting with my dear children, and our winter, uncheered by their presence, passed away rather gloomily. As I was anxious to be as near my absent children as possible until they had had a little more experience in taking care of themselves, I felt sadly disappointed when our station this year was announced. It was a town in the lower part of Rhode Island. The Conference this year was at Springfield, and I attended with my husband, thinking that some such emergency might arise, in which case my presence would be of some use.

I applied for an interview with that great and good man, BISHOP HEDDING, and was graciously received by him. I explained my reasons for wishing to be near my children, remarking that I hoped he would not think me too officious. He smiled, and said, "Not at all officious, Sister Tucker. Your request is reasonable, and should be granted." After a little pleasant and profitable conversation, I took my leave, highly delighted with this humble but gifted disciple of our blessed Master. Our appointment was changed to Millbury, Mass., for which place we took our departure in the spring of 1837. Before leaving, I had a curious interview with a promi-

ment person of Lunenburg, a Dr. B——, well esteemed for his professional talents, but despised by all religious persons for his proclaimed and unblushing infidelity. He was kind to the poor, and possessed many good qualities; but his profane and wicked conversation often shocked the recipients of his bounty.

At one time he made a professional call at our house, and Mr. Tucker being absent, he commenced some profane remarks relative to clergymen in the presence of my children, calling them a knavish set, etc. I ordered him to stop, telling him that such remarks could not be permitted in my house. "Mrs. Tucker," said he, "you treat me as though I am a fool, and know not what I am talking about."—"Yes," I replied, "you are a fool; and I can prove it by my Bible, which says, 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.' You have said there is no God; consequently you are a fool!" The doctor was evidently annoyed at my Scriptural quotation, for he quietly departed without attempting a renewal of the discussion.

We found Millbury a pleasant manufacturing village, with a small but spirited society, which bid fair to prosper and largely increase; but all human calculations could not foresee the great financial crash which in this year (1837) swept

away the fortunes of men like chaff before the wind, causing failures in every department of business, particularly among the manufacturers, upon whom the people of this place mainly depended for support. Many of the members of our society suffered greatly, but their conduct showed great nobleness of soul in this crisis; for they were ready to divide their last loaf with their minister, should occasion demand it, and they cheerfully contributed from their small means to our support. At our quarterly meeting, our presiding elder, seeing how precarious were our means of support, offered to exchange us to a more favorable situation. Mr. Tucker came home and consulted me about it, saying that the people were loth to let him go. I asked him how he felt in regard to duty about leaving. He said it was his mind to stay with them, and trust to Providence for our bread, if I could be reconciled to it. "Yes, husband," said I, "stay by all means, if you feel it your duty; and I will help you to bear up under it, though we should be brought to a potato." Every one of our little society, when it was found that we had determined to stay, manifested such a willingness to assist us to the utmost of their ability that I felt humbled and grateful before God who raised up such devoted friends.

Our next station was Oxford, Mass., to which place we removed in 1838. When we arrived in this place, every thing connected with the society was in a deplorable condition. There were no stewards or leaders appointed; no class or prayer meetings established; and no class papers or church books, the names of members being written on slips of paper. Things had a most discouraging look; but Mr. Tucker went to work patiently and perseveringly, and after several months was rewarded by an increased interest in our meetings, which soon after culminated in a glorious revival of religion. A large number of promising young men made a profession and joined our society, and the older members were quickened and encouraged. The work of the Lord prospered here, and also extended to some of the neighboring towns; so that our first year in this place terminated in a manner hardly promised at the commencement.

The Conference this year was held in Boston, and an exciting session it proved, on account of the exciting and bitter discussions upon the abolition of slavery. This absorbing question provoked too much invective and abuse of character upon both sides, and it is hoped that as we get more enlightened as to our exact duty upon the difficult problem of abolishing that great evil, Amer-

ican slavery, the meek spirit of the gospel will direct our counsels. That this great curse will ultimately be removed, I cannot doubt; but the misdirected zeal of many who advocate its abolition finds its counterpart in the bitter denunciations and recriminations of those who justify human bondage.

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CHAPTER IX.

APPOINTMENT TO HOLLISTON, MASS.—TRUSTING TO LUCK FOR A HOUSE—PARSONAGE HOUSES—HER DEBUT AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER—APPOINTMENT TO NATICK—UNPLEASANT FEATURES OF ITINERANCY—SEVERE SICKNESS—DEATH OF MRS. RICE—A SORROWFUL YEAR—MR. TUCKER'S PROSTRATION—APPOINTMENT TO SUDBURY—"MILLERISM"—AN INCONSISTENT PROPHET—A REVIVAL—A COLORED PREACHER—AN AFFECTING DEATH-BED SCENE—FIRST SERMON OF E. O. HAVEN—APPOINTMENT TO GRAFTON, MASS.—DAMAGING EFFECTS OF "MILLERISM" IN SUDBURY.

OUR next station was Holliston, Mass., to which place we removed in 1839. Upon our arrival we found, as in many other places, that no provision had been made for our accommodation, and that we were to "trust to luck" for a tenement. The omission of stewards in the various places where itinerant preachers with their families are sent, to provide suitable tenements for their use, is a "crying evil" to which I beg to call attention. Every Methodist society should have a parsonage, not costly but comfortable, in which to install their newly arrived minister. It is too much to expect that every appointment can afford the outlay for such an establishment; but with the

growing prosperity of our societies, much can be done in that direction. Few persons inexperienced in such matters can imagine the discomfort of many of our most worthy preachers and their families, for the want of a suitable tenement to receive them and their humble stock of house-keeping goods upon arrival in a new place. A highly respected preacher told me, that at one place where he was stationed, he was obliged to move into a house with a colored family or leave the place. I have often been subjected to positive suffering on this account, so that I can speak as "one having authority" on this subject.

During our residence in Holliston I made, in quite an unexpected manner, my *debut* as a public speaker. The circumstances were these: An organization had been formed in the place called the "Female Moral Reform Society," which consisted of one hundred and thirty ladies, mostly members of the different religious societies in the town. I was complimented by being chosen its president, although I should have been better pleased with a more humble position. At our first meeting the question came up for discussion, whether it would be proper and expedient to invite gentlemen to lecture before the society. My opinion being asked, I replied that I thought it hardly proper for a gentleman to lecture to ladies

exclusively, adding rather jocosely, that as the society was conducted by females, the lecturing might as well be done by themselves. At our next meeting I found, to my surprise and chagrin, that the members had adopted my advice by unanimously choosing me to deliver a lecture at the next quarterly meeting. My first impulse was to decline the honor, but upon reflecting a little I thought that *example* ought to agree with *precept*, and decided to make the attempt. I prepared my lecture, and delivered it to a large audience to general acceptance, although my embarrassment on facing the assembly was at first rather disastrous to my elocution.

Mr. Tucker labored hard and earnestly in this place, but failed in securing that co-operation of the leading members so vitally necessary to success. It is a severe burden for the preacher to carry the sins of the ungodly upon his heart and the church upon his back.

This year (1840) Mr. Tucker was appointed to labor half the time at Framingham, and the other half at Needham and Natick, the latter to be our place of residence. This is said to be a "world of change." To a Methodist minister's family it is indeed so. No sooner are they comfortably settled and pleasant acquaintances formed, than the inevitable fiat is received from Confer-

ence, the result of which is to "stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once." Many a year of experience has hardly reconciled me to the trials of an itinerant life. It is a gypsy sort of life, yet it has its compensations.

As our denomination is daily increasing in wealth and influence, and our societies becoming strong in cultivation and numbers, the more unpleasant features of itinerancy will gradually pass away, and the successors of those who "broke up the new ground" will be less acquainted with the privations and vexations of their predecessors. Our society in Natick was small, and not in a very prosperous condition; yet Mr. Tucker labored with good courage, until the members of our household, and those of Brother Rice, who occupied the other half of our tenement, were nearly all prostrated by a malignant form of typhus fever. Our eldest son was taken with it in Boston, and came home for better care than a boarding house afforded. Our daughter was prostrated with it, as were also Mr. and Mrs. Rice, her sister, and a son, — all down at the same time, making a hospital of the house. Sister Rice died of the disease, and the rest barely escaped, so virulent was its character. The fatigues of constant watching, day and night, and the intense strain upon our nerves, seriously

affected my husband and myself, particularly Mr. Tucker, who had the added cares of the church, and the strain upon him proved so great that he well nigh broke down; and for the remainder of his year he was in so poor a state, physically and mentally, that his pulpit was supplied by others.

