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Samuel Harvey
Manuscript

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General S. S. ...

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VICISSITUDES
IN THE
WILDERNESS;
EXEMPLIFIED,
IN THE
JOURNAL OF
PEGGY DOW.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
AN APPENDIX OF HER DEATH,
AND ALSO,
REFLECTIONS ON MATRIMONY,
BY **LORENZO DOW.**

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband : but she that maketh
ashamed is as rottenness in his bones.—Prov. xii. 4.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall
have no need of spoil.

She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.—Prov.
xxxi. 10, 11, 12.

FIFTH EDITION.

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VICISSITUDES, &c.

I WAS born in the year 1780, in Granville, Massachusetts; of parents that were strangers to God; although my father was a member of the church of England; and my mother had been raised by pious parents of the Presbyterian order. But, whether she had any sense of the necessity of the new birth and holiness of heart I cannot say; for she was called to a world of spirits when I was but five months old; leaving behind six children, two sons and four daughters. My eldest sister being about fifteen years old—my father married in about six months after the death of my mother; and although the woman that he married was an industrious good house wife, yet he lost his property, and was reduced very low, by the sinking of continental money; and the children were scattered as a consequence. My eldest sister married when I was six years old—and she prevailed on my father to give me to her, which accordingly he did: and I was carried into the State of *New York*, and saw his face no more!*

My tender heart was often wrought upon by the Spirit of God—and I was at times very unhappy, for fear I should die, and what would become of my soul! I was early taught that there was a God, a heaven and hell; and that there was a preparation necessary to fit me for those mansions of rest, prepared for all that are faithful until death! My heart often mourned before God, young as I was, for something, I scarce knew what, to make me happy! I dared not to sleep without praying to God, as

* The summer past, in my journey to the east, I met with a half brother, whom I had not seen for twenty-seven years—and with whom my *father* died: and also was at one of my sisters, whom I had not seen but once for twenty years. She being nine or ten years older than myself, was able to inform me of some particulars concerning my *mother's* death, which were a consolation to me,

well as I knew how, for many years. My sister's husband being a man not calculated to gain the world, although they had no children, I was raised to labour as much as my strength would permit; and perhaps more, as my constitution was very delicate, from my birth. But the Lord was my helper, though I knew him not by an experimental knowledge—yet I had a fear of him before my eyes! And he that taketh care of the young ravens cared for me. From the time that I was six years of age until I was eleven, my serious impressions never left me; but from twelve to fifteen I was mixing with those that were unacquainted with God, or the things that pertain to the kingdom of heaven. My mind was taken up with the vanities of this present world, although my heart was often tender under the preaching of the gospel, so that I could weep and mourn; yet I did not seek the Lord in earnest to the saving of my soul. At the age of fifteen, the Lord laid his rod upon me in taking away my health, which was not restored until I was seventeen. In that time I was much afraid I should be called to pass the dark valley—but the Lord was pleased to restore me to health again in a good degree; and at the age of nineteen, I set out to seek my soul's salvation, through many trials and difficulties! The *Methodists'* preaching and zeal were new in that part of the country where I lived at that time; and my sister's husband was very much opposed to them, so that it made my way very trying; but I was determined, come what might, that I would take up my cross, and follow *Jesus* in the way—I was willing, and gave up all my young companions, and all the diversions of which I had been very fond—such as dancing, and company that feared not God; and the Lord, who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not, gave me *peace* and *consolation* in him. My sister and myself joined the first *Society*, that was raised in that part of the country, at a neighbourhood called *Fish Creek*, about four miles from where we lived; where we attended preaching and class-meeting once every week—And the Lord was very precious to my *soul* in those days.

About that time, my brother-in-law was brought to see himself a sinner, and embraced religion; and we

were a happy family, although but three in number. We often felt like heaven begun below, Jesus precious to our souls! The preachers made our house their home, at that time, and it was my delight to wait on them. I felt as if I could lie at their feet, and learn instruction from their lips. My chief delight was in going to meeting; and praising and singing praises to my God and Saviour. We had preaching once in two weeks in our neighbourhood, but few attended for nearly two years; yet the preachers continued to preach, and that in faith, and the Lord heard and gave them their hearts' desire! They formed a little *class*, consisting only of seven; my brother and sister, two other men and their wives, and myself, composed the society in the place where I lived. We had class-meeting and prayer-meeting every week at the beginning; and it was but a few months before the Lord burst the cloud, and the work broke out, and sixty or seventy were added to the number. We had precious times of the out-pouring of the Spirit of God! If we met only for prayer-meeting, oftentimes our meetings would last until twelve and one o'clock, and *souls* would be so filled with *divine love*, that they would fall prostrate on the floor, and praise Christ their King! So we continued to love like children of one family, for two or three years; when some difficulties took place; however, none were turned out of society. O! how sweet it is for *brethren* to dwell together in **UNITY**—but how often doth the enemy of mankind make use of that most destructive weapon, **DIVISION!** to destroy the souls of the fallen race of Adam!—O that *Christians* would make a stand against him; and live and love like children of one family!—that the world might say—“*See how these Christians love one another.*”

After this, I lived in love and union with my brethren for two years or more; and enjoyed the privilege of preaching and class-meetings, and had many precious seasons to my soul!

About this time, “*Camp-Meetings*” began to be introduced into that part of the country; and was attended with the power of God, in the conversion of many precious souls!

At this time, there was one about thirty miles from where I then lived; and my brother-in-law attended it; where he met with *Lorenzo Dow*, on his way to *Canada*; and invited him home with him, to preach at our preaching-house, and sent on the appointment a day or two before hand, so that the people might get notice. And as he was a *singular* character, we were very *anxious* to see and hear him. The day arrived, he came, and the house was crowded; and we had a good time! I was very much afraid of him, as I had heard such *strange things* about him!

He was invited to my brother-in-law's, but did not come for several days. He had appointments to preach twice and thrice in the day. However, at last he came, and tarried all night. The next morning he was to preach five or six miles from our house; and little did I think that he had any thoughts of *marrying*, in particular that he should make any proposition of the kind to *me*; but so it was, he returned that day to dinner; and in conversation with my sister, concerning me, he inquired of her, how long I had professed *religion*? She told him the length of time. He requested to know whether I kept wicked company? She told him I did not; and observed, that I had often said, "I had rather marry a *Preacher* than any other man, provided I was worthy; and that I would wish them to *travel* and be *useful* to souls. By this time I happened to come into the room, and he asked me if I had made any such remarks? I told him I had. He then asked me if I would accept of such an object as him? I made him no reply, but went directly out of the room—as it was the first time he had spoken to me, I was very much surprised. He gave me to understand, that he should return to our house again in a few days, and would have more conversation with me on that subject; which he did, after attending a meeting ten or twelve miles from where I lived. He returned the next evening, and spoke to me on the subject again, when he told me that he would marry, provided he could find one that would consent to his travelling and preaching the gospel; and if I thought I could be willing to marry him, and give him up to go, and do his duty, and not see him,

perhaps, or have his company more than one month out of thirteen, he should feel free to give his hand to me; but if I could not be willing to let him labour in the vineyard of his God, he dared not to make any contract of the kind; for he could not enjoy peace of mind in any other sphere. He told me I must weigh the matter seriously before God, whether I could make such an engagement, and conform to it; and not stand in his way, so as to prevent his usefulness to souls! I thought I would rather marry a man that loved and feared God, and that would strive to promote virtue and religion among his fellow mortals, than any other; although I felt myself inadequate to the task, without the grace of God to support me! Yet I felt willing to cast my lot with his; and be a help, and not a hindrance to him, if the Lord would give me grace; as I had no doubt that he would, if I stood as I ought—and I accepted of his proposal. He was then on his way to *Canada*, from thence to the *Mississippi Territory*; and did not expect to return in much less than two years; then if Providence spared, and the way should open for a union of that kind, *when* he returned, we would be married! But would strive in that case, as well as in all others of such importance, to lay it before the Lord: and be directed by him, as far as we could judge: and not rush precipitately into a state, that so much concerned our happiness in this world and the next—As I doubt not many engage in the holy bands of matrimony, without once considering its importance, and the obligations they lay themselves under to each other, to do all in their power, to make the silken cord not prove a chain of iron!

He left me, and went on his way, to preach the gospel through *Canada*, and from thence to the *South*, and was gone for near two years before he returned; he left an appointment for a Camp-Meeting, in conjunction with some of the preachers, on his return, which he fulfilled: and on September the fourth, we were joined in the bands of matrimony, late in the evening. There was not any present but the family, and the preacher who performed the ceremony! Early in the morning he started for the *Mississippi Territory*, in com-

pany with my brother-in-law, who intended to remove to that country if he should like it, as Lorenzo had a chain of appointments, previously given out, for four thousand miles.

I expected to continue to live with my sister, as she had no children, and was much attached to me, or seemed to be so at that time—but the Lord ordered it otherwise. My Lorenzo was gone about seven months, before he returned to me. My brother-in-law was pleased with the country, and intended to return to it with his family, in a few months. My husband was preparing to go to *Europe*, in the fall. He returned, and stayed with me about two weeks: and then started for *Canada*, and left me with my sister. They were preparing to remove to the *Mississippi* in July—this was in May—and my *Lorenzo* was to meet them in the western country, where they were to carry me; and from thence we would go to New York, and they continue on their journey to the *Mississippi* Territory. But he went on as far as Vermont, and held a number of meetings, where he saw his sisters that lived there; and then feeling an impulse to return to *Western*, where I then was, he gave up the intended tour through *Canada*, and came back, prepared to take me to New York city, where he intended to embark for *Europe*.

We stayed a few weeks in *Western*, until my brother-in-law got his temporal concerns settled; and then, after bidding my friends and brethren in the Lord farewell! we set off for New York, attended by my *sister*, who went the same road we were going, eighteen or twenty miles; where Lorenzo held several meetings, and stayed two or three days together; and then bid each other farewell, expecting to meet again in eighteen months or two years. But the *providence* of God did not favour this, or the *interference* of the *Enemy* of mankind prevented—for we never met again: and could I have foreseen what awaited my unfortunate sister in the country to which she was bound, the parting would have been doubly distressing. But it is happy for us that we do not know what is in futurity, as the great Master knoweth best how to prepare our minds for greater tribulation, while we travel through this world of woe! Our parting was

truly sorrowful and afflicting, but it was light when compared to what followed!

We left *Westmoreland*, and went down to *Albany*, where Lorenzo had some acquaintances, and stayed for several days at the house of Mr. Taylor, and were treated as if we were their children.

Now my sphere of life was altered. It was the first time I had been so far from home without my sister; she was like a mother to me, as I knew no other. My heart often trembled at what was before me, to be continually among strangers; being so little acquainted with the ways of the world, it made me feel like one at a loss how to behave, or what to do.

Lorenzo was very affectionate and attentive to me. He left me at Albany with sister Taylor, who was going down to New York in a sloop. As I was very much fatigued by riding on horseback, he thought it best for me to go down with her, by water; while he went by land, rode one horse, and led the other. He arrived in New York perhaps four and twenty hours before me. I went on board, for the first time that I ever was on the water, except to cross a ferry.

It made me somewhat gloomy to be on board the vessel among strangers, while going down the river to the city of New York, as I had never been in such a place before. However, we landed about ten o'clock at night, where I met Lorenzo, who had been on the look out for some time. We went to a friend's house, that had been very kind to him in days past, who then belonged to the Methodist church. I felt much embarrassed, as I had never been in the city before. We stayed in New York several weeks, and had some precious meetings. Here I became acquainted with some kind friends, who were to me like mothers and sisters; whilst Lorenzo left me and went to fulfil some appointments he had made in *Virginia* and *North Carolina*, and expecting only to be gone five or six weeks; but was detained, contrary to his expectation, near three months. In that time the fever, that was common in the city of New York, broke out, and I went with *Mr. Quackenbush* to the country, about forty miles up the river, to a brother *Wilson's*, where she carried her children to go to school.—Here

I stayed several weeks. They were people of a handsome property; but the more we have the more we want, as has been observed by many: And I think it will hold good almost without exception; for they were as much engaged to gain property, as if they had only bread from hand to mouth. I was a stranger, and many times I felt as such, but the Lord gave me support, so that I was tolerable cheerful in the absence of my companion! Before he returned, I went back to New York, where I stayed until he came; and prepared to sail for *Europe*, which was some time in November. We obtained a *protection* from our *government*, when leaving the country for England. It was necessary to have witnesses to prove that he was the Lorenzo Dow that was identified and intended in the documents, which he had obtained from the United States of America. Consequently he got N. S. and J. Q. to go before a notary public, and certify that he was the same Lorenzo Dow referred to in the documents. Mr. N. S. gave in under oath, that "he knew him from his youth, *

* * * * *

holy gospel!" And about the same time he wrote letters to Ireland and England, to make his way narrow in those countries. And no thanks to him that it did not bring Lorenzo into the greatest distress and difficulties that a man could have been brought into! But through the mercy of God it was otherwise *overruled*!

He gave me my choice, to go with him, or stay with friends in America, as there were many that told us I might stay with them, and be as welcome as their children; and strove to prevent my going to a land where I would find many difficulties and dangers to encounter that I was unacquainted with, and could not foresee. But I chose to go, and take my lot and share with him of whatever might befall us. Consequently, on the 10th of November, 1805, we set sail from New York for Liverpool, in Old England. We embarked about 10 o'clock, with a fine breeze. They spread their canvass, and were soon under way.

Lorenzo came into the cabin, and told me to go on deck, and bid farewell to my native land! I did so—and the city began to disappear! I could discover the

houses to grow smaller and smaller; and at last could see nothing but the chimneys and the tops of the houses; then all disappeared, but the masts of vessels in the harbour. In a short time nothing remained but a boundless ocean opening to view; and I had to depend upon nothing but the Providence of God! I went down into the cabin, and thought perhaps I should see my native land no more!

The vessel being tossed to and fro on the waves, I began to feel very sick, and to reflect I was bound to a foreign land; and, supposing I should reach that country, I knew not what awaited me there. But this was my comfort, the same God presided in *England* that did in *America*!—I thought if I might find one real *femalè friend*, I would be satisfied.

I continued to be sea-sick for near two weeks, and then recovered my health better than I had enjoyed it in my life before.

We were twenty-seven days out of sight of land. The vessel being in a very bad situation, we had not been at sea more than five or six days, before the rudder began to fail; so they could not have commanded her at all, if the wind had been unavourable. The weather was very rough and stormy; but through the mercy of God, the *wind* was favourable to our *course*, so that we reached safe our place of destination.

When we arrived in the river at Liverpool, we were not permitted to land, until they could send up to *London*, and get returns from there, as our vessel came from a port subject to the yellow fever; on that account, we were obliged to stay in that river, for ten days, before we were permitted to come on shore.

I never saw a *woman* for thirty-seven days, except one who came along side our vessel, to bespeak the captain as a boarder at her house, when he should come on shore.

I strove to pray much to God to give us favour in the eyes of the people, and open the way for Lorenzo, to do the errand that he came upon; and to give him success in preaching the gospel to poor sinners. The prospect was often gloomy. Lorenzo used to say to me, keep up

your spirits—we shall yet see good days in Old England, before we leave it, as the sequel proved.

We went on shore the twenty-fourth or fifth of December. Lorenzo had a number of letters to people in Liverpool. Some were letters of recommendation; others, to persons from their friends in America.

We went with the master of the vessel to a boarding house, where I was left until Lorenzo went to see what the prospect might be, and whether he could meet with any that would open the way for him to get access to the people. After giving out all the letters but *one*, he returned to me: having been two or three hours absent without any particular success.

The house that I tarried at, was a boarding-house, for American captains; and the women that were there, were wicked enough!—My heart was much pained to hear my own sex taking the name of their Maker and preserver, in vain! O! thought I, shall I never meet again with any that love and fear God?—Lorenzo intended to go and find the person that the *last* letter was directed to, and told me I might either stay there or go with him. I chose to go with him, rather than be left with them any longer.—It was almost night, and we had not much to depend upon, without the openings of Providence. We started, but could not find the person, for some time. However, at last, as we were walking, Lorenzo looked up to the corner, and happened to espy the name that he was after; accordingly we went up to the door, and gave a rap, and were admitted.—He delivered the letter. There was a woman from *Dublin*, who seeing that we were strangers and foreigners, began to enquire of Lorenzo, for some persons in America; and shortly after this, she asked him, if he had ever heard of a man by the name of *Lorenzo Dow*? Not knowing that any one in that country could have any knowledge of him, it was *very* surprising to *me*. He told her, that was his name, and she was as much surprised in her turn. She had seen him in *Ireland*, when he was there some years before; but did not know him now, as he had the small pox after she had seen him, which had made a great alteration in his appearance.

The man of the house invited us to tarry all night, but the woman made some objections!—They were friends

(quakers,) and told us, there was a quaker lady just across the street that kept a boarding house, where we could be accommodated with lodgings for the night. And as it was then something late in the evening, the man conducted us thither, where we obtained permission to stay.

As Lorenzo had but little to depend upon but the openings of Providence,—he intended to go to *Ireland*, and take me to his friends, and leave me there; as he had wrote to that country and had returns from his old friend, DOCTOR JOHNSON, with an invitation for him to bring me; and that I should have a home at his house, as long as we chose, whilst he pursued his travels through Ireland and England. Lorenzo went and procured a passage across the channel, in a packet to Dublin; but did not sail for several days. So we had to stay in Liverpool for some time. Our *board* was more than two guineas a week, which was bringing Lorenzo very short as to money. At last we got on board of the packet, with our little baggage, and some provisions for the voyage; but the wind proved unfavourable, and we were driven back into the port of Liverpool again; and that was the case for no less than five times running.

Before this, our friend that we met at the Quakers, had introduced us to a family of people who were *Methodists*, where the woman was a very affectionate friend; which opened the door for acquaintance, and we had been there several times.

Our landlady that we were boarding with told us we could not stay with her any longer, so we must go elsewhere, as her house was full.

The last time we went on board of the packet, and put to sea, we had not been out more than two or three hours before the wind blew a gale; and it was so dark that they could not see their hand before them on deck; and we knew not how shortly we might be cast on rocks or sand banks, and all sent to eternity. There were some on board, who before the storm came up, had been very profane in taking the *name* of their *Maker* in vain; but when they saw and felt the danger that they were in, they were as much alarmed as any persons could be!

I could not but wonder that people would or could be

so careless and secure whilst they saw no danger, but when the waves began to roll, and the ship began to toss to and fro, they were struck with astonishment and horror!

My husband and myself lay still in the birth, and strove to put our trust in that hand that could calm the roaring seas; and I felt measurably composed. At daylight, the captain made for the port of Liverpool again, and about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, we came into the dock; but as we were coming in, under full sail, and a strong tide, there was a large ship, of the African trade, that was lying at anchor in the harbour; we ran foul of her, but through mercy were preserved from much harm!

The weather was very rainy, the streets were muddy, and I had walked through the mud for a considerable distance; the prospect was gloomy beyond description, but my Lorenzo cheered my spirits, by telling me, the Lord would provide, which I found to be true!

We went to Mr. *Forshaw's*, the people that we were introduced to, by the friend that we saw at the Quaker's the first night we were in Liverpool. When my good friend, Mrs. *Forshaw*, now saw me returning, she was touched with pity for me, as I was very muddy and fatigued! She told Lorenzo he had better leave me with her, whilst he travelled through the country, until the weather was better; and then take me over to Ireland in the spring—which invitation we were very thankful for. O how the Lord provided for me in a strange land! where I had not any thing to depend upon but Providence!

My Lorenzo left me at her house, and proceeded up to *London*; where he was gone about two weeks. But previous to this the Lord had opened his way, so that he had held a number of meetings in Liverpool, and one woman had been brought to see herself a sinner, and seek the salvation of her soul.

I was at this time in a state of *****, and my mind somewhat depressed; but the Lord gave me favour in the eyes of the people, and they were very kind to me, while he was gone. I attended class-meetings and preaching, which was very refreshing to me. I felt to

bless God, that I had found the same *religion* in that country, as I had experienced in my own native land. I was sometimes very much distressed in mind, for fear my husband should die, and I be left in a strange land. But he returned to me in the time appointed; and had several invitations to other parts of the country, to hold meetings, which he accepted.

I left Liverpool with him, for Warrington, where he had been invited, by a man that came to Liverpool on business; who not knowing there was such a person as Lorenzo in the country, but feeling, after he had done his business, like he wanted to go to a meeting, and wandering about for some time, when he at last went into a meeting-house that belonged to the people called *Kilhamites*, where Lorenzo had been invited to preach, and found a congregation assembled to hear preaching; and after he had done, as the people were very solemn and attentive, and many were much wrought upon, this man invited Lorenzo to go to Warrington, where there was a little society of people called Quaker-methodists; and the meeting-house should be opened to him. He did so, and found them a very pious people. We stayed there for several weeks, and he held meetings two or three times in a day; while the Lord began a good work in that place, and many were brought to rejoice in the Lord! Peter Philips, the man that invited Lorenzo there, and his wife, were very friendly to us, and their house was our home ever after, when we were in Warrington.

A widow lady who lived there, had three daughters, one of whom lived in *London*, and the other with her. She came out to hear Lorenzo preach; and one day after meeting, she came to Peter Philips, to see us, and was very friendly. Lorenzo asked her if she had any children? She told him she had three; and that two were with her. He inquired if they professed religion? She told him that one of them had made a profession, but she had lost it, she was fearful; but the youngest never had. He requested her to tell them to come and see him; but the mother insisted that he should come and see them; and then he could have an opportunity to converse with them at home. He did so; and they

both became very serious, and came to his meetings. And although they had been very gay young women, they would come up to be prayed for in the public congregation. The result was, they got religion; and the youngest has since died happy in the Lord. The eldest came down from London on a visit to her mother's, where my Lorenzo saw her; and he was made an instrument in the hand of God, of her conversion to God. She was one of the most affectionate girls I ever saw!

We stayed in and about Warrington until May: in which time Lorenzo had openings to preach in different places, more than he could attend; and the Lord blessed his labours abundantly to precious souls!

In May we returned to Liverpool, and prepared to cross the channel to Ireland. We had a very pleasant passage, and arrived in safety where we found our kind friend, doctor Johnson and his family well; and were received with affection by many. The preachers that were in Dublin were very friendly, and I felt much united to them. We were invited to breakfast, dine, and sup, almost every day. But my situation being a delicate one, it made it somewhat * * * * * to me! The friends were as attentive to me as I could have wished; for which may the Lord fill my heart with gratitude.

Lorenzo stayed with me for some time, and then went into the country, where he held many meetings, and the Lord was with him. After which he returned to *Dublin*, and with the doctor, he went over again to *England*. I staid with Mrs. Johnson until his return, where I expected to continue until I should get through my approaching conflict, if it was the will of the Lord to bring me through. I felt in tolerable good spirits; and although I was many hundred miles from my native land, yet the Lord gave me favour in the eyes of the people. My wants were supplied, as it related to my present situation, abundantly!

Lorenzo stayed in England for six or eight weeks, and then returned to me, to be with me in my approaching conflict. He was very weak in body; but continued to preach two and three times in the day. He got some

books printed, which enabled him to prosecute his travels through the countries of Ireland and England.

Whilst he was absent, a woman had spoken to a doctor to attend me, when I should want him, which was not agreeable to my Lorenzo. But having gone so far, it was thought by those that employed him, that it was best not to employ any other; and I being unacquainted with the manners and customs of the country, was passive. My Lorenzo was much hurt, but I was not sensible of it, as much before as after. If I had, I should not have suffered it to have been so; but we often are mistaken in what will be best for us.

The time arrived that I must pass through the trial, and my Lorenzo was at the doctor's. But those that attended on me would not suffer him to come into the room where I was—which gave him much pain. I did not at that time know how much he was hurt—but after my child was born, which was on the 16th of September, between three and four o'clock, he was permitted to come in, and he had a white handkerchief on his head, and his face was as white as the handkerchief. He came to the bed, and took the child, observing to me, that we had got an additional charge—which if spared to us, would prove a blessing, or else one of the greatest trials that possibly we could have to meet with. I expect Lorenzo passed through as great a conflict in his *mind*, as he had almost ever met with. The Lord was my support at that time, and brought me safely through. The friends were very kind to me, and supplied my wants with every thing that was needful, and in about two weeks I was able to leave my room: my heart was glad, when I viewed my little daughter. She was a sweet infant. But O how short-lived are earthly joys! We stayed in Dublin until she was five weeks old; and then Lorenzo, with myself, and our little one, embarked on board a packet for Liverpool. The weather was rainy, and tolerable cold—there was no fire in the cabin. There were a number of passengers, who thought themselves rather above the middle class, men and women, who were civil to us: but I was so much afraid that my little infant would be too much exposed, that I neglected myself, and probably took cold—we were two nights and

one day on board the packet. We got into Liverpool about ten or eleven o'clock, where I was met by my good friend, Mrs. Forshaw; and went to her house, where we stayed a day or two, and then took the stage for Warrington, about eighteen miles from Liverpool, where we arrived on Sunday morning. Our friends, Peter Philips and his wife, were at meeting. Lorenzo went to the chapel. The people were very much rejoiced to see him. They had been concerned for us, as they had not heard from us for some time. The friends from the country, many of whom came to see us, while Lorenzo had meetings in town and country, two and three times in the day; and the Lord was present to heal mourning souls.

Dr. Johnson came with us from Ireland. He was much engaged in helping to bring souls to the knowledge of the truth; and was, I trust, made an instrument of good to many:—Lorenzo and the doctor travelled into various places in Lancashire and Cheshire, with some other counties, and many were brought to see themselves sinners, and seek their soul's salvation.

The people in that country seemed to feel much for me, and manifested it by numberless acts of kindness. For, instead of having to sell my gown for bread, as Lorenzo told me I might have to do, when we were in America, there was scarcely a day but I had presents of clothing or money, to supply myself with whatever I needed. O how grateful ought I to be to my great Benefactor, for all his mercies to unworthy me!

My little "*Letitia Johnson*," for so was my child called, grew, and was a very fine, attracting little thing. I found my heart was too much set upon it, so that I often feared I should love her too well; but strove to give myself and all that I had to my God.

Lorenzo was in a very bad state of health, which alarmed me very much. I often cried to the Lord to take my child or my health, but spare my dear husband! The thought was so painful to me, to be left in a strange land, with a child, so far from my native soil!—The Lord took me at my word, and laid his afflicting hand upon me.

Lorenzo and the doctor went to *Macclesfield*, and

expected to be gone about a week; and left me at Peter Philip's, where I was taken sick, the day they started, with the nervous fever—but kept up, and nursed my child, until two or three days before they returned. I thought I had taken a very severe cold, and should be better; but grew worse every day.

The friends were very kind to me, particularly Mary Barford, a young lady of *fortune*, who had got religion through the instrumentality of Lorenzo. She attended me two and three times a day. After I got so as not to be able to sit up, she hired a girl to take care of my child. My fever increased very fast, and the night before Lorenzo got to Warrington, I thought I was dying, and those that were about me were very much alarmed, and sent for a doctor; he came, and administered something to me. He said I was not dying, but that I was very sick! The next morning doctor Johnson and Lorenzo came; they found me in bed. The doctor thought perhaps I had taken cold, and it would wear off after giving me something to promote a copious sweat. But when he found that the fever continued to rise, he told us to prepare for the worst—for it was a nervous fever, and that it was probable it would carry me to a world of spirits.

I had continued to nurse my child for more than one week after I was taken sick, which was very injurious to her. The doctor forbade my suckling her any longer, which gave me much pain. They were obliged to take her from me and feed her with a bottle. My fever increased, and rose to such a height, that it was thought I could not survive many days! The doctor stayed with me, and payed every attention in his power, for twenty days and nights. Lorenzo was not undressed, to go to bed, for near three weeks, nor the doctor for nearly the same length of time.

My kind friends gave me every assistance in their power: they came from the country, for many miles distant, to see if we were in want of any thing that they could help us to. May the Lord reward them for their kindness to me, in the day of adversity.—Our dear friend, Mary Barford, used to come every day two or three times to see me, and administer to my necessities; and many others came also. She was a precious girl,

and although she had been raised in the first circle, would go into the houses of the poor, and supply their wants, and nurse and do for them like she had been a servant. Although Lorenzo was so broke of his rest and fatigued by night, yet he held meetings almost every day, some of which were a considerable distance from town; and as he was weak in body, our friend M. B. frequently hired a hack, to convey him to his appointments and back, so that he was with me the greatest part of the time.

I was very much reduced, so that I was almost as helpless as an infant.

There was a chair-maker's shop adjoining the house, and the room that I was confined in being most contiguous, the noise of the shop, together with that of the town, was very distressing to me—likewise the family was large, and the house small, so that it was very uncomfortable. We were under the necessity of having some person to sit up with me every night, for my fever raged to that degree I wanted drink almost every moment. The light was not extinguished in my room for six or eight weeks. My poor child was very fretful; the girl that nursed it would get to sleep and let it cry; this distressed my mind, and it was thought best by my friends to get some person to take it to the country, to be nursed there.

To be separated from my child was very painful to me; but as my life was despaired of by my friends, and as I myself had not much expectation that I should recover, I strove to give it up, knowing it would be best for the child, and for me also.

There was a woman from Cheshire, who lived about ten miles distant from Warrington, that had no children.—She came to see me, and offered to take my baby and nurse it, until I should die or get better—which was agreed to—so they made ready, and she took it! But O the heart-rending sorrow that I felt on the separation with my helpless little infant! Language cannot paint it! But the Lord was my support in that trying hour, so that I was enabled to bear it with some degree of fortitude. I was anxious to get well and return to *America*; but little did I know what awaited me on my

native shore! My disorder affected my mind very much. Likewise I was very desirous to see my sister that raised me, once more in time; she was as near to me as a mother. We had heard that they had arrived safe at the Mississippi territory, and were like to do well.

At times I was very *happy*; and then at other times my mind was very gloomy, and sunk, as it were. The doctor said that he never saw any one's nerves so affected, that did not die, or quite lose their reason for a time. But I retained my *senses* and recollection as well as ever, although it seemed that I scarce slept at all!

As I was surrounded with noise, the doctor thought it would be better for me to be removed to a friend's house in the country, who lived about four miles from where I was. Accordingly they hired a long coach, and put a bed in it, and then a man took me in his arms, and put me in; and the doctor and Lorenzo got into the coach with me, and carried me four miles into the country, to a friend's house, where I had every attention paid me that I could wish for; and from that time I began to mend and recover.—This was about Christmas.

Lorenzo felt a desire to visit *Ireland* once more before he returned to America, and he wished to make arrangements to return in the spring; and if he did not go to Ireland in a short time, he could not go at all. I was at that time so low, that I could not get up, or assist myself so much as to get a drink of water—and it was doubtful whether I should recover again or not.

He told me what he felt a desire to do, but added, that he would not go unless I felt quite willing. I told him, the same merciful God presided over us, when separated, as when we were together; and that he would provide for me, as he had done in a strange land, through my present illness: and wished him to go and do his duty! Accordingly, he hired a young woman to come and stay with me night and day.

He had to preach at a place about two miles from where I was, at night; and told me, perhaps he should not return that night; and if he did not he should not return to see me again, before he left that part for Ireland. However, I thought he would return to me again before he left England—but he, to save me the pain of parting,

did not return, as I had expected, but took the coach for *Chester*, and so on to *Hollyhead* in *Wales*, there to embark for *Dublin*; and left the doctor to stay with me, until his return; which he did, and was as a father and friend to me in his absence.

Although I felt willing for him to go and blow the gospel trumpet, yet my heart shrunk at the thought of being left in a strange land, in my present situation, so weak that I could not put on my clothes without help: and my sweet little babe at a considerable distance from me, and amongst strangers. But the Lord was my support, and gave me strength to be, in some considerable degree, resigned to the will of God!

Lorenzo went on the outside of the coach, exposed to the inclement weather, and to the rude insults of the passengers, until he got to *Hollyhead*, where he went on board a packet for *Dublin*, when he was both wet and cold, and was for four and twenty hours without food. But when he got to Mrs. Johnson's, he found her, as ever, a friend indeed: where he stayed until he got recruited, and then commenced his travels; whilst I was left behind, to encounter the most trying scene that I had ever met with.

My strength gradually increased, so that I was in a few weeks able to sit up and to walk about the room. The people that I was with, were as kind and attentive as they could be—may the Lord reward them. But the doctor thought it would be best for me to go to another neighbourhood, as a change of *air* and new objects might contribute to my health; and I should be nearer my child, which was a pleasing thought to me. We got into a carriage, and went to a friend's house, eight or ten miles, where I had been invited and sent for. We stayed a week or more, and then we went to another place, within two miles of my child, which I expected to see and clasp to my bosom! O how short-lived are all earthly enjoyments! I did see my sweet little babe once more! The woman that had her brought her to see me; my heart leaped with joy at the sight. The innocent smile that adorned her face! O how pleasing, I wished very much to keep her, but the doctor would not consent that I should undertake to nurse her. He

said, I had not recovered my strength sufficient to go through the fatigue of nursing. But he that gave it, provided for it better than I could; he saw it best to transplant it in a happier soil than this; for in two or three days, the flower that began to bloom, was nipt by the cold hand of death, after a short illness of perhaps two or three days; my tender babe was a lifeless lump of clay, and her happy spirit landed on the peaceful shore of BLEST ETERNITY.

They kept me in ignorance of her sickness, until she was dead. I could not tell why my mind was so much distressed on the account of my child. I inquired of every one that I could see from where she was; but they would not tell me of her danger, until she was dead. I was then about four miles from her, where I had gone the day that she died. A kind sister walked that distance to let me know that my little Letitia was no more; lest some one should too abruptly communicate the heavy tidings; as my health was not yet restored, and it was feared that it would be attended with some disagreeable consequences! I was much surprised to see sister Wade come, as I had left her house only the day before. The first question, I asked how my child was? She made me no reply. It struck my mind very forcibly, that *she* was no more! I requested her to tell me the worst, for I was prepared for it—My mind had been impressed with a foreboding for some time! She told me my child was gone, to return no more to me! I felt it went to my heart, in sensations that I cannot express!—it was a sorrow, but not without hope—I felt my babe was torn from my bosom by the cruel hand of death! But the summons was sent by him that has a right to give and take away. He had removed my innocent infant far from a world of grief and sin! perhaps for my good; for I often felt my heart too much attached to it; so much, that I feared it would draw my heart from my duty to my God! O the danger of loving any creature in preference to our Saviour! I felt as one alone—my Lorenzo in Ireland—my child was gone to a happier clime! I strove to sink into the will of God; but the struggle was very severe, although I thought

I could say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

The day that my child was carried to Warrington, to be interred in the burying ground of the quaker-methodists, about ten miles from where she died, I felt as though I must see her before she was consigned to the dust, to be food for worms. They had to carry the corpse by the house that I was at—my friends opposed it so warmly, urging my present state of health as a reason. I thought perhaps it would be best, and strove to compose myself, and use my reason, and resign my all into the hands of the Lord—it was a severe struggle, but the Friend of sinners supported me under all my afflictions.

They carried my sweet little Leuitia, and consigned her to the tomb, there to rest until the last trump shall sound, and the body and spirit be re-united again: and then we shall see how glorious is immortality!

I wrote to my Lorenzo the day that our child died; he did not get it, but wrote to me, and mentioned, that he wished to see me and the child, which opened afresh the wound that had been received—but he got the news by way of Mrs. Johnson. He wrote to me, that he intended to return to America in the spring, which I was very anxious for. My health began to get better, so that I was able to walk two miles at a time, as walking was very customary among the people in that country. I felt a desire to return to Warrington, which I did in a canal boat, and was kindly received by my good friends and benefactors, Peter and Hannah Philips, with many others that had contributed to my comfort, while afflicted with sickness and distress. I stayed in the town of Warrington for several weeks, with my friends, and was frequently at the little chapel, where my sweet little infant's remains were deposited—and I often felt a pleasure of the sweetest kind, in contemplating that my child had escaped all the vanities and dangers of the treacherous and uncertain world, for the never-fading glories of paradise, where I hoped, when life should end, I should meet her to part no more!—notwithstanding, I felt the loss very sensibly.

I wrote to Lorenzo from that place, and received an answer, which was calculated to console my heart, and

comfort me under my present affliction. He desired me to meet him in *Liverpool*, on the first of March, which I did. I went by the way of *Frodsham*, in Cheshire, down the river, in a large flat, with a man and his wife, that were employed to bring the rock for making salt. The river had been frozen considerably, and was full of ice; and when the tide came in, it appeared very alarming to me; but after a little the boat got under way, and we had a tolerable pleasant sail down the river to *Liverpool*, where I met with Mr. and Mrs. Forshaw, my kind friends that had succoured me in days past, when I had no one to depend upon on that side of the great ocean!—They still were, as ever, friendly; where I stayed until near the middle of March, when Lorenzo returned from Ireland, which made my heart rejoice!

We left *Liverpool* in a canal boat for the country, and visited several towns, where Lorenzo preached to numerous congregations. The people were remarkably attentive. There was a pleasant prospect opened before him, and he received more invitations to preach in different parts of the country than he could attend.

There had a number of people determined to come from Ireland to America with us; and were accordingly to meet us in *Liverpool* in April. Consequently, we had but a few weeks to stay in and about *Warrington*. I had become so much attached to the friends, that it was truly painful to part with them. Our friends came from various parts of the country to bid us farewell; and we had sweet and melting times together, not expecting to meet again until we should meet in a blissful eternity.

We left *Warrington* for *Lymn*, where Lorenzo preached, and bid the people farewell! They were much affected. We parted with a hope of meeting in a better and a happier world. From thence we went to *Preston-Brook*; where Lorenzo preached again another farewell. It was a precious time to many. From there to *Frodsham*—the people flocked round him with the greatest affection, for there the Lord had blessed his labours in a peculiar manner to the souls of many. He preached to them for the last time, and bid them an affectionate farewell, while they were bathed in tears, seemingly as much pained as though they were parting with a parent.

From thence he went to Chester, the most ancient city, perhaps, in that country, except London! He left me to come in the coach a few days after, whilst he visited the country adjacent. Accordingly I met him on the day appointed, and we stayed some time in Chester. It was a great curiosity, as it was built on the most ancient construction: being walled in, quite round, and the outside of the wall very high; there was a trench dug on the outside, and it was walled up from that. The top of the wall was wide enough for a carriage to pass, with a breast-work sufficiently high to prevent any thing from falling over, and upon the inside was another similar!

The antiquity of the houses, and the nobleness of the public buildings, struck me with a solemnity that I cannot express. My thoughts ran to times that had gone by, when those that had laid the foundation of these walls were animated with life and activity! Where are they now? They have gone to a world of spirits—and we must shortly follow them! And those that take our place, will wonder at the labour of our hands in like manner!

The country is truly delightful that surrounds the city of Chester. It was in the spring when I was there, when every thing wears a pleasing appearance.

The people were very hospitable and kind, at least they were so to me.

We left Chester for Liverpool in a little sail boat, and the river was something rough. There was a number of passengers, which made it quite unpleasant; but we arrived safe in the evening, where we met our friends from Ireland, that intended to come to America with us. Lorenzo had made the necessary preparations for the voyage; and he had chartered the cabin and steerage for the accommodation of passengers, at a lower rate than he could have got it, if there had been but two or three.

The first ship that he engaged to transport us to our native soil, sprang a leak as she was coming out of dock; got injured by some means, and had to unlade, and get it repaired; so that it delayed her sailing for some time longer. But as we were in readiness to leave the country, Lorenzo met with another, where he could obtain accom-

modations at a better rate : he accordingly made a bargain with the captain for a passage in her, and every thing being prepared for our voyage, on the sixth of May we hoisted sail and weighed for America, which gave me a very pleasant sensation ; after having been in England and Ireland about eighteen months, and experiencing many kindnesses and favours from the people ; and that Lorenzo was made an instrument in the hand of a gracious God, in bringing many precious souls to the knowledge of the truth.

On the first day, in the morning, we had a very pleasant breeze, but the fog springing up, it was something gloomy for several days—but by that means we avoided the ships of war, that were very numerous on the coast of England ; and as Lorenzo and myself had no legal passports from that country, the law being such, that aliens were much put to it to travel in that kingdom ; and particularly those that were in Lorenzo's capacity, such as preachers : they must first take the oath of allegiance to the king of England, and get a license to preach, or they were subject to a fine for every sermon they should preach, of twenty pounds each ; and every house must be licensed also, or the man that owned it was subject to a fine of twenty pounds ; and every person, that heard preaching there, were likewise liable to pay five shillings ! But Lorenzo, in the first place, could not take the oath that was requested, to obtain the license—he thought as he had left his native land, not to gain worldly honour or applause, he could still trust that Providence, who had guided his course through the great deep, and brought him through many dangers and difficulties in his own country, so he strove to do his duty, and leave the event to God.

We had a very pleasant voyage, except the passengers were generally sick, for more than a week, except my husband and self. I was never better in my life—but they recovered their health and spirits after a few days ; and we had some very good times on board. Lorenzo preached to the people on Sundays, and we had prayers night and morning, when the weather would admit. We had plenty of the necessaries of life to make us comfortable.

We were near six weeks on our passage. Some time towards the last of June, we saw the long-wished for *land of America*, which I so earnestly desired to behold once more. The beautiful country and town of New Bedford, in Massachusetts, presented to view, where we landed, and was kindly received.

The people that professed religion were chiefly *quakers*, and those who styled themselves *Christians*. Lorenzo held several meetings in the town, which was very satisfactory to many.

After staying near two weeks in Bedford, Lorenzo, with nearly all the passengers that were in the ship, went on board a packet for New York; and left me to come round with the other women in the ship, to *Virginia*, and to meet him in *Richmond*.

We parted, and I had to stay nearly two weeks before the ship sailed; they were taking out the lading, and preparing her for a fresh cargo when they should arrive at *Virginia*. It was about the time that the ship *Chesapeake* was fired upon by the *British*! We sailed from New Bedford about the first of July, and had tolerable pleasant weather, though we were lonely, not having any company but us three women. We got into *Chesapeake Bay* at evening, and passed one of the armed vessels belonging to the *British*, and expected them to have stopped us, as it had been reported that they were in the habit of requiring the captains of American vessels to pull down their colours to them, or else firing upon them. However, we passed unmolested, except that they hailed us; but it being dark, we got by. Sister *Wade* was very much alarmed: but I felt so much of the spirit of *Independent America*, that I did not wish my country's flag to be disgraced in our own waters. In the morning we came into *Hampton Roads*, where we anchored and stayed several days, in sight of the *British* ships of war, while the captain took a boat and went to *Norfolk* to seek for a cargo.

We were in a very unpleasant situation, as we had no one on board that we could place any real confidence in; but Providence provided for us, and we met with no insults from any. The captain returned at night, and the next morning we set sail for *City Point*. The day

was delightful, and the scenes that surrounded were truly pleasing. The river seemed by the bends to be inclosed in on every side; and the banks to be covered with all the beauties that summer could produce, which gave my mind a pleasant sensation, when I reflected that it was my native country—my beloved America! But little did I know what awaited me in my native land!

We sailed on very pleasantly through the day, and about eight or nine o'clock we arrived at City Point. The ship was in the river, until her lading was brought down from Richmond in lighters. The weather was getting very warm, and we were obliged to stay on board until we could get an opportunity to go to Richmond, which, by land, was not more than twenty-five miles; but by water it was, perhaps, twice as far. And here time passed away very heavily, until the master of the ship went up to Richmond on business, and hired a hack to return; consequently we embraced the opportunity, when it returned, to get a seat in it up to Richmond, leaving our trunks and other things to be brought up by the boats, that were to bring down the lading for the ship.

We bid farewell to the ship, where I had been confined the most of the time for near three months; and it was a happy day for me, although I was in a part of the continent that I had never been in before. I felt as though I could kiss the ground: but my companion, Mrs. Wade, her mind was occupied in quite a different way,—she was thousands of miles from her native land, while I was breathing my native air.

We arrived in *Richmond* about one or two o'clock, and stopped at the "*Bell Tavern*," strangers to all that we saw: however, I had received a direction where to go, and make myself known; which I did, at a brother *Foster's*, and when they learned who I was, received us very kindly: but it was a severe trial, it being the first time I had been obliged to call on friends, without any one to introduce me. But the Lord provided for me, and I found many friends in that place: we stayed there some days.

Brother Wade and Lorenzo came and met us, and the latter held several meetings, and we had good times with

the brethren. There I saw the *girl* that brother Mead has since married.

Lorenzo had bought a span of *mules* before he went to Europe; and they were to be broke for a carriage by the time he should return; but they were taken and put into a wagon, and so broke down that they were unfit for use. He had paid eighty pounds for them just before he left the continent; this was the beginning of trouble to him.

We obtained the loan of a gig from one of our friends, to carry us up as far as *Cumberland*, to Mr. *John Hobson's*, who had been a great friend to Lorenzo in days that were past and gone, and still appeared to be such: here he traded off his mules with a man, for a horse and gig not worth half the money that he payed for them; but he could do no better, as we were under the necessity of going to the *north*, to make ready to go to the *Mississippi*, where my relations had gone, and I was very anxious to go. But O the heart-felt sorrow they were the cause of to me and my companion after!

We left our friend's house, and started for the north.—As we had written to my sister in the *Mississippi*, on our first arrival in *America*, but had got no answer from them, I felt very desirous to hear from her, as she was as a mother to me in my infant days—I loved her dearly.

We went through *New London* and *Lynchburg*, where we met with many friends, and attended a *Camp-Meeting* in *Amherst*; from thence to *New Glasgow*, where Lorenzo preached at night: we stayed at an old gentleman's house, who was very friendly. Thence we continued our journey to a camp-meeting near *George-Town*, where we stopped and stayed until the meeting broke up. Our horse was at some person's place, to be kept, and I expect got nothing to eat—for we only went from the camp-meeting to *Leesburg*, and from there to another little town, which was two short days' travel; but before we reached there he tired, and Lorenzo was obliged to trade him away for an old horse that was not worth but a little more than half as much! However, he answered our purpose, so that we got on to *New York*, where I met with some friends that I had seen before; which were the first *faces* that I had met with for two years that I

had ever beheld before, which gave me much satisfaction!

We stayed at New York for several weeks, and then started for *New England*, to visit Lorenzo's *father*. I had never seen him, nor any of the family, except one sister: it was a very great cross to me; but we arrived at his father's some time in September, and was joyfully received by him, there being none of the family with them, except one daughter, and one grandson. There my Lorenzo could contemplate the days of *youth*; for that was the place of his *birth*, and of his *rambles* in *childhood*: the place where he first sought the path of *righteousness*—the way to peace and true happiness, in this world and that which is to come! The house from where his honoured mother had taken her flight to a happier clime—where once he had enjoyed her company, with the rest of the *family*; but now were separated hundreds of miles asunder!

Lorenzo held several meetings in the neighbourhood, and had tolerable solemn times: but the society that he once belonged to was quite gone! Some had *died*, and others had *moved* away, while others had gone *back* into the world, and *lost* their *love* to CHRIST and his cause, which made him feel very awful! His father was a worthy old man, a kind friend, an affectionate parent—he was every thing that was good in his family. I thought I could have done the part of a child for him, if I might have the privilege; but I felt a strong desire to see my sister, in the Mississippi.

We went to *Tollind*, where Lorenzo had sent an appointment to preach at a Methodist meeting-house, and I did not expect to return to his father's any more; but Lorenzo's sister from Vermont coming down to her father's, we returned, and stayed two or three days longer.

Lorenzo sold his gig and horse to a preacher, and bought his brother-in-law's horses, to return to *New York*, where he had made an engagement with a man to make him a light wagon, which was to be ready on his return for the *South*.

We left his father's on horse-back, after bidding them farewell: but as I had not been accustomed to travel in that mode for a long time, it was very fatiguing to me,

so that I could not endure it; and when I got within about forty miles of New York, I was obliged to go by water the remainder of the way, while Lorenzo rode one horse and led the other. He arrived there some time before me, and had gone to the country, about ten or twelve miles from the city, to preach, but returned that night. We stayed a week or more until our wagon was ready for us to start; then bidding our friends farewell, proceeded on our journey.

Lorenzo had given out appointments all the way to Virginia, and had tolerable hard work to keep up with them—we had to travel nearly one whole night over the mountain from Frederick-Town to the Potomac river, which we crossed about two o'clock in the morning.

Lorenzo's appointment was some distance the other side of the river; we lay down, and as soon as it was light we started again, and reached the court-house just as the people had assembled. I went to a friend's house, while Lorenzo preached to the people. After meeting we went on to the next appointment, where he preached again at night also: and so continued on our journey, until we arrived in Virginia. Lorenzo preached every day, once, and twice, and three times; and when we arrived at Winchester, he preached twice to large congregations. From thence we went to a *Camp-Meeting*, where I saw brother Grober, a presiding elder, that I had been acquainted with a number of years ago, which was very satisfactory to me.

We left the camp-ground in the morning for *Staunton*, where Lorenzo had an appointment at night. It was threatening to rain in the morning when we started, and about twelve o'clock it began, and rained almost as fast as I ever saw it: we were in an open wagon, and I was wet through and through. As it continued to rain excessively all the afternoon, when we arrived at Staunton it was almost dark, and the people had assembled for meeting; Lorenzo had not time to take any refreshment, but went and preached in his wet clothes. We were received with coolness by the family that we stayed with, although he was acquainted with them before—but that is nothing uncommon; man is so changeable in his nature, that we may find him at one time all friendship, and perhaps the

next day he is as cool as need be. Hence I have found it necessary to strive to take it as it comes; to be thankful for friends, when I find them; and to be satisfied when I have them not.

It was on Saturday night that we got to Staunton, and Lorenzo intended to stay until Monday morning. On Sunday morning brother *Wade* came from *New London* to meet us, and carry me home with him; and Lorenzo had calculated on leaving me at *Hobson's*, in *Cumberland*, while he went to the *Mississippi* territory; consequently he thought it best for me to go to *New London* with brother *Wade*, who was anxious for me to go and stay with his wife a few months, as she was a stranger in this country; and my coming to *America* in company with her, it made us like sisters indeed. It was a trial to my mind to part with my companion for nine or ten months; as I did not expect to be with him but a few days, even if I went on to *Cumberland* with him, as he then must leave me, and start for the country where my sister lived: accordingly we parted, and I went home with brother *Wade*. This was on Sunday, and he was to leave *Staunton* the next morning. My spirits were very much depressed; but I did not know what laid before me. I arrived in *New London* in safety, and was kindly received by sister *Wade*, and had got tolerably composed, when I received a letter from Lorenzo, which gave me an account of the imprudence of my sister that lived in the *Mississippi*—but it was in so dark a style that I did not comprehend it fully, as I could not believe that she would be guilty of such enormities. I thought some one had charged her without grounds: that was some consolation to me, as I hoped it was not true. I was in hopes that he would come through *New London*, and give me a more full account of the circumstance; but he could not, consistently with his arrangements. I was in great distress of mind on her account, as she had been a great professor of religion, and the cause must suffer by her falling so *fouly*: and the disgrace attending it was almost unbearable. Brother *Mead* and his wife came through *New London* on their way to *Georgia*, and brought the news that Lorenzo was not coming through that place, which made my heart almost sink

within me. I felt as though the trial was more than I could bear—but this was but the beginning of sorrow.

I stayed at brother Wade's for more than two months, and was kindly treated by him and his wife, and many others; and had many good times in meeting with the children of God, to worship him. The letter that I had received from Lorenzo in Cumberland, had stated that my sister had been guilty of very improper conduct, but that she was penitent. But when Lorenzo got to Georgia, he received a letter from brother *Blackman*, stating that she had escaped from her husband with a young man, and had gone over the line into the Spanish country, to elude the displeasure of their connexions. It was then an undeniable fact that she was really guilty—and Lorenzo wrote to me from Georgia a full account of the circumstance, which gave me the severest wound that I had ever felt. To have heard of her death, O how much more preferable!—but I had no other way, but must submit. My dear sister, that lay so near my heart, had strayed so widely from the path of rectitude—it was such a heart-rending affliction, I thought it was almost more than I could bear. It appeared impossible that she could be so far lost to her own honour, and the love that she had manifested to the cause of God, and the prosperity of Zion, as to be guilty of such an atrocious crime. But so it is, that some who make the greatest show of religion, wound it the deepest. So it was in this case: She had professed to have experienced the blessing of religion for many years; and was as much opposed to any thing that had the appearance of *imprudence* in her own sex, as any person that ever I knew. She was married when young to a man that was inferior to her, in point of talents, and was not calculated to get the world, as the saying is, as much as many others—and she possessed a very proud spirit, together with a very quick temper; and he not having as mild a disposition as might be, they were unhappy in their union, which was attended with many disagreements. He was subject to intoxication, and that was frequently the cause of much misery between them! I was witness, many times, to such conduct on both sides, that gave me the greatest pain of any thing that could have befallen me. I often would beg

my sister to say *nothing*, but her *turbulent* disposition was such, that I have thought she would almost die for death, rather than submit to any one.

They lived in that way for many years.—S. was very industrious, and strove hard to live; but he was negligent, and often spent more than he made! They removed, when they were first married, into the state of *New York*, about ninety miles from the place of their nativity, where they lived five or six years; she had religion at that time, and he opposed her very much, as she had joined the *Baptist* church before she left *New England*; but after leaving her Christian friends, and having so much opposition, she had lost her religion almost entirely, and become like the rest of the world. At that time the *Methodists* came into the neighbourhood, and she became acquainted with them, and would have joined their society, but her husband would not permit it—but she attended their meetings, and was much engaged at that time. My brother-in-law took it into his head to remove to *Fort Stanwix*, on the Mohawk river, within seventy or eighty miles of the line of *Canada*, and she backslid again, not having any to converse with but those that were unacquainted with God or themselves! O how prone we are to forget the *obligations* we are under to our Saviour, notwithstanding it is on his bounty we live! we are indebted to him for every mercy that we enjoy! She continued to live in that careless way for several years, until I was, perhaps, eighteen years of age, and the *Methodists* found her out again, and I got under *distress* for my soul: and she was stirred up again, and I believe had religion. My brother-in-law opposed us with all his might. They had got in a tolerable good way before this, and there was a prospect that they might live comfortable, as to the things of this life; but he possessed such an uneasy disposition, that he could never be satisfied unless he was *trading*, and he had but a poor talent for that business. He sold his plantation, that he could have made a comfortable living upon, to a man that was a sharper, on trust, and took no security—the man sold his property, and leared himself, without making any compensation for the land. This was a very great affliction to my sister, as she had made

every exertion for a living that a woman could do, and strove in every way she could to prevent his selling his place—but all to no purpose. He carried on a great stroke at drinking, and spending his time for nought: she was harrassed and troubled on every side, not enjoying that satisfaction in religion she had formerly done—it made her truly wretched! I strove to comfort her in every way that I could.—We supported the family by our labour, weaving, spinning, and sewing, and any kind of work that we could do.

This continued for more than twelve months, and then he took a little farm of about fifty acres of land, with a comfortable house for a small family, that suited us very well; the rent being small, he could have lived as well as need be, if he would have been industrious. He was of a turn that was rather indolent and careless, but my sister and myself kept the family in tolerable comfortable circumstances.

It was at that time that the *Methodist* preachers came into the neighbourhood, and preached the gospel to poor lost *sinners*—my heart was wrought upon, and I set out to seek the *salvation* of my *soul*. My sister heard the pleasing sound with gladness, but my brother-in-law was violently opposed to them, and strove in every way that he could to prevent us from going to meeting; but I felt determined to seek the Lord with all my heart, come what would, and strive to save my soul! It was near twelve months before I joined Society, or my sister; but at last we broke through and joined the people called *Methodists*—and I have never seen the time that I was sorry that I cast my lot with them; but I have often lamented that I did not live nearer to the gospel rules that they teach!

After we had joined society, my brother-in-law became somewhat more softened, and let us have more peace, and would sometimes go to meeting; but he still continued to go in the same evil practice of spending his time in the most unprofitable way—but the preachers and people that feared God ceased not to pray for him, and at last he was brought to see his situation, and the danger of living in sin, and set about the work of his own salvation; and I doubt not but he experienced the

pardon of his sins. O the joy that was felt on this occasion! we had, as it were, a heaven begun below! He became a new man, and Providence seemed to bless us on every side—and we continued to enjoy the consolations of religion for several years, and the Lord prospered us in all our undertakings until after I was married; and they started for the *Mississippi*, and my husband and myself parted with them: we were coming for *New York*, and from thence to sail for *Europe*.

They went to that country, and it appeared they left all the prudence that they ever possessed behind them; for when they arrived, he, it appeared, thought that he could launch into building *mills*, not counting the cost that he must be at, but calculating that Lorenzo, when he returned from his tour in Europe, would pay all expenses—he ran into debt for land that had a mill seat upon it, and began to erect a mill.

Some people were much pleased with them, as they appeared to be engaged in religion. My sister was very much respected by the people, both religious and irreligious—but O the danger we are exposed to while in this world. She was possessed of good natural abilities, and considerable acquired knowledge, and was the last person I should have thought would have conducted in the way she did; but we have need to *watch* and *pray*, lest we enter into *temptation*. She had lived with her husband for twenty years at least, and I never heard or knew any thing laid to her charge of that nature, before or after her marriage—and she had been a guide to me in my youth, and I suppose, possessed as great a *sense of honour* as any person I ever knew. But *how* it was I cannot tell: she *fell* into a snare of the *enemy*, and became a prey to the most unaccountable of all vices. There was a young man, that was a most abandoned character in principle, that was taken into the family, that she was fond of by some means; and there was a criminal intercourse between them for several months before it was discovered. She was in society, and thought to be very pious, but at last it was mistrusted by some, and a plan laid to detect them, which was accomplished—and when it was proved upon her, she gave some marks of penitence, and her husband would

have made friends with her; but when the *devil* gets the advantage of poor infatuated mortals, he makes the best improvement of it in his power. So it was in this case; for I expect her sorrow was but slight, if she was in the least affected with sorrow—for as soon as she found that Lorenzo and myself had returned to America, she laid every plan to make her *escape* with that wretched young man, into the Spanish country, which she effected, and left her husband in a state of mind almost frantic: he had more affection for her than I once thought him capable of. He went after her, and strove to get her to return, but she would not. I do not think there ever was as permanent a union between them as was necessary for happiness. O the *miserery* of many that are joined in the holy bands of *matrimony*: for the want of due consideration they rush into that state, and are wretched for life.

When she completed her wicked plan, information was communicated to us—my Lorenzo had left me, and started for that country. No one can paint the heart-felt sorrow that I experienced on receiving the information! I felt as though I was deprived of almost all my earthly comfort! I felt I could not believe it possible that she could have acted in that miserable, disgraceful manner; but it was even so! Many have been the nights that I have wet my pillow with tears upon her account, but all to no purpose. O that it may be a warning to me to watch and pray, lest I enter into temptation! Lorenzo went on, and found my poor brother-in-law in a wretched state of mind, and every thing that he had was in a ruinous condition; and furthermore, they had run so deeply in debt that it was impossible for my brother-in-law to extricate himself from it. He had made a contract with a couple of girls for a tract of land that had a mill-seat upon it, and began to build a mill, without a title to the land! When Lorenzo came, he wished Lorenzo to assist him to procure the land, that he might not be in danger of losing his labour. Lorenzo felt a very great reluctance to engage in any thing of the kind, but by the persuasion of friends he was prevailed upon to make a contract with the girls for the land, and likewise paid the old man for his labour, as he desired to

return to the state of *New York*. There was considerable less than one hundred acres, with a log cabin upon it—he paid a very enormous price, which was a great disadvantage; as Lorenzo was not a man that felt a freedom to have much to do with the world, except when he could not well avoid it. After he got the place, he scarcely knew what to do with it: The mill was not finished; there was a dam and mill frame, but the dam had broke, and it was uncertain whether it could be made to stand, as the banks of the stream that it was erected on were so subject to wash in times of high water. There was a man who thought he could make it stand: Lorenzo made an offer to him of the place, if he would take it, and make a mill upon it, he should have one half of the mill. Accordingly he undertook, and repaired the dam, so that it sawed some that winter. He intended to tear up the old foundation, and build entirely on another plan—and was to have the use of the old mill until he should get the other finished.

People in that country appeared anxious that Lorenzo should come to that part of the world, and get a residence: they talked that they would assist us in any thing that we needed; and as Lorenzo thought that it might be best to prepare for sickness, and for whatever might befall us, he concluded to come for me and bring me with him to that country. I had felt a great desire to go to the *Mississippi*, before my friends had conducted themselves in that wretched way, but now I felt a reluctance to going, for it appeared to me that I could not hold up my head in the place, where my own sister had disgraced herself and me. My heart recoiled at the thought of being a mark, as I knew I must, for people to look at, and say, That is a sister to such a woman; and she had been guilty of an odious crime. But as my Lorenzo thought it would be best for me to go, I made no objection. He returned in June to *Cumberland*, in *Virginia*, and we started for the *North*, and went on to *New York*, where we stayed a few days—and from thence to *Albany*, where Lorenzo left me, and continued to journey on to his father's, in *Connecticut*, being gone six or seven weeks.

I stayed in *Albany* part of the time, and *Troy*, and I

also went to see my brother, that lived near *Schenectady!* he did not profess religion, but was friendly to it—I stayed there a few days.

There was a *Camp-Meeting* within eight or ten miles, where I expected to meet Lorenzo: my brother and his wife went with me to the place on the commencement of it, and there to my great joy I met my companion, with many others of my acquaintance, that I had been acquainted with many years before. The meeting was attended with good to many—we stayed until the close, and then we went with some very kind friends to *Troy*, who gave Lorenzo a good suit of clothes, and were as affectionate to us as people could be.

My brother-in-law, who came from the Mississippi, had been to the place that he left when he removed to the *South*; was at the meeting, and came down to *Troy* after us, as Lorenzo was to let him have some *books* on the account of his *labour* at the Mississippi—he did so—but this was not the end of trouble to us. It gave me inexpressible pain to see the man that I thought had been the cause, in one sense, of the destruction of my poor sister; for he had been an unkind husband in the days that were past. Although I could not excuse her, yet I believe, if he had done as he ought, she never would have become what she did. But they were not *equally yoked together*: he had some good traits in his character, but he was indolent, and a bad economist,—consequently kept them behind hand. She was industrious, and would have managed well, if she had been united to a *man* that would have *stood* in his *place*, and *made* her *known*, and *kept* HER'S—for she possessed a turbulent disposition. But he was neither a good husband, nor a good manager: that made her fret at him, and he would not take it from her. Thus it was a means of their living a considerable part of their time in discontent: but after they *both* experienced *religion*, they lived more agreeable, until they removed to the Mississippi, and she fell in with that young man, who proved her ruin.*

* From a train of circumstances, which correspond and hang together like a chain of truth, it appears, that there was a combination

We parted with our friends at Troy, after getting a small wagon and two horses, and what little we could get together, and started across the country to the *Western waters*, in company with a young man that came with us from *Europe*, and a brother *Valentine*, from the state of *New York*, who wished to go to that country. We travelled with as little expense as possible, through the state of *Pennsylvania*, and struck the *Ohio River* at *Wheeling*, where we stayed for near two weeks, at a *Quaker's*, who was very kind to me. Lorenzo strove to get a passage in a flat-bottomed boat, where they frequently took horses, carriages, and produce, with families that are wishing to remove to that country—but he could not obtain one that would take his horses, consequently he was under the necessity of taking his horses through by land: he met with a person who was going down the river with a loaded barge to *Natchez*—they engaged to carry me with some trunks, and other baggage. These people were friendly *Quakers*, who owned the boat that Lorenzo had engaged my passage in. But they were not ready to sail for some time; accordingly Lorenzo left me with the young man that came with us from *Europe*, to go down the river in this boat, while he went on by land. I felt very gloomy to be left among strangers, and to go on board a boat with a company of men, without one woman for a companion.