Jan. 1, 1842. — I feel that many mercies and blessings have been conferred upon me the past year, and desire to realize in a fuller sense the bountifulness of the hand that bestows so many favors; yet the new year begins sorrowfully for me. My dear husband's health does not improve; his physical and mental prostration continues, and the clouds look dark and lowering about us. Upward to the Throne of Mercy do I look for relief. My nights are spent in wakefulness and prayer, and my days in anxiety. Verily, I eat my bread in heaviness of heart. Has the Lord forgotten to be gracious; and is his mercy clean gone forever? Lord, be merciful according to thy loving kindness, and pity the workmanship of thine own hands! April 7. — Mr. Tucker preached to-day his first sermon for several months, and his health is gradually improving. I have strong hopes that he will soon resume his accustomed labors.

June 29. — The Conference has its session this

year in Springfield. Mr. Tucker does not attend, but has written, stating that he feels able to take a small station, where his labors would not prove too arduous for his feeble state of health.

The appointment was to Sudbury, which is a small station. We arrived here in July, and commenced housekeeping in a very large and ancient house, about one hundred and fifty years old, but in comfortable repair. It was in old times used for a tavern, and its massive fireplaces have doubtless warmed many a cold and fatigued traveller. Our meetings here have been considerably annoyed of late by a persistent, audacious individual, who travels about preaching upon the "Second Coming of Christ." He is what is called a "Second Adventist," and is a remarkable specimen of egotistical ignorance. His harangues always end with an urgent appeal to his hearers to come forward and subscribe for a paper called "The Signs of the Times." As he prophesies that the world will surely come to an end in the course of a *few months*, and then proceeds to take *yearly* subscriptions for his paper, I am convinced that he is not a very *consistent* disciple of Father Miller, the leader of this fanatical sect. The expounders of this absurd hypothesis, the Second Advent, do much damage to the cause of religion, and succeed in finding many followers among the

weak minded; but time will soon explode this mischievous delusion.

Oct. 20. — The Lord has commenced a good work here. Some souls have been converted, and many are anxiously inquiring what they must do to be saved. How many souls are desirous of reaching heaven at last, but how very few are willing to take up their cross, renounce the world, and follow Christ through evil as well as good report to attain that blissful place! A kingdom of felicity and a crown of glory are worth any amount of sacrifice to obtain. We are now having a protracted meeting, and Mr. Tucker is aided in the work by a colored man named MARRS, who is in many respects quite a remarkable person. He is gifted with a strong native genius, a good acquaintance of human nature, a readiness of delivery, and a happy faculty of illustrating his discourses with curious comparisons and quaint figures of speech. A good education would make him quite a prodigy; but he is unlearned, and sometimes too boisterous for good effect. He draws large audiences, and is attracting very general attention.

Feb. 1, 1843. — A trying and deeply affecting scene has been witnessed to-day by the members of our household. Mrs. W. Haynes, who has

lived with her husband and family in the other part of the house, has this day bid adieu to earth and passed to her eternal rest. Her illness, a consumption of long duration, has been of such an illusive nature, that, until a few days back, hopes have been entertained of her ultimate recovery; yet death, although coming rather unexpectedly, did not find her unprepared, and she passed away in a glorious and triumphant manner. The final struggle was so protracted, that several times, when we thought her breathing had ceased, she would revive, and calling her unconverted husband to her side would clasp him about the neck, and in words of touching pathos beseech him to seek the Saviour, and prepare to meet her in heaven; then imprinting upon his lips the last fond kiss of affection, she would renew her entreaties that he would, without delay, seek his soul's salvation. After fervently kissing and taking leave of her little children, she earnestly and fervently exhorted all present to seek religion, then lay back upon her pillow and breathed away her life without a struggle. Not a cloud or a fear appeared to darken her path to the regions of eternity, but full of faith, meekness, and resignation she went to rest in the bosom of her Lord. Such a death, so peaceful and glorious, I earnestly covet when

it shall please the Lord to call me hence to my eternal state.

May 1. — Mr. Tucker, having gone to the city to fill an engagement at Church Street, I have prevailed upon Brother E. O. HAVEN, a young graduate from Middletown University, now teaching a High School here, to fill Mr. Tucker's place in the pulpit for one Sabbath. He is a young man of excellent education, of superior mind, and exemplary piety, but he is very diffident and unpretending: so that considerable urging was necessary on my part to gain his consent. May 8. — Brother Haven has preached his *first* sermon, and a most successful effort it was, giving perfect satisfaction to the congregation. The "root of the matter" is certainly in him, and he will yet make his mark in the world. His abilities are of no common order.

July 7. — Mr. Tucker has returned from Conference with an appointment for the ensuing year to New England Village, Grafton, Mass. His usefulness in Sudbury has been not a little retarded by the efforts of several Second Advent adventurers, who have labored quite persistently to make converts to their absurd belief among the members of our church. One of them named Thayer has been particularly industrious in his efforts to make proselytes. Bold, cunning,

and unscrupulous, he has created mischief which cannot be easily checked. The whole thing is a magnificent device of the devil to make dissensions in the Church of Christ, and will be successful for a while, but its end is not far off.

CHAPTER X.

ARRIVAL IN GRAFTON—NO TENEMENT—A SIN OF OMISSION—A HOUSE FOUND—DIALOGUE WITH A BROTHER—A TEMPERANCE PICNIC—J. B. GOUGH—A LITERARY SOCIETY—AN ACCIDENT—ITS RESULTS—A DONATION PARTY—CONFERENCE AT WESTFIELD—A POWERFUL SERMON BY DR. OLIN—VETERANS OF THE CROSS—BISHOP HEDDING—E. T. TAYLOR—APPOINTMENT TO WATERTOWN—UNEXPECTED LUCK—A HOME PROVIDED—A SECOND ADVENT MANIAC—VISIT TO BOSTON—MORE “MILLERISM”—A CURIOUS “SCRAP”—PREPARING TO “GO UP”—PARTING REMARKS—MEETING AN OLD FRIEND.

July 20, 1843, we bid farewell to Sudbury in the morning, and took our journey to Grafton. Although our circle of acquaintance in Sudbury has been a limited one, yet we have found, as in other places, some good and true souls, whose kindness we can truly appreciate. When we arrived in New England Village, we found, as usual, that no tenement had been provided, and we accepted the hospitality of Brother John Phillips, until a place of shelter was provided. As before remarked in these pages, it is one of the peculiar sins of omission on the part of our societies, that no provision is made to accommodate the preacher and his family upon their

arrival at a station. Men hardly treat dumb animals so badly; for there is always a stable and something to eat for a horse, but the preacher has to shift for himself, — a very easy thing for a single man, but hard when encumbered with wife and children. New England Village is a manufacturing place, and like all places of this kind, the population is migratory. The society is small, but vigorous for its size, and the people seem kindly disposed.

Monday, July 29. — We have succeeded in finding a tenement, such as it is. A sort of tenement house, as it already contains several families. It cannot be said that we are not "getting up in the world;" for our back chambers are six stories from the ground. I have been accustomed to these "moving scenes" for so many years, that I seldom complain; yet I was so weary and wretched when arranging my household goods in this place, that I could not help remarking to a brother who was assisting us, that I was getting tired of this travelling life, when he rather coarsely replied, "Wal, what did you git intew it for? Yew knew what it was afore you commenced. Yew orter got used tew it before this." In reply to this rather rude speech, I said, "Friend, did you ever have the toothache?" — "Yes," said he. "Well," said I,

"was it any relief to your suffering that you knew beforehand the nature of toothache?" Scratching his head thoughtfully a moment, he replied, "Sister Tucker, I guess I'll drop the subject."

Aug. 5. — To-day has come off a great Temperance picnic in this village, for which large preparations have been made. A bountiful collation was served in a beautiful grove, and many speeches were made. Among the speakers was a young man named J. B. GOUGH, a reformed drunkard. His appearance indicated that he had led a dissolute life, and his bold, confident manner seemed a little forward, considering his recent degradation. He seems to be a very fluent speaker, with a decided talent for mimicry; and it is ardently hoped that he will not relapse into his former habits, as he may be the means of doing much good for the cause. At the request of the committee, I wrote a hymn for the occasion, which was sung by a select choir, with accompaniment by a band of music. It was well received, and I felt the satisfaction of having added my mite to the good cause.