But the people in *Wheeling* were very kind to me while I stayed there, after Lorenzo left me, which gave me much satisfaction. They provided me with many necessaries for the voyage, such as sugar, and tea, and other things to make me comfortable, for which may the Lord reward them.

I stayed at *Wheeling* between one and two weeks after Lorenzo left me. In that time the people who owned the boat sold it to a couple of doctors from *Virginia*,

of Deists, one of whom was a *physician*, sought the overthrow of the family: through the object of *tempora' gain*, (they being a family connection of those who owned the *mill-seat*.) and to bring a *stigma* upon the cause of religion!—She was considerably over *forty years of age* at this time of her *life*!

with all that appertained to it; but they made a reserve for me still to go in the boat. This was a very trying time to me: the people that owned the boat, when Lorenzo applied for me to go down in it, were plain Quakers, and they promised Lorenzo to take good care of me; but the man that had bought the boat was quite of a different appearance, although he was in a gentleman's garb. The young man that was with me went as a hand to help work the boat;—we went on board at evening—the barge was laden with flour and cider, and various kinds of produce that were fitted for the *Natchez*;—there was a small cabin, where there were two births, where three or four persons might sleep tolerably comfortable. There I was obliged to rest at night: and there was a small vacancy between this cabin and the other part of the boat, where they had run up a small chimney, where they could cook provisions. In this gloomy situation, I was fixed to start for the Mississippi, where I knew I must meet with many trials, if ever I should reach there.

The river, at the time when we started, was very low, and we made but slow progress for many days together. I could not set my foot on land—shut up in a boat, with none but men, and those of that class who neither feared God or man: though they, for the most part, treated me with *civility*. None can tell how disagreeable such a situation is, but those who have passed through some things similar.

We left *Wheeling* about the last of October. The boat stopped at *Limestone* in *Kentucky*, for part of one day and a night: there Lorenzo had some acquaintances; and when they found out that I was on board of this boat, some of them came down to see me, and invited me to go on shore and stay the night, which I accepted with thankfulness.

I had some hope that Lorenzo would arrive there before the boat would start in the morning. O how anxiously I looked out for him, but he did not come—and had to go on board the boat very early in the morning, and continue on my journey with a very heavy heart. My mind was much depressed—the prospects before me were dark, when I should reach my place of

destination: and the weather was uncommonly cold for that climate and season.

After being confined on board of the boat for six weeks, we reached the mouth of *Byopeare*, about twelve miles from *Gibson Port*, which was forty miles from *Natchez*. We left the boat, myself and the young man that was with me—took our things to a public house; but that was ten or twelve miles from the place that we wished to get. I had never been in that country before, but Lorenzo had several times; and hence I had some grounds to expect I should find some friends, as many of them had manifested a desire that I should come to that country: but my sister had conducted in such a manner, that it made my way difficult; and how to get to the neighbourhood that I wished to go to, I did not know.

However, brother *Valentine*, that came with us from the state of *New York*, travelled by land with Lorenzo as far as *Lymestone*, and then put his horse on board of a boat, and worked his passage down to the same place that I was at. I landed at night, and he came in the morning—so that I was provided for. We left our things at this public house, and I rode the horse, while he and the young man walked about twelve miles through the mud. This was about the twelfth of January. We stayed at *Gibson Port* that night, about four miles from the place where my sister had lived, and brought such a stain on the cause of religion. We were all strangers; but Lorenzo had wrote to some friends that we were coming—and furthermore, he had requested them if I should arrive before him, that they would take care of me until he should come.

We left *Gibson Port* and went to the neighbourhood of the mill, to the house of SAMUEL COBUN. He did not profess religion, though he was very kind and humane; but he had two sisters, that were members of the Methodist church. He had no wife living, and they lived with him to take care of his family—they had been friends to my sister, when she first went to that country. They received me, apparently with affection, which was a consolation to my heart; for I expected to meet with many a cool look on the account of my poor unfortunate sister; which I expect I did; but I do not blame them, as it had

given them so much pain—but I could not help it. However, I stayed at Mr. Cobun's until Lorenzo came; as those that professed religion seemed not to take much notice of me. When Lorenzo left me at Wheeling, he went on through the states of *Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee*, and so on through the Indian country to the Mississippi territory.

A man that was a Methodist and preached, who had appeared very friendly to Lorenzo in days that were past, to whom Lorenzo had written, and requested him, if I should reach there before him, that this friend would permit me to stay with him, until he should arrive! But he did not seem very anxious that I should stay at his house: he came over to Mr. Cobun's, which was six or seven miles, to see me, and requested me to come and see them; as though I had been fixed in a comfortable situation, with every thing that I needed. But it was quite the reverse with me; I had neither house nor friends in that country, without the people chose to befriend me. I was a stranger in a strange land; in the neighbourhood, where my nearest relatives had conducted very improperly, and I expect that was one cause why the friends kept so distant: however, the family that I was with was very kind! I went once to this friend's house, before Lorenzo arrived, which was somewhere about two weeks; I stayed there one night, and then returned to Mr. Cobun's, where I stayed until Lorenzo came to me.

The winter had been uncommonly severe, and he had a very distressing time through the wilderness, but Providence had brought him through in safety, which was a matter of rejoicing to my poor heart.

The cloud that had been gathering for some time, grew darker and darker, so that we scarcely knew which way to turn, or how to extricate ourselves from the difficulties that my imprudent friends had brought us into on every side: they had run in debt to merchants, making the impression, that when Lorenzo came from Europe, he would pay all. There was some that had befriended them on Lorenzo's account; these he felt it was his duty to compensate, which he did. My brother-in-law had made a contract with some people in that country for a tract of land, on which was a mill-seat; and without any

title whatever, before we returned from Europe he went to building a mill, which involved them still deeper in debt; and, after Lorenzo returned from Europe and went to that country, which had been nearly twelve months after, and finding him in such a distressed situation, that he, out of pity, stepped in to assist him as a kind of mediator, they cast the whole burthen on his shoulders, which proved a heavy one to Lorenzo.

We arrived there in January.—We had a couple of tolerable good horses, and a small wagon, and some money; but we were under the necessity of parting with them, and what little money we had was soon gone. The old mill-frame, which was all that was done to the mill, Lorenzo let a man take on such terms as these—that he might undertake to build a mill, if he chose, without any more expense to Lorenzo; and if he could make one stand, Lorenzo should be entitled to one half.

We stayed with a family near the *mill frame* from March until July; in this time I was taken sick with the fever that is common in that country, on the day that Lorenzo had resolved to prepare to start for Georgia, and my life was despaired of; and the people that had appeared so desirous that we should come to that country, forsook us; and had not the man that was styled a *Deist*, that first received me into his house, befriended us now, I know not what I should have done; his two sisters, Elizabeth and Ann Cobun, were friends indeed: Ann stayed with me night and day for about three weeks, and then we were under the necessity of removing from this house somewhere else; and where to go we could not tell!

However, Mr. Cobun gave us permission to come and stay at his house as long as we chose; but I was so low at that time that I could not sit up at all. They sewed some blankets together over a frame, similar to a bier to carry the dead, and layed a bed upon it, and laid me thereon, and two black men conveyed me to his house, which was perhaps a mile.

The next day Lorenzo was taken very ill also. There we were both confined to our beds, unable to help each other to as much as a drink of water. At that time Lorenzo could not have commanded *one dollar*, to have procured so much as a little medicine.

This was a trying time ; and when the storm would be over, we could not tell—but the Lord supported us under these distressing circumstances, or we must have sunk beneath the weight. Forever praised be the adored name of our great Benefactor for all his mercies unto us.

My fever began to abate, but Lorenzo grew worse ; and it was doubtful which way it would terminate with him. O the anguish of heart I felt at this trying juncture ! I was still so low that I could not sit up but very little, nor walk without assistance, and we were altogether dependent on others for the necessaries of life. Lorenzo appeared to be fast approaching to eternity, but after some weeks he began to gain a little, so that he was able to ride a few miles at a time, and we then removed to brother *Randal Gibson's*, where we stayed a few days. I was still unable to work, as I then had the common ague and fever : which kept me very weak and feeble. After staying there for some time, perhaps two weeks, we returned to friend *Baker's*, near the mill. Lorenzo held meetings as much as he was able, and perhaps more, although he was so weak in body and depressed in mind, he did not slack his labours, but preached frequently sitting or laying down. There was a young man, who died about six or seven miles from where we then were, desired Lorenzo should preach at his *funeral* : he was still very feeble, but wished to be of some use to his fellow mortals, the few days he might have to stay in this world of woe.

He started soon in the morning to attend the *funeral*, and brother *Baker* with him. This was on *Sunday* ; he preached to a crowded congregation, with considerable liberty ; the people were tender and attentive. After the conclusion of the ceremony, he started to return to brother *Baker's*, where he had left me, and had rode but a few miles before he was taken suddenly ill, and would have fallen from his horse, if friend *Baker* had not saw that something was the matter ; and being active, he sprang from his horse, and caught him before he fell to the ground ; and as it happened they were near a small cabin, that was occupied by a man that professed religion. They conveyed him into it senseless, and so he continued for some time ; and when he came to *himself*, he was in

the most excruciating pain imaginable. They gave him a large quantity of laudanum, which gave him some little relief; but he could not be removed from that place.

Brother *Baker* stayed with him until nearly night, and then came home. I had become very uneasy in my mind on his account, as he did not return according to my expectation; when this friend came and told me Lorenzo's situation,—my heart trembled lest I should be called to relinquish my claim, and resign him up to the pale messenger. It made me cry mightily to God to give me strength to say, "The will of the Lord be done." I had no reason to doubt, if the great Master saw it best to remove him from this region of pain, he would be conveyed by angelic bands to the realms of peace and happiness, where he would have to suffer no more pain and affliction, neither of body or mind;—but it was a task too hard for me to accomplish, without the immediate assistance of the Friend of sinners.

I slept but little that night, and early the next morning the friend at whose house Lorenzo was, came with two horses to take me to him—when I arrived there, I found him in a very distressed situation; he could not be moved in any position whatever, without the greatest pain; he could lie no way, except on his back, and in this position he lay for ten days. The disorder was in his left side, and across his bowels; I was apprehensive it would terminate in a mortification, and others I believe were of the same opinion. One day we thought he was dying, the whole day; he was unable to speak for the greater part of the day. My mind was in such a state of anxiety as I had never experienced before; however, that appeared to be the turning point—for the next day he was something better, and continued to mend slowly; and in a few days he had gained so much strength as to ride about a mile to a quarterly meeting—and a precious time it was to me, and many others.

O what an indulgent parent we have to rely upon! May my heart ever feel sensations of gratitude to that God who hath cleared my way through the storms of affliction, and various other difficulties.

I had not recovered my health fully at this time. The people, it appeared to me, were almost tired of us in

every direction. I was unable to labour for a living, and Lorenzo was so feeble in body that he could preach but little; consequently we were entirely dependent on others for a subsistence.

We continued in the neighbourhood where Lorenzo had been sick, and that of the mill, until the first of *January*, and then left that part for a friend's house, twelve or fourteen miles off; their house was small, and family large, which made it very inconvenient to them and us, although they were very kind and friendly.

Our situation at this time was truly distressing—we scarcely knew which way to turn. Lorenzo concluded it was best to strive to prepare some place as a shelter from the storms that appeared to have come to such a pitch, as not to admit of rising much higher. Sickness and poverty had assailed us on every side; and many, such as had professed to be our friends, forsook us in that country as well as in the States. It was circulating through many parts that we were at that time rolling in riches, surrounded with plenty. The old mill-frame, (for it was never finished,) had made such a noise in the world, that many had been led to believe that we possessed a large *plantation*, with an elegant *house*, and other necessary appurtenances, together with two or three *mills*, and a number of *slaves*, beside *money* at interest. Whilst this was carried from *east* to *west*, and from *north* to *south*, and the people supposing that Lorenzo had ranged the wide fields of *America*, and also of *Europe*, to gather up worldly treasure, and had gone to the *Mississippi* to enjoy it, would of course make a very *unfavourable* impression on their minds, as it related to his *motives* in travelling in such an irregular manner as he had done.

We were, as I observed before, in quite a different situation—without house or home, or any thing of consequence that we could call our own.

There was a tract of land, lying in the midst of a thick *Cane-break*, on which was a beautiful spring of water, breaking out at the foot of a large hill, which some person had told Lorenzo of: the soil belonged to the *United States*, and the cane was almost impenetrable, from thirty to forty feet high; and likewise it was inhabited by WILD

BEASTS of prey, of various kinds, and serpents of the most poisonous nature. Notwithstanding these gloomy circumstances, Lorenzo got a man to go with him to look at it, to see if it would do for an asylum for us to fly to, provided we could get a little cabin erected near the spring. After he had taken a survey of the place, he concluded to make a trial, and employed a man accordingly to put up a small log *cabin*, within ten or twelve feet of the spring, which he did, after cutting down the cane fer to set it—a way was made through from a public road to the spot, so that we could ride on horseback or go on foot. We obtained a few utensils for keeping house, and in *March* we removed to our little place of residence, in the wilderness, or rather it appeared like the habitation of some *exiles*;—but it was a sweet place to me—I felt I was at home, and many times the Lord was precious to my soul.

There was a man who had resided in *Philadelphia*, and by some means had got involved in debt, and left there to reside in this country. He had a wife and one child: once he had belonged to the Methodist Society, and then backslid; but after he came to that country he was brought into trying circumstances, which brought him to reflect on his present situation; and meeting with Lorenzo in this time, there began some intimacy between them on this occasion: after this he wished to return to *Philadelphia* for a short time, and wanted some place for his wife to stay at while he should be gone; consequently he requested us to let her stay with us at our little cabin, which was agreed to—she came, and this made up our little family. She was a peaceable, friendly woman, and we spent the time quite agreeably; although we were left by ourselves for days together, Lorenzo being frequently called from home to attend meetings, and to procure the necessaries of life!

The people were much surprised when they came to our little residence, how we came to fix on such a lonely place as this to retreat to!—This is a proof, that experience teaches more than otherwise we could learn: we had felt the want of a home in the time of trouble and sickness. This was a pleasant retreat to us: the wilderness appeared almost like a paradise to me! There were

but two ways we could get to our neighbours, the nearest of which was more than half a mile, and the way so intricate, that it would be almost impossible for any one to find it, or get through either place in the night.

We stayed there for near four months; in that time Lorenzo preached as much as his strength would admit. We were sometimes very closely run to get what was necessary to make us comfortable; yet I felt quite contented. I had in a good degree regained my health, so that I was able to labour, and I strove to do all that I could for a living, although my situation was such, that I could not do as much as I wished; but the Lord provided for us, beyond what we could have expected. We did not know how long we should stay in that place; we had no other alternative but to stay there, until Providence should open some other way.

The man that had left his wife with us, and started for the city of *Philadelphia*, went as far as the falls of *Ohio*, and got discouraged, and getting into a boat, he returned to us in the cane: there we had an addition to our family, this man, and his wife, and child. The chief of the burthen fell to my lot, to do for them and ourselves, which Lorenzo thought was too much for me to go through with—and the man seemed not to give himself much concern about it, his wife being in a situation that would require more attention than I should be able to give, we thought it was best to make our way to the States, if possible; as we had been defeated in almost every thing that we had undertaken in that country. Accordingly, Lorenzo made some arrangements to prepare to leave it. He let the man that was with us, have possession of the house and spring, and what little we had for family use, as it relates to house-keeping, and took a horse for the intended journey. We left the peaceful retreat of the spring, where I had enjoyed some refreshings from the presence of the Lord; and were again cast on the world, without any thing to depend upon but Providence. However, he had never forsaken us: his power and willingness to save all that trust in him was still the same; and as he had promised that he would be with us in six troubles, and in the seventh that he would not forsake us: so it proved in the end. We

left the little cabin on Sunday morning, to attend an appointment that Lorenzo had given out, twelve or fourteen miles distance from there, on horseback, where we arrived in time—he preached to an attentive congregation. This was about six miles from *Cobun's*, where we had found an asylum in days that were past. We left the place where the meeting was held, and started for Mr. *Cobun's*, but we lost our way, by taking a foot-path that we supposed was nearer, and wandered in the woods until almost night, before we came to the place that we were in pursuit of: but at last we got to the place, where we met with sister *Cobun*, and with brother *Valentine*, who had been back to the state of *New York* for his family, and had arrived here a few weeks previous.

We did not intend to stay in the country any longer than we could make the necessary arrangements for our journey through the wilderness to *Georgia*. Lorenzo turned every way that he could, to obtain what was necessary, and had got all ready to start, our clothes and every thing being packed up, we concluded to attend a camp-meeting about six miles from the neighbourhood of the old mill-frame, and then continue on our journey: but Providence seemed not to favour our intentions at that time, for I was taken sick, and unable to travel; consequently, Lorenzo was under the necessity of leaving me behind, and going through without me—but he stayed for several weeks longer, until I had in some degree recovered my health. He had made some preparations for me to be provided for in his absence. Brother *Valentine* had erected a small log-house on public ground, near the mill-frame, and contiguous to the little tract that Lorenzo still retained of perhaps five and-twenty acres. This house, in conjunction with the sister *Cobuns*, he obtained from Mr. *Valentine*, for us to reside in, while he should take a tour through the States.

He had let another man have a part of the right that he still held in the mill, if ever it should be made to do any business; consequently, this left him but one fourth, and that was in a state of uncertainty, whether it would ever be of any use to him, which the sequel has since proved to be the case.

About this time my poor unfortunate sister finished her

career, and was called to a world of spirits, to give an account for the deeds done in the body! I felt very awful when I first heard the news—but I considered that we had done all in our power to bring her back to the paths of rectitude. Lorenzo had seen her three times: the first, on purpose—the second, on the road—the third, she came to meeting thirty miles to see *me*, but I was not there—and strove by every argument to prevail on her to come to us, and forsake the way of vice and strive to seek her soul's salvation, and we would strive to do the part of children by her. But she would not—alleging that she could not bear the scoffs of her acquaintance. When Lorenzo found that she was determined to stay with the person that she had apostatized for, he told her to read the counsel of *Jeremiah to Zedekiah*, on their last interview, and look at the sequel, and make the application, at which she wept as they parted. This was the last time that he ever saw her; she was taken sick shortly after, and *died* in a strange land, without a friend to drop a tear of compassion over her in her last moments! The person that had been her seducer went on like one *distracted*—his wickedness and evil conduct, no doubt, stared him in the face, when he reflected that he had been the cause of one, who had once enjoyed the Divine favour, losing that blessing, and falling into sin of such an enormous nature as she had been guilty of—and I know not but *he* might have been the cause of her sudden departure; but I leave that until the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed!

She was interred in a lonely place, where, perhaps, in a few years, the spot of earth cannot be found, that contains her ashes.*

* The foregoing unfortunate circumstances, are necessarily involved in the *thread* of those vicissitudes, which are connected in the narrative in order to be *explicit*—seeing the circumstances were generally known, but in many respects greatly misrepresented, through the prejudice and ambition of *some*, to block up the way and destroy the reputation of Lorenzo, by unfavourable impressions on the public mind. Many, through *false modesty* and *pride*, are willing to claim relationship with some, because they are considered in the higher circles of life; which they would be ashamed of, if it

O that this may be a *warning* to all that may peruse this short account of the *fall* of one that might have proved a blessing to *society*, and a *comfort* to her *friends*, if she had kept at the *feet* of her SAVIOUR, and attended to the *dictates* of that *Spirit* which teaches *humility*.

I was much afflicted on the account of my poor sister—she had lain near my heart: but I was enabled to give her up, knowing that she was gone to a *Just Tribunal*, and her state unalterably fixed. What remained for *me* to do, was, to strive to make my way safely through a tempestuous world, to a glorious *eternity*.

Lorenzo had made the necessary preparations for me to stay with the sister *Coburns*, and for him to take his departure for the States, not expecting to return in less than twelve months;—this was something of a *cross* to me, as he was still considerably afflicted in body, and to appearance, would never enjoy health again. But I was supported under it, so that I felt in a great measure resigned to this dispensation also. I was supplied with what I needed to make me comfortable.

I had *joined society* when I first came to this country, within a mile of the place I then lived. I lived in great harmony with my two companions that Lorenzo had left me with, while he had gone to visit the States once more. I attended meeting regularly every week, and had many precious times to my soul. I had some trials to encounter, but the Lord was my helper, and brought me through them all. I was desirous to return to some part of the States, if Providence should spare Lorenzo, and he should again come back to me in safety.

He left me in October, I spent that winter and the next summer, as agreeably as I had done such a length of time in almost any situation that I had been placed in for several years; at the same time these people that had pretended a great deal of friendship to us in former times, were quite distant: however, this affected me but little,

was not for their *money*—as *worth* is generally estimated according to a man's property, agreeable to the old saying, "Money makes the man:"—Whereas, what am I the worse for *others vices*, or better for their worth and merit, if I have no virtues of my own?

as I had learned in some degree this lesson, that our happiness does not depend on the smiles or frowns of the world; but we must have peace in our own breast, or we can find it no where else.

I lived quite retired from the world, with a few exceptions: I seldom went out but to meeting—there I found most peace and consolation. Thus I continued to spend my time, until the period that Lorenzo was to return.

I received a letter from him, to meet him about twelve miles from where I then was, where he had sent an appointment to preach.—This was pleasing intelligence to me, as I had then been separated from him for near twelve months.

I went the day before the time appointed for him to arrive at the place; and the day that he came I was again attacked with the ague and fever, which I had never escaped for one summer while I was in that country. The *ague* had left me, and the *fever* was tolerable high when it was observed by some of the family that Lorenzo was come! My heart leaped for joy at the sound of his name. We met, after having been separated for twelve months and six days. I felt some degree of gratitude to our great Preserver, that he had brought us through many dangers and difficulties, which we had met with during our separation.

We intended to return to the States, as soon as we could get prepared. There was a large congregation attended to hear Lorenzo preach; and it was a solemn, melting time among the people! after meeting we started for the place that I had made my home in his absence. Although I was quite unwell, in consequence of having a fit of the ague the day before, we rode twelve miles, in company with several friends that had come from the neighbourhood to meet him.

It was ten o'clock before we reached our destination: however, we were very much rejoiced to have the privilege of joining our hearts and voices in prayer and praise to that God who had prolonged our lives, and brought us to meet again on mortal shores. The next day I had a very sick day—the *ague* came on more severely than it was the day that Lorenzo came back! He wished to make ready to leave the territory, and I was anxious to

go with him, as I could not enjoy health in that country. I made use of some means to get rid of the ague, and it had the desired effect, so that after a few days I got something better, and in about two or three weeks I was able to start on our journey through the wilderness to *Georgia*.

Lorenzo had intended to have stayed longer than he did when he returned, and had given out a chain of appointments through the country; but reflecting that the winter rains might come on, and make it impossible for me to get through the long and tedious wilderness that we had to travel—consequently, he attended but one or two of these appointments, and recalled the rest, and started for *Natchez*, where we got what was necessary for our journey, and from thence we made the best of our way to the wilderness, although our friends expected us to have returned and bid them *farewell*, and I myself expected to have seen them again before I left that country; but it was otherwise ordered, for I saw them no more; and I do not know that I ever shall, until we meet in eternity. May God help us to live, that we may join the *blood-washed throng*, in the mansions of endless day.

We reached the outskirts of the settlements of *Natchez* on the third day after we left the city. It was something late in the day before we left the last house inhabited by white people, and entered the vast wilderness. This was a new scene to me, such as I had never met with before. My heart trembled at the thought of sleeping out in this desert place, with no company but my husband: however, little before sunset we came to a place where we could get *water* and plenty of *cane* for our horses. There we stopped for the night, built a *fire*, and cut a quantity of cane for to last our horses through the night; after that we prepared our supper, which consisted of *coffee* and hard *biscuit*, which we had brought from the settlements with us. We had no tent to screen us from the inclement weather, but we had blankets on which we slept which made us tolerably comfortable when the weather was clear. We lay down, after having prepared a quantity of wood for the night; but it was a gloomy night to me, it being the first time that I ever had been in the like circumstances; and to look up and see the wide extended

concave of heaven bespangled with stars, without any covering, it was truly majestic. Yet to consider we were in a lonely desert, uninhabited by any creature but *wild beasts and savages*, made me feel very much alarmed, and I slept but little, while Lorenzo was quite happy and composed; as he observed, he had never been so well pleased with his situation in travelling through this wild unfrequented part of the country before; and this was the tenth time that he had passed through it, in the space of nine or ten years!

We met with no molestation through the night, and as soon as day dawned we started on and travelled until late breakfast time, when we stopped, struck up a fire, and prepared some refreshment, and fed our horses, and then continued on our journey.

We travelled near forty miles that day: it was quite dark before we got to *Pearl River*, which we had to cross in a ferry boat, and stay at a house, such as it was, that belonged to a *Half Breed*, during the night. I was very much fatigued, but rested tolerably well.

In the morning we started by ourselves soon after we had got some refreshment, and travelled on through the day until towards evening, when we met a company of *Indians*, who had been preparing their camp for the night. This struck me with some considerable dread, and to add to that we had to cross a dreadful slough, called by travellers, "*hell hole*." This place consisted of thin mud, so that horses after they were stripped of saddle and harness, could swim through; and then it was necessary that some one should be on the other side, so as to prevent them from running away. But we had no one with us to assist, and we could not tell what we should do: yet so it happened, the *Indians* had made a temporary *bridge of poles and canes* to get their horses over, which served for us to get over upon also.

We were then under the necessity of preparing for the night, as it was almost sun-set, and we were not more than half a mile from the *Indian's* camp, which was quite alarming to me; but there was no alternative, there we must stay. Accordingly, Lorenzo made a good fire, and provided a plenty of cane for our horses, and made ready our little repast; by this time it was dark—we

then lay down to try to compose ourselves to rest; but my mind was too much occupied by gloomy reflections to sleep, while I could hear Indians' dogs barking, and the horses' bells gingle, although it was a beautiful night. The moon shone through the trees with great splendour, and the stars twinkling around; and if my mind had been in a right frame, it would have been a beautiful prospect to me, but I was so much afraid, that it quite deprived me of any satisfaction, while Lorenzo would have slept sweetly, if I had not been so fearful, and frequently disturbed him—I longed for day-light to appear; and as soon as it dawned we started and travelled a long and tedious day, still in this dreary wilderness. We expected to have got to a man's house, living on the *Chickasaha River*, who had an Indian family, before night; accordingly we came to a creek, which Lorenzo took to be that river: I felt very much rejoiced, as I hoped to find a house which we could have the privilege of sleeping in—but we were disappointed in our expectation—for when we got over the creek we found there an Indian village: we enquired how far it was to this man's house, they told us by signs it was ten miles, and it was now almost sun-set. We started on again, and went perhaps half a mile; when the path became divided into so many little divisions, that we could not tell which to take. Lorenzo went back to an Indian house, and requested an old Indian to go and pilot us to *Nales*—the old man hesitated at first, but after understanding that he should be well paid, he took his blanket and wrapping it about his head, he started on before us, and we followed after—by this time it was almost sun-set, but we kept on: there was a moon, though it was obscured by a thin cloud, so that it was not of so much use to us as it would otherwise have been. We had not got more than three miles from the Indian's house before it was quite dark. I was very much afraid of our pilot; I strove to lift my heart to God for protection, and felt in some degree supported.—Our way lay through a large swamp, intermixed with cane, which made it appear very gloomy; but our pilot was almost equal to a wolf to find his way through this wild unfrequented spot of the earth—he could wind about and keep the path where I

would have thought it was almost impossible ; but having travelled until ten or eleven o'clock, we arrived at the river ; but how to get across, that was the next difficulty—we must cross a ferry, and the boat was on the other side—Lorenzo requested the old Indian to go over and fetch it, but he would not move one step until he promised him more money : this was the second or third time he had raised his wages after he started, to keep him on, until we could reach the place that we wished for. However, after he found that he would get more money, he started, and went up the river, found some way across ; in a short time he had the boat over, and we went into it with our horses, and the old man set us over. This was perhaps eleven o'clock at night—we came to the house, the family was gone to bed, but the woman got up, and although she was *half Indian*, she treated me with more attention than many would have done that had been educated among the more refined inhabitants of the earth !

I felt quite comfortable, and slept sweetly through the remaining part of the night. In the morning we started again, being then near thirty miles from the settlements of *Tombigby*. We passed through some delightful country that day, and about two or three o'clock in the afternoon we reached the first house that was inhabited by white people. It made my heart rejoice to meet again with those that spoke a language which I understood, and above all, to find some that loved the Lord !

Lorenzo held several meetings in this neighbourhood that were profitable, I trust, to some. We stayed here two nights, and a good part of three days, when we took our leave of them, and departed on our journey through the settlements of *Bigby*, which extends seventy or eighty miles in length, through a rich and fertile soil. The settlements were flourishing and the people in some parts hospitable. We arrived at Fort *St. Stephen's*, situated on the *Tombigby* river—it is on an eminence, and makes a handsome appearance, although it is but small. The river is navigable up to this place. It is a beautiful river ; the water is as clear as crystal, and the land very fertile—well situated for cultivation. This will be a delightful country, no doubt in time !

We got fresh supplies at this place, and made but a few hours stop before we started on our journey, and crossed the river in a ferry-boat—this was after twelve o'clock—we travelled until late, and came to a small cabin, where we got permission to stay for the night, which we did. In the morning we started very early—saw some scattering houses, and at night we got to the *Alabama* river, where there was a ferry, kept by a man who was a mixture, where we stayed that night. This river is beautiful, almost beyond description. On its pleasant bank stood Fort *Mims*, that has since been destroyed by the savage *Creek Indians*, with those that fled to it for protection.

We were now in the bounds of the *Creek* nation: we were still without any company.—This day we struck the road that had been cut out by the order of the *President*, from the state of *Georgia*, to Fort *Stoddard*. This made it more pleasant for travelling, and then we frequently met people removing from the States to the *Tombigby*, and other parts of the *Mississippi* territory.

We travelled betwixt thirty and forty miles that day, and came to a creek, called *Murder* creek: it got this name in consequence of a man having been murdered there. This circumstance made it appear very gloomy to me. But we made the necessary preparations for the night, and lay down to rest: although I was so much afraid, I got so weary at times, that I could not help sleeping. About twelve o'clock it began to rain so fast, that it was like to put out our fire, and we were under the necessity of getting our horses and starting, as we had nothing to screen us from the rain. The road having been newly cut out, the fresh marked trees served for a guide—there was a moon, but it was shut in by clouds. However, we travelled on ten or twelve miles and it ceased raining: I was very wet and cold, and felt the need of a fire, more perhaps than I had ever done in my life before!

At last we came in sight of a camp, which would have made my heart glad, but I feared lest it was *Indians*; yet to my great satisfaction, when we came to it we found an old man and boy, with what little they possessed, going to the country we had left behind, and

had encamped in this place, and with their blankets had made a comfortable tent, and had a good fire. This was refreshing to us, as we were much fatigued. We made some coffee, and dried our clothes a little—by this time it was day-light; we then started on our way again. I thought my situation had been trying as almost could be, but I found that there were others who were worse off than myself.

We came across a family who were moving to the Mississippi—they had a number of small children; and although they had something to cover them like a tent, yet they suffered considerably from the rain the night before: and to add to that, the woman told me they had left an aged father at a man's house by the name of *Manack*, one or two days before, and that she expected he was dead perhaps by that time. They were as black almost as the *natives*, and the woman seemed very much disturbed at their situation. I felt pity for her—I thought her burthen was really heavier than mine. We kept on, and about the middle of the day we got to the house where the poor man had been left with his wife, son, and daughter. A few hours before we got there, he had closed his eyes in death—they had lain him out, and expected to bury him that evening; but they could not get any thing to make a *coffin* of, only split stuff to make a kind of a box, and so put him in the ground!

I thought this would have been such a distress to me, had it been my case, that it made my heart ache for the old lady. But I found that she was of that class of beings that could not be affected with any thing so much as the loss of property; for she began immediately to calculate the *expense* they had been at by this detention—and I do not recollect that I saw her shed one tear on the occasion.

We stayed but a short time and continued on our journey. There we got a supply of bread, such as it was; and there we met with three men that were travelling our road, the first company that we had found since we had left the Mississippi, being now not more than one-third of the way through the *Creek nation*.—We left this place betwixt one and two o'clock.

I was very glad of some company, for we had been

very lonely before. We travelled on without any thing particular occurring for three days, until we arrived at the *Chattahochy* river, where we met with some difficulty in getting over, as the boat was gone. This was early in the morning, before sun-rise, that we came to the river; and there we were detained until ten o'clock, and then had to hire an *Indian* to take a canoe, and first carry our baggage over, and then swim our horses over. This hindered us until near eleven o'clock before we got ready to start again. We were in hopes of getting to *Hawkings*, the agents, that night—but being so long detained at the river, we were obliged to stay at an *Indian's camp*, our company having stopped before.

I had got a fall from my horse and hurt myself considerably; and I was as much fatigued and worn out by travelling as ever I was in my life. I thought sometimes that I never should stand it, to get through the wilderness, but Providence gave me strength of body beyond what I could have expected. We left the *Indian's camp* in the morning, and reached *Col. Hawkings'* that night.

This was within about thirty miles of the settlements of *Georgia*. I felt grateful to the God of all grace, for his tender care over us, while in this dreary part of the land—where our ears had been saluted by the hideous yells of the *wolf*—and had been surrounded by the savages, more wild and fierce than they; and yet we were preserved from all danger, and brought through in safety.

We got to the river that divides the state of *Georgia* from the Indian boundaries, about three or four o'clock, and got into the white settlements, which was very satisfactory to me. We got to a friend's house that night about dark, where we were received kindly! This was like a cordial to my heart, as it had been a long time since I had met with a friend.

We stayed that night with them, and the next day we got to a friend's house within twelve or fourteen miles from *Milledgeville*, the metropolis of *Georgia*. There *Lorenzo* had left a small wagon, six weeks or two months before—here he exchanged the two horses we had for one that would work in a carriage, and went on to *Milledgeville*, where we stayed about a week—and found many kind friends. This was sometime in December.

While we were here the *earthquakes* began, which alarmed the people very much. It was truly an awful scene, to feel the house shaking under you as sensibly as you could feel the motion of a vessel, when it was moving over the water; and the trees as it were *dancing* on the hills—all nature seemed in commotion. This was enough to make the stoutest heart to tremble! But when the people get so hardened, that mercies nor judgments cannot move them, we may conclude they are in a bad way! This is the case with too many. O that the day would arrive, when the inhabitants of the earth would love and serve the Lord!

We left *Milledgeville*, and went to a friend's house, where I stayed three or four weeks, while Lorenzo travelled the upper countries, and through the New Purchase—and offered free salvation to crowded congregations. He then returned to where I was, and we started on our journey to *Virginia*. Lorenzo preached at several places before we got to *Louisville*, and had a chain of appointments given out, which extended to *North Carolina*. We came to *Louisville*, intending to stay only for a few days; but there came on such a *rain*, that it raised the water courses to such a degree, that it was impossible for us to travel for near two weeks—this brought him behind his appointments: but it gave him an opportunity of preaching to the people in *Louisville* a number of times.

As soon as we could get along we started, and with some difficulty we overtook the appointments—but not without disappointing three or four congregations. We travelled on from *Georgia* to *Carolina* in the cold inclement weather, such as we have in January and February; and Lorenzo preached once and twice in the day—the people seemed quite attentive all the way that we came.

I was very anxious to get to *Lynchburg*, as we had some thoughts of striving to get a small house built there, that we might have a place of retreat in case of necessity—Lorenzo still expecting to travel and preach as long as his strength would admit. But we intended to go on to *Connecticut*, to his father's, where I expected to have stayed for some time, and then return to *Lynchburg*; but the Providence of God seemed not to favour the design.

We arrived in *Lynchburg* about the seventeenth of March, where we calculated to stay but a few days, and then go on to his father's—after making some preparations for building our little house. However, we had not been in *Lynchburg* but about one week, before I was taken very ill, and confined to my bed, attended by two doctors, *Jennings* and *Owen*, who said my affliction was an inflammation of the liver—which confined me for three months to my bed, and was expected to die. However, after having gone through a course of physic, I got so as to be able to sit up and ride a little; but was very feeble. My sickness had detained *Lorenzo* from going to the North, as he had intended,—and after counting the expense of building, he found that it would not be in his power to accomplish his design in building a house, without involving himself in debt, which he was not willing to do; accordingly he gave it up, and concluded still to continue as we had been without house or home, and leave the event in the hand of Providence; knowing that we had been provided for all our lives, from a never-failing source—and we felt willing in some degree to trust HIM still!

We were still at *Lynchburg*; and had been there for more than three months—and the friends were very kind to me in my sickness.

Lorenzo wished to take me to his father's; but my health was in such a state that it was impossible for me to travel.

There was a man who lived in *Buckingham* county, about five-and-twenty miles from *Lynchburg*—we had but a small acquaintance with him: he, coming to *Lynchburg*, saw *Lorenzo*, and invited him to come and stay at his house a while. He told him he had no objections, but was thankful to him for his kindness, though he saw no way of conveyance. *Mr. John M. Walker*, for that was his name, told him he would send his carriage for me the next week, which he did, and we went to his house. This was a kind family. I had not been there but a little more than a week, before I was again confined to my bed—and it was expected that I must die. They gave every attention to me they could have done had I been their own child—may the great Master reward

them in this world with every needed blessing, and in the world to come, a crown of never-fading glory.

My Lorenzo attended me day and night almost from this time, until near Christmas. By this I had got a little better, so as to be taken and wrapped in blankets and put into a close carriage, and carried about half a mile to another dear friend's house, *Major William Duval*, where I was treated as if I had been a near relation—and provided with every thing necessary to make me comfortable; and they wished me to stay with them all the winter. This was matter of thankfulness to us.

I had got so as to walk about my room a little—and Lorenzo wishing to take a tour to the North, he made the necessary arrangements, and about the twenty-fifth of December he left me and started to *Richmond*, on his way to the city of *Washington*, where he stayed for some time, and then on to *New York*; and so on to his father's in *Connecticut*.

He expected to return in March, but did not until May. I staid at brother *Duval's*, partaking of their hospitality, until some time in March, when brother Walker's family seemed solicitous that I should go to their house again, and sister Walker coming in her carriage herself, she being very delicate too—I concluded to go. The old gentleman not being at home at the time, or I expect he would not have consented for me to have left his house, until Lorenzo returned.

I feel under great obligations to that dear family that I cannot express. His wife was a lovely woman. May the Lord reward them—for it is not in my power!

I went home with sister Walker. I was at this time much better, but in a few days after I had got to brother Walker's I was again attacked with my old complaint, a pain in my side very severe. I applied to the remedies that had been made use of, and that was bleeding and blistering, but to little purpose apparently.

I felt very much discouraged; as I thought it more than probable that my time would be but short in this world of woe—and I wished much to see my companion once more in time, but strove to be resigned to the will of the Lord.

My cry was—Lord, help me to be willing to suffer all

thy goodness sees best to inflict. My pain was at times very severe, and then I would get a little relief. I was taken about the twenty-seventh of March, but three or four days later than it was the Spring before, when I was first attacked.

I had received letters from Lorenzo which informed me that he could not get back before May. My strength was continually declining; and to appearance, I would shortly be an inhabitant of the other world. My mind was variously exercised—it was sometimes cast down, and at other times much comforted. This long and tedious sickness taught me a great lesson, as it related to the uncertainty of earthly enjoyments, than any thing I had met with before. My desire for temporalities were gone—at least any more than was strictly necessary to make me comfortable—and the Lord that cared for us had provided me with the kindest friends, where I was treated with the greatest attention.

Lorenzo returned in May, as he had wrote me he should. I was at that time unable to get out of my bed without assistance. I had wrote to him to *New York*, before I got so bad, that I was threatened with another attack. He had made all the speed that he could, and the day that he got to the place where I was, he had travelled near seventy miles.

I was much rejoiced to see him once more, the God of all Grace had granted my request, and returned him in safety to me again. He staid with me for several weeks, and every means was made use of to restore me to health that could be—but they all seemed to prove abortive.

Dr. Jennings saw me several times after my last attack, and advised the use of *mercury*, as the only remedy that could be of any service to me. I followed his advice, and was reduced very low, from the disorder and medicine together—so that it was thought by all who saw me, that I must die.

I strove to sink into the will of God; knowing whatsoever was best for me would be given—yet I could not divest myself of a desire to get well, and live a little longer: not to enjoy what is commonly called the pleasures of the world, for my prospects were but small at that time—but to live more to the glory of God, and be

better prepared to join the blood-washed company above, when I should be called for.

Lorenzo had at this time gone to the low lands, to fulfil some appointments which had been given out by some of the preachers, which took him about three weeks. I was very ill while he was gone—about the time that he returned I began to mend a little, so that I could set up in the bed. The Doctor had advised Lorenzo to carry me to the *White Sulphur Springs*, as it was the most likely means to restore my health. After a few weeks, I had got so as to be taken and put into a chair and carried as far as *Lynchburg*, to *Doctor Jennings*. We had then a chair and horse of our own—but our horse's back had got injured, so that we were under the necessity of staying in *Lynchburg* until he should get well, so that we could get on to the Springs.

We were detained for some time before our horse got so as we could use him. I still was very feeble in body—I could not walk one hundred yards without assistance. Our horse had been quite high for near three weeks, and his back had got tolerably well; so that we were about to make a start, and try to get on to the Springs—but although our horse had brought Lorenzo all the way from New-England, and down to the Low Lands of *Virginia* and the *Carolinas*, and back again to *Buckingham*, and from there to *Lynchburg* in the chair, and appeared very gentle; yet when he put him in the chair to prepare to start for the Springs, he began to act like as if he was frightened, and we were apprehensive he could not be managed by him, considering my weak and helpless state; and the road through which we must travel was very rough and mountainous, consequently he sold him on the spot, and hired a hack from a Quaker living in that place: he paid four dollars a day for the use of it for ten days, besides bearing all the expenses. We left *Lynchburg* in the morning, and went the first day to *New London*, about fifteen miles, and I stood the travel much better than I expected I could. There Lorenzo preached to the people, as he had some appointments sent on before him; and we stayed all night. The next day we went to *Liberty*, where we had another appointment—and from there we went to a friend's house, where

we were treated kindly—and they called in some of their neighbours, and we had a comfortable little meeting.

The next day to *Fincastle*, where we stayed all night, and Lorenzo preached twice. We were now within a few miles of the mountains, which was in some places so craggy and steep, that it was with difficulty we could ascend them; and then we would come into a valley, where the soil would appear as charming and beautiful as the mountains were rugged and barren. We travelled on, and met with nothing particular until we arrived at the Springs whither we were bound.

The Springs are situated in Greenbriar county, about three miles the other side of the Allegany mountain, and from *Lynchburg* upward of one hundred miles. It is a pleasant place where the man lives who has rented the Springs, and has built a number of cabins, perhaps fifty or sixty; and they were placed in a regular form, and the yard inclosed, and a beautiful grass plot, with handsome shade trees, for the accommodation of those that attend the Springs. They have a large house that stands near the centre, where the boarders dine, &c.

We went there, but the person that had hired the Springs would not take us in! he pretended they were so full that they could not. But they took more after we went there than they had before. But we got in at a house perhaps a mile from the Spring. I was better satisfied with this situation than I would have been at the place—for I could have the water brought twice in the day; and there I was in a more retired place. I stayed there near three weeks. Lorenzo was there part of the time, and part of the time he was travelling through the neighbourhoods and preaching to the people. He held several meetings at the springs, by the request of those that were attending there. There were persons from various parts, some for *pleasure*, and others for the restoration of *health*:—they were people that moved in the higher circles, and were very gay—but they were quite attentive when he spake to them of heavenly things, except one, who was a most abandoned character—he thought to frighten him by threatening his life, and abusing him in a scandalous manner: but the enemy was defeated in this—for the gentleman that kept the Springs,

and others, soon stopped his mouth, so that he had peace ever after.

There were none just about this place that knew much about religion, but they appeared anxious to hear the glorious sound of the gospel. I began to get my strength in some measure, so that I could walk about considerably well. There was to be a *Camp-Meeting* held near *Salem*, in Botetourt county, which was a distance of seventy or eighty miles: and we were in the mountains, without horse or carriage, and how we should get out we could not tell. But Providence, that had so often opened our way where we could see none, made a way at this time: there was a friend that was a *Methodist* who lived at the *Sweet Springs*, a distance, perhaps, of eighteen miles, from the *white sulphur*, who had requested Lorenzo to come over there and preach: he told him he would, provided he could send a couple of horses for us to ride. I had, by this time got so well, that we thought I might be able to ride that distance on horseback.

Accordingly the man sent the horses; and we started and arrived at his house some time in the afternoon. We stayed at the *Sweet Springs*, three or four days, and Lorenzo preached several times: we then, by the assistance of friends, were enabled to get on to *Fincastle*, that was within twenty miles. We came with the preachers that were going to *Camp-meeting*.

Here we got a chair from a friend to convey us part of the way from this to the place where the meeting was to be held, to another friend's, who let us have his horse and gig to carry us the remaining part of the way. When we got to the camp-ground it was nearly dark; but there we met with some of our old acquaintance, which made my heart to rejoice. The preachers were very friendly. There I met with my dear friend, sister *Dunnington*, who perhaps enjoys as great communion with God, as any person I ever saw. She was very kind to me,—and I felt it was good to meet with those that truly love and serve the Lord. We stayed at the *Camp-Meeting* until the day before it broke up. It was a tolerable good time—there was a number of souls converted to God: may they continue to walk in the narrow happy road, until they reach the peaceful shores of Canaan!

We left the camp ground in company with a preacher and his family for Blacksburg, near the Yellow Springs, so called, where I was advised to go, and try the water. This was near thirty miles from Salem—here we stayed for two or three weeks, and I made use of the waters, which was, I think, beneficial to me.

We got acquainted with a gentleman from the *Low Lands of Virginia*, who was at the Springs with his wife on the account of her health. These people were possessed of a large property, and but one child—and they also possessed as great a share of *hospitality* as any that I ever met with. They understanding our situation, gave me an invitation to go home and spend the winter with them—which I thankfully accepted, while Lorenzo took quite a different course to the Western country, intending to visit the *Louisiana*, before his return: but the *Indian War* breaking out, flung some obstacles in the way, which were unavoidable: hence, he sent on a *deed* of relinquishment to those that had the possession of the *old mill*, which had made such a noise in the world—we had heard that they had got it, or rather built a new one, to do some business, but Lorenzo had *never* reaped any benefit from any thing that ever he claimed in that country, and I do not expect he ever will.

Here ends the history of his reported vast possessions in the Mississippi.

We parted at the Springs. I was to go home with brother Booth, the friend from *Virginia*, while he pursued his journey to the *West*. Brother *Dunnington*, who lived at *Salem*, happened to be at the Springs at this time—he took me in his chair, and carried me to his house, and brother Booth came down the next day. His wife was very unwell, which detained us in the mountains for six or seven weeks.

I stayed with sister *Dunnington*, until sister *Booth* was able to travel; we then started for Brunswick, their place of residence, where I was treated with the greatest kindness.

Lorenzo went on to the *Western States*, and from thence to Carolina, and so on to Virginia, to where I was; after an absence of near four months.

He in this tour visited about forty counties, and tra-

velled near two thousand miles. He stayed with me about ten days, and then started on another route through *North and South Carolina* to *Charleston*, and visited many places, preaching from one to four times in a day, until he returned, which was about seven weeks. He got back to me on Friday night; he preached on Sunday, and on Monday morning we prepared to start for *Petersburg*.

March 8th, 1814, we bid adieu to my kind friends in *Brunswick*, where I had found an asylum from the cold winter for near five months, whilst my Lorenzo was ranging through the *Western and Southern States*, to call sinners to repentance. The morning that we parted with that dear family will be a memorable one to me; it was like parting with my nearest friends. May the Lord bless them with all such spiritual and temporal mercies, as shall prepare them for a seat at the right hand of the Majesty on high.

Brother Booth had furnished us with two horses, a gig, and servant, to go with us to *Petersburg*—and there we were to take his carriage and continue on to *Baltimore*. But when we got to *Petersburg*, the carriage which was designed we should take from there, was taken to pieces for repairing, so that we could not obtain it for our journey, and hence were under the necessity of taking the public stage for *Richmond*, which was something disagreeable to me: but I strove to put my trust in that hand which had dealt out so liberally to me in days that were past by.

The roads were very bad, being so much cut up by the large heavy wagons that were on the road, laden with *cotton* and other produce for market.

We arrived in *Richmond* between two and three o'clock, and were received with kindness by brother West and his companion. There we met several preachers, who treated us with friendship, which was very pleasant to me. O how sweet it is to meet with those that love and serve the great Master in sincerity and in truth! And if it is so pleasant *here*, what will it be when we shall meet in that sweet world of *Rest*, where we shall see eye to eye, and be no more subject to *erroneous* conclusions, as it relates to our *brethren*! O that I

may be enabled to fight my passage through, and meet with the dear friends of Jesus on the happy banks of everlasting deliverance!

We stayed in *Richmond* from Wednesday until Monday morning. Lorenzo hired a hack at the rate of five dollars per day to bring us on to *Fredericksburg*, which cost us near 40 dollars—but we came on in safety. I felt my heart often drawn out in prayer to God for protection while we were on the road, that He would attend us on our journey. We were received with kindness also at this place by our old friend, brother *Green*, and his family—where we stayed for some days.

Lorenzo held several meetings, and then took a seat in the public stage for *Alexandria*, where we arrived on Sunday, between two and three o'clock. We stopped at a public house, where the people that travel in the stage are accommodated, but did not stay longer than to deposit our baggage, and then to go in search of some friends where we had put up, when we were in that place some years before, by the name of *Stone*. We walked down the street for some distance, and as it happened, a gentleman and lady were standing at the door where Lorenzo had formed some acquaintance the preceding winter, and invited us to come in, which we did—and found a pleasant asylum, where we could rest from our fatigue of travelling in the stage. O how sweet it is to meet with kind friends after having been confined with those that neither feared God nor regard man!

We stayed at Mr. *Warter's* two nights, and then by the request of a family of Quakers, by the name of *Scholfield*, we spent one night with them. It was a very pleasant time to me—they were remarkably kind and friendly; and the gentleman in the morning took me in his chair and carried me to the city of *Washington*, which was about six miles from *Alexandria*, to another friend's, where my Lorenzo had found a kind reception a little more than twelve months before, and who had requested that he would bring me, if ever he should travel that way again.

Lorenzo had stayed behind to find some conveyance for our trunk and other baggage: in a short time he found a return hack, which he engaged, and arrived in a short

time after me, and was received with affection by the family. They were by name *Friends*, and they were so by nature.

We stayed with them three nights, and received many marks of friendship from them—for which may the great Master reward them in the day when he cometh to make up his jewels! They had been married for seventeen years, and had no children, except one little adopted daughter, of the lady's brother, which they had taken as their own. They doted on her: she was taken sick the day after I went there; and the second day at night they thought she was dying, and the poor little woman was in great anguish of soul on the account. I did not expect the child would live until morning. We had engaged our passage in the stage for that morning at five o'clock, and were up at three. The family had slept very little for two nights, but when we arose in the morning, which was at an early hour, to prepare for our journey, the dear little child was still living, but looked like she had almost finished her course, and would shortly be conveyed to the realms of peace. Brother *Friend* went with us to the stage-house, where we parted. We came on to *Baltimore*, where we stayed two nights with brother *Hagerly*; and Lorenzo preached twice in the town. We then took the steam-boat for *Philadelphia*, where we arrived in about twenty-six or eight hours, where we tarried from Tuesday until Friday—there Lorenzo preached two evenings in the *African* church. We then left *Philadelphia*, and continued on in the steam-boat to *Trenton*, where we took the stage for *New York*. We staid at *Princeton* one night, and the next evening we arrived at the city of *New York*, and came to brother *Morris D' Camps*, from whose house I started when going to the *Mississippi*—he then lived in *Troy*—after an absence of about five years and six months from the time we started, and from whom we have received many favours. May that God, who is able and willing to reward those that will be kind, for their benevolence bless him and all my dear friends, for their kindness to me—and in particular for the last nine years of my life.

SUPPLEMENTARY REFLECTIONS

TO THE

JOURNEY OF LIFE.

I LEFT Lynchburg on the 19th of July, and came to brother Walker's in Buckingham, where I was taken worse; and stayed there three months—and then I went to brother Duval's, where I stayed about five months, and then returned to brother Walker's again, where I continued near two months more—making ten months in all. May the Lord give them the reward that is promised to those that give a cup of cold water to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, for their kindness to unworthy me in this day of *adversity*.

January 25th. I this morning have been much relieved from melancholy reflections that employed my mind through the last night, as it relates to Lorenzo; as I had not heard from him for several weeks, which gave me much uneasiness, and made me feel my situation, which is something lonely: but what most distressed me was, my *heart* being so prone to distrust the protection of Providence over us, which I had so much reason to rely upon—for his tender care hath been over me from my earliest days until now, and hath brought me through dangers seen and unseen.

“Through various deaths my soul hath led;
And turn'd aside the fatal hour,
And lifted up my sinking head.”

O that I may ever feel resigned to the will of God! The day will shortly arrive when we must bid adieu to all sublunary things. May the Lord help me to tear my heart from earth away for Jesus to receive. I long to be

dead to all below the sun, and have my affections placed on things above, where sorrow will be turned into joy, where we shall view our Saviour, who hath borne all our sins in his own body on the tree, without a dimming veil between! Lord, enable me to say—

“Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my *hope* and all my *plea*,
For me the Saviour died.

My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.”

January 26th. My heart longs to be filled with love and gratitude to God, for his mercy to me: and that through his grace strengthening me, I hope to overcome all the evils that may befall me, whether outward or inward. O that I may consider that *days* are uncertain here below—and know not the hour when the Son of Man may call for me, whether it will be at midnight, or at the cock's crowing—so it stands me in hand to *watch* and *pray*, that I may not be surprised when He shall come, but be *ready* to enter in with the Bridegroom to the marriage supper of the Lamb! How sweet rest will be, after the toilsome “*journey of life*” is over. We shall then be received to those joys that have been purchased at so dear a rate; it cost no less than the precious blood of the Son of God! O what a ransom! That it should be neglected by *those* who ought to *benefit* by it—what a pity! O that they may take timely warning, and flee to the out-stretched arms of the Saviour, and hide them, while the storms of life be past, that they may be guided safe into the *haven* of eternal rest.

February 7th, 1813, Sunday. I feel this morning my spirits are very much depressed—I fear that trouble awaits me. O that I may be prepared for whatever may be the will of God concerning me, whether prosperity or adversity. May I ever lay passive at HIS feet, and feel a dis-

position to say—Not my will, but thine be done. I am assured that this is a state of trial, wherein we must stand to our arms, or we shall suffer loss—for we are surrounded with enemies on every side, within and without, that are watching to do us mischief. O that I may be on my guard, and watch unto prayer, that the Lord may be my fore front and rear ward! and although troubles should assail me and dangers affright, I may be enabled to fly to the arms of Jesus, and find shelter and consolation there! For he hath said, that he will carry the lambs in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young—O that I may be one of those that can claim this promise and protection from him. I am left as one alone in the earth—but if I can only put my trust in him, I need not fear.—Although dangers stand thick through all the ground, yet if the Lord is my shield, I shall not fear what man can do unto me. But I too often sink into a state of despondency, as my situation seems to be very gloomy at present:—not that I am in want of any thing to make me comfortable, as it relates to living—for I am placed in a kind family, for which I desire to be thankful—but my concern for my companion, who hath been gone for near two months, and I have not heard from him but once—which fills my heart with fear, lest something hath befallen him. O that God may preserve him from those that would do him harm—and may I be enabled to give him up into the hands of God; knowing that he will do all things well: and if we meet no more on *earth*, may we meet in *glory*, where we shall be reunited never to part again—and receive the crown of glory that is laid up for those that are faithful to the Lord, who bought their pardon on the tree!

February 9th. I am still alive, and enjoy a tolerable degree of health—for which I desire to be thankful: for it is more than I once expected, from the state of my health.

I *expected* that I should have been an *inhabitant of eternity* before this—but the Lord hath preserved me for a longer space! O that I may improve the precious moments as they pass, to the glory of God, and for the good of my immortal soul—that when time shall be no more with me, I may be received into glory, where sorrow will

be turned into joy: where I may join the blood-washed throng in singing hallelujahs to God and the Lamb for ever!

“ And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.”

February 15th. I am still alive, and on praying ground—O that I may improve the precious *moments* as they pass, to the *glory* of God and the *good* of my own *soul*. My heart is too little engaged with God! O that I may never rest until I am filled with *love* to God and all mankind. May the Lord prepare me for whatever awaits me through this unfriendly world—for I expect that troubles will be my lot, while here, more or less, until I pass over *Jordan*!—God grant that they may end then; and for *them* may I receive a crown of glory, though *unworthy*. May God help me to *watch* and *pray* without *ceasing*, that I may be in a state of *readiness* for whatever may *befal* me!

“ How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven,
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in HEAVEN.

A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O by *faith*, I see—
The land of *rest*, the saint's *delight*;
The heaven prepar'd for *me*.”

March 12, 1813. I have reason to bless and praise God, that it is as well with me as it is—that I have some desire still to devote my life and all that I have to the service of that God who hath preserved and brought me to the present moment. O that every power of my soul and body may be, without reserve, devoted to him. He hath been my Preserver and kind Benefactor from my earliest days until the present time! O that my heart may be filled with love and gratitude to Him, for every mercy that I do enjoy. It hath been better than three

months since I parted with the *friend* that I esteem most dear ; and I long much to see him—but I must be patient, and strive to give my all to the Lord, and say, Not my will, but thine be done.

March 14th. This day has been a day of a good degree of *peace* and *joy* to my *soul*. As I have been so long deprived of meeting with my *brethren* to praise God ! O that I may give my soul and body as a living sacrifice to him day by day—and be prepared to meet my Saviour in the skies, with joy and gladness.

“ Through grace, I am determin’d
To conquer, though I die !”

March 21st. I have reason to praise God for his tender mercy to me ; that he hath given me a degree of health and strength—and feel a desire to spend the remainder of my days in his service and to his glory. May the Lord bless me with an hungering and thirsting for all the mind that was in Christ, that I may be a comfort to my companion, and a blessing to society, and be prepared for heaven and glory.

“ Come Lord from above, these mountains remove,
O’return all that hinders the course of thy love.”

I long to be altogether thine. The day is fast approaching when it would be of more importance to have an interest at a throne of grace, than to be possessed of all the riches in this lower world ! May God help me to realize the world of *time* and the length of *eternity*—and improve my privileges accordingly !

March 21st. I feel to be in some degree thankful to God for the blessings that I do enjoy. May I improve them to the glory of my great Benefactor—and may the Lord reward my kind friends for their friendship to me.

“ O that my God would count me meet,
To wash his dear disciples’ feet.”

I feel my heart prone to wander from the God that I

desire to love! O that the day may arrive when I shall love my God supremely—above every thing else.

April the 15th, 1813. I am this day out of eternity, but am not well—and know not how long I may be an inhabitant of this world! That I may be in a state of readiness for death, when it shall come—for whether it be long or short, it will be the same king of terrors when it comes, if we are not *prepared* for it. My heart and soul, long for *full* redemption, in the blood of *Jesus*.

“O that my tender soul might fly
The least abhorr'd approach of ill:
Quick as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.”

I hope the Lord may give me grace to be faithful; that whether my days are many or few, they may all be devoted to him, that when I am called to go I may have a convoy of angels to escort my happy soul to realms of glory. My conflicts are many here, but the hand of the Lord is strong. O that I may be enabled to put my trust in him in every trying hour.

April 21st. I am this day a spared monument of mercy—that I am not cut off as a cumberer of the ground—O that my heart may be filled with real gratitude for the blessings I do enjoy—for kind friends in the day of adversity.

I feel that I need daily supplies from the fountain that was opened in the house of king David for *sin* and uncleanness. For the enemy thrusts sore at me—and I often fear I shall come short at last. I want the whole armour, and skill to use the weapons, that I may be more than conqueror through the strength of Jesus—that when my sun is setting, I may have a prospect of Canaan's happy land, and view by faith the celestial fruits of paradise, where joys immortal grow—pain shall be exchanged then for pleasure that never shall cease—where we may gaze on the face of our beloved without a dimning veil of mortality between.

April 23d. I have reason to be thankful to God my great Preserver, for the peace that I do feel in my soul

this morning. Although my body is afflicted, yet I feel a degree of resignation to the will of God—and hope that I may be prepared for whatever is the will of God concerning me—whether life or death.

“ Through grace I am determin’d
 To conquer though I die,
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I’ll fly :
 And then my happy station
 In life’s fair tree shall have
 Close by the throne of Jesus,
 Shut up with God above.”

O that I may consider that my days are as a shadow that passeth away. God grant that I may secure a lot among the blest.

“ My suffering time will soon be o’er,
 Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
 My ransom’d soul shall soar away,
 To sing God’s praise in endless day.”

The road I have to travel is interspersed with *joys* and *sorrows*—and the only way to be happy is to receive the one with *gratitude* and the other with *submission*. O that I may have that true resignation to the will of heaven, that may enable me to rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing, and in every thing to give thanks—thank the Lord for the blessings that I do enjoy, and be patient under sufferings, knowing that it is good for me to be afflicted, that I may know my own weakness the better, and rely only on the strength of him that is able to save all those that put their trust in his clemency and mercy! May the Lord help me to live to his glory while on earth I stay.

May 9th, 1813. I have reason to bless God that it is as well with me as it is! Whether I shall ever enjoy health or not I do not know—and I would not be anxious concerning it: but may I be prepared for whatever is the

will of the Lord concerning me, whether life or death, health or sickness, prosperity or adversity. I feel a desire to see my Lorenzo once more in time: but if that is denied me, may I be enabled to say, The will of the Lord be done—and may we meet on Canaan's happy shore, where sorrow will be turned into joy—and all that's earthly in our souls will be done away, and in its place we shall have the nature of angels and saints.

“ O what a happy company—
Where saints and angels join !”

There will be no more anger nor strife—no more malice nor envyings, evil speaking, nor any thing that shall mar our happiness, or give us pain—but harmony and peace shall for ever abound! May God help us to be faithful to him, and to the spirit of his grace.