With the hope of doing some good to the young people of this place, who, I regret to say, spend much of their spare time in dancing, and other frivolous amusements, I had taken meas-

ures to form a society for improvement in literary exercises, such as writing compositions, reading, debating, etc. At our first meeting quite a number of young ladies and gentlemen were present, and all the preliminaries arranged for our future meetings. This society, which attracted considerable attention, was continued through the winter and succeeded beyond my expectations in diverting the attention of many young persons from amusements, sometimes of an objectionable character.

Dec. 19th, the dark cloud, which had of late overshadowed our prospects and obscured our domestic happiness, had just began to break a little, and a ray or two of sunshine to light up our weary way, when our sky again became beclouded by a sad occurrence. On the morning of this date, whilst sweeping some snow from our high front steps, I slipped on some concealed ice and fell to the bottom of the flight, breaking one leg and fracturing my ankle bone. I was taken up, suffering great agony, and perfectly helpless. The prospect of a long confinement to my room and bed was certainly not very cheering to one of my stirring nature, and my naturally buoyant, hopeful spirit received a sudden check; but I assumed a cheerful air, lest my husband's despondency, which had of late nearly left him,

might return, if my courage faltered. My situation for more than three months gave me a fine opportunity to test my theory, that "*religion and philosophy* can give a person contentment under the most adverse circumstances." Religion alone can give true resignation to the will of God, but to put in practice many of those duties springing from a principle of religion often requires philosophic aid.

Feb. 17, 1844. — This is the only really unhappy day I have experienced since the accident. My limb has been unusually painful, I have suffered from a severe headache, and my nerves have been unstrung by loss of sleep for several nights. These causes combined have made me somewhat *fretful*. I am ashamed to confess the fact, but feel thankful that it has been but mental, no outbreak of feelings having occurred. I am resolved to be more watchful in the future lest I again fall into this snare; for "Satan with malicious art watches each unguarded heart."

April 11. — I have so far recovered from the effects of my accident that I am able to put the house in order, and make other preparations for a "donation party," which is expected to-night.

The party took possession of our rooms at three, P.M., and left at nine, after a most enjoyable time. More than one hundred and fifty

persons were present, and quite a contribution attested their liberality.

July 28. — Mr. Tucker, myself, and one daughter are now attending the Annual Conference at Westfield, Mass. This (Sabbath) day we attended church and heard two excellent sermons. In the forenoon our new Bishop Janes preached. His sermon was simple, yet powerful. In the afternoon, Dr. Olin, president of Middletown University, preached one of the most eloquent and touching discourses I ever heard. His theme was Christ and him crucified. One of the most interesting features of this occasion, was the presence of our beloved Bishop Hedding. His whitened locks and furrowed cheeks gave him a patriarchal appearance, and likened him in my imagination to the patriarch Jacob, surrounded by his progeny. During the doctor's eloquent appeals, tears stole down the venerable bishop's cheeks, and hardly a dry eye was seen in the large assemblage of ministers. I was affected with tears when I looked around upon these heralds of the Cross, many of whom I had known for more than thirty years, and who were young, vigorous men, full of youthful hope, but now are on the downhill of life, with bleached locks and the marks of age upon them; yet they have met here with the same pious resolve to spend

and be spent in the Master's service. Oh! is this not sublime, this unshaken faith, this unfaltering zeal which has sustained these faithful men in all these years of toil, buffeting the storms of winter, and enduring the scorching heats of summer, seeking the lost sheep and bringing them into the fold? Noble men, may God's protecting arm ever be about you, and may we all, after the storms of this life, meet around his merciful throne!

Among other venerable celebrities present on this interesting occasion, one of the "observed of all observers" was that eloquent, quaint, and eccentric genius, E. T. Taylor. As he sat in the pulpit beside Dr. Olin, his face was a study to a physiognomist. Almost every word of the eloquent speaker seemed reflected in the wonderfully expressive face of Mr. Taylor, who sat, wholly absorbed, gazing into the face of Dr. Olin, and reproducing almost every shade of expression which appeared upon the doctor's countenance. I had not seen Brother Taylor since my first acquaintance with him, made during the great revival in Bristol, R.I., in 1819. His countenance seems singularly furrowed by the marks of time, but the marked lines add to his remarkably expressive features.

Conspicuous also among the notable preachers

was our beloved friend, Rev. A. D. MERRILL. His majestic figure, noble countenance, and dignified presence always reminded me of pictures representing the illustrious George Washington. Brother Merrill is a man of singular power, and his gifts are especially displayed on camp-meeting occasions. His remarkable voice, the finest in the Conference, is a great aid to him. When lifted up in songs of praise its melody is inspiring.

July 31. — Our appointment this year is to Watertown, Mass., about eight miles from Boston. Grafton is to be our home no more. I feel truly that we have no home or abiding city here below; but if I could continually feel the sweet assurance that I have a home above, a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," I would not regret being a wayfaring wanderer here.

We arrived in Watertown Aug. 10, and, contrary to our usual luck, found a tenement prepared to receive us. Since leaving Sudbury we have had but little annoyance from that pest of religious society, "Millerism," and I had indulged the hope that I had seen the last of this absurd fanaticism; but to-day (Aug. 18), on returning from church, and in the centre of the village, I was startled by the shrill cries of a female,

proceeding from the upper story of a large dwelling house. A large concourse of people was assembled; and by an open window stood a wild looking woman, tearing her hair and shrieking, "'Tis hell; 'tis hell; 'tis hell!" A Millerite meeting was being held in the house and this poor creature became so excited that she was uncontrollable. The leaders in this wicked delusion have much to account for.

A few days after this occurrence I was in Boston to do some shopping. In company with a friend, I had reached the head of Hanover Street, and the day being quite warm, and both of us somewhat fatigued, I proposed calling upon an old Methodist family in Sudbury Street, near by, and resting for a little while. Upon approaching the house, I was rather surprised to notice all the windows open and the lower rooms apparently filled with people. Upon going in, I was struck with the singular appearance of the persons present, and still more so by the look of Brother —, who came into the room looking very pale and haggard. We shook hands, and I inquired if he were sick. "No," said he; "do I look sick?" — "Yes," I replied; "you have lost your red cheeks, and look emaciated and haggard." In a loud, rough voice, he said, "I have swapped off my red cheeks for salvation; don't

you know what salvation means?" I told him that I knew the definition of salvation, but was puzzled to know how he had made the "swap." Without enlightening me on this point, he proceeded to say that Christ was coming to-day, and that in the course of a few hours all the saints would "go up." I was now satisfied that I had got into a nest of Millerites, and that a whilom family of good Methodists had fallen from grace; so I prepared to depart without delay.

Before leaving, I felt constrained to say a word to these poor deluded people: so I told them that I was sorry the devil had gained such an influence over them, and I hoped that a few hours would show them that they did not know, nor ever would know, the day or the hour when the Son of man would come. Having now done my duty, we left the house and its misguided inmates.

To day I met a good *old* friend, who when we first met was a *young* friend. It was the Rev. I. Bonney, now an old man with head white as snow. We knew each other many long years ago, when we commenced life's voyage, our hearts buoyant with youthful hopes, and strangers to care and sorrow. As we met to day, I remarked in a jocular manner, "Why, Brother Bonney, how old you are growing! This can't

be the young Brother Bonney that used to visit us." To which he dryly responded, "Is it possible that this old lady in cap and spectacles is the Sister Tucker we once knew as a young preacher's wife?" I had nothing more to say upon this subject. Human life, what a bubble! it glitters for a moment, then vanishes forever.

CHAPTER XI.

DEATH OF REV. TIMOTHY MERRITT — HIS NOBLE CHARACTER AND RECORD — FUNERAL SERMON — DEATHS OF OTHER NOTED CHRISTIANS — TWENTY-NINTH CONFERENCE ANNIVERSARY — REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED — RETURNED TO WATERTOWN — LOW STATE OF THE CHURCH — A WAR THREATENED — SAD BUT INTERESTING INTERVIEW — A SUFFERING CHILD — SUBLIME FAITH AND RESIGNATION — DEATH OF SISTER MERRITT BY A PAINFUL ACCIDENT — LOSS TO THE METHODIST CHURCH — DEATH OF REV. JAMES MUDGE — DEPARTURE OF A GOOD MAN.