“ How *tedious* and *tasteless* the hours
When *Jesus* no longer I see ;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
Have all lost their sweetness to me.
The midsummer sun shines but dim—
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am *happy* in him,
December's as *pleasant* as May.

“ His *name* yields the richest perfume,
And *sweeter* than music his voice ;
His *presence* disperses my *gloom*,
And makes all *within* me *rejoice*.
I *should*, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to *wish* or to *fear*—
No mortal so *happy* as I,
My *summer* would last all the *year*.”

O that I could always be enabled to put my trust in him in every time of trouble—and may the Lord prepare me for death and glory.—

“ There on a green and flowery mount
 Our weary souls shall sit ;
 And with transporting joys recount
 The labours of our feet !”

May 10th. I am in a lingering state of health, and whether ever I shall be able to be of any use to myself or others I know not—but I hope that I may be enabled to be resigned to the disposal of Providence, and say, Not my will but thine be done. It is a reality that we are born to die, and after death to come to judgment—and how ought we to live, that we may stand acquitted in that awful day, when *Christ* in glory shall appear to judge both the *quick* and the *dead*. O that I may have “ my robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb,” that I may hear the welcome sentence, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world—O happy day—when we shall be delivered from this body of clay, that clogs and weighs down the soul oftentimes, and makes us cry out with the apostle, who shall deliver me from the body of this death !

How necessary it is, for us to *watch* and *pray*, that we enter not into temptation—but hold fast the *confidence* that we have in a blessed *Saviour*.

“ On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye,
 To Canaan's fair and happy land
 Where my possessions lie.
 O the transporting happy scene
 That rises to my sight—
 Sweet fields array'd in living green,
 And rivers of delight.

“ The generous fruits that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow :
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
 With milk and honey flow :

All o'er those wide extended plains,
 Shines one eternal day ;
 There God the Son forever reigns,
 And scatters night away."

"No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore ;
 Sickness and sorrow—pain and death,
 Are felt and fear'd no more.
 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be for ever blest :
 When I shall see my *Father's* face,
 And in his bosom rest !

"Fill'd with delight my raptur'd *soul*
 Can here no longer stay ;
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away :
 There on those high and flow'ry plains,
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
 But in perpetual, joyful strains,
 Redeeming love admire.

It is through the tender mercy of God, that I am alive and out of hell ! O that I may be renewed in the spirit of my mind ! May all the earthly dispositions of my heart be changed into heavenly, that I may be prepared to bid adieu to this world of sorrow, and find an habitation of peace, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest. My God help me to be faithful the few days that I have to spend on earth. My heart hath been much sunk under a weight of sorrow—when I consider how far from God and heaven, and what I would be, I am !—O that the cry of my soul may be, Dear *Jesus*, raise me higher ! I long to be *holy*, as Thou art holy. May the Lord help me to rely on his mercy and goodness for all that is to come—and say without reserve, "The will of the Lord be done."

" O God, my help in ages past,
 My hope for years to come;
 My shelter from the stormy blast,
 And my eternal home."

Prepare me for that happy day, when all the saints get home—and sit down at the right hand of God—where we shall be freed from all the toils and troubles of life, and have pleasure without end—where trouble and anguish cannot enter, but all shall be *harmony* and peace!

" O what a glorious company,
 When saints and angels meet"—

in robes of white arrayed—when Christ shall wipe all tears from our eyes, and we shall be admitted to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the saints that have gone through much tribulation, and *washed* THEIR robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. May my heart and life be conformed to the gospel, that I may be a comfort to my companion, and a blessing to society :

" And may my *sun* in smiles decline—
 And bring a *pleasing* night."

The men that love the Lord are happy in this world and in the next ! O may that be my happy lot—may the Lord help me to tear every idol from my heart, and may he reign without a rival there. I feel my heart's desire is, to love the Lord with my whole heart.

" This is a world of trouble and grief I plainly see ;
 But when in deepest sorrow, O God, I look to Thee !
 Thou deliver'dst Daniel, when in the lions' den—
 And if thou didst protect him, O why not other men !"

Help me to pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks ! May my soul's concern and only care be, to secure a lot among the blest—that when my days are

ended on earth, I may receive an inheritance that can never be taken from me! May God preserve my companion while absent.

In my days of *childhood*, the *Providence* of God was over me to preserve me from evil; although I lost my *mother*, one of the most invaluable blessings that a child can be deprived of, particularly a female. Yet the Lord was my friend, and brought me up to the years of maturity, with a mind as little tainted with the evil practices that are prevalent among young people as most. My sister was very careful to teach me the way of rectitude in my earliest days, which was of great benefit to me in my *journey through life*. And I doubt not, if *mothers* would begin with their *children* when they are *young*, they might mould them into almost any *frame* they chose. But instead of paying that attention to their *morals* while their minds are young, and susceptible of good impressions, as they ought; they suffer them to mix with those that are wicked to a proverb; thinking there is no danger—they are too young to be injured by any bad example or precept. But they find, when it is too late, that their minds are too easily impressed with evil; and habits, which are imbibed in childhood, are not so easily eradicated: and through their neglect, many that might be shining characters in society, a blessing to the age that they live in, they are but a nuisance to mankind, and are rearing up another *set* to walk in their tracks. Thus the world is contaminated by the mismanagement of mothers! My heart has often been pained, to see the dear little innocents suffered to run at random; and taught nothing that would be of *service* to them, either in this world, or in the next! May the Lord open the eyes of those that have the care of children, to see the importance of their charge; and enable them to do their duty—that the rising generation may be more obedient to their parents, more attentive to the duty they owe their God—then they will be a greater blessing to society, and will be better qualified to fill up that sphere in life which they may be called to—and above all, be prepared for those happy regions, where all will be harmony and peace!

After my *marriage*, leaving the place where I had lived from my early days, I was placed in quite a different

sphere of life. Unacquainted with the variety of manners and dispositions of mankind, I thought all who professed friendship were friends; but I have found myself mistaken in many instances. Some that at one time would appear like as if there was nothing too good that they could do for one, at another time were so cool and distant, that one would be ready to conclude they could not be the same people! These constant changes have, in some measure, taught me this lesson, that we are all frail mortals, liable to change; and there is but *one* source that is permanent. *There* we may place implicit confidence, and we will not be deceived.

I have abundant cause to be thankful to my great *Benefactor*, for the continued favours bestowed me—and for many kind friends who have administered to my necessities in the time of adversity: may the great Master reward them richly in this world, and in that which is to come, eternal life and glory! It is said to be more blessed to give than receive, therefore, those that have it in their power to do good to the needy sons and daughters of affliction, and follow the dictates of charity, will have a double reward: they will feel a sweet *peace* in their own souls while they are travelling through this unfriendly world, and when they come to bid adieu to all things below the sun, they will have a glorious prospect of a happy entrance into the blest abode of saints and angels!

“O may my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesus’ witnesses”—

on earth—and at last be joined to that happy company above the skies!

What need there is to *watch* and *pray*, and guard against the vain allurements of this world; to steer our course between the rocks on either hand, that we may gain the destined port of eternal repose in the bosom of our once crucified, but now risen and exalted Saviour.

Our hearts are too often fixed on the vain and transient things of time and sense, while the important concerns of eternal happiness or misery are almost, if not quite neglected! We are leaving nothing undone that we can

accomplish to lay up treasure on earth, which will perish in the using—while the *immortal part*, that will have an existence as long as its *Author* exists, lieth in ruins! O what madness! This poor body, what is it, but a dying lump of clay! that must in a few revolving days be consigned to the dust from whence it was taken! What will it avail us then—whether we were rich or poor, noble or ignoble. The main point will then be, whether we have spent our time in the service of God, or have devoted it to the pleasures and vanities of the world—to please ourselves, instead of obeying the calls of the gospel, and taking up the cross! O that these things may lay with serious weight on our minds, that we may make sure work for eternity, and spend no time unprofitably, but husband it to the best advantage.

The various scenes of life make such an impression on our minds, that we are often brought into such perplexities, that we hardly know which way to turn: but if we could always live in the enjoyment of that *Faith*, which it is our privilege to possess, we should never be at a loss. I have passed through many trying situations in *Europe* and *America*—but the Lord hath been my helper thus far, through all the *vicissitudes* attending the JOURNEY OF LIFE! And I hope, one day to outstrip the wind, beyond the bounds of time—where there will be no more uncertainty or disappointment—where peace and harmony shall for ever abound:—after all our troubles here, how sweet and consoling rest will be! May the Lord help me to live near to the bleeding side of a crucified *Redeemer*—willing to take up my cross and follow him where he may lead, if it is to go through fire or water. These are trying times—the love of many is waxing cold. How soon we may be called to a fresh *trial* of our FAITH, we cannot tell:—may we stand *firm*, knowing that all shall work together for good to those that love GOD.

How many and various are the difficulties of life, while travelling through this vale of tears, to the place of rest, whither we are all hastening. Were it not for the mixture of pleasure that we find interwoven in those pains, we should often sink under them—but he that rides upon the winds, and can command them at a nod, undertakes

our cause; and makes a way for us, when we see none—and cannot tell which way we must go! I am indebted to that great and beneficent Hand for all the mercies that I do enjoy. O that my heart may be filled with gratitude to God for these favours.

I arrived in New York with my companion, towards the last of March, 1814—where I met with kind friends, particularly brother Munson and his family. They are like they were our own dear brothers and sisters: may the Lord reward them in this world and in the next! Here I met with my old friend sister *Lester*—she is still the same—may the Lord prosper her on her journey to a glorious eternity! I have found as kind friends of late as I could expect—O that my heart may ever feel grateful to my God for all his mercies to unworthy me! I have felt a greater desire to be all devoted to the Lord, (soul and body, and all that I have and am, for time and eternity,) of late, than I have felt for a long time! I do not expect to find that place, while I am an inhabitant of this lower world, where there is nothing to trouble or afflict either body or mind. May the great Master give me more of that spirit of humility; that it may enable me to be willing to suffer all the righteous will of God; and when called to bid adieu to all below the sun, that I may have a pleasing prospect of a glorious immortality! O how sweet and delightful must be the scene, to a soul that has been tossed, on the ocean of time; and hath fought their passage through, and got within view of the happy land:

“When all their sorrows will be o'er;
 Their suff'ring and their pain:
 Who meet on that eternal shore
 Shall never part again!”

O may be I prepared to meet those that have gone before, and those that may come after!”

May 10th, 1814. We have been in New York for several weeks, and kindly treated by many—may the Lord reward them!

Though many have been my trials and afflictions the

last four or five years of my life, yet the Lord hath been my friend—and I feel a desire to devote the remainder of my days in his service. How long I shall be an inhabitant of this world of woe, is uncertain to me—I feel the seeds of death in this mortal frame—and it is my earnest desire to become more and more acquainted with my own heart, that when the summons shall arrive, I may not be alarmed, but rejoice to go and be at rest! O how soon my heart sinks down to earth again! O my Lord, help me to keep my eye upon the prize! and my heart stayed on THEE! that this world may have no charms sufficient to draw me from the contemplation of heaven and glory!

“ Was I possessor of the earth,
 And call'd the stars my own,
 Without thy graces, and thyself,
 I were a wretch undone!

Let others stretch their arms like seas
 And grasp in all the shore;
 Grant me the visits of thy grace,
 And I desire no more.”

May I ever lay at the feet of my glorious Redeemer, who hath bought my pardon on the tree! My soul is pained on the account of those that were once plain, humble followers of the meek and lowly Jesus; but now are so conformed to the world, that they can hardly be distinguished from them! How long will they sleep in security, wandering from God—pursuing a shadow instead of a substance! How vain are all things below the sun! We may have prosperity one day, and the next may prove quite the reverse! How necessary it is to have our hearts detached from the world, and placed on a more durable object!

May 13th, 1814. I am this day under renewed obligations to the great Preserver for the blessings that I enjoy—my life is preserved, and I have kind friends that appear willing to supply all my wants. May God, that is able to give me the inward consolation of the Holy Spirit, enable me to draw water out of the fountain that never

will run dry! I long to be more holy in heart and life; and then I shall surely be more happy! O my soul, arise! and shake thyself, and put on thy beautiful garments! and then, I can rejoice in tribulation, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and what a charming *trait* it is in the Christian character—that of *patience*! O that I may learn to possess my soul in patience in this day of trial! The times are gloomy, and we need to be continually at the throne of grace, and cry mightily to God to stand by us; that we may keep the narrow road, and not turn to the right hand or to the left.

Sunday, May 15th, 1814. I thank the Lord that I have once more had the privilege of hearing the sweet sound of the gospel, from these words: "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small." I wish it may sink into the hearts of those that heard it! In the first place, he told what was meant by Jacob or Israel—spiritually the church of Christ; and then went on to tell why it was styled *small* in those days, as well as at the present day. First, because the professed clergy were not faithful, but were fallen asleep upon their watch tower; and did not warn the people of their danger as they ought. Secondly, wicked *rulers*, by their bad example, prevent that good being done as otherwise would be, if they were men that truly loved and feared God. And thirdly, the *laity*, those that heard the sound of the gospel, did not make that improvement of the precious opportunities which they enjoyed as they ought. *Parents* set bad examples before their children—this was one great cause why we so seldom saw the young and rising generation turning to God! And fourthly, and lastly, he showed by whom Jacob must *arise*—it was *our* duty to pray in faith, but it was God that gave the increase—therefore, we must *hope* and *believe* that God would hear our prayers; and convert our children and neighbours, and prosper Zion. If we were united in heart, so as to be like an army with banners, and not let the spirit of division get in among us, and cry out "I am of Paul, and I am of Apollos, and I or Cephas, and I of Christ—but all must be of one mind and heart in Christ Jesus the Lord! Then we should see how the *church* would prosper, and what glorious

seasons we should have! But the times are gloomy, and when the cloud will disperse we cannot tell.

May 19th. Lorenzo is quite unwell—trials await us, but may our trust be in the Lord, that he will deliver us from all our troubles at last, and land us safe on the peaceful shores of blest eternity; where all our toils will be over—our suffering and our pain; where we shall join the happy millions that surround the throne of God, and sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb for ever and ever!

“ Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.”

May our hearts be inspired with love and gratitude to the great Giver of all things, for the mercies we do enjoy—to enable us to improve every moment to the glory of God, and our own good!

May 20th, 1814. We are at Hoboken, a delightful spot of the earth, upon the Jersey side of the river, opposite New York—where, from the window of the room we occupy, we have a grand view of the city, with the majestic steeples of the different churches, reaching their lofty heads almost to the lowering skies—while the beautiful trees that are interspersed among the houses, with the surrounding country, which can also be seen at the same time, conspire to make it a most enchanting prospect! On the other hand, the Jersey side presents to view, decorated with all the charms of Spring—green trees and shady groves; while the delightful songsters of the woods tune their harmonious throats in praising their great Creator! These beauties of nature all joined in concert, one would suppose, could not fail to excite gratitude in the hard and obdurate heart of man, the most noble work of our great Creator! But lamentable to tell!—they appear to be less thankful than the *birds* that fly in open space, or even the reptiles that crawl upon the earth, for they answer the *end* for which they were made—but man, who was formed in the image of his God, and not holy indebted to him for *creation*, but also for *redemption* in the blood of Jesus, tramples on his

mercies, and dispises the offers of his grace; and live more like beasts, than creatures possessed of rationality! O that men would learn to love and serve the Lord!

We are at the house of a kind family, but they do not profess religion. May the Lord make our stay with them a blessing to their souls, and to the neighbourhood where they live! For the people in this place, by what I can learn, are quite careless about their souls! O that the Lord may make use of some measures to bring them to a knowledge of the truth—my soul longs to see a revival of religion take place once more!

May 21st. I am still alive, and out of a never-ending eternity; for which may my heart be filled with gratitude to him that sustains and supplies me with every needed blessing; who inclines the hearts of my fellow mortals to treat me with kindness! O how much I am indebted to my God—and how little is my heart affected with a grateful sense of his goodness! O that he would implant, deep in my soul, *love* to God and man; with a heart-felt sense of my dependence upon him, for all the favours which I do enjoy.

From Sunday until Monday we were in New York at brother Munson's, the greatest part of the time. Lorenzo is printing his Journal, with some other tracts; which has detained him in and about this city far longer than he expected to have stayed when we came here—but the way seemed to open for him to print his books, and he thought it best to improve the present opening, and hope it may prove a blessing to many.

On Wednesday afternoon we came over to Mr. Anderson's again; where we met with the same kind reception which he had experienced some days before. Mrs. Anderson was very sick, but was something better the next day. Lorenzo preached to the people in this place on Wednesday evening, and had a crowded house. May the seed take root in some heart, and bear fruit to perfection! I feel the need of more *faith*, to be enabled to put my *trust* in the great Giver of every good and perfect gift—my heart too often wanders from the right source. O that my *mind* may be stayed on God in every trying hour—I long to be made holy in heart and life; and feel a willingness to bear the cross like a good soldier of Jesus

Christ, that when the sun of life shall decline, I may have a pleasing prospect of a happy eternity!

Saturday, May 28th. Through the goodness of God I enjoy better health than I have done for more than two years before. May my heart be filled with love and gratitude to the Great and Beneficent hand that is daily showering down blessings on my unworthy head, and improve my lengthened days, in doing good to myself and others! For why should I be useless in this time of need? But, O! my heart shrinks at the cross! May the Lord help me to be willing to take it up, and follow Jesus in the way! When we consider the shortness of time, and the length of eternity, we perceive there is no time to loose; but a necessity to improve every moment to the best advantage. May it be impressed on my heart!

May 31st. I desire to have my heart filled with grateful songs of praise, to the God of all grace and mercies, for his favours to me! Through every lane of life, he hath provided me kind friends, in the day of adversity as well as in the day of prosperity. What reason have I to be faithful to my God for all those blessings! May the Lord help me ever to lie at the feet of the Saviour, and learn instruction from his lips! I am still at Captain Anderson's, at the beautiful little town of Hoboken, as charming a place as I almost ever saw. O, what a pity there is not (as I know of) one person in this place that enjoys religion; or at least, not many feeling much concern for their souls; and they have no preaching, except by the Baptists, who preach up "particular election" and *reprobation*, in the strongest terms that I ever heard. I went to hear them on Sunday last, and my heart was truly pained, to hear a man get up and address a number of people, (who were unacquainted with the way of salvation, and for aught I know, were living in the neglect of their duty altogether,) in this way; that they "could do nothing; they must be taken by an irresistible power, and be brought in." But my heart replied, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come buy wine and milk, without money and without price!" What a pity it is, that men should darken council by words without knowledge!

For it is expressly said, that ALL may come that will; and that they shall in no wise be shut out. May God stop the mouths of those that attempt to speak in his name, who are not called and qualified by the Spirit, for the work! but bless and prosper those that have taken their lives in their hands, and have gone forth to call sinners to repentance, offering a free salvation to all the fallen race of *Adam*.

June 1st. What a miracle of mercy it is, that I am still spared on this side eternity, whilst many of my fellow-mortals have been called from the stage of action; their bodies numbered with the pale nations under ground, and their souls taken flight to a world of spirits; whilst I, the most unprofitable, perhaps, of any, am spared, and enjoy a tolerable state of health, so much better than I once expected I ever should. May my heart be made truly sensible of the duty I owe to the great God of heaven and earth; whose NAME is terrible to all who are in any measure sensible of his *Majesty* and *Power*. And also I desire to know and do my duty to my fellow-mortals; but I tremble at the cross! O that I may be delivered from "the fear of man, which bringeth a snare!"

"My drowsy powers why sleep ye so!

"Awake, my sluggish soul!

"Nothing hath half thy work to do;

"Yet nothing is half so dull!

"Go to the ants; for one poor grain

"See how they toil and strive;—

"Yet we who have a heaven to obtain,

"How negligent we live!

"Waken, O Lord, my drowsy sense,

"To walk this dangerous road;

"That if my soul be hurried hence,"

May it be found in God!

June 2d. I am this day under renewed obligations to that Hand which hath supplied all my necessities, from my earliest days, until the present period of time. O that I may lie in the valley of humility, under a sense of

the numerous favours bestowed upon me, by the hand of an ever bountiful God! and improve the moments that are allotted me, to the glory of his great Name, and the good of my own immortal soul! I feel my heart is too often placed upon things below the sun—may the Lord help me to tear my heart and *affections* from earth, and place them on things above.

My Lorenzo's mind is exercised and drawn out to *visit* foreign lands, to call sinners to repentance; and I would not stand in his way above all things, but I feel the need of more grace; to acquiesce in all circumstances, in the will of Providence; which I desire to do more than any thing beside. May the God of all grace, enable me to say—"not my will but thine be done." Lord, may I be made of some use to my fellow creatures while on earth I stay, that I need not be quite useless, while I am an inhabitant of this lower world!—It is now night, and the evening shades prevail. The sun hath set beyond the western sky, and the Lord only knows whether I shall see the return of another day! May he take charge of me this night; and grant, that whether I sleep, or whatever I do, I may have a single eye to his glory, and be prepared to meet my "last enemy" in peace! May God reward my kind benefactors with every needed blessing.

Sunday, June 12th. This hath been a day of deep trial to my soul. There having been an appointment made, for my Lorenzo to preach in the *African* church, at six o'clock, and the people appearing anxious to see me, as many of them had not, it was published that I would be there, and perhaps I would subjoin a few words by way of exhortation: this made such an impression on the minds of people, that they came out in such quantities, that they could not get into the house. I took my seat in the altar; and after Lorenzo had given them a discourse from these words—"O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord,"—I rose up and spoke a few words; but the cross was so weighty, I did not fully answer my mind. I closed the meeting by striving to lift my heart to God, in prayer, with some degree of liberty. May the Lord deliver me from the fear of man, which bringeth a snare! Why should we be so much under the influence of the enemy, as not to speak for our

God in these important times, when wickedness doth so much abound, and the love of many is waxing cold, and others are carrying such burthens! O may the God of all grace stand by and support his people in this day of trial! The storm is gathering fast, and who will be able to stand, while the anger of the Lord is pouring out upon the inhabitants of the earth, for their ingratitude, particularly those of our favoured land, AMERICA! We have had *peace* and *plenty* for many years; but the fulness of bread was the destruction of Sodom! O that it may not be the case with us!

June 13th. May my *soul* and *body* be altogether devoted to that God, who hath provided for me ever since I have had an existence! I have in some instances been brought into trying circumstances; but there hath always been a way opened for me, so that I have never lacked any thing so much as to say that I was in a suffering condition. For if I had it not, nor wherewith to procure it for myself, yet the Lord that hath the hearts of all men in his hands, would raise up some one to supply my wants! Glory! glory! be to his Name for ever and ever, for all his mercies, to such an unworthy mortal as me!—What is past we know; but what is to come we cannot tell. May we be prepared for whatever lies before us! The *cloud* seems gathering fast over our land! May the God that rules on high—that all the earth surveys, avert the threatening storm, and deliver us from the power of our *enemies*.—O the *charms* of America! shall they be destroyed by foreigners? Shall the rich jewel of LIBERTY be plucked from the *American crown* by TYRANTS?—Forbid it mighty God!—and grant, if we need chastisements, as no doubt we do, as a nation, to let us fall into THY HAND, rather than into the hand of man, for thou art *merciful*! O that the people of this favoured land, might learn to be wise, in time to save our country from destruction! My soul mourns on account of my fellow-mortals! May they be made sensible of the necessity of making their peace with God, before the evil day shall come, when they shall say “I have no pleasure in them.”

June 14th. Through the favour and goodness of God I am still *alive*, and am blessed with as good health, as I

have enjoyed for many months; and trust my face is Zion-ward. Forever praised be the Lord for all blessings which I do enjoy. O may my soul drink deeper and deeper into that *spirit* which will enable me to bear the *cross* with joy; and not shrink from it like a coward, and the crown fall from my head, and others take the prize.

June 18th. Through the tender mercy of the Lord, who is over all and above all, I am still an inhabitant of this lower world, surrounded by dangers and difficulties; liable to stray in bye and forbidden paths; and the way appears so gloomy that I tremble at the prospect. I feel much concerned for the present state of my beloved country. There is so much *dissention* among the people of this most favoured of all lands, that I fear for its consequence. My heart has often been pained, to see the **INGRATITUDE** which has been prevalent in our peaceful, plentiful, and happy country.—Whilst other *nations* were almost deluged in blood, we have been blessed with peace in our borders; and the glorious gospel has been spread from shore to shore. But these happy days are gone, and for aught I know, or can see, it may be long before they will return, unless the Lord should undertake our cause. He can bring low and raise up—He sways kingdoms; and it is through his long suffering and tender mercy that the world is kept in existence; for it groaneth under the wickedness of its inhabitants! If He were to enter into judgment with us, who could stand before him? And it appears he is about to visit the *earth* with a curse! It is surely time for those that profess to fear God, to awake and shake themselves from that indolence of spirit, which so prevails in our land; and lay a siege to a throne of grace for deliverance: for he is all-sufficient, and can make a way, where it appears to us, short-sighted creatures, impossible for a way to be made. May he undertake our cause, and bring deliverance in whatever channel he thinks best.

Sunday, June 19th. I have been at Capt. John Anderson's, Hoboken, for several weeks, where I have been treated very kindly. Himself and wife are as agreeable a couple as I have met with for a long time, and I believe

they wish well to the cause of religion; but they do not enjoy that peace in their own souls as they might. May the God of all grace attend them, and enable them to take up the cross, that they may be prepared for a seat at the right hand of God, at last.

On the twenty-ninth of June, we left New-York, after having been there for the space of near three months, for New Haven, in the mail-stage. We travelled through the most delightful country that my eyes ever beheld; the season was so charming! the gardens were in bloom; the fields and meadows clothed in their richest dress; so that the eye might be transported with pleasure at almost every glance. My heart was at the same time contemplating the goodness of God to the once happy land of *America*; but now, how soon her beauty might be laid in the dust, by the *spoiler*, we could not tell, and all her glory brought to naught! But there is a God, that rules over all; and I *trust* he will bring order out of confusion! May the people learn humility and submission from the present calamity, to the will of the great Ruler of the universe.

We arrived at New Haven about nine o'clock at night; we stopt at the stage-tavern, kept by a man that fears not God nor regards man, if we may judge by the appearance, but we could not get permission to stay there for the night. It being so late we could not find any friends, although there were Methodists in the place; consequently, we were under the necessity of seeking lodgings in an other public house: accordingly, we did, and slept there. But in the morning, Lorenzo went out to find the preacher, that is stationed at New Haven, and in his way, he met with a brother *Wolf*, and he requested him to breakfast with him, and sent up to the public-house for me to come to his house; accordingly I did, but the people where we stayed, said that we ought to have eat breakfast with them, as we stayed there the night before; and so charged us one dollar and a half for our lodging, which Lorenzo paid.

The friends in New-Haven were very kind, and wished Lorenzo to stay over the Sabbath; this was on Thursday, he was anxious to get to his *father's*; but by the solicitation of brother *Smith*, the stationed preacher, and many

others, he was prevailed on to stay. He preached on Thursday night and Friday night; and on Sunday he preached four times, the people appeared quite solemn and attentive. The preacher in that place, is one of the most affectionate, friendly men, that I have ever met with, may the Lord bless him, and make him useful to souls!

On Monday morning I left New Haven, in company with a man and his wife for Branford, in their wagon; while Lorenzo stayed to give them another sermon, as it was the "*Fourth of July*," and there was an oration to be delivered by the great Mr. T****; accordingly, he spoke something on the present state of our country, to an audience that were attentive. He then left there in a wagon, which belonged to a Quaker, who were going to see their friends in Branford, where he spoke again at night.

The next morning the *friend* that had brought us to Branford, started with us, to North Guilford, to a brother's of mine, that I had not seen for near thirty years. We were both very small at that time, but now he had a family of six children and a wife, and I felt much pleased to find that he had been industrious, and appeared to be doing well, as it relates to this world; and I trust he was not altogether indifferent to the things of another. His wife was in a low state of health, but I have no doubt but she enjoys religion: may the God of all grace bless them and their dear children. There I saw my step-mother also, that I had not seen before, since I was six years of age: my heart glowed with affection towards her; may her last days be crowned with peace!

My brother took his wagon, and carried us to Durham, on the stage-road, and tarried with us that night; and in the morning bid us farewell, and returned home. A friend living at Durham, lent us a chaise to Middletown; where my Lorenzo held meeting at night. There we met brother Burrows from Hebron, with a wagon, which was to return the next morning, in which we came to his house, where we stayed from Friday until Monday. Lorenzo preached on Friday night, and also on Sunday at the Methodist meeting-house; the people were solemn and

attentive. At five o'clock, at another place four or five miles distant, and returned again that night.

This place was about twelve or fourteen miles from his dear *father's*; and as we had no horse or carriage and brother Burrows made wagons, he bought a horse and wagon from him; and we started on Monday about three o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at his father's just before dark. We were kindly received by his father and the rest of the family; we found the old gentleman in tolerable health; but being a man advanced in years, he was something feeble: we stayed with him from Monday until Saturday. This place is much degenerated from what they once were, when the candle of the Lord shone upon their heads; but now there is scarcely any that I saw, who appeared to enjoy religion! Our dear old father, seemed to be struggling for deliverance in the blood of Jesus; may the great Master appear to his soul, the first among ten thousand, and altogether lovely!

We spent the week I may say in a solitary way, in taking our rambles through the lonely walks that my Lorenzo had taken in early days of childhood, before his tender mind was matured; and after he had arrived to the age of fifteen, when his heart was wrought upon by the Spirit of God—and this was the sweet grove at the foot of a beautiful hill, through which ran a charming rivulet of water; where he used to go to meditate and pray to that God, who was able to save and did deliver his soul, and enabled him to take up his cross, and go forth to call sinners to repentance.

My heart was pained to know and see that some part of the family, was not, or appeared not engaged to save their souls.

On Saturday, we started for Tolland, and from thence to Squarepond, where Lorenzo preached twice the next day, at the Methodist meeting-house, to an attentive congregation; and at five o'clock at Tolland, the people seemed very solemn. Early on Monday morning we left Tolland, for Hartford, where Lorenzo preached at night, in a Presbyterian meeting-house, to a tolerable congregation. We met with kind treatment from a Doctor Lynds—may the Lord bless him and his! We left Hartford on Tuesday, and went to an aunt's of Lorenzo's

that night, living about four or five miles from his father's. She appeared very glad to see us ; and sent out and called in the neighbours, and Lorenzo gave them a short discourse. The next day Lorenzo was quite unwell, unable to sit up : but towards evening we made ready, and started for his father's, where we arrived in safety. Lorenzo had intended to leave me at his father's, while he took a journey to the east ; but circumstances appeared not to favour it ; and he concluded to take me with him. Accordingly, we made preparations for our departure, on Saturday morning, July 23d, 1814, after having stayed with his father for ten or twelve days.

I felt truly pained to part with the dear old man : may the Lord bless him, and make his last days abundant in peace ! My Lorenzo preached at Vernon at night, and in the morning, to an attentive little company—may the Lord make it like bread cast upon the waters ! He preached at Hartford-five-miles, on Sunday, to a crowded congregation.

July 25th. We have this day arrived at Hartford ; and my Lorenzo has received his books from New York, and furthermore we have heard of the arrival of a large force of our enemies' soldiers, landing on our once peaceful happy shore ! O that the God that is able to save, would appear for our deliverance ! although, as a nation, we have forfeited all right and title to protection : yet there is no where else to fly for deliverance ! O that we, as a nation, may be humbled before God, and lift our united cries to the throne of grace for his assistance ! May the tumults of the earth be hushed to silence, and people learn war no more ! My soul longs to drink deeper into that spirit of love, to God and man, that I may be made useful to souls, and a comfort to my wandering companion, that I may be a helpmate indeed !

“ How vain are all things here below,

“ How false, and yet how fair !

“ Each pleasure has its poison too,

“ And every sweet a snare !”

O that the Lord would teach me the emptiness of

earthly enjoyments, and help me to rely on him alone for support and comfort! O that my prospects for glory may brighten up, and my soul be struggling for full deliverance from every desire that is not centered in Him that is able to give all things!

I have been reading the exercise of a precious woman, who went with her husband to the East Indies, to help him to preach the gospel to the poor ignorant Hindoos. O that the desire which filled her soul, to spread the good news of glad-tidings of the Saviour, may prevail more and more!

We rode three miles from Hartford, the same day that we went there; and Lorenzo preached at night, at East Hartford, to, perhaps, one hundred and fifty or two hundred, (and they were quite attentive,) from these words—"Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." My mind was quite depressed, although I was enabled to close the meeting by prayer. I feel a gloom hanging over my mind, on the account of the present state of my country. O! will the great God deliver our happy land into the hand of the spoiler! O that God would hear and answer prayer; inspire, and then accept the prayer of us poor mortals!—My soul longs to be prepared for whatever awaits us on the shores of time! If we live as we ought, we may rely on the providence of God, to protect us from every evil. My Lorenzo is very unwell. O that the Lord may give him grace and strength to do his duty, and call sinners to repentance! May the Lord bless his labours, and make him useful to souls!

I long to get more confidence, to take up my cross, and help him to spread the good news of glad tidings to all people—may God help me!

My desire is, that I may lie at the feet of Jesus, and be willing to love the cross, that I may wear the crown in those happy mansions above the skies! My heart, I find, is too often wandering from my God! O that I may arise and shake myself, and in the strength of Jesus, overcome my enemies, both of a spiritual and a temporal nature! I long to be altogether devoted to my God!

Lorenzo expects to preach this evening—may the Lord attend, by the unction of his holy Spirit.

Lorenzo preached the last night; but I was so unwell that I could not attend: and he is to preach twice to day—may the Lord stand by him, and make his words sharp and piercing, reaching the hearts of those that hear!

My soul longs to be more alive to God, that I may be made more useful to my fellow-creatures, and help my companion to spread the glorious gospel through this weary land: we are wanderers on earth—we have no abiding home in this world, but are seeking one above—may the God of all grace enable us to keep the prize in view, and deliver us from all our enemies.

My Lorenzo hath spoke once to-day, and is to speak again this evening—may the Lord attend the word with power. Why should we desire to live in this world to be useless? For what would be the benefit if we were to live to the age of Methuselah, and neglect the one thing needful? It would only add to our condemnation! O that these things may be impressed on my heart!

July 28th. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits! What reason I have to be thankful to my great Benefactor for mercies to me, a poor wanderer upon the earth: that I am provided with kind friends in this world of woe! May my heart glow with gratitude to my God and my fellow-mortals for the blessings that I do enjoy! May the great Master reward those that are willing to administer to the necessities of those that have taken their lives in their hands, and have gone forth to sound the alarm, and call sinners to repentance—to offer them free salvation in the blood of Jesus! My soul longs to see Zion prosper; to hear poor sinners inquiring the way to peace and true happiness. O may the Lord inspire my heart with that living *faith*, to cry mightily to him who is able to save souls. O, if Christians were more engaged to obtain the height and depth, and length and breadth of the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord, what happy times it would be! O my soul, awake!—lift up a cry to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, for full redemption in the blood of Jesus!

Lorenzo preached three times at East Windsor; but the people are like the nether mill stone, hard and unfeel-

ing: may the Lord soften their hard hearts, and bring them to a sense of their danger! We were at a kind family by the name of Stoten. May the Lord prosper them in the way to *glory*. My heart hath felt somewhat refreshed since I came to the house of friend Barker's, living in West Windsor. Lorenzo hath been acquainted with the family sixteen years ago—it does my heart good to meet those that have their faces Zionward!

What a sweet meeting it will be when all the tempted followers of Jesus get home:

“ There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit;
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet!”

What a prize! Is it not worth the striving for? O may I be more zealous in the way of my duty—more willing to take up the cross.

The news of *war* is saluting our ears daily. O that God may prepare us for whatever awaits us—and if a scourge is necessary, may it bring us, as a nation, to the feet of Jesus! My heart is pained within me! O Lord, prepare me to submit to thy will, with the rest of the poor fallen race of Adam! We have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God, and deserve chastisement: O that we may fall into the hand of God rather than the hand of man—for he is merciful! I feel a desire to submit without murmuring, but our hearts are so refractory, we need the influence of grace, to make us what we ought to be—My Lord help America!

July 29th. Lorenzo preached last evening to a tolerable company, considering it was a very unpleasant night; and they gave very good attention—may the Lord make it like seed sown on good ground, that shall bring forth fruit in due time! There seems to be a number in this place that are heaven-born and heaven-bound—may the Lord make them burning and shining lights in the land wherein they live, that may be like unto the leaven that was hid in three measures of meal, leavening the whole lump; so that the flame may continue to increase

until the town shall be filled with the glory of God! My soul longs to see Zion prosper! O God, fill my heart with love to Thee and my fellow sinners; my heart is pained to see so little good done as there is—may God revive his work once more in the land.

“ Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly!”

I am a stranger and pilgrim on earth, together with my dear companion; but we have the promise of a substantial inheritance, if we are faithful, and continue to the end!

“ The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
My *noon-day* walks he shall attend,
And all my *midnight* hours defend.”

O Lord, help me to rely upon thy promises, by faith!

July 31st, 1814. What cause have I to adore that beneficent Hand, that hath and doth still provide for such a poor unprofitable creature as me!—may my heart be filled with grateful songs of praise to the great Master.

We left Hartford on the morning of the 30th, without knowing whither we went, or when we should find a resting place for the night—but God provided for us, beyond what we could have expected: we met with an old man, and after speaking to him, we found him to be one of those who are striving to walk the narrow happy road—and he told us of a family who he thought would be glad to see Lorenzo: accordingly, we went there, and found it even so—this is called Barkhamstead. They received us with affection, and every attention possible—their names were Francis. Lorenzo held two meetings at a barn, within about a mile from this friend's; the people were solemn and attentive. There I met two of my uncle's daughters very unexpectedly—they lived in this neighbourhood: they appeared glad to see me, this

being the first time I had ever seen them since I could recollect. I have had as little acquaintance with any of my relations as most. This circumstance excited a sensation in my heart, that I was almost a stranger to before; I felt such a drawing towards them! O that the Lord would give them to feel the necessity of living up to the requirements of the gospel, that we may meet at last on the happy banks of everlasting deliverance! In the evening we went about five miles further, where Lorenzo preached again. This was the third time he had preached this day—may the Lord strengthen his body and soul, to cry aloud, and spare not, to sinners to repent.

Monday morning, August 1st. Lorenzo preaches again this morning at 5 o'clock. O that the Lord would make him more and more useful to his fellow-mortals. I feel this morning a desire to be more engaged with my God! O that my heart might be filled with all the fulness of the Spirit, that I may be more willing to take up my cross and help my companion to do good! Time is short—we are hastening to Eternity! O that our days may be spent in the service of God, helping souls on to the peaceful mansions of rest. We left brother Coe's this morning, and went on about seven or eight miles; and our horse was taken sick; we stopped at a public house, and the people seemed willing to help us to administer some relief. I felt my mind quite composed, knowing that he who dealeth out to us, knoweth what is best, and what good may result from it we cannot tell!

The family was desirous Lorenzo should hold a meeting here this evening, and he hath consented. May the Lord stand by him, and enable him to declare the whole counsel of God, to those that may come out to hear! May my heart feel more engaged for the salvation of souls!

August 3d. What cause of gratitude I have to the God of all mercies, that it is as well with me this morning as it is!—may my heart be filled with grateful songs of praise for his preservation! We started from the public house, where our horse was sick, on Tuesday morning the 2nd day of August. Lorenzo having preached the evening before to a small congregation—but quite attentive. I think there were really pious, humble souls!

but I left there condemned in my own mind, for not taking up my cross—may the Lord forgive me, and enable me to be more obedient in future!

We intended to reach Lenox that night, which was about 30 miles: our horse appearing quite well. It was not far from sunrise: the day appeared very gloomy—we travelled on until about 6 o'clock, then we stopped at a tavern and got some refreshment; they made a tolerable heavy charge—we paid it—and Lorenzo gave them two books; he requested the man to let one of them circulate through the neighbourhood, hoping it might prove a blessing to some!—God grant it for his mercy's sake! We continued on our way through a wood, four or five miles; lying nearly on the Farmington river, over a mountain of considerable height; the road was very good, and the prospect delightful to me; the river breaking through the rocks appeared to me very majestic, while the banks were clothed with delightful green. My heart was charmed with the scene. After we got over the mountain, the country seemed more thinly inhabited than any part of Connecticut that I have been in—May the Lord bless the people. We travelled on until between one and two o'clock—then we stopped and gave our horse some food. By this time the clouds began to grow somewhat more gloomy—but we did not think the storm was so near:—we started—but had not got more than a mile and a half, before the clouds began to discharge their contents at such a dreadful rate, that we were almost blinded with the rain—and no house near that we could retreat to! At last we came to a place where there was a house over in the lot, and also a barn; we drove up to the bars, and I got out and ran to the barn: but there seemed to be no asylum from the impetuous rain: from thence I ran to the house, but no one lived there, so I was compelled to return to the barn—where, by the time Lorenzo had got, with his horse and wagon, and drove them into the barn upon the floor, I was wet through and through. I crept upon the mow, and he reached me my trunk—there I changed my clothes—but he was not so well off, for he was under the necessity of keeping his on. We stayed there until the storm was over—then we made the best of our way to Lenox, where we arrived a

little before sunset—we got into a friend's house, where we were treated very kind. Lorenzo appeared to have taken some cold—but we have reason to be thankful that it is no worse. We have a trying world to pass through : O that the Lord may enable us to keep the prize in view ; that our conflicts may prove blessings to our souls, and we at last come off more than conquerors through him that has loved us and given himself for us ! Lorenzo hath had the privilege of preaching in the Court-house twice, and perhaps he may hold meeting there again this evening—may the Lord that can answer by fire, attend the word with power to the hearts of those that hear ! O my soul, look up to him that is able to save, for all the strength that is necessary to enable me to bare with patience, whatever may be the will of my heavenly Father to inflict.

My soul longs to enjoy more of the perfect love of God, that I may in all things say, “not my will, but thine be done !”

August 4th. Through the goodness of the Friend of sinners, I am still alive, and better in health than I could expect, considering my exposure for a few days past. May my heart be grateful to him that supplies all my wants. We left Lenox this morning, and have come to Pittsfield, that is a delightful country, but the same gloom appears to hang over the country as it relates to *religion* ! O that the cloud would break, and the work of God revive once more !—may my heart glow with love to God and my fellow sinners : I want to be a true follower of the meek and lowly Jesus ; be prepared for life or death, a living witness of his goodness, and when I am called to bid adieu to this world of woe, that I may leave it in peace !

August 5th. How much I am indebted to the rich mercy of a kind Providence, for the many blessings which I do enjoy—the favour of kind friends, while a wanderer on earth. We left Lenox the morning of the 4th, and went to the north part of Pittsfield, to old friend Wards, where we were received with seeming friendship ; but my Lorenzo could not get the people notified as he had expected he might have done, when he thought of going there at night, but concluded to start from there

early the next morning; but several people coming in that evening, appeared so anxious that he should preach before he left the place, that he concluded to stay, if they would give notice, which they promised to do, at half past 10 o'clock the following day, and at evening in the centre of the town—it being a day set apart for a fast by the Methodists. Accordingly we repaired at the appointed hour to the meeting house, where a considerable number of people were collected, and Lorenzo spoke to them on the duty of *fasting* from these words, “In those days shall they fast,” with a good degree of liberty: the people were very solemn and attentive—may God make it a blessing to some souls. From thence we came to the centre of the town, to a brother Green’s, where we were received with great kindness. O that the great Master may reward those who are willing to receive his wandering Pilgrims and make them comfortable with every needed blessing for time and eternity. O that I could always keep the place of Mary at the feet of Jesus! Lord give me more of the loving spirit which she possessed—that my soul may enjoy the blessings that are laid up for those that are faithful. My Lorenzo is much afflicted of late with his old complaint—may God give him and me grace to say the will of the Lord be done.

August 6th. My mind is quite depressed this day—the fluctuating scenes of life have too much impression on my heart. O that my Lord would give me grace to bear them with patience! We are still in Pittsfield;—the people are kind, but they have their *peculiarities*, so *inquisitive* to know the *concerns* of *others*!!—may the Lord help us to look more carefully into our own hearts; and see that we are right before God! I need more of the spirit of submission to the will of my Master.

August 7th. My poor companion hath been very much afflicted yesterday and the last night, with the tooth-ache, in so great a degree, that he could not attend the appointment the last evening, which gave me some pain, as I knew it would be a disappointment to many. I thought if I could have gone and spoken to the people, if I could have spoke any thing to the edification of souls, it would, I thought, have been a great comfort to my mind. My health is but poor; may God strengthen my

body : and above all, may my heart be so filled with love to my fellow sinners, that I may call upon them to close in with the overtures of mercy ! I felt such a desire that souls might be benefitted, that I could not sleep. O that I may be willing to take up my cross, and if the Lord has any thing for such an unworthy creature as me to do, may I not be so loath to accede to it. I feel many times much distressed on account of my backwardness. O that I may be a cross-bearer indeed. Lorenzo hath gone to speak to those who will assemble to hear the word, in much weakness of body : may that God who is able to bring strength out of weakness, stand by him, and enable him to declare the whole counsel of God. He labours under many weaknesses, but this I trust is his consolation, that when his work is done, he will receive double for all his pain ! O that I may willingly take my share with him in this vale of woe, that I may share with him in the reward ! May the Lord bless his labours this day. We returned to Pittsfield town in the afternoon, and he preached at 5 o'clock to a crowded congregation. They were really attentive—may the Lord seal conviction on their hearts. This was the third time he had spoke that day : he returned to brother Green's where we lodged, and seemed much better than he was in the morning, in the evening there was a number who came in, and he spoke to them again, and it was quite a solemn time ; my heart was much drawn out in prayer that the Lord would bless them.

We expected to have left the place on Monday morning, but the weather proved so unfavourable that it was impracticable : consequently we stayed until Tuesday ; then we left brother Green's and came on to Bennington that night, to a public house ; where Lorenzo got permission to hold meeting in a large ball room ; he hired two little boys to go down into the middle of the town to give notice, and others told some, so that there were perhaps more than one hundred that attended ; they gave very good attention—God grant they may profit by it. On Tuesday, the 9th of August we left Bennington, and came to Cambridge white meeting house ; where we took breakfast. This brought to my recollection former times, when I was a child ; the rambles that I have taken

among my companions through this delightful spot! now those that were my companions, are *married*, and have large families; many have gone to the "SILENT TOMB," whither we are all hastening. May the Lord prepare us for that important day. We then started for my sister's, living near the Batonkilm river; where we arrived a little before night. My sister was much rejoiced to see us, and I was not less happy to meet with a sister whom I had not seen but once in more than twenty years. I found her enjoying a good degree of peace and plenty: a kind husband and a sufficiency of this world's goods; and I trust her face is Zionward! may God help us to keep on our journey until we meet to part no more!

Sunday, August 14th. Bless the Lord my soul for the present mercies that I do enjoy: I have been privileged once more of meeting with a kind sister; my heart warms with affection towards her. She appears to be striving to make her way to mount Zion. May the Friend of sinners be her guide and support through this vale of tears, and may we meet on the peaceful banks of biest eternity at last, with those of our friends that have arrived there before us. She is blessed with an affectionate friend and companion; may the Lord make them happy in time and in eternity.

Lorenzo is very much afflicted with the old complaint, that has followed him almost all his life. This northern clime disagrees greatly with his health, and I know not what will be the consequence, if he stays long in this part of the world. My sister wishes me to stay with her for some time, but I cannot feel reconciled to let my companion go and leave me behind; and on the whole, I think I had rather go and take my chance with him, until it is the will of our God to part us by his Providence.—May the Lord help us to feel resigned to his will in all things, enable us to keep the prize in view, and be faithful to our good God while on earth we stay, and be prepared to shout hallelujahs above, among the blood-washed throng, in the paradise of God!

Monday, 15th. My Lorenzo preached twice yesterday in this place, and some were offended at his doctrine; this shows how prejudiced people are in favour of their

own notions: may the Lord help people to discern between truth and error—my heart's desire is to keep the narrow road that leads to joys on high: may the way appear more plain to my understanding, and my heart feel more love to God and man; we know not what is in store for us, nor how many conflicts we may have to pass through; may our days be spent in the service of the great Master, so that whether we have pleasure or pain, we may be enabled to say, the will of the Lord be done! the way of danger we are in, and we need the influence of his grace to speed us on our way. The cloud seems to darken, and what may be the troubles that America may have to encounter we do not know: may that God who is able to deliver nations as well as individuals, undertake our cause, and make it a blessing to the inhabitants of this our once happy land; my soul longs for the prosperity of my country, and that precious souls may be brought to the knowledge of the truth, as it is in Christ Jesus the Lord! O that my heart may feel a greater inward struggle for the welfare of my dear fellow mortals: and keep the crown in view myself!

Tuesday, August 16th. I am still the spared monument of mercy; O that my soul may glow with love with gratitude to my great Benefactor, for all his favours to unworthy me. But my cold heart is too little warmed by all these blessings! O God, give me more of that inward purity of heart, that my life may be like an even spun thread!—my heart and soul engaged in the work, to help my Lorenzo to cry aloud to poor sinners to turn to God, and seek the salvation of their poor souls!

“Come Lord from above,
These mountains remove;
O’return all that hinders the course of thy love.”

Wednesday morning, August 17th. We have been one week at my brother-in-law's, and they very kind; we have taken much satisfaction with my sister and her husband; may their hearts be placed on those riches that are durable and will never fade! I feel my heart too

little alive to my God. O that I had more of the power of living faith!

“ The praying spirit breathe,
The watching pow'r impart:
From all entanglement beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart!”

August 19th. We left my dear sister's yesterday, with hearts much affected, not knowing whether we should meet again on mortal shores, but hoping if we meet no more below, we may have a happy meeting in that bright world above, where separation will be dreaded no more!

We travelled about twenty-three miles, and met with a kind family, where we put up for the night. In the morning, by the time the day broke, we started for the Saratoga Springs, where we were aiming, and arrived there by six o'clock. There Lorenzo met a lady from South Carolina, who had treated him with every attention when at the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, and also at her own house at Charleston. She still appeared much pleased to meet with him here: she invited him to call upon them at their lodgings, at the Columbian Hotel. Accordingly we did, and were treated with great politeness. Lorenzo received an invitation to preach in the afternoon at four o'clock, which he accepted. O may the word come from the heart, and reach the hearts of those that hear; may his labours be blessed to the people in this place!—my soul longs to see the work revive, and souls brought to the knowledge of the truth. We are now at the springs, but which way we shall bend our course when we leave here, I cannot tell. May the Lord direct our steps in that way which will be most for our good and his glory!

I am a wanderer upon the earth! may the Lord help me to be resigned to his will in all things—I feel to shrink from the cross at times; but the desire of my heart is, that I may be a willing follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. My soul's desire and prayer to God is, that the people of America may learn righteousness, and put their trust in that God that is able to save. O! my heart is pained to see so much inattention to the one

thing needful, and I also mourn before God for the coldness of my heart! O that I may be stirred up to more diligence in my duty!

Saturday, August 20th. The *Springs* seem to have a salutary effect upon me—may my soul grow with gratitude to my great and good Benefactor for all his mercies to unworthy me. I am under many obligations to him who supplieth all our necessities—may my soul ever feel sensations of love to my precious Redeemer for these unmerited favours, bestowed on such an unprofitable creature as me! My poor companion is still much afflicted with the *asthma*, which makes him very feeble in body; but I pray God to strengthen his *soul*, and give him wisdom from above to prevail on precious souls to close in with the overtures of mercy! The Lord help us to wait patiently to see the salvation of God!

“The way of danger we are in,
Beset by devils, men and sin!”

But may we view the *line* drawn by the Friend of sinners, and keep there; so that we may be prepared to pass over Jordan with joy, and everlasting songs of praise to him who conquered death and the grave; and made it possible for the ruined race of Adam to obtain peace and pardon!

Monday, August 22d. Through the tender mercies of a Beneficent Providence I am still alive and out of eternity! O may my soul be bowed down at his footstool—feeling gratitude to that hand who hath preserved and provided for me in this unfriendly world! I, of all creatures, have the most reason to be thankful; the Lord hath raised me up friends to supply all my necessities—may the great Master have all the glory. Lorenzo preached at the Springs on Sunday the 20th, to an attentive congregation, though made up of various characters, and some of the first rank—but *gentlemen* or *ladies* may be known by their *behaviour*, meet them where you will. At Milligin's, (living about six or seven miles from the Springs,) he met a large company, but of quite a different cast—they gave him a quiet hearing!—may the Lord turn *curiosity* into godly sincerity; my soul longs to see

Zion prosper! A lady at the Springs had requested us to return in the morning before she should leave there, as she expected to start for the Ballstown Springs soon after breakfast. Accordingly, we started very soon in the morning, and arrived about six at the Columbian Hotel—where this lady, with one more, had invited us. They appeared very friendly; they were from South Carolina, by the name of Colden and Harper—the latter made me a present of six dollars: may the Lord reward her as well as others, for their liberality to me!

Thursday, August 25th. I am now at Ballstown Springs, whither we came on Tuesday, for the benefit of the water. We have met with a kind family, for which I desire to be truly thankful to that gracious Providence who hath opened the hearts of many to show us kindness—May he reward them richly in this world, and in the next bestow on them a crown of glory! Lorenzo hath left me this morning, to fulfil some appointments which have been given out for him—may the great Master attend him with his grace, and bless his labours to precious souls! I should rejoice to see the prosperity of Zion! May the Lord prosper his people! and make them of one heart and of one mind, that they may join together to build up the cause of God, and not stand in the way of sinners! When that happy day will arrive I know not, but whosoever lives to see that period may truly rejoice!

We stayed a few days more in this place. There are but few people here, I am afraid, that truly *love* and *serve* the Lord! O that something might take place to bring them to a sense of their danger, and cause them to seek the Lord in good earnest! The way of sin and transgression is hard and dangerous! May the Lord teach me my duty, and enable me to walk in the way of holiness, that my last end may be peace! The prospect before me is something dark and gloomy at times, while I am tossed to and fro upon the boisterous ocean of life—but the Lord hath been my helper hitherto, and I trust he will save to the end! My soul needs more grace and strength to stem the torrent of difficulties and dangers that I have to encounter, but the arm of the Lord is sufficient! What is before me I know not—but I hope to put

my trust in the Lord, who is able to save, and not say my will, but thine be done!

August 27th. My soul is much depressed this morning. I spent the last night at a house, where the woman is a methodist, but the man makes no profession of religion. I felt myself quite embarrassed, as he appeared very unsociable. I have returned to brother Webster's; they are kind, but have a good many in family. My way appears something difficult, but I pray God to help me to sink into his will; and in whatever situation I may be brought in, to learn therewith to be content! O thou Friend of sinners, draw nigh and give me more of the true spirit of Christian love!

I pray my God to give my poor companion strength of body and mind, to be useful to souls, that when his work is finished on earth, he may enter into joys on high! O happy, happy day, when the labourer shall receive his reward! May he be faithful to his God, that he may have a *clear* sky, and a glorious prospect of that rich inheritance, which is laid up for those that are faithful to their God!

“O may my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesus' witnesses”—

on earth, and at last join the blood-washed throng above!

Sunday, August 28th. This is the day that our all-conquering Saviour burst the bands of death, and led captivity captive; opened the door of mercy to the *enslaved* sons and daughters of Adam, that they may profit by the rich sacrifice which hath been offered for their redemption! What matter of sorrow it is, that the offers of such unbounded mercy should be neglected by those who are so deeply interested in it, to prepare them for the day of adversity and death; which must assuredly overtake them, whether they will or not—there is no escape! moments fly on without control, and will shortly bring us to the place appointed for all living! O that it may rest with ponderous weight on the hearts of all concerned in it! And *thou*, O my soul! look well to thyself, that thou mayest meet thy Judge in peace, when he shall come in the clouds of heaven, attended with his glorious

retinue of saints and angels, to set in judgment on the descendants of the first man and woman! who have ALL had the offers of life and salvation made to them! It will be a joyful day to those who have improved their time, "and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb"—but O what horror will seize the guilty soul that squandered away his precious time, and slighted the overtures of mercy! who done despite to the Spirit of grace and the Son, who took upon him the *form* of a servant, spent many years of toil and pain, and at last gave his *life* a ransom for our salvation! O what unbounded mercy! O unexampled love! Why are not our souls lost in wonder, love, and praise! May I ever tremble at his word! My departure may be at hand—*time* is short at the longest. O that I may improve my precious moments as they pass, to the glory of my God, and the good of my own immortal soul!

My Lorenzo is engaged in blowing the gospel trumpet—may the Lord bless and be with him while absent from me, and at last bring us to meet to part no more in that sweet world of love!

August 29th. My companion hath returned this morn-
ing. We left the Springs, and came on to Greenfield to Dr. Young's. Lorenzo had an appointment to preach at ten o'clock—the people assembled at the time appointed—Lorenzo was quite feeble in body, but he stood up and gave them a discourse on "the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" with a good degree of liberty. I felt my heart somewhat refreshed under the word, and the people appeared very attentive. I think there are some souls in this place who truly love the great Master—may the Lord prosper them on their journey, and preserve them from the evils that are in the world!

My Lorenzo left it to others to give out a few appointments, which they had in such a manner that he would be much pinched for time: consequently, he was under the necessity of getting some person for a pilot, and go on horseback; as that would be a more speedy way of conveyance than his wagon. Accordingly he started, leaving me behind at the doctor's, until he should return. He had to preach that afternoon, and again at night;

and once or twice, and perhaps three times, the next day. May that God, whom he is striving to serve, strengthen him, soul and body, to cry aloud and spare not, to sinners to repent! My heart is many times pained on his account: O that I could oftener say, Not my will, but thine be done—that whether our days be many or few, they may all be devoted to God.

August 30th. The Lord is still gracious to unworthy me, in giving me a good degree of strength of body, and a desire in my soul to make my way through this trying world to a peaceful eternity! O that I may have the whole *armour* to fight the battles of my Master, and through his strength come off victorious!

The days are truly evil, and we need much grace to enable us to keep the narrow way, and not lose our guide; for we are surrounded by enemies on every hand: some, who *profess* to love the Lord, are WATCHING FOR EVIL, and not for good:—may they be sensible that it was a command of our blessed Saviour, “to love one another” as he hath loved us! May our hearts overflow with love to God, and our brethren! My soul longs for more of *that* spirit, that my heart might melt at human woe! May my soul feel for my dear fellow sinners, that I may bear them up by faith, to a throne of grace, knowing their souls are in danger, while living without God in the world! My *lot* is a peculiar one, may God help me to fill the *station* that hath fallen to me, with true courage and fortitude. My companion is calling sinners to repentance, under many trials and inconveniencies: may the Lord stand by him, and give him *power*, and *wisdom*, from above, to give to every one a portion in due season!

Wednesday, August 31st. We have come eight or ten miles this morning; after Lorenzo had preached at sunrise, to a considerable congregation, with a good degree of liberty: the people were very serious, and many I trust were true lovers of Jesus! In about two days Lorenzo preached seven times; the last meeting was under the trees by *moonlight*; the prospect was delightful, he addressed the people from these words: “Who is she that looketh forth at the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.” The people were solemn and tender.—

After this meeting he came to Dr. Young's, where I had been left two days and one night. May the Lord strengthen his body and soul, that he may cry aloud, and spare not for sinners to repent. The times are truly awful, and alarming; may God send the word home with power to the hearts of the impenitent, that they may take the *alarm*, and fly to the arms of Jesus for shelter, before troubles shall overtake them.

We have heard a report that the city of Washington is taken by the enemy and burned, but I hope it is not so: be that as it may, we must strive to sink into the will of the Lord! What though the fire, or plague, or sword, receive commission from the Lord to strike his saints among the rest, their very pains and deaths are blest! O that the Lord would prepare them for every event of his providence! I think I should be willing to go to any part of the world, if the Lord would make *duty* plain before us; the way seems to be intricate at present, although our way hath been opened in a very wonderful manner since we left Virginia. Bless the Lord O my soul! and let all within me join to praise his holy name! may he guide us in the way he would have us to go, and teach us our duty, and enable us willingly to bear the cross, that we may wear a crown of glory at last.

If our happy land should be brought into bondage to a foreign foe, the times will be distressing beyond what many imagine. I pray God to *deliver* us from our enemies, if it is *consistent* with his will; and if we need a scourge, that we may fall into the hands of God, and not man; my heart is pained on the account of my country.

My companion preached on Thursday, 1st of September, three times; first at a Methodist meeting-house in *Malta*, where we had a sweet and precious time, there were many praying souls present: from thence we came on to a friend's house, where we got some refreshment: we then went to another appointment at a large "steeple house" where he had been requested to preach by some person; but the house was shut when we arrived, and was not opened at all, for what reason I cannot tell; but expect it was through prejudice; but this did not dis-

hearten him, he stood up by the side of the house, and gave them a discourse on "many are called, but few are chosen." The people were attentive in general, except one or two, who thought their craft in danger; they grumbled a little to themselves, but did not make much disturbance: we had a peaceable waiting before the Lord. From thence we came on to Still Water village, where he had another appointment; there he spoke in the open air, to a tolerable congregation, who gave good attention! there the meeting house was shut also against him. From thence we came on to the Borough, to a brother Even's, where we stayed that night, the next day Lorenzo had an appointment at ten o'clock; my prayer to the Lord was that he would stand by him. We were on our way to the city of New York, and what awaited us there I could not tell, the gloomy *clouds* seemed gathering over our hemisphere; our once happy land is involved in a bloody war, and what will be the end of it, we cannot tell; may the great Master give those that have an interest at the throne of grace, the true spirit of agonizing prayer, to cry mightily to God for deliverance from the thraldom of war!

My Lorenzo is drawn to visit a land far distant from that which gave him birth; may God teach him the way he would have him go! My desire is, that God would direct our steps, and enable us to do our duty; that when the storms of life are over, we may sit down in the paradise of God!

Friday, Sept. 3d. This day Lorenzo hath preached once at the Borough, to an attentive congregation; we found kind friends in this place. From thence we came to Waterford, and stopped at friend King's, where we were received with expressions of kindness. They, with one more, requested Lorenzo, to stay over the Sabbath, which he consented to; my soul's desire was, that the Lord would stand by his, and make his stay profitable to souls!

My heart was something gloomy, the prospect was dark, the times precarious; what was before us, I could not tell, and I felt my heart drawn out in prayer to God, that he would help us to walk in the way he would have us to go: my desire is, that I may be prepared for all the

troubles and difficulties, that I may have to encounter in this world of woe! My dear companion in tribulation is quite feeble in body, which gives me much pain. O that I may learn the lesson of *submission*: the time is fast approaching when sorrow will be turned into joy, to those that are faithful to the God of all grace! O that I may be of that happy number!

Lorenzo is preaching in Waterford still; on Friday and on Saturday night, on Sunday morning at sun-rise, and at eight o'clock: the people came out very well, and appeared very solemn, and I trust good was done in the name of the Lord. May the Lord inspire our hearts, to cry mightily to him who is able to save; for ourselves, and our country; it lies near my heart, and O that the people may feel interested for its welfare, and lay at the feet of the Master, and humble themselves in the dust, that God may deliver us!