MAY 13, 1845. — A father in Israel has fallen ! The Methodist Church has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the kingdom of glory has received another precious soul. The Lord has been pleased to remove one of his laborers from the field, where he has toiled so long and laboriously. Rev. TIMOTHY MERRITT, one of the oldest, best known, and valued members of the New-England Conference, has gone to his reward. Whilst meditating upon this sad dispensation, I recall to mind an expression made in a letter he wrote me when he was stationed in New Bedford. Alluding to his busy life, he wrote, " My motto is, to labor and toil *here*, and

rest hereafter." His was indeed a life of labor and toil. He travelled, preached, prayed; employing his tongue and pen; was "instant in season and out of season;" and spared no efforts, physical or mental, to advance the Redeemer's kingdom. I never saw a man who thought or cared so little for the things of this world. His heart and affections were centered upon the things of God; yet his noble soul would sympathize with the sorrowing and afflicted. His hand was ever ready to assist the needy to the utmost extent of his limited means, and his willing ear was ever open to the plaints of the suffering. I once heard him say, I wish it was in my power to give something, if it was only *one dollar*, towards building up every Methodist church in the United States. Not that he was sectarian, but his love for Methodism was ardent and sincere, and his life was devoted to its prosperity.

Who that knew him can ever forget his kindly smile and gracious manner? Lord Chesterfield, with all his studied politeness, was not a more perfect gentleman. On more than one occasion I have been surprised to notice how patiently and attentively he would listen to a long and tedious story of trials so common place that they seemed hardly worthy of serious attention. Artless and meek as a little child, he ever appeared ready to

learn any lesson in humility, and always shrank from giving offence to any one; yet when the cause of God and truth required it, he was a bold and fearless champion, fighting valiantly for his Master. The doctrine of holiness, as held by the Methodists, was his favorite theme, which he supported both in theory and practice, illustrating in his own example its beneficent effects. May his mantle fall upon some Elisha to fill his place in the Church!

May 14. — Mr. Tucker has gone to Boston, this morning, to be present at the funeral ceremonies of Brother Merritt, which are to be held in Bromfield-street Church this evening. Rev. Enoch Mudge, the friend of his early youth, and the oldest Methodist preacher in New England, is to preach the sermon. It is stated that an agreement was entered into between them when both were young, that when one of them deceased the survivor should preach his funeral sermon. Two other preachers have died this season, Brothers Beebe and Dean; also the wife of Rev. Daniel Webb, one of our veteran preachers. She saw much affliction, in the death of nearly all her children, whom she has rejoined in a brighter world. The passing away of these aged and faithful pioneers of the Cross will cause more than a parting regret at the present time, and as time

rolls on, and their places are filled by new recruits, they may be temporarily forgotten; but the history of the Methodist Church will record the names and deeds of these early disciples.

June 24. — This morning Mr. Tucker again leaves home to attend the Annual Conference at Lowell. It is the twenty-ninth Conference which has taken place since I left friends and home to be a voluntary wanderer in the world with my dear husband; and oh, what changes have we seen, and what varied experiences have been ours, since that eventful day when I bid good bye to the dear familiar scenes of my youth! With the tearful parting from beloved friends, I also remember taking leave of the inanimate things I loved, — the little rose-bush I had planted and watched with tender care, and the grape vine whose delicate tendrils I had trained to cling for support to the old picket fence. Their fragrant blossoms and purple fruit were long ago plucked by other hands than those who so tenderly cared for them. There was a spot to which I bid farewell upon that morning I can never forget. It was the little nook in the spacious old mansion where I often retired to kneel and hold communion with the Father of spirits.

July 4. — Mr. Tucker has come from Conference, and informs me that he is returned to

Watertown for another year. It is my earnest prayer that his labors may be blessed of God this year to the conviction and conversion of many poor sinners. There seems to be a dearth of revivals universally, at the present time, and I frequently hear of late the ministers of Christ mourn the low estate of the spiritual Zion. We have had many interesting meetings in this place, and seasons of refreshing, evidences of Christian vitality, but conversions have been rare. In view of this unpromising state of religious interests my constant prayer is, O Lord, turn now the captivity of Zion, and may sinners be aroused to a sense of their impending danger! Oh that something may arouse Christians from this lethargic state!

This year has been peculiarly unfavorable to religious development throughout the country; but the evil passions of men seem to revel in high carnival. Every day we are expecting to hear of the declaration of war by Mexico against the United States, in consequence of the annexation of Texas to the latter. Oh that the evils of war may be averted! There is something revolting and awful to the better feelings of our nature in the thought that men will destroy their fellow creatures, and send so many immortal souls unprepared into the presence of their Maker, mere-

ly to gratify an unholy ambition or a thirst for a little more territory. Steam navigation, railroads, and manufactures are daily adding to the wealth and luxuries of our country, but I fear that the days of simplicity and straight-forward honesty are departing from these once³ happy regions. Men are in too much haste to amass wealth to be overnice as to the means of acquiring it.

I have to-day witnessed a scene, which, while it stirred the warmest sympathies of my nature, has left upon my mind the sweetest impressions of the workings of faith and trust in God, as exhibited in the case of a little child whom myself and daughter visited. The little girl to whom I refer is the daughter of quite a worthy member of our church, about thirteen years of age, yet so shrunken by disease that she is no larger than an ordinary child of five years. By an accident to her spine, occasioned by a fall, she cannot stand up or lie down, but is obliged to sit night and day in a little chair, leaning forward, and supported by a small pair of crutches. In addition to the pain and weariness occasioned by this unchanging position, she is afflicted with abscesses of a formidable character, which are gradually exhausting her precious life. I think her the most sorely afflicted object I ever saw,

doomed to sit in that chair of torture until death kindly releases her. My pen is inadequate to the task of describing her countenance,— so pure and meek, so heavenly and resigned in expression; a beautiful bud, withering from a touch of frost, but destined soon to expand and bloom in heaven. While I sat watching for a few moments the spiritual beauty of her countenance, I observed the long silken lashes of her eyes, moistened by tears, forced from their fountains by excessive pain. I sat down by her side and said, “I hope, my dear child, that you often pray to your heavenly Father to make you a good little girl: so that when you have suffered a little while longer in this world, he will take you up to himself, where you can see Jesus and be forever free from aches and pains; and when your poor little suffering body is raised at the resurrection it will be a perfect body.”

She lifted up her eyes with such a heavenly expression, and, with gladness beaming in every feature at the thought of that happy day, she replied that she did pray to God and joyfully anticipated the day of her release. We were greatly affected, but edified by the touching yet sublime faith and resignation exhibited by this suffering child.

Aug. 31. — Our old, tried, and much beloved

brother, Rev. THOMAS C. PIERCE, is with us, and preached an able and interesting sermon this afternoon. It is a treat indeed to enjoy the presence and conversation of this old and esteemed friend, who commenced with us the varied experiences of a Methodist preacher's life. He is a man of rare good sense, of fine abilities, and fervent piety. When our rough journey of life is over, may we meet where "partings come no more!"

November. — I have just heard of the death of our dear Sister Merritt, widow of our beloved brother, Rev. Timothy Merritt, she having survived him only about six months. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death were scarcely divided. Her death was caused by an accident which happened in the following manner: She went to New York on a visit to her daughter, unattended. When the steamboat arrived at the dock, having no one to look after her baggage she became confused by the noise of the unruly hackmen, and in endeavoring to secure her trunks she stepped on some spars lying upon the wharf, and one of them rolling over threw her down, breaking one of her limbs. She was assisted into a hack, but the unfeeling driver, instead of conveying her directly to her daughter's, dropped his other passengers at vari-

ous points ; so nearly an hour had elapsed when she arrived, in an exhausted state, her limb badly swollen. She was at once properly and tenderly cared for, but the inflammation and the shock to her system carried her off in about two weeks. The Methodist Church meets with a great loss by the death of one whose life was full of unostentatious usefulness. Her deep piety, consistent character, and sympathetic heart for the lowly and suffering endeared her to every one with whom she came in contact.

March 11, 1846. — We have received news of the death of our much esteemed brother, Rev. James Mudge. He died at his station in Greenfield, Mass., on the fourth of this month. A few years ago he hung upon the borders of the grave for four weeks at our house in Natick. He then suffered much, but bore his affliction with the resignation of a true Christian. Ever patient, meek, and cheerful, he manifested a willingness to depart and be with Christ, or live and labor for the saving of souls. God saw fit to restore him for a season, but has now taken him to himself. How glorious his exchange of the perishable joys and sorrows of this frail life for the everlasting glories of heaven !

CHAPTER XII.

FAST DAY — REV. T. C. PIERCE — INTERESTING RETROSPECTIONS — LIFE'S DECAY — FAREWELL DISCOURSE — INTERVIEW WITH A REPENTANT "MILLERITE" — ANNUAL CONFERENCE — REV. MARK TRAFTON — A SPIRITED DEFENCE — BISHOP WAUGH — A PENCIL SKETCH — LOVE FEAST — FATHER PICKERING — STATIONED AT DORCHESTER — REMOVAL — RHYMING DESCRIPTION — REV. J. SANBORN — MORE RHYMING — QUARTERLY MEETING — REV. E. OTHEMAN — A POPULAR PREACHER AND UNPROFITABLE DISCOURSE — AN EARTHQUAKE — RETROSPECTION — CLEARER EVIDENCES.

APRIL 25,—the annual State Fast; and our beloved brother, Thomas C. Pierce, preached this evening a plain, pointed, and feeling discourse, from the text, "Wisdom is better than riches." He returned here after the service and passed the night with us. He is always a welcome guest at our fireside. Our conversation to-night developed the fact that *thirty years* to-day I gave my heart and hand to a Methodist itinerant minister, to share with him the vicissitudes of his travels among the hills and valleys of New England. What changes time has wrought since that period, when I, a young and inexperienced girl, assumed the serious responsibilities of a minister's wife! With youthful ardor and sanguine expectations,

I set out upon life's great journey, determined if I could not labor like my husband in a public manner, I would devote all my energies to smooth his rough paths, and strengthen his hands for the great work of saving immortal souls. I was then hopeful and healthy; capable of doing much and enduring much.

I now begin to perceive signs of the approach of life's autumn. The hue of my once dark hair is changing like autumnal leaves when summer has departed. My eyes, until lately so strong and reliable, begin to dim, and glasses are necessary in reading or writing. A lassitude with sense of weariness succeeds bodily exertion, and other indications of advancing age assert their growing power. The romance of life has departed, and its sober realities succeed. How is it with thee, my soul, this evening? Art thou prospering in this journey to untried realities? Dear Lord, assist me to dedicate myself anew to the holy mission whereto thou hast called me!

April 26. — To-day Mr. Tucker preached his farewell discourse to the people of his charge in this place. He was deeply affected, as also were many of his hearers. We have spent two pleasant years in this town, and I trust some good has been accomplished, but the road to Zion has been rather an *uphill* road.

This day I was called upon by an individual, who, when my husband was stationed in Sudbury, caused me much annoyance, and was the means of accomplishing much mischief in our society. His call to-day was for the purpose of confessing his sins and asking forgiveness. This man, when we were at Sudbury, was a "Millerite" of the most fanatical sort, possessed of little ability but great assurance, and his endeavors to make proselytes among the members of that church were unceasing. During my husband's protracted illness he had prevailed on the stewards to permit him to occupy Mr. Tucker's pulpit. This coming to my knowledge, I made such a successful opposition that he was forced to give up his project, and make an ignominious retreat. Whether my action in the case was regarded by some as unfeminine or not did not disturb me in the least; for I would not submit silently to the desecration of his pulpit. I have reason, as subsequent events have shown, to feel thankful for the independent course I was enabled to assume. This individual has lived to see and repent his folly, and now comes in a humble manner to confess his fault and ask forgiveness. This I cheerfully awarded him; but recommended him to confess and ask the same of his heavenly Father. The singular and wicked delusion of Millerism,

which in those days created great excitement throughout New England, and threatened to disturb the peace and harmony of all religious societies, is now pretty thoroughly dispelled.

April 29, the Annual Conference commenced its session in the Bromfield-street Church, Boston. I was privileged to attend the Conference as a spectator for the first time, and heard its debates attentively. I was much interested in the case of Rev. MARK TRAFTON, who made his defence before the Conference against certain charges made by members of the church in Westfield, through the presiding elder of the district. His speech was a masterly effort, displaying great intelligence, a lofty independence of character, and characterized by vivacity, nervous force, and convincing language. He felt apparently wronged as a man, but defended himself like a Christian. I really hope that his independent course, and dignified yet keen rebukes of officious intermeddlers, will be the means of diffusing a happy influence over that class of people. One remark reminded me rather forcibly of experiences in my own history. Said he, "When I hire a tenement and pay the rent out of my own pocket, I will live where *I* please. If the steward of the church hires a house, and becomes responsible for the rent, I will live where *he* puts me."

May 4. — My daughter and myself attended the morning session of the Conference, but not fully understanding the merits of the debate which was occurring, we had recourse to our pencils, and attempted to sketch a few heads of notable preachers. My daughter succeeded in making a tolerable outline of Bishop Waugh. He has a massive head, whitened by time, and a fine expressive countenance. His appearance is truly venerable. Good old Christian, — how I love to look at him and contemplate the happy reward that awaits him! In a very few years at most, this old and well-tried soldier of the Cross will wear the crown. In the evening we attended a love feast at the Bromfield-street Church, at which Father Pickering and Mr. Tucker presided. It is a treat to hear Father Pickering, so quaint and sensible. The old veteran is drawing near the end of his course.

May 15. — Our station this year is Dorchester, Mass., for which place we depart to-morrow. The old story to be again rehearsed: —

Packing, scouring, scraping,
Bones all aching;
Leaving old familiar places,
Looking round on length'ning faces;
Tear drops standing in the eye,
While to friends we say good-bye.

May 31. — We met with a kind reception in Dorchester, and found a comfortable tenement provided. Rev. J. Sanborn called on us to-day and preached in the evening. Being unable to attend I indite a few lines, suggested by meeting our old brother after an interval of quite a number of years : —

TO BROTHER SANBORN.

I saw thee once in manhood's youth
 Ere life's bright sun attained its noon ;
 The rose of health was on thy cheek,
 And hope bestowed its cheering boon :
 A soldier young in Jesus' cause,
 Renouncing earth's illusive toys,
 With faith, and tears, and many prayers,
 Enlisting souls for higher joys.
 Since then the tide of rolling years,
 Full three times ten, have hurried past,
 With all their cares, their griefs, and fears,
 And thou art stemming still the blast.
 'Tis true thy locks have lighter shade,
 And time's rude finger marks thy face :
 Thy aim, thy heart, is still the same,
 Pressing toward heaven thy dwelling place ;
 And when a few more years have gone,
 The grave has claimed its mortal part,
 Tell me we yet shall meet again,
 Where sin no more assails the heart.
 I have the promise, " Seek and find ;"
 I claim it, — and I ask no more
 Than some low seat at Jesus' feet,
 With saints, when time with me is o'er.

June 3. — I was chosen president of the Female Benevolent Society : attended the meeting this evening, when a couple of hours were profitably spent. June 6. — Quarterly meeting : a good love feast in the evening, and a plain, practical discourse by our beloved Brother T. C. Pierce. Brother Edward Otheman and wife were present. I recall the time, some thirty years since, when, with my husband, I passed a week under the hospitable roof of Brother Otheman's father, in Dorchester. Time has wrought great changes since that period. The fine old Christian gentleman went to receive his reward years ago ; and his sons, then mere boys, have long been known as able and useful ministers of the gospel. June 21. — I attended church, to-day, filled with high anticipations of hearing a powerful discourse from a somewhat noted preacher ; but was disappointed, very much so. He is a man of talent and education, of graceful delivery, but totally devoid of feeling and énergy. His sermons might with as equal propriety be claimed by a Unitarian, or a Universalist, as by an Episcopal Methodist, of which latter sect he is a prominent member. Morality was the sum and substance of his discourses. To abstain from immoral acts, and to practice benevolence and charity towards mankind, he commended in fitting language, but

said not a word of the first and greatest necessity, — a renewal of the heart and a living faith in the promises of God. Such preaching is not calculated to make a sinner feel uncomfortable.