September 6th. We came to Lancinburgh, the appointment having been given out the day before; but Mr. Chichester, a local preacher, who had been a principal man in building the meeting-house in that place, forbid his preaching in it; consequently, the people erected seats by the side of a large brick house, for accommodation beneath its shade, where we had a refreshing time from the presence of the Lord: my heart was grateful that his blessings were not confined to any particular place: for if we fly to the desert, behold he is there—in the city or country—still the Throne of grace is accessible to the humble soul! May God ever keep us from *pride*, and *vain-glory*, that we may always keep the intercourse open between our souls and him!

From thence we went to Troy, but the same difficulty existed there, the meeting house was shut in this place also; but he repaired to the market-house, where he soon had a large company, and spoke to them there: many appeared quite serious: may conviction fasten on their hearts! We had been in Troy about six years before, and then had more friends than we could visit; but *now* we were under the necessity of going to a public house to put up for the night: but after Lorenzo had done preaching, and we had retired to our lodgings, there was a friend, who we had no previous acquaintance with, came

to the tavern where we were, and requested us to go and sleep at his house, which, after some hesitation we accepted, but left our horse where he was.

The different treatment we met with *now*, from what we had received in years that were *past*, made a very great impression on my mind. Lorenzo had preached in this same place a number of times about six years previous, and was treated with much kindness by the Methodists; but now they were very distant.

We left Troy about eight o'clock on Monday morning, and travelled more than forty miles that day, and stayed at a public house at night. We started early in the morning, and came about seven miles, to a house of entertainment, where we stopped for breakfast. There Lorenzo missed his pocket-book—he left it under his pillow—he had bank notes of considerable amount in it: he took the horse, borrowed a saddle, rode back and found it, which was matter of thankfulness to us. After taking breakfast, we started and came on to Rhinebeck Flats, but made no stop; from thence to the ferry. We had to cross in a sail boat, and the wind blew quite hard, so that it appeared considerably gloomy to me; but we got over very well. We wished to get to Sopus, or rather Kingston, which was about three miles from the ferry, before we stopped. We came on, and the first thing we saw when the town appeared in view, was a numerous concourse of people assembled together, to see the soldiers take their departure for the city of New York, to defend it, if necessary from the enemy. This filled my heart with pain and sorrow, when I considered they were liable to fall in the contest, and leave perhaps a wife and children unprotected; and if not a wife and children, they had parents whose hearts were bleeding at the prospect—May God deliver us in his own good time.

We were received by brother and sister Covel with friendship: may the Lord reward them in this world with every temporal blessing necessary, and crown them at last with a crown of glory! It gives me fresh courage when I meet with those who love and serve the Lord, for we find such to be kind and affectionate to all.

The times are truly awful!—may the Lord stand by his followers, and help them to lay at his feet, that they

may be prepared for the gathering storm—my God, give me more grace to hang my soul on Thee! I know what I have passed through, but what is to come I cannot tell: but if God be for us, who can be against us? O that we may so live, that we may be prepared for the worst.

Since we left our father's, we have travelled several hundred miles, through a delightful country, flowing as it were, "with milk and honey"—plenty abounds on every hand—nothing is lacking but a grateful sense from whence these mercies flow. May God inspire the hearts of the people with a due sense of their privileges, both of a spiritual and temporal nature, which they do enjoy; and may they esteem them as they ought, that they may be saved from destruction!

We stayed two nights and part of three days at friend Covel's; and Lorenzo had two meetings in the town, in a court-house, to a crowded audience; and they were as attentive as could be expected, considering what a thoughtless place it was—may God have mercy upon them!

We left friend Covel's on Thursday, September 5th, and travelled on until night, and stopped at a public house: from thence we came on towards Newburgh, and about ten o'clock we came to a brother Fowler's, and called; but he not being at home, and the family not choosing to give us an invitation to stop, we kept on to Newburgh. We had been directed to call at a friend's house, by the name of Cowles, but could not find him. We then continued on our way, intending the first public house we came to, to stop, and get some refreshment; but in passing a toll bridge, the old man who attended it knew Lorenzo, and solicited him so earnestly to stop and take breakfast, that he consented. They appeared much pleased and entertained us as well as we could wish: it was done with such cheerfulness, that it made it a pleasant repast to us indeed. O that people who have it in their power to do good in the world, would be more liberal, and not let the POOR out do them, and so take their crown!—May God have mercy on the high and lofty ones of the earth, and teach them they are born to die, and perhaps their *dust* will mingle with the beggars'! and if they are not *purified* by *grace*, their souls will appear guilty before God! and how can they stand in

that great day, when the dread alarm shall be sounded—arise ye dead and come to judgment! My God make us all sensible of the necessity of being *ready* to meet our judge in the air!

From the toll bridge we came on to a public house, and stopped to feed our horse; and while he was eating, there was a woman, who we had met in a wagon a little before we got to this house, who thinking this was Lorenzo, had returned back to this house, and requested him to stop and preach to the people in this neighbourhood: the tavern-keeper also solicited him, saying he would notify the neighbours. Lorenzo then consented to stay; and we went about a mile further, to sleep at a house where they were Methodists. The place where we went to was a delightful spot, situated in a valley, between two considerable mountains, covered with shrubs and trees, but not very fertile, which made the contrast more striking. The house was surrounded with meadows and fruit trees—the scene appeared charming beyond description! This would be a sweet retreat, was suggested to my mind; if we had but a few select friends, whose souls were formed for social pleasure, as it relates to spiritual and temporal converse!

But stop, my fancy! stay thy *soul* on God, who can give peace even on the raging ocean. To him, and him alone would I look for comfort, and not to objects which are so transient: my lot appears to be in a peculiar sphere, and I hope in love and mercy the Master will enable me to fill it with *patience* and *submission*.

We left Cornwall on Saturday morning, and proceeded on our way toward the city of New York: we made such progress, that we got within fifteen or sixteen miles of the city that night, and put up at a public house; where we were much disturbed by some town's people, who, I believe, did it on purpose, on the account of our appearance. O that they may be made sensible of the duty they owe to **THEMSELVES**, their **GOD**, and their **NEIGHBOURS**!

We started early on Sunday morning, and got to a brother Paradise's, at Bull's Ferry, where we left our horse and wagon—Lorenzo hired a Presbyterian man to keep him: and brother Paradise took a small boat and

rowed us down to the city. My mind was overspread with a gloom, but I strove to put my trust in the Lord—we had a pleasant time on the water—we got down to New York about two o'clock, and went to our old friend brother Munson's, and was received with the same marks of friendship as formerly—may the Lord reward them for their kindness to us. Our situation is as good at present as it has ever been, as it relates to our *temporal prospects*, but no doubt trials await us still: may the Lord prepare us for whatever may befall us in the way of duty! I have met with another kind family, who I am under many obligations to in days that are past: they *still* are friends—this is not the case with many—brother and sister Decamp are true-hearted! may the Lord prosper them on their journey to a peaceful eternity!

The cloud appears to spread over the American hemisphere—may God prepare his children for the shock: what though the fire, or plague, or sword, receive commission from the Lord to strike his saints among the rest, their pains and deaths are blest!

Monday, September 12th. I have this day felt my heart somewhat more composed than I have done for some time.

September 13th. This day we have received more intelligence of the invasion of our once happy land. O that the Lord would prepare us for every event of his providence!

September 14th. I desire to be truly thankful to the great Giver of every mercy, for the blessings I do enjoy this precious morning; I enjoy a tolerable degree of health, and am surrounded with kind friends. O that my soul may be filled with grateful songs of praise to him, who so richly provides for ~~we~~ me! my situation is as pleasant as it has ever been, perhaps for many years.

“ Bless God, my soul, even unto death,

“ And write a song for every breath.”

September 15th. May my heart be made truly sensible of my dependence upon God, who giveth to every one liberally, that seek him with an undivided heart: but I feel this morning, as though my heart was too far from

that enjoyment which makes happy in this world, and in the next. May my heart be revived, and filled with love to God, and my fellow mortals. Religion is low at this time, in almost every direction; may our hearts feel interested for the prosperity of the church!

The *times* are truly alarming, the sound of WAR is heard in our borders, the *alarm* is gone forth—"Ye sons of Columbia, to arms, to arms." Our sea-boards are likely to be deluged in blood. While our interior is in commotion, our frontiers have been saluted by the war-whoop of the savage; while their tender wives and children have fallen victims to their wanton cruelty; may HE that rules on high, that can calm the raging ocean, and bring harmony out of confusion, undertake our cause, and deliver us from the hand of our enemy, and establish peace once more on the earth! But this may only be the beginning of sorrow to the inhabitants of this terrestrial ball. O that all who have an interest at the throne of Grace, would cry mightily to him for strength, to stand in this day of adversity. Lord prepare us to make our way through all opposition, to the peaceful happy mansions of unclouded day. O happy, happy land, when shall we get there—my God wash out the stains that *sin* has made on my immortal soul, that I may have a glorious admittance into those pure regions of everlasting rest. Trials await me on these mortal shores: may the God of love attend us by his grace, and give us true submission to his will! May my soul be filled with love and gratitude, to that hand, who hath provided for me, from my *cradle*, to the present time. How much I owe, yet how little I do as I ought. O my soul awake! awake! to a sense of duty to the God of all consolation, that my soul may be filled with all his fulness.

September 16th. Nothing material has taken place in my situation for some days, but a continual clamour of WAR is saluting our ears, and what will be the final issue, doth not yet appear: may we be prepared for whatever may await us: my soul is truly pained on account of my country. O that God would undertake the cause of *America*; that the people may learn *humility*, and submission, to his divine will!

My mind was much depressed this morning, when I

arose, but these words came to my mind, "Be still, and know that I am God," with some power; may my heart acquiesce in whatever may be our lot.

We have just heard the joyful tidings, that our dear fellow citizens of the town of Baltimore, are delivered from their troublesome visitors. O that their hearts may be thankful to that hand, who *was* able to save, when appearances were most gloomy; help us, O thou God of love, to render thee sincere thanks for these mercies; and may America, above all lands, be conformed to the will of him, who hath wrought out such a deliverance for this favoured country! may my heart glow with thankfulness to such a good God, and may the remnant of my days be spent in his service.

Sunday, September 18th. This day my soul hath been refreshed under the improvement of brother Daniel Smith; while discoursing on the wickedness of the Jews, the once chosen people of God, in destroying that most worthy servant of God, Stephen; his triumphant death, and ascension to glory. It filled my soul with raptures, I had something of a view, of the suffering Christian, bidding adieu to a world of woe, transported by a convoy of angels, to his Redeemer's bosom! O what a glorious scene! may that be my happy lot, though unworthy!

September 19th. My heart feels quite gloomy this day. O that these trials might teach me from whence my strength must come! I cannot tell what is before me; may God prepare and help me to hang upon his promises, and lay at the feet of the Redeemer of mankind. I long to be more holy, that my *heart* may be drawn from *earth*, and placed on more *permanent* riches. Through *grace* I hope one day to out-ride the tempest and storms of life, and reach the fair fields of unclouded day. May God revive his work in the land, and prosper ZION, and fill his church with faithful Christians!

September 21st. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. The days are evil, we have need of more wisdom and humility, to walk the narrow road that leads to joys on high! What a vain, deceitful world we have to travel through: How many snares on every side; may we be as *wise* as *serpents*, and *harmless* as *doves*.

Friday, September 23d. The days are rolling fast away: may I have wisdom and grace, to improve my time to the glory of my Creator and the comfort and satisfaction of my own immortal soul! My heart is often pained to see and feel so little of the life of religion, in almost every direction: may the Lord once more revive his work in the land!

Since I came to the city, my husband and self, took a walk to the "State's Prison," which was a very great satisfaction to me. We gave one shilling for admittance, and had the privilege of going through every apartment in the prison: and to see the neatness, and industry, that prevails there, was truly charming. This institution, is one of the most noble, perhaps that ever was adopted by any nation: it saves many of those poor unfortunate creatures, who have *forfeited* their life, and liberty, from suffering death; and gives them a space for repentance: and furthermore, their labour is very useful to the community. The *men* were very serious, and appeared quite downcast; but the *women*, that have been so unfortunate, as to get into this place, appear the most hardened creatures I ever saw. This is a striking proof, to what human nature may be reduced! There is a large square in the centre of the Prison, where they may range for health, at times. A man may love and serve the Lord in this place, as well as in any other, if he be so minded, and it may be, some of these poor mortals will be brought to reflection. The happy day is fast approaching, I trust, when LIGHT will shine forth, as the morning, and peace will be established upon the earth.

From the eleventh of September to the seventh of October, Lorenzo spent in New York: then he took his departure for Philadelphia, expecting to return in six or eight weeks; but, when he arrived there, he found his way opened in the city and country, so that he thought best to send for me to come to Philadelphia, where he had concluded to spend the winter. Accordingly I started without delay, in a carriage which was sent for me, and arrived in safety in about three days. I was kindly received by friend Allen and his wife; where I tarried until the return of Lorenzo from the Eastern Shore; whither he had taken a tour two or three weeks previous.

When he came back, he wished to find a small room, where we could be retired from the world for a few months; and we were so fortunate as to meet with a friend, (who had plenty of house room, and was willing to accommodate us with a small room; which was made very comfortable by putting up a stove in it,) in a neighbourhood of the people called Quakers; where we found it very agreeable. I attended their meetings with much satisfaction: I believe many, very many of those people to be truly spiritual! The friend and his wife, at whose house we stopped, belonged to the meeting, and they both appeared striving to be what they ought—May the Master prosper them in the way of their duty.

February 27th, 1815. The news of PEACE salutes our borders, and echoes through the land! It is a truly pleasing sound! May it inspire our hearts with gratitude to that hand who hath given us the blessing! O that divine peace may fill every soul, until this favoured nation shall become Immanuel's land, and the earth be full of his glory!

Quietness, as a Canopy covers my Mind.

“GREAT God, thy name be blest,
Thy goodness be ador'd,
My soul has been distress'd
But thou hast peace restor'd.

“A thankful heart I feel,
In peace my mind is staid,
Balsamic ointments heal
The wounds by sorrow made.

“Though elements contend,
Though wind and waters rage,
I've an unshaken Friend,
Who doth my grief assuage,

“Though storms without arise,
Emblems of those within,

On Christ my soul relies,
The sacrifice for sin.

“ Though inward storms prevail,
Afflicting to endure,
I’ve help that cannot fail,
In Him that’s ever sure.

“ Though outward war and strife
Prevail from sea to sea,
I’ve peace in inward life,
And that sufficeth me.

“ Though clamour rear its head,
And stalk from shore to shore,
My food is angels’ bread,
What can I covet more ?

“ Though ill reports abound,
Suspicious and surmise,
I find, and oft have found,
In *death* true comfort lies :

“ *That* death I mean whereby
Self-love and will are slain;
For these, the more they die
The more the *Lamb* doth reign.

“ And well assur’d I am
True peace is only known
Where He, the harmless Lamb,
Has made the *heart* his *throne*.

“ Then, then may tempests rage,
Cannon may roar in vain ;
The Rock of every age,
The *Lamb*, the *Lamb* doth reign.”

May 8th, 1815. We left Philadelphia in the steam boat, for New York, after spending an agreeable winter at Benedict Dorseys. The weather being very chilly and my health somewhat impaired by reason of a severe cold I had taken some time previous, and this exposure which I passed through, came very near being too much for my feeble constitution. After we arrived at New York I was confined almost two weeks to my bed—but recovering my strength in some measure, we embarked on board a Packet for New London, where we had every accommodation necessary—and after a pleasant sail of about thirty hours, we arrived safely and found the people kind and friendly. But the cold I had taken was so deeply seated on my lungs, it was thought by many, it would prove serious in its consequence to me. We arrived here on Saturday—on Sunday, Lorenzo preached four times to crowded congregations, and several times through the week, until he was sick; he was attacked very suddenly as he was about to lay down at night, with a pain at his heart attended with chills. We were then at his brother's—we were all much alarmed, thinking perhaps his dissolution was at hand—yet he appeared composed and serene, with a smile on his countenance although his pain was beyond description! My soul was poured out to God for his deliverance—after a while he got so much relief that he could be layed down in his bed—but continued very ill for near two weeks; he then had recovered so far as to be able to go on board a boat for Norwich, where we arrived in five or six hours.

We were received with kindness by brother Bentley and his companion. Lorenzo was still very feeble in body—but the people appearing very anxious he should preach, he consented, and at six o'clock that evening, the Baptist meeting-house was opened and well filled: he addressed them—his strength held out beyond what could have been expected. He spoke again on Monday night; it was a solemn assembly, and I hope good was done in the name of the Lord.

Lorenzo hired a wagon and horse to convey us to his father's, which was betwixt twenty and thirty miles.—Early on Tuesday morning we started and arrived there about one o'clock on the 14th of June. We found his dear father in tolerable health, with the rest of the family.

Lorenzo spent two weeks with us, and then thinking it best to leave me with his father, bid me farewell and set out on a tour through a part of Rhode Island, and Massachusetts to sound an alarm to the fallen race of Adam in those parts. My heart went with him, in desire that he might be useful to precious souls.

His father's place of residence is very pleasant, I spent my hours as agreeably as the circumstances could admit, seeing I was separated from my companion, and had not the opportunity of meeting—there being none within my reach, except the Presbyterian, and that not very convenient. He thought he might be absent three or four months, but returned in five or six weeks, unexpectedly to me, and spent a few weeks with us—made preparations to leave me with his father, and start on a long tour which would take him eight or nine months to accomplish. This was something trying to my feelings—but I dare not say, do not go, neither do I feel a disposition to prevent him doing his duty.

On the 30th of August he had got in readiness and bid me adieu—leaving me comfortably provided for, as it relates to outward things. The family consisted of his father, sister, and myself; the old gentleman an affectionate friend and father. We spent our time for the most part quite comfortably: considering the cold inclement season, my health was far better than it had been for years. I frequently received letters from my absent companion, which gave me much satisfaction; this being the only way we could communicate our pleasures or pains to each other. He gave me to understand he expected to return to us in April or May. The last letter I received from him, was dated March 30th, expected to sail from New Orleans to New York the first of April; and by his writing, it appeared to me, there was a doubt whether he should be brought through in safety—or at least he expected some uncommon difficulty to attend him; which laid me under great anxiety of mind; the season also being so uncommonly blustering, that I, from the first of April until the middle of May, was in a state of mind not to be expressed. This gave my body another shock—for the mind and body are so closely connected, one cannot suffer, without the other in some considerable degree

feeling affected. I strove hard to apply to HIM who is able to save, and at times found some relief; but then my thoughts would retrace the happy seasons which were past; and the gloomy prospects that now presented to view, made me very wretched. I strove to realize the day, the happy blessed day, when we should meet to part no more; but could not so much as I could wish; this gave me greater pain, seeing my heart so attached to earthly objects. Yet under all this, in some measure I was supported; for which may my heart render a tribute of praise to the great Giver of all our mercies!

About the 15th of May, I received the pleasing intelligence that Lorenzo had arrived at New York, which removed a heavy burthen from my heart, and the 25th he reached his father's. I need not say it was a memorable day to me—may I ever feel true sensations of gratitude for all these favours!—and improve them while they are preserved to me! My soul's desire is, to find closer communion with my God; may my soul sink in his will in all things!

After Lorenzo's return, he prepared to steer his course first to Philadelphia, then into the state of New York—from thence to Vermont; and wishing me to go with him, he procured a horse and wagon, and on the 12th of June we left his father's house, it being twelve months, lacking two days, since I came there; we went from there to Hebron, where we stayed a few days—met some preachers from the General Conference; they were friendly towards Lorenzo—from thence we came on to Durham, where we spent the sabbath. Lorenzo preached three times; on Monday morning we left there and proceeded on to New Haven—there we met with more preachers and kind friends: here we stayed until Friday. Lorenzo held a number of meetings in the time. From there we came to New York—spent the sabbath, and he also held three meetings there in the course of the day. I met with old friends Captain Anderson and his wife, who gave me a pressing invitation to go home with them that evening. Lorenzo was willing, and I accepted the invitation; he was to come over the next morning. Accordingly I went and spent an agreeable evening, and about one o'clock the next day, Lorenzo came—but I was quite

unwell ; the weather having become much warmer, it so debilitated me, that Lorenzo feared lest I could not hold out to travel—and Captain Anderson and his wife wishing me to tarry with them, I concluded to stay ; accordingly on Tuesday morning, Lorenzo set off on his way to Philadelphia, leaving me behind ; he came on that night to Bridgetown, where he preached ; and finding such an opening, he spent two or three days in the place. The friends requested him to send for me to come there : accordingly brother Thomas Pitts came on to New York, got brother Washburne to write a few lines to me—I came over from Hoboken and met him at brother Washburne's ; the next day we were to go on board the steamboat. I did not expect Lorenzo so soon ; but when we came to the ferry-house, and the boat come in, Lorenzo was on board : he intended returning that night or the next day to Bridgetown, consequently I went on ; and he returned that night. We have spent some time in this place ; and find the people remarkably kind—may they be rewarded for their kindness to us. My soul's desire to God is, that HE would reward our kind benefactors wherever they be.

Visited Woodbridge—had meeting in the meeting house of the Presbyterians, and returned to Bridgetown and held several other meetings.

July 26, 1816.—We left "Bridgetown," N. Jersey, and came on to Newark, where he found he had an appointment about seven miles distant from there, in the afternoon, leaving an appointment for night at Newark ; he started to fulfil it ; he returned and preached to a crowded auditory ; and made three more for the next day, which he attended. On Thursday he started from Newark, giving out that he would be there again on Friday night—I stayed at Newark through the interim ; accordingly, he returned, and preached to a large congregation. Early on Saturday morning we left Newark, and proceeded on our way to an appointment Lorenzo had left the day he had preached at brother Dickenson's, to be in the woods, not far from his house ; at ten o'clock there was convened under the trees a tolerable company of attentive people ; from thence we went to New Providence, where Lorenzo preached again at night, this being Saturday night. On

Sunday morning at five o'clock, and he preached again at ten, a meeting he attended six or eight miles from there, and returned—preached at three; from there to Chatham in the evening: the next day returned to New Providence, and preached at ten, then back to Chatham, preached at three; from there five or six miles, and at night held in a barn, which was much crowded, and the day following meeting in the woods, a few miles off—from thence to Morris Town—held a meeting in a Baptist meeting-house, some behaved well, others were somewhat unfeeling. We met with a man who invited us to go and stay with him for the night, we accepted the invitation, found them kind and affectionate. I spent a very agreeable time—from thence we went to brother Munn's, had a meeting at night, at a house about a mile and a half distant; the next day we went on to an appointment at an old man's, whose house had been a preaching-house for twenty or thirty years. Here the congregation was small, but a tolerable time—from here we travelled on a number of miles through a rough road, to a man's house, who had given out an appointment for the evening;—There came out a goodly number, to whom he spoke; they were attentive. Early the next morning we proceeded on our journey, and struck turnpike, through Pumpton plains, so on across the country, until we struck a long turnpike; we met with no friends after this until we came to Kingston—this was sabbath morning, we had to stay at public houses, which was very unpleasant, for several nights previous; from Kingston we continued on to Catskill, where we found some friends, who loved much in word and in tongue; we stayed there from Sunday night until Tuesday morning, in the mean time Lorenzo held several meetings; from thence we went on to Guemans Landing, met with a very kind family, the man is Post-Master in that place; he pressed Lorenzo to stay and preach in the evening, accordingly we stopped, had a solemn meeting before the Lord, and were treated with every attention by our kind host and his wife, that we could wish. On Wednesday morning we continued our journey to Albany; here, in years past, we had some kind friends, but now otherwise. We got into the city about twelve o'clock, and stopped at a public house,

while Lorenzo attended to some temporal concerns; I had some refreshment prepared. In the mean time Lorenzo met a young man from Schenectady, who invited him to preach there that evening; he readily consented, and after dinner we started, and arrived, perhaps, the sun an hour high, we were invited to stay at a public house, on free cost, by the man; I thought the woman was not well pleased; be that as it may we stayed; I was so fatigued I did not go to meeting, but understood it was a solemn time.

On Thursday morning, before the sun was up, we started, and came on betwixt forty and fifty miles—stayed at a Dutch tavern; found no particular trouble—started very early—came on to the Falls, there Lorenzo left an appointment for Monday night, on his return;—so on to Harcemer, where he left another for Sunday, at four o'clock; and also at Utica, where we tarried at night, and he preached. From thence to brother Holms', and took dinner—from there to brother Dewey's, but not finding him at home, we went on to Manely's-square, where we met with him at night. This being Saturday, we stayed over the Sabbath; Lorenzo met with some severe trials: my heart was almost filled with sorrow, the prospect appeared so gloomy; but the way was opened for him to preach, more than he was well able: three times at the square, and once at Pompey's Hollow, to pretty considerable congregations; the weather being extremely warm.

On Monday, we returned with brother D. to his place of residence, where Lorenzo has preached three times, and to preach once or twice more.

My mind hath passed through singular and deep trials of late; what is the cause I know not, but I pray God to give me the power to withstand the enemy of my soul, and enable me to be a comfort to my companion, and a blessing to myself and others.

Friday, August 23d.—We left Vernon and came here the last night—Lorenzo preached at a large meeting-house, built by the public; but the Presbyterians have the preference—may the Lord grant the seed to take deep root, and bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

This morning my heart longs to sink into the will of

God—may he show me the evils of my heart, and all its intricate windings; that I may seek and find full deliverance from all my sins.

On Saturday the 24th, we left Vernon. Lorenzo had preached a number of times to crowded congregations.—We came to Utica, and attended a meeting at night in the Methodist meeting-house, which was very much crowded; also at sun-rise, the house being likewise completely filled; at ten o'clock again, but the house would not hold one quarter of the people—he was under the necessity of speaking in the open air. After he had done speaking, they came around the wagon to bid us farewell. I found a number of my old class-mates, all in tears, and appeared to be on their journey home—this gave me much satisfaction—we hardly could tear ourselves from them—we had a melting time. From thence to Harkensmore, where he had an appointment at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon; here the Presbyterian meeting-house was opened, and well filled: he spoke there again at night, and at sunrise—they were very attentive. From thence to the little Fall, where he spoke three times more, afternoon, night, and morning; to many people; a large field is open through this country—May God bless the hungry people.

Somewhere towards the last of September, Lorenzo left me, and started for Philadelphia, to attend to some printing, which he had engaged in that place; expecting in a few weeks to have it accomplished so as to start for the Western Country, to supply some subscribers, but was disappointed, and detained, until it was so late, that the winter would be far advanced, before he could reach the further end of his route,—and feeling some uncommon impressions on his mind—he concluded to return to New England—but on the second day after he left the city, he was attacked with a fever; and had he not fallen into one of the kindest families, I have but little reason to think I should ever have met him again on mortal shores!

He wrote to me to come to him, if possible; and something of his situation. I set out, and got as far as Hebron, but my way was completely hedged in on every hand—the weather becoming so severe, it was thought imprudent for me to attempt to proceed further! My

mind was in the most distressing state of anxiety, for better than three weeks, I ever experienced. I felt myself a poor lonely creature—but strove to put my trust in that God who was able to save; accordingly he was better than my fears—for my poor companion was again returned to me, for which my heart leaped for joy. O my heart, may it be truly grateful to our bountiful Benefactor, and lay at his feet in humble prostration.

He is still in a poor state of health, and many difficulties in the way: He who hath hitherto helped, I trust, will still be our support. The weather is very severe, and is much against Lorenzo's health, yet Providence seems to give him strength according to his day.

I had some conflicts in my mind, on the account of what we should do for some necessaries, but the Lord hath provided bountifully; yesterday our kind friend, brother Burrows, and his son-in-law, came and supplied us with all we have need of for the present; may the God of all grace bless them, for their kindness to us.

Feb. 18th.—I this day passed through some trials of mind, which are not new to me; O that my God would undertake my cause, and deliver me from the power of my enemy, that I may shout Victory over my besetments; be prepared for life or death; O how hard I find it to keep my mind in the frame I could wish. Help Lord, to whom for help I fly! Still my tempted soul stand by, throughout the evil day!

Sunday, March 2d, 1817.—My poor Lorenzo is very unwell, still. The last night he was much distressed with a strange kind of complaint, which affected him from head to foot with spasms, and a restlessness, which gave me much uneasiness; what is before us we know not, may our master help us to sink into his will in all things, and lead us in the way of truth and holiness, prepare us for whatever may await us, whether life or death, prosperity or adversity. Lord, we are weak, be thou our strength, teach us our duty, and enable us to pursue it with diligence.

I have felt some impressions on my mind of late, which I cannot account for; what is before me I know not; may our souls drink deeper into the spirit of submission, and love to our God; my soul longs to lie at his feet.

Tuesday, March 4.—The days fly fast away when my dear Lorenzo must depart, and probably leave me behind; may my soul fly to him who can give grace and strength, to leave all to him, and sink into nothing at his feet, he hath been my supporter through a late trying scene, and I trust he will save to the end.

O that I could sing—

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

On March 4th.—Lorenzo went to Mansfield; the afternoon and evening were uncommonly lonely to me. I strove to cry to him, who can calm the boisterous ocean, and to pray to give me strength to submit to the will of the Master. I find it very hard work to give him up, but I hope the Lord will give me the victory at last.

Sunday, March 16th.—My mind hath been somewhat comforted, in hoping all things would work for our good, whether it should be in separation or meeting in this world. May that Hand, which gently guideth his children in the way he would have them to walk, be our director through this howling wilderness to that of peace and rest.

Sunday, March 23d.—My companion separated from me, and when he will return I know not—may we be supported under all our trials. These things ought to teach us that this is not our abiding home—I wish it may, and that we might with all heart, be seeking one above. I trust he is striving to do good to his fellow men. May he be prospered in the labour, and many precious souls be as stars in his crown in that day when the Lord shall make up his jewels—and O may God help me to lie at his feet in humble submission, prepared for life or death!

Tuesday, March 25th.—The Lord is still gracious to poor me. I have a good degree of health, and my mind is as comfortable as I could expect, in the absence of my best of husbands. May that God, who I trust he serves, preserve him from every danger, and may we meet once more on mortal shores! I know not what is before us: we

may have deep waters to pass through. O that our heads may be kept above the billows! and we be prepared to lie down in peace at last.

March 26th.—I have felt some anxious fears for my poor Lorenzo this afternoon. I would leave him to the Master, and say, not my will, but thine be done.

March 28th.—This day father Dow has gone to Hebron, to look at the place; what will be the result of Providence? may he preserve him, and prepare his way. My ever precious Lorenzo has been gone two weeks this day. Lord bless and comfort his soul; prepare him and me for what awaits us. New experiencies open to us almost every day. May we be made willing to suffer all his righteous will.

Sunday, March 30th.—My mind hath this day passed through deep exercises. O may the Lord ward off the blow which I fear! I am left in a situation that in some respects is very trying. My poor Lorenzo is absent, and what his situation may be I know not; but this I may expect, bonds and afflictions await him in every place; but if he is faithful to his Master, he will stand by him. O that he may improve every moment to the best purpose for this world and the next, which is fast approaching.—Our poor father seems somewhat discouraged. I pray that he may be strengthened in body and mind. May the way be made plain before him, as it relates to this world and that which is to come. I desire to lie at the feet of the Master. May he give me the power of submission.

March 31st.—I have deep waters, it may be, to pass through; what is best for me is only known to the Lord; may he give me strength to fly and find shelter under his wings. O may he bless my poor Lorenzo this day in soul and body! I feel some anxiety of mind for our poor old father, as well as for Lorenzo and myself. May God teach us the way of duty; may we walk therein with delight. I long to feel my heart glow with gratitude for the favours I do enjoy!