June 26. — Was awakened from sleep this morning by quite a heavy shock of earthquake. The bed rocked on which I lay, and a looking-glass suspended against the wall swung to and fro. It was attended by a rumbling noise, like a heavy wagon driven over frozen ground. Many people, who were up at the time, speak of it as quite heavy. Sept. 4. — This has been a day of retrospection with me. O my heart, my poor heart, how much do thy secret chambers need cleansing! How much rubbish lies concealed in every recess! Will the candle of the Lord so shine upon me that I may be able to search it out? The undertaking is too great for my unassisted strength. Will the powerful arm of Jehovah extend its aid and drive out the defilers of this temple? Sept. 27. — I have never before experienced such an expanded view of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God as during the past two weeks. My mental vision seems clearer than for many years, and I can more clearly comprehend the heights and depths of “love divine, all love excelling.” Constant prayer God has been pleased to answer. In proportion as the

majesty of God appeared to me greater, so has self been abated. I do love these self-abasing views ; for as I perceive my own weakness, I rely more firmly upon the arm of Jehovah for strength and support. Blessed be his name for all these undeserved mercies !

CHAPTER XIII.

QUARTERLY MEETING — BROTHER T. C. PIERCE — ATTACHMENT TO HIM — DONATION PARTY — VALUE OF SOCIAL GATHERINGS — REV. BRADFORD K. PIERCE — MR. TUCKER'S BIRTH DAY — SUSTAINING POWER OF RELIGION ILLUSTRATED — VISIT TO ALBANY — THOUGHTS ON THE ABSENT ONE AT HOME — REV. DR. JOHN CODMAN — HIS EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY — A SINGULAR INSTANCE — BAPTIZING BY IMMERSION — REV. ABEL STEVENS — DEATH OF DR. CODMAN — HIS FINE SENSIBILITIES — NEW YEAR — SOME REFLECTIONS.

Feb. 21, 1846. — Brother T. C. Pierce, our presiding elder, is with us. It is his last quarterly meeting in this part of his district for the year. He has travelled the district during the past four years to the acceptance of the preachers, and to the great satisfaction of the people under his charge. He possesses in a large degree good, strong common sense, combined with wisdom and moderation. He is also a stanch, firm friend. Mr. Tucker and myself always felt a strong attachment for him, growing stronger with advancing years. My husband and Brother Pierce were boys together in Boston; early professing piety, and commencing their labors in the itinerant field about the same time, — thirty-five years

ago. We regret to part with him in this field, but go where he will our prayers and best wishes will follow him. Our parting is lightened by the expectation, that when we are done with the things of time we shall meet him in a blissful eternity, where we may be permitted to talk over the past, recounting the joys and the sorrows we experienced on the earth we have left behind.

Feb. 25. — A "donation party" took possession of our humble tenement this evening, numbering some three hundred persons, bringing a profusion of eatables, besides some presents of a more substantial character. It was a most happy meeting of true and congenial souls, and the kind remembrances of these beloved brethren and sisters were gratefully appreciated by Mr. Tucker and myself. Such pleasant occasions are like the oasis in the desert, refreshing to the wearied traveller in his Master's vineyard, who for many long wearisome years travels from place to place, trusting in Providence, with no abiding place to call his own, and expecting no rest from his labors until his tired body finds it in the lowly grave.

It is not because of the temporal benefits conferred upon the preacher and his family by these friendly gatherings that I prize them so highly. I value them for that blessed exhibition of love

and friendship which is far more precious than earthly gifts, and more enduring than the perishable things of time and sense. Many long years ago, when I left the comfortable home of my youth to wander I knew not whither, I little thought that my young heart would so often sigh for the warm sympathy and kindly smile which had made bright my girlhood's days. Since those halcyon days, my dear partner and myself have been called to endure fatigues, privations, and, I may add, sometimes hunger. This however was the lot of all of those preachers who travelled extensively in the earlier days of Methodism in New England, breaking up the fallow ground, and planting the seed which has since ripened into a rich harvest.

Our solace in these weary journeyings, aside from the divine trust, has been the true friendships we have formed with loving hearts in many places where our tent has been pitched. Yet these choice gifts of heaven were enjoyed but for a brief season; the inevitable parting day brooked no delay, when, with heaving bosom and weeping eyes, I exchanged the last farewell with dear and well-tried friends to seek in other untried scenes new friendships and loving hearts.

March 18. — Mr. Tucker has gone to the city, and his place is supplied by Rev. BRADFORD

K. PIERCE, a son of our beloved Rev. Thomas C. Pierce. He preached twice, and gave a lecture upon temperance this evening. He is a young man of much intelligence, a good speaker, and a very interesting man socially. He has something of the manner of his father in speaking, and, I should judge from his thoughtful habits, a good writer.

April 22. — To-day is Mr. Tucker's birth-day, — fifty-six years of age, thirty-five of which he has passed in the itinerant field. He is yet in good health, with faculties unimpaired, and never more enduring of hard labor. May God, in his wise and merciful providence, spare him many years to serve the Church and bless his family!

April 25. — Thirty-one years, to-day, since we were married. It seems but as yesterday that we stood before the altar and there registered our vows of fidelity. May we be permitted to walk together until life's journey is completed!

April 28. — Conference at Lynn. We are stationed another year at Dorchester. May 14. — Called to-day on a young lady member of our church who is in the advanced stages of consumption, and rapidly failing. I found her in a calm, heavenly frame of mind, and perfectly resigned. I said to her, "My dear M——, do you feel it hard to be confined to a sick room

while your youthful companions are out enjoying the beautiful spring?" — "Oh, no," she said; "it is all right." — "Would you," I continued, "elect to get well if it was God's will you should?" She hesitated a few moments, as if mentally weighing the subject, and replied, "I would rather not; it will be better for me to go." But casting a look upon her mother's sorrowful and grief-worn countenance, she added, "For the sake of my dear mother and my friends, I would be content to stay a little longer; for my own sake, I desire to go." This dear young woman has been noted for her amiable disposition, lovely traits of character, and consistent piety. She will soon be a member of the Church triumphant.

June 28. — In accordance with a design for some time in contemplation, my daughter and myself to-day undertake a journey to Albany, via. New York, for the purpose of visiting my eldest daughter and family, who have long resided in that place. Albany, July 1. — Have arrived, after a delightful trip. Our sail up the Hudson River from New York, with the ever-changing scenery characterizing the banks on either side of that noble river, will ever be remembered by me with feelings of unalloyed pleasure. There may be scenes of greater beauty on the vaunted river Rhine, with its ancient castles and time-

hallowed associations, but the continual feast of beauty to the eye of taste as displayed on our own beautiful Hudson satisfies my aspirations in that direction.

July 7. — A letter this morning from my ever dear husband. I fear he is lonely without me, and I shall soon return home. Here with my dear daughter and beloved grandchildren, with every thing in my surroundings to make my visit happy, the thought of that one dear object far away in our quiet, humble home is ever present with me. That home and his society possess stronger attractions for me than all things else this world can afford. It may be thought by some, of cold practical natures, that the old and gray headed should have done with the romance, if you may call it thus, of this life, — that the happiness of wedded love is a thing of the past. This may be the case with those whose fire on the altar of the heart was lit up by the shavings of sentiment, which, from the nature of the fuel, soon went out. Not so those whose affections are founded upon true love and esteem, and nurtured by constancy and unselfishness, grow in strength with each succeeding year, and ripen as life's journey terminates in the grave. As the fallacy of a hollow-hearted world becomes increasingly apparent, the silken cord that first bound such

hearts together is gently drawn tighter, and the crosses and afflictions shared in common bind them the more firmly. I love to contemplate the beautiful picture drawn by the glowing poet Burns of the artless and touching simplicity shown by Dame Anderson, when she addresses the aged partner of her life's joys and sorrows, as they descend the hill together: —

“Now we may totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep together at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo.”

Oct. 21. — Called by invitation, in company with my husband, on Rev. John Codman, for forty years pastor of the Congregational Church. His elegant mansion is delightfully situated on a commanding eminence, the prospect from which is grand and inspiring, combining land and sea views of the finest description. Dr. Codman is a fine, hearty gentleman of the old school, eminent for his goodness of heart and unfailing courtesy to every one. His parishioners love him, and his townsmen hold him in high esteem for his generous qualities. His memory is singularly tenacious, as the following instance shows: He inquired of Mr. Tucker if he did not, in company with another gentleman (Mr. Otheman), attend his church on a Sabbath *thirty-two years ago*. Mr. Tucker, who has an equally retentive mem-

ory, replied that he did. As neither gentleman had seen each other since that period, a casual observation of a stranger among his audience to be remembered after so long a time proves that the doctor has a remarkable memory.

His estimable companion is a lady in the highest and truest sense. She possesses a highly cultivated mind, rare conversational powers, and is a superior woman. They are reputed rich in this world's goods, and have promise of an inheritance hereafter, making them doubly rich.

Dec. 12. — Yesterday, three of the official members of the church from Boston called on Mr. Tucker to engage his services in baptizing five persons by immersion. The minister in charge is out of health, rendering him unfit for the ceremony; but why others refused to officiate I cannot imagine, except they were *afraid of water*. Brother ABEL STEVENS supplied his pulpit, and I was much interested in his sermons, both from the same text, "Have faith in God." As is usual with him, he preached admirably, without any of that affectation of manner, or useless verbiage which I am sorry to say characterizes the efforts of some preachers. Flowery discourses do not satisfy the hungry soul; we need more substantial food.

Dec. 23. — We received news of the death of

Rev. Dr. Codman. He died at two o'clock this morning. How sudden this event! A few weeks ago we passed an evening at his beautiful home and found him exceedingly cheerful, and apparently well, with the exception of a difficulty in breathing, which did not seem a drawback upon his conversational powers. Mr. Tucker visited and conversed with him just before his death, and found him in that peaceful, resigned frame of mind which true religion alone can inspire. His loss is deeply felt by his large circle of parishioners and friends. Dr. Codman possessed a feeling heart and tender sensibilities. These were apparent at our last interview with him. Some of the company proposed singing, which the doctor seemed greatly to enjoy. Mr. Tucker, being invited to sing, struck up with his sweet, musical voice, that simple pathetic piece entitled, "The Poor Widow in Affliction." In a few moments I noticed that the doctor was visibly affected, and soon the tears were streaming from his eyes and dropping from his face. His generous heart has now ceased its beatings forever.

Jan. 1. 1847. — Another new year commenced. To say that the past year has vanished like a dream would be saying just what everybody else says, and what I have many times said before; and I suppose that thousands of others feel

what I now feel in regard to moralizing upon the brevity of human life. The unprofitably spent moments and hours we would gladly recall ; but they have passed into eternity, and our regrets are unavailing. We must form new resolves for the future, and ask God's favor to help us keep them. I have often made high and noble resolves, but have depended too much upon my own strength, and still find myself the same imperfect being, making slow progress in the divine life.

CHAPTER XIV.

A PRESENTATION — APPOINTMENT TO MEDFORD — FAREWELL TO DORCHESTER — ARRIVAL IN MEDFORD — DISCOURAGING PROSPECTS — ANNUAL CONFERENCE — REQUEST OF MR. TUCKER FOR A SUPERANNUATED RELATION — REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THIS STEP — MR. TUCKER'S REQUEST GRANTED — TWO OLD SERVANTS AT LIBERTY — OLD MINISTERS — THE "DEAD LINE" — A WORD FOR THE VETERANS — SETTLED IN NORTH QUINCY, MASS. — FORMATION OF A SOCIETY AND SUNDAY SCHOOL — ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS — A CALAMITY.

April 6, 1847. — The Annual Conference holds its session in Worcester, and Mr. Tucker has gone to attend. The Female Benevolent Society presented me with a handsome patch-work quilt, for which I am grateful. I appreciate the kindness of its members to me in this and many other instances since our sojourn in this place.

Mr. Tucker has arrived from Conference and announces our station as Medford, Mass.; so I suppose we must, like the Arabs, "fold our tents" and "silently steal away." This makes thirty-two years of my experience, and thirty-six of Mr. Tucker's, in the itinerant field; a period of time, how long in the prospective, how short in the retrospective!

April 16.— Sabbath. My heart feels sorrowful to day when I reflect that this is the last Lord's day I am to meet and worship with this dear, affectionate people in the sanctuary. Distance may separate, but the chords of love which so bind us together cannot be broken. How often in our wanderings have we sighed for warm-hearted, affectionate friends like these, who love without dissimulation and throw around you a feeling of interest in your personal welfare, with all those nameless appliances so difficult to describe but so grateful to the recipient, giving that home feeling so delightful, particularly to those who, like us, have no permanent and *real* home in this wide world.

April 23. — Sabbath. Have attended divine services to day for the first time in Medford. The meeting-house is known as the Pickering Church, having been built through the efforts of that veteran herald of the Cross, Rev. George Pickering. The building of this church was one of the last acts of his long and noble life. It is a fine, comfortable edifice, but the society is small and the congregation not numerous.

During our brief residence in this place, circumstances have transpired which render our efforts at usefulness somewhat problematical. Several difficulties which had their origin in the

beginning of this society have impeded its progress, and the prospects for usefulness on the part of its minister are seriously impaired. Mr. Tucker never relished contentions, and always preferred to endure rather than resist encroachments upon any of his prerogatives; consequently his situation here has grown more and more embarrassing, so much so, that after much prayerful consideration of the case he has concluded to resign his charge. I think he will not take another appointment from Conference, but will retire to some humble spot where he may aid a little, though retired from the heat of battle. I am willing to travel in the Conference as long as my dear husband wishes it, but we both sigh for a little rest, both mental and physical.

April 25, 1848. — Conference commenced to-day in Springfield. Mr. Tucker has sent a request to be favored with a superannuated relation to the same. He has travelled constantly in the itinerant connection for thirty seven-years, and I have accompanied him in his pilgrimage thirty three-years. He was a mere boy when he commenced travelling in the New-England Conference, which for many years included all the New-England States. How very little the present generation of preachers know of the inconveniences, privations, and oftentimes real

hardships the older class of ministers and their families have endured in travelling from place to place, preaching the gospel of Christ, and building up his Church, often in the face of disheartening difficulties.

When I look back upon many of the scenes through which we have passed, of fatigue, cold, and even hunger, I am certainly astonished, that with the little measure of grace I possess I have been able to bear with fortitude the many discouraging and humiliating scenes in which I have been called to participate. Notwithstanding these privations, could I be satisfied that I have endured them for Christ and his cause, I would rejoice that I was thought worthy of suffering for righteousness' sake.

Mr. Tucker's request to the Conference for a superannuated relation has been granted, and a new era in our existence has commenced. Never before have we known freedom from the service of our friends or the Church, having always come and gone at others' bidding. Perhaps we shall soon tire of our liberty, and like the poor prisoner of whom I once read, who for some political offence was incarcerated for many long years in a prison, and, at length liberated by a new emperor coming into power, finding upon his return into society friends and relatives dead, blasted

prospects, and a cold, un pitying world, begged of the authorities to return him again to his cell, there to finish his days. We have prayed much over our new undertaking, and must now be content to leave the result with him who cannot err. God sees that when his poor servants have done what they could in his service they shall not suffer; no, I will not distrust him. Happy day when we shall be removed from scenes of anxiety, and see him as he is, to dwell forever in a home where there shall be no change!

Although my husband has retired from the active field of operations, yet it by no means follows that he is incapacitated for severe mental and physical exertion. His bodily and mental powers exhibit little if any signs of decay; yet, to use a popular phrase, he has passed the "dead line," a boundary which modern church-goers have set up to keep out the gray-headed ministers of the word. The growing notion, that only young and college-learned preachers will "draw" a large congregation, will, I am afraid, work injuriously to the cause of vital piety. The Methodist Church is indebted to these outspoken, zealous, and hardy pioneers, who, though they may be lacking the advantages of a classical education, were the efficient laborers to break up the fallow soil and plant the seed which has pro-

duced the present great and abundant harvest. The names and deeds of many self-sacrificing men will be remembered when the history of Methodism shall be written, and read in after years by its adherents, who, while worshipping in luxurious churches and delightedly listening to classic discourses, gracefully delivered by well-paid and well-fed ministers, can hardly conceive of the poorly recompensed toil which laid the foundations of such prosperity. It is to be hoped that our church will never discard the old fashioned means of grace, such as class-meetings, wide-awake prayer-meetings, camp-meetings, and other features which have in times past proved so efficient in the hands of our early preachers. The rules of its excellent Discipline should never be lost sight of by our church; neither the wise counsels of its tried and experienced old preachers, though their heads may be whitened by the march of time. There may be such a thing as spending too much time in elaborating the written discourse to be delivered on Sunday, — time that might be spent in visiting and praying among the members of church and congregation. God has been pleased to signally bless the efforts of his ministers in thus practically working not only from the pulpit but with and among the hearers.

November. — Mr. Tucker is now sustaining a superannuated relation to the Conference, and we have retired to pass the evening of our days in a quiet and humble home situated in North Quincy, Mass., purchased by our small savings and the assistance of our son. In the adjoining village of Neponset, just over the river from our place, are several Methodist families, and it is the intention of Mr. Tucker to endeavor to get up a religious interest, and, if possible, from this nucleus to form a society. *

Nov. 25. — Mr. Tucker having commenced preaching in Union Hall, Neponset, and the enterprise promising to be quite successful, it occurred to me that a Sabbath-school might also be formed profitably: so one Sabbath day, finding some boys skating on a pond in the vicinity of our house, I made bold to go out and speak to them. They were rather a rude and uncultivated set, but I addressed them politely and kindly invited them to call on me upon a certain day the ensuing week, and, if they came with clean hands, faces, and clothing to join my Sunday-school, each bringing another with him, I would make each of them a present of a painting in water colors. When the day came, I was surprised and gratified to meet eleven boys and one girl, all cleanly and neatly dressed. I

received them with a cordial greeting and soon put them at their ease. The next Sabbath they came again to the school with several additional children, and in the course of a few weeks I had thirty scholars.

In the meantime Mr. Tucker had formed a class which numbered over thirty members, and every thing seemed prosperous, with a prospect of a good and harmonious little society, when I was suddenly stricken down with an attack of paralysis, which not only disabled me for the time being but will incapacitate me for active bodily and mental effort for the balance of my existence. My strength, which had heretofore seemed almost inexhaustible and equal to any demands made upon it, has almost entirely failed, but, thanks to my heavenly Father! my mind is still unclouded, and my faculties unimpaired with the exception of my speech, which is somewhat thick and broken.

As henceforward matters of a personal and family character will principally occupy my attention, I conclude my writing for the eyes of friends outside of the family circle who may take an interest in noting some of the events in the career of an itinerant preacher of the olden time. If the imperfect record of these events in a pioneer Methodist preacher's history,

hastily written, often times in the few hurried moments snatched from imperative duties, may interest a few of our Methodist friends, and others who are curious to know something of the early husbandmen in the present mighty vineyard, the object of the humble writer will have been attained.

III.

THE PILGRIMAGE ENDED.

IN a short time after Mr. Tucker received the relation of a superannuated minister in his Conference, we have seen him, through the kindly counsel of friends, settled in North Quincy, Mass., near Neponset Village; and there the aged couple continued to reside, enjoying the esteem and confidence of Christian brethren and sisters, until within about one year before Mrs. Tucker's death, which occurred, as already mentioned, in 1865, at South Dedham, Mass., to which place they had removed. Her funeral was attended by the Congregational and Methodist clergymen of the village, and her earthly remains were committed to Mother Earth. In "Zion's Herald" of Jan. 24, 1866, an obituary appeared, from which is transcribed the following:—

"Born in Corinth, Vt., Oct. 15, 1794, she had by more than a year exceeded the allotted three score and ten of human life; and having been

united in marriage to her now bereaved husband in April, 1816, she had been for almost fifty years the companion of his itinerancy in various parts of New England.

“Her natural talents were of a high order, and these she had assiduously cultivated as she had opportunity; so that in addition to the discharge of ordinary domestic duties she was able by the fruits of her pen and pencil, and by private tuition, to add to the allowance of her husband, often scanty, as was too frequently the case with the early ministers of our church. By a rich fund of humor, rare conversational powers, and the affability and vivacity of her manners, she enlivened the social circle; and by these qualities, together with her energy and force of will in surmounting difficulties, she greatly aided and cheered her companion in the peculiar trials of the ministerial work.

“Ardently attached to the church of her early choice, she often spoke of her loss in being deprived, during the latter years of her life, of its peculiar means of grace; and but three weeks before her death, visiting the family of the writer, she expressed herself as greatly blessed in attending the communion and class-meeting, and spoke of her desire to die in the triumphs of faith. Such was not the will of God. While sitting at dinner

she was struck with apoplexy, and after forty-eight hours of unconsciousness she quietly passed away. Those who have conversed with her of late, or read her correspondence, cannot doubt that the hand of her Father, so suddenly laid on her, has gently removed her to a mansion above. The prayers and sympathies of multitudes in various parts of New England will be with our venerable father in the gospel, on whom, in addition to the infirmities of age, is laid the weight of this deep affliction. May the abundant consolations of the Holy Spirit be richly ministered unto him!

In "Zion's Herald" of Aug. 17, 1871, is also the following tribute to the memory of the deceased FATHER TUCKER:—

"Another veteran has gone! Rev. Thomas W. Tucker, of the New-England Conference, died in Chelsea, Sunday evening, Aug. 6. He was more than eighty years of age, and had he lived until spring would have completed sixty years in the ministry. Two weeks before his death he opened the Preacher's Meeting with prayer, and was not considered dangerously sick until the evening before he died. The funeral service was held on Wednesday, Aug. 9, at two, P.M., in the Mt. Bellingham Methodist Episcopal Church, Chelsea, where he had been a con-

stant worshipper for the last few years of his long life.

“Several members of the Conference were present. The services were conducted by Revs. S. Cushing, L. Boyden, A. D. Sargeant, W. R. Clark, D.D., and the pastor of the church, after which his body was conveyed to South Dedham, and laid beside that of his devoted and much mourned wife, who fell asleep in Jesus several years before.

“Father Tucker was the senior member of the New-England Conference. He joined in 1812. His long life was without reproach. He was a devout, sunny, and lovable man. He died without a struggle, and has clasped hands ere this with Father Taylor, whom he led to the altar more than sixty years ago.

“Father Tucker was born in Charter Street, Boston, April 22, 1791. He was the youngest of a family of eight, none of whom survive him. His family was remarkable for the longevity and uniform good health of its members. Two died at sea from diseases contracted in a sickly climate, but the average ages of the other six were eighty years. He received a good city school education, having for one of his early masters, the celebrated Master Tileston, a name once famous in the school annals of Boston.

His memory in regard to events of a remote date and his personal recollections of individuals were something remarkable. An instance of the tenacity of his memory occurred in the office of his son a few years since. He wished a bank-bill changed, and his son in making change gave him a bill on the Revere Bank of Boston. The old gentleman looked at it a moment, and then exclaimed, "I declare, if this isn't old Paul Revere!" The bill was ornamented with a likeness of the old patriot, which was instantly recognized by Father Tucker, although Paul Revere had been dead more than fifty years.

He loved the institutions and customs of his native city, and on holidays took a boyish pleasure in visiting the beloved old Boston Common. Indeed all of his amusements were of almost childish simplicity. He became a convert to Methodism at the age of about sixteen. Possessing a sweet and melodious voice, he early joined the choir of the old Bromfield-lane Church, and was always ready to lift up his voice in the prayer and other meetings. His soft and soothing voice has on almost numberless occasions soothed the unrest of the sick chamber, whilst his beautiful gift in prayer has solaced many a departing soul.

At the age of nineteen he met with that

“diamond in the rough” Father Taylor, at an evening meeting in the vestry of Bromfield-lane Church. His sympathetic attention was arrested by the anxiety of the rough sailor, and he took him in hand and by the hand, leading him to the altar, where he found peace in believing. Father Taylor once addressed him in the hearing of the writer, “Father Tucker, my earthly savior!” The strong affection of the sailor preacher for Father Tucker was demonstrated in a lively and characteristic manner whenever they met. Father Tucker’s piety was of a practical kind, and he never omitted an opportunity to offer words of prayer, or drop a word of reproof, as the occasion demanded. He was not a demonstrative man, but always sought to win people. His life was a long but not a useless one, as thousands can testify. He has earned a large reward, and has gone to receive it.”