Friday, April 4th.—My heart feels too much anxiety for myself and my poor Lorenzo. Three weeks to day since he left me, and whether we shall ever meet again in this trying world, is only known to him, who orders

events; may he be with us in every trying hour. Dangers stand thick on every hand, I see nought but trials here, and without his supporting grace we must fall.— May he give me the spirit of a Mary, to lie at his feet, depending only on his mercy. O that I may have a heart of agonizing prayer, for myself, husband, and our father, with the rest of our friends and kind benefactors.

I desire to be an altogether christian, patient under afflictions, willing to suffer all the will of the Master.— Lord bless my companion while abroad.

Sunday, April 6th.—My mind hath been somewhat engaged to look for my poor companion, and that He would stand by him, and deliver from evils that may beset him in this world of sorrow and distress. O that the Lord would breathe into my soul a spirit of love to God and my fellow men. I feel like a lonely mortal, bereft of all that is most dear to me in this world. These words are in my mind sometimes :

As on some lonely building top,
The sparrow tells her moan ;
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

Wednesday, April 9th.—O how my heart longs to get a few lines from my dear Lorenzo. I have been almost overwhelmed with anxious fears on his account; O may the Lord preserve him from all danger, and give me strength to sink into his will, and keepus above all things from sinning against him.

Saturday, April 12th.—None knows the trials through which I have to pass, but him who knows all things. I am sore tempted by the enemy of my soul, and my anxious fears for my poor Lorenzo, are beyond description; four weeks yesterday, since he left me, and I have not received but one letter from him, and that was wrote in less than a week after his departure; what can be the cause I know not; may that God who is rich in mercy, be precious to his soul, preserve his feeble body, and may we be permitted once more to meet in this world of sorrow. My soul longs to be freed from sin, prepared

for what may be the will of Providence concerning me ; my strength I may truly say is perfect weakness. O that I could cast my whole burthen on the Lord, resign myself and my dear companion without reserve to him, believing he will sustain us through the unavoidable troubles that may, and do beset us. I long much to hear from my Lorenzo. O that I may be patient, and wait until the time shall come ; may God give him the spirit of his station, may he lie at the feet of the Master. O give me Mary's place, also ; fit us for a happy meeting at his right hand.

Sunday, April 13th.—My mind, in some measure, hath been comforted this day. O that the Lord would help me to give my cares to the wind, when they can do no good, only make me wretched. I am like one almost that is cloistered, but it agrees well with the present state of my mind ; I could hardly bear company, I never was more weighed down under trials ; what it means I cannot tell, whether the clouds will subside or grow darker, is known to him who can give sunshine, or stormy weather when it seemeth him good ; O that he would undertake my cause, give me a soul humbled in the dust, at his feet. And may he be with my poor Lorenzo, and help us to bear separation with composure ; why should a living man complain ? a man for the punishment of his sins ? I have too often forgot the mercies of my God.

Tuesday, 15th April.—This morning one load of goods started for Hebron. What is before us we cannot see. I have not heard yet from my Lorenzo : may God bless him.

Sunday, April 20th.—On the 18th we came to Hebron, and have found an asylum, at Mr. Porter's ; what awaits me here I cannot tell : may I rely on Providence in all circumstances of life ; I received a letter from my poor Lorenzo, which made my heart glad ; father Dow and myself have been to meeting on the hill to-day ; the second one I have attended since the last of January.

Wednesday, April 23d.—I am not got out of the reach of anxiety, my poor Lorenzo is gone, I know not where, and our poor old father is feeble in body, and his mind often under a gloom, my heart also prone to sink. O may God

help the most helpless of all creatures to put her trust in him.

April 27th.—This day my heart feels in a good degree, to look to God for myself and my dear Lorenzo, who is far separated from me, and I know not how it is with him, but I hope Providence may protect him from all danger, and keep his soul near his wounded side. O Lord give more of thy spirit to poor me, that I may rejoice in tribulation

Sunday, April 27th.—My soul feels this day a mixture of hope and fear; when I look at my present situation, I fear lest I shall sink under the burthens and cares, as it relates to myself, my dear Lorenzo, and our poor father; he is feeble in body, and his mind very subject to depression; I feel more and more attached to him, the longer I am acquainted with him; may God who is able to pour consolation into the hearts of his creatures, comfort him in the decline of life, and give him an assurance of his love, that he may pass over Jordan in peace.

My ever precious companion bears with great weight on my mind, from day to day; I pray God to preserve him from evils of every kind, and bless him with a constant intercourse with his Spirit. I long to be altogether what is the will of God concerning me! but my mind is so down with daily anxiety, that I cannot tell what to do; the way is dark, I know not what is before me, but I feel some confidence in the Lord, that he will open the way, and enable me to rely on his mercy. This day my soul has been drawn out in prayer to God, to preserve my dearest Lorenzo, and if it may be consistent, to return him to me again in peace. O Lord help me to drink deeper into thy Spirit; I feel to mourn before God, that I have made so little progress in the life of holiness; may he give me strength to set out from this day, to be more earnestly engaged to live more devoted to him; my trials are increased, I need more grace, may he give me strength according to my day, and assist me to give all to him, believing he will order all things best for me and my second self; it is now almost two months since I saw him depart, which gave me extreme pain.

Tuesday, April 9th.—I just received a letter from Lorenzo; he has had hard difficulties to surmount; O my

God preserve him, and give him strength to make his way through all, and may we meet again in this vale of tears.

May 2d.—I last evening received another letter from my tried companion, he is still feeble in body, and surrounded by difficulties. O Lord look down from heaven thy dwelling place, and strengthen his body and soul, and may he walk in the light of thy countenance.

May 15th.—May my soul feel sensations of gratitude to that Hand who hath preserved me until the present time, although I have to pass through deep waters, yet he doth sustain me. O that I might sink into his will, and leave all to him; I feel sometimes almost ready to sink; my dear Lorenzo is absent, he is feeble in body, and beset on every side by enemies that would injure him; O may God preserve him from every harm, and bring him back safely to poor unworthy me again.

May 21st.—The prospect still appears gloomy, my body is somewhat borne down with pain and weakness, and many trials of mind; my dear Lorenzo's gone; I know not his situation; and his precious father has too great a burthen lying upon him; I fear the consequence: O that the Lord may appear for our relief, and give me patience, and help me also to realize my favours, for I have many to be thankful for; but I am too apt to look on the dark side, and forget mercies in dwelling on troubles.

Monday, May 28th.—Through the kindness of the Lord, I am more comfortable in body than I have been for several days; may my heart be truly thankful to him who gives us all our favours; our father has this day gone to Coventry, may angels attend him from the Lord, and safely return him to me again; it appears very lonely when he is gone; he, in some measure, makes up the absence of my companion. O Lord be with us all, and prepare us for further events.

July 5th.—Through the month of June I have been out of health, and much weighed down under trials. On the 17th we removed from Mr. Porter's, to our own house; it was but slightly fixed, for our reception, but so that it was, in some measure comfortable for dinner: it appeared pleasant to be in a house that I have some claim to; yet

I would hold every thing here as lent from the Lord, willing to give it up when called for.

On the second day of July, Lorenzo's sisters and brother Bridgemon, came to Hebron, and stayed one week, and then left us for Coventry. The day after I received a letter from my dear Lorenzo, reviving a hope in my breast, of seeing him in a few weeks; may the Lord prosper him, and give me patience, for I feel I can hardly wait until the time arrives.

Lorenzo returned the 25th of July; my heart leaped for joy to behold him once more in this world of trial; he hath been prospered beyond all expectation, may my soul glow with gratitude to the God of all mercies, for those unmerited favours.

August 24th.—I have again had to conflict with the enemy of souls and my weapons have, as yet, appeared too weak to conquer, but I feel a hope in my soul, that through Jesus's grace, I shall be victorious at last; I find I have my besetments, and some in particular, that attract me more forcibly than others. O that God may give me strength to withstand them. I am truly desirous to be a comfort to my dear Lorenzo; he has his trials in the peculiar mode he is called to pursue; may he have grace and wisdom to keep to his guide. I have had my mind exercised concerning the extraordinary union of soul and body; when the soul is under trials, the body immediately feels the weight, the body also must weigh down the soul when affected, consequently, a body so feeble as mine, and a mind so liable to depression and evil, needs to struggle hard to keep above the billows, which soon after arise.

O Lord help! O Lord strengthen and support me under all my conflicts, and give me a clear prospect to another world.

My Lorenzo must leave me again in a few days, may I cheerfully give him up, and may the Lord go with and bless him on his journey.

Tuesday, September 6th.—This day my soul hath passed through deep waters, and I fear lest the floods cover me at last; O that God would appear for my relief, and show me why the enemy of my soul is permitted to beset me so severely; O that I could fly to the arms of a bleeding Saviour, and sink into nothing at his feet. I am

poor and needy, weaker than a bruised reed, help I every moment need.

September 10th.—There is still a gloom on my mind, though somewhat lighter, but what will be the end of me, I know not; but I hope the Lord may free me from an heart prone to evil; O that I might stand in a situation that the enemy may have nothing to work upon in me!

October 17th.—My soul still labours under trials. I strive to cry to God for delivering grace, but when I shall obtain what my soul needs, I know not. O that he would make haste to deliver! My dear Lorenzo has been absent near seven weeks; may the Lord be with him, comfort and strengthen him, soul and body.

Saturday night, November 15th.—My soul feels the need of a greater conformity to that God, in whom I live, to whom I am indebted for every blessing I do enjoy, temporal and spiritual. I shall, (if I live to see another day,) be thirty-seven years of age, and I would lay my mouth in the dust, at his feet, lamenting I have spent those precious months, days, and moments so little to the glory of his grace, and the benefit of my own soul, and the good of others. I desire this precious night to make a covenant with my soul, to begin with the first of my thirty-eighth year, and strive to dedicate my soul and body to the Lord. Whether I shall see half the year expire, is only known to him who has the issues of life and death; but that need not alarm me so much, as how I spend my time. O that he would bow the gentle heavens, and come into my soul; then I shall have power to fight the enemy who continually besets me on every side. My dear companion is now absent—may God be with him, and preserve him from every danger; and if it may consist with his holy will, bring him to me again in safety.

November 18th.—O God of all grace, help me to lie at thy feet, that I may overcome the evils of my heart; and unite my soul to thee by a living faith, that death cannot dissolve.

December 12th.—A new, or rather an old trial revived, has again fallen to my lot: my dear Lorenzo is far separated from me, and I have reasons to fear he is in a more than common poor state of health; and what the Master has in store for us, I know not, but I hope he will give us

grace to submit to his will without murmuring, to lay at the feet of my Master, is what I most earnestly seek after. If I meet him no more on this side Jordan, may God prepare me to join the happy company on the other; to spend a long eternity in adoring redeeming grace, and dying love. My soul is much weighed down under the present trial; may I be strengthened to soar above all the world can give, and may the too strong attachment I feel to my companion, be overcome with love to my Saviour, who has done so much for me. Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly!

Sunday, December 14th.—My soul feels somewhat encouraged to rely on the Lord our God for strength to submit my all to him, and leave my dear companion in his hands, to do with him as seemeth him good, whether to call him to a happy eternity, or to foreign lands to preach his gospel. O that he may breathe into my soul a true spirit of submission, and prepare me to do my duty, and suffer all his righteous will here below with patience—my soul longs to drink deep into his Spirit.—O that I might wear humility as a garment; I would mourn before my God, that I live so little to his glory, that I improve the time and talents I have so poorly: may I this day make a new covenant with my heart, my eyes, my ears, my hands, and all the powers and faculties of my soul and body, to be devoted to the service of God, and live as one bound to eternity, who must shortly give an account; but I am dependant on the God of all grace for strength to put any resolution into practice; O may he this day impart grace to my soul, to sink into his will in all things.

Rest for my soul I long to find,
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

Sunday, Dec. 21st.—Sorrows and trials await my journey; our dear father seems verging to the grave, and poor Lorenzo is absent, and perhaps under affliction too; my heart is divided between them, and my own trials of

mind; my heart is rising in rebellion at times, against the dispensations of Providence, and makes me very unhappy. O may these crosses teach me what they are designed for; the Lord hath said he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men, but to show them how much their hearts are attached to the world, and the things therein; may every cross-providence serve to wean me from all I hold dear, and may my Lord have the preference to all inferior things.

Wednesday, Dec. 24.—I feel like one alone; what can be the cause of my sinking down under a gloom? all is not right within.

May the spirit of divine truth shine into my soul, and teach me all my duty; O that it might expel the enemies of my God; pride, unbelief, jealousy, envy, evil thinking, and speaking. I have of late been beset with new trials—a desire to gain the applause of men more than the approbation of my Saviour. I would have it driven from my heart, and in its place a meek and humble frame of mind, feeling I have nothing worthy of praise in myself, abstracted from the grace of God. My soul longs to be formed anew, freed from all the evils of nature; made a fit temple for the residence of the spirit of my Master.—My dear Lorenzo is absent, I know not where; the last I heard from him, he was in Baltimore, from thence, perhaps, he may go to Richmond; his body is feeble, but I trust his soul is filled with peace, love, and joy. Would to God my soul could enjoy the same, and be closely united with him, to our precious Redeemer, and whether we meet again on the shores of time or not, that I might hail him on the happy confines of eternity, where we shall feel no more pain of body nor mind, shall be out of the reach of sin and Satan, to meet all the ship's company, who have sailed with the Saviour below. O happy day for those who gain the prize, who hold out faithful to the end, and are received into the bosom of their Lord; may my soul be quickened, to run the race with more diligence.

Sunday, Jan. 11, 1818.—Through the great mercy of a kind Providence, I am still an inhabitant of this lower world; but what is in the way before me, I know not; I feel some new desires in my soul, to live to the glory of God; to be freed from in-bred corruptions; to have strength

to put my trust in Him, to say, not my will but thine be done. My dearest of earthly friends is far distant from me; and whether I shall ever behold him again, in this vale of tears, is only known to Him who has all power and goodness in his own hands; on whom it is our duty and privilege to depend for life and death. I feel my heart as it were, borne down under a weight of sorrow—the prospect is somewhat beclouded. O may the tender hearted Jesus have mercy upon me, the most unworthy of his creatures; and cleanse my heart from all impurity! help me to give up my companion with cheerfulness, to go and labour in the vineyard of his Lord, and prepare me to meet him in the blest mansions of peace, when all our toils are over.

January 28th.—O the need I have of more religion;—may God help me to lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth easily beset me; and may I run with patience the race set before me; the way of danger I am in, deprived of the privilege, in a great measure of attending meeting, and have more of the cares and concerns of the world laid upon me, than heretofore, my companion in life in a distant land, and the probability that he may again try the uncertainty and dangers of the seas. O that God may teach him clearly his duty, and then give me a mind filled and prepared to submit to his will. I have passed through some sore conflicts, the summer past; I could not account for my feelings, why the Lord was suffering the enemy to attack me in such an unaccountable way, was a mystery to me; but of late I have thought it was to show me what was in my heart: something I did not know had a place there—may the Lord who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, give me victory over all and every evil propensity of my nature; and prepare me to fill the station he has designed me. If he should suffer me again to see my dear Lorenzo, may it be to our mutual benefit, as it relates to our Christian course.

I feel most earnestly to beseech God to teach him the way of his duty, if he does require him again to cross the ocean; may the way open clearly to him, if not, may some preventative take place. I know not what is required of him, and I would not stand in the way of his comply-

ing with duty. I feel somewhat lonely at times, but have more resignation for the Lord to do with us as seemeth him good, than I have experienced at other times; may the Lord increase the begun work in my soul, until all I am is lost in him.

February 1st.—My life's cleaving to the dust; Lord give me more of divine life. I feel the seeds of mortality in my dying body; O that I might improve more diligently and carefully my time.

HERE ENDS HER JOURNAL.

DEAR LORENZO,

After an absence of three weeks, which seems long to me, very long, I take my pen the second time to converse with him who is the dearest object below the sun to my heart. I have not yet heard from you since you crossed the river at Middletown—but I hope the Providence of God will attend and protect you on your mission, and return you to us in safety. I would leave all to the disposal of our great Master—yet I feel my heart too often holding you tight—may Jesus be the greatest and most lovely object in my eyes! I would have Mary's place at his feet, and receive his instructions with submission. I long to live so as to meet his approbation; and I also pray not to stand in your way, and prevent your usefulness to souls. My daily prayer to God is, that you may be clothed with the true spirit of a minister of Christ, and find your labours blessed from place to place! You have had great encouragement the summer past; may God still be with you, and give you to see more fruit of your labours in the south, than you have had in the north; and may you be encircled in the arms of mercy, until you shall be called to receive a crown of glory, where sorrow and pain can reach you no more—I hope my soul may be prepared to meet you there. Pray much for me, my dear Lorenzo, that I may have strength to stand in my lot, and be faithful to my God: there is no time to loose; from me time flies fast away, and how soon I may be called to give an account, I know not—I would be ready whether it is at midnight, or at the cock's crowing.

My health is remarkably good for me—and my spirits as good and better, than for some time past;—while I am writing, I almost fancy myself in the company of my Lorenzo. O may our souls meet at the throne of grace, and find communion there! Christiana's health is much improved since you left us,—the rest of the family are well. Dear father is still feeble, but is able to work in his shop considerably; we have not heard from Vermont, since your departure; there has nothing taken place worth mentioning, in a family point of view—

remember me to all you may meet, with whom I have had an acquaintance.

Adieu, my ever dear Lorenzo!

PEGGY DOW.

November 27th, 1817.

MY VERY DEAR LORENZO,

Your letters arrived this day; which gave me pleasure and pain. Real satisfaction to find your health is in some measure restored, and that your soul is kept in peace! sweet peace! It is more desirable than gold! yea, than fine gold! It will support our souls when earthly treasures fail.—But I felt somewhat pained to find it confirmed, that you have serious intention of again encountering the dangers of the seas, and perhaps far greater on the other side—but your letter from Baltimore, in a considerable degree prepared my mind for this—I could not tell whether your state of health was such, as to give you reason to think you should shortly bid adieu to all things below the sun: or you should visit foreign lands.

I have no cause to think you forget your poor Peggy—but I believe you have a work to do; and I also remember the contract, as well as you. I do not feel in my heart, to hold you back from doing your duty, if I could. It would be truly a comfort to me to have your company—the greatest of an earthly nature; but not at the expense of your peace of mind.

* * * * *

Our dear father has been very unwell—but is better: he does not forget you. It appears to be a great comfort to him, that you are in a good cause, pursuing the road to peace and happiness;—he often says he should be glad to see you, but has this consolation: if you are called from the stage of action, he has reason to hope your toils and troubles will be at an end. The family are well, Christiana has got her health tolerable again—my health is as good, or better, than when you left us.

I strive to leave all to the disposal of the Master; praying that peace and prosperity may attend you, whether on the briny deep, or in foreign lands; for he is a sure tower to all that put their trust in him. My soul's desire and prayer to God is, that I may be a living witness for him, in life and death.

This is the first day of another year; but what will take place before the close with us, is only known to Him who has the issues of life and death—may he direct our steps; and if either of us, or any of the family shall be called to quit this mortal life, may we close the same in peace. Adieu, my Lorenzo,

I hope to meet you there, if no more here.

PEGGY DOW.

January 1st, 1818.

DEAR LORENZO,

I take my pen again to converse with you, this being the only way we communicate our thoughts to each other, when separated by rivers and mountains; and I esteem it a precious privilege. I have much cause to adore the beneficent hand of Providence for his mercy to us-ward, although we have our trials,—yet he mixes mercy with them. He has of late given me some tokens for good,—my heart has been enabled to rejoice in his love, in a considerable degree.—At a meeting a few nights ago, when Methodists and Presbyterians were united, and there was an union in my heart to all the dear children of my Master, I have felt more strength to say in my heart, “the will of the Lord be done.” I think yesterday, my desire to God was if it would be more for his glory, for you to return in a few weeks, you might, if not, so let it be—GO, MY LORENZO, THE WAY YOU ARE ASSURED THE LORD CALLS; and if we meet no more in this vale of tears, may God prepare us to meet in the realms of peace, to range the blest fields on the banks of the river, and sing hallelujah, for ever and ever. I am very sure if I reach safe the destined port, I shall have cause to sing. I trust the Lord who has called you to leave all, will give you a rich reward: in this world, precious souls, and in the world to come, a crown of glory. I have seen brother Tarbox since his return—nothing has taken place new. You have been accustomed to similar treatment—may you have patience and true philanthropy of heart,—that is most desirable. You cannot conclude, I think, from what I have written, that I would not rejoice to see you return, if it would be consistent with the will of God; but I would desire, above all things not to be found fighting against him. Your father and myself are as well as we may expect, considering our infirmities. My health has been better than when you left me, for some past. * * *

My dear Lorenzo, I bid adieu once more; may the Lord return you to your poor Peggy again. I have written five times before this.

PEGGY DOW.

January 22d, 1818.

Returned to my Peggy, about 3d March, at my father's, in Hebron, Connecticut, and parted about 5th May, for Europe; and sailed from New York on the 20th, in the ship Alexander Mansfield, for Liverpool, where I arrived about the 18th of June, and in a few weeks hope to receive letters from her.

LORENZO DOW.

Liverpool, July 27th, 1818.

AN ACCOUNT

Of the closing Scenes in the Life of PEGGY DOW.

BY LORENZO DOW.

AFTER my return from Virginia a few weeks, leaving her with my father, we parted, and I sailed for England, May 20th, and arrived there about the 20th of June, 1818.

Whilst travelling in that country, many persons in different parts, who were strangers to me, remarked that they thought from their feelings, that my *Peggy* would be gone off from the stage of action, so that I would see her no more, unless I returned to America soon!

Their feelings were so consonant to my own anticipations, that it caused my return a year sooner than was contemplated when we parted.

Arrived back to America in June, 1819, after an absence of about thirteen months.

She had attended a writing school in my absence, in February; and getting wet and chilled, took cold—and hence a *cough* and *tightness* across the chest, and thence a decline ensued.

However, the subject was not viewed as serious at the first, as the sequel afterwards proved to be.

She travelled with me some distance to various meetings; and when we were at Providence, in Rhode Island, I found her in a room weeping—on enquiring the cause, she, after some hesitation, replied, “The consumption is a flattering disease!—but I shall return back to *Hebron*, and tell *Father Dow* that I have come back to die with him!”

After my return from Europe, she requested me not to

leave her, till she had got better or worse—which request she had never made at any time, under any circumstances in former years whatever.

We returned in September. She remarked that she felt more comfort in Divine enjoyment than she expressed to others—and that her “DEATH MIGHT BE SANCTIFIED TO SOME.”

We never parted but twice after my return from Europe—once for a night, and once on business to Boston of about five days.

She continued growing more and more feeble, until in December, when she asked if I thought her dissolution was near? The reply to which, was an opinion, that she would continue until spring, if not longer.

She replied that she thought so too; but the night following, she awoke me up, and enquired the *time* of the month?—and being informed, she said that she thought she was bounded in all by the month of *January*.

Counted every day until the year expired, and then almost every hour, until the morning of the fifth, when she asked me if I had been to bespeak a *Coffin* for her? But was answered in the negative;—when in the evening, she enquired if I had been to call in the neighbours? I answered, No! But brother and sister Page came in and spent the night, which seemed *refreshing* to her; and with whom we had spent many happy hours in days that were gone by!

About two o'clock at night, she requested me to call up the family, which being done; she soon began to fail very fast.

Being asked if she felt any pain? She answered in the negative—and that but one thing attracted her here below—pointing her finger towards me as supported in my arms. When I replied, Lord, Thou gavest her to me! I have held her only as a lent favour for fifteen years! and now I resign her back to Thee, until we meet again beyond the swelling flood! She replied with a hearty “AMEN,” and soon expired, as the going out of a snuff of a candle, without a struggle, contraction or groan!

In the course of conversation the last night—her views and attachments to the things of time and eternity—she replied that she felt no condemnation, and that but

one thing attracted her here below, that was hard to give up; but that she felt willing to resign herself into the hands of the Great and Wise Disposer, for the things of eternity were far more desirable than the things of time; for her better prospects were beyond this life, and there appeared to be a calm and sweet submission!

By my request, she was dressed and laid out in her best plain, neat meeting dress, with woollen blankets, instead of shrouded sheets. Her *grave* was about three feet below the common depth—her funeral was attended by a large concourse of people—the sermon was delivered by Daniel Burrows, a particular friend, who had visited her frequently in her last sickness.

Many had said L. D. was eccentric, and that it was now exemplified! But such, still admitted that the *dress* became impressive on the occasion; and also the colour of the coffin too. It was a solemn, serious and impressive time!

Woollen does not *rot* like some other things!—and the sacred dust, I wished to repose (undisturbed in ages to come, by future moving of the earth for the dead,) until
“THE TRUMP OF GOD SHALL SOUND!”

What God said to *Ezekiel*, “Behold I take away the desire of thine eyes with a stroke.” January 6th, 1820, were exemplified, as with a sword through my soul; for the impression of the words, were as a dispensation of preparation, some few years antecedent to the time.

This is a subject that may be felt, but cannot be described! Those who have drank the cup, *know* the language—to others, it is but a *dream*!

She possessed exquisite feelings of sensibility, but there was *affection* and *condescension*. Hence the sequel upon the Journey of Life, as agreeable consequences for *peace* in a married state! But where there is a want of Love, affection, and an attachment, there is a cause of misery, mischief and unhappiness of many families!

Love and affection cannot be bought; they are above *rubies*—yea, beyond all price, when applied to the married state!

The following was put upon her tomb stone, in the Methodist Burying Ground, in Hebron, Connecticut, ten years after:—

"PEGGY DOW
 SHARED THE VICISSITUDES OF LORENZO
 FIFTEEN YEARS,
And died January 6th, 1820,
 AGED 39."

Seventeen years before this, I lost my *Mother*, and two years and eight months after the decease of Peggy, my Father died. Six of us children are still living; and out of 28 grand-children, 16 are still on mortal shore!

It is now March, 1833, which brings me to the age of 55 years and five months; and 40 years and 4 months of my religious pilgrimage; and 37 years in the *public field of battle*, wandering through the world!

My Peggy is gone to meet our INFANT in yonder world, where I trust to meet them both by and bye—which is a *sweet* and pleasing thought to *me!*

L. D.

1820

1700

40

TO THE YOUNG READER.

THERE is not any subject that can engage your attention of more importance than *Marriage*, except the salvation of the soul. Your peace for time depends upon it, and, in a great measure, your eternity is connected with it; though it be treated as a *novel* in a *romantic* way, and even most young people cannot hear the word "Matrimony" mentioned, without exhibiting levity in their countenances, which shows how little they realize the subject, and in what a trifling manner they view it. If a man have a farm, and don't like it, he can sell it, and procure another; if he have a house, and don't like it, he can pull it down, and build another. But this is for life! It is indeed one of the most important concerns of life. Hence, act honorably, and discreetly, in the fear of God; and take him for your counsellor, that you may enjoy his favour, and thereby secure his protection.

LORENZO DOW.

REFLECTIONS
ON
MATRIMONY.

TWELTH EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

*Marriage is honourable in all, and the bed undefiled.
But Whoremongers and Adulterers God will judge.*
Heb. xiii. 4.

VARIOUS are the *opinions* with regard to the subject before us. Some people tell us it is not *lawful* for men and women to *marry*, and argue thus to prove it: "It is living after the flesh; they that live after the flesh shall die, (by which is meant separation from God,) therefore they who live together as *husband* and *wife* shall die."—Now the *premises* being wrong, the *conclusion* is wrong of necessity; for living together as *husband* and *wife* is not living after the flesh, but after God's *ordinance*: as is evident from Matt. xix. 4, 5, 6.—"AND HE ANSWERED, AND SAID UNTO THEM HAVE YE NOT READ THAT HE WHICH MADE THEM AT THE BEGINNING MADE THEM MALE AND FEMALE, AND SAID, FOR THIS CAUSE SHALL A MAN LEAVE FATHER AND MOTHER, AND SHALL CLEAVE TO HIS WIFE; AND THEY TWAIN SHALL BE ONE FLESH? WHEREFORE, THEY ARE NO MORE TWAIN, BUT ONE FLESH. WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD, HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER." In these words CHRIST, our great *lawgiver*, refers to Gen. ii. 24; which at once proves, that the *PARADISIACAL institution* is not *abrogated*. From the beginning of the world until the words of the text were written, people lived together as *husband* and *wife*, and had divine *approbation* in so doing: as is easily proved from the word of

GOD. *Some people* have an idea we CANNOT be as *holy* in a *married* as in a *single state*. But hark! Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah, three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters.* Gen. v. 22. Heb. xi. 5. Now if Enoch under that dark dispensation could serve God in a married state, and be fit for translation from earth to heaven, why not *another* person be equally *pious*, and be filled with "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" under the Gospel dispensation? according to Rom. xiv. 17. But admitting it is right for *common* people to *marry*,—Is it right for the CLERGY to marry? Answer—I know that too many think it is not, and are ready to conclude, that whenever "*a preacher marries, he is backslidden from God.*" hence the many arguments made use of by some to prevent it. When I hear persons who are *married* trying to dissuade others from *marrying*, I infer one of two things: that they are either unhappy in their *marriage*, else they enjoy a blessing which they do not wish others to partake of. The CHURCH OF ROME have an idea that the Pope is St. Peter's successor, and that the CLERGY ought not to *marry*. But I would ask, if it was lawful for St. Peter to have a *wife*, why not lawful for another PRIEST or PREACHER to have *one*? But have we any proof that Peter had a *wife*? In Matt. viii. and 14, we read as follows: "And when Jesus was come into *Peter's house*, he saw *his wife's* mother laid, and sick of a fever." Now, how could Peter's *wife's* mother be sick of a fever, provided he had no *WIFE*? and as we have no *account* that CHRIST PARTED Peter and his *wife*, I infer that he *lived* with *her* after his call to the *apostleship*, according to Rom. vii. 2. for "the woman which hath an husband is

* Whoever will reflect, 1. on the command in Paradise; 2. the promises in the ten commandments; 3. that Samuel was the answer of prayer, and proved a blessing to society; 4. that although all persons by nature have an equal chance, yet the influence of example is to be taken into account; 5. the blessings that God may bestow as a treasure from his goodness, in answer to sincere obedience and prayer; and, 6. the honour of being born of truly pious parents is matter of joy and gratitude; for who are, or can be fitter instruments to add to the number of the heavenly host?

BOUND by the *law* to her *husband* so long as he liveth;" now if Peter's wife was "*bound*" to him, how could he go off and leave her, as some people think he did? The words of the text are, "*marriage is honourable in all.*"—But how could it be *honourable* in ALL, if it were *dishonourable* in the *priestly order*? For they forming a part, of course are included in the word A DOUBLE L. In the first epistle written by St. Paul to Timothy, (iv.) we read thus: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and *doctrines of devils*; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; *forbidding to marry*, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." Observe, *forbidding to marry* is a doctrine of devils, therefore not of divine origin; of course not to be obeyed, for we are under no obligation to obey the devils; but in opposition to them, to enjoy all the benefits of divine institutions. Marriage is a divine institution, therefore the benefits of matrimony may be enjoyed by them that *believe* and *know* the truth. Having briefly, but fully shown, that matrimony is lawful, I shall proceed to elucidate the words of my text, or motto. In doing which, I shall,

FIRST, Show what matrimony *is not*.

SECONDLY, What *it is*.

THIRDLY, Point out some of the *causes of unhappy marriages*, and conclude with a few words of advice.

Resuming the order proposed, I come in the first place to show what matrimony is not.

1st. Two persons of the same gender dressed in the garb of the sexes, deceive a magistrate or minister, and have the ceremony performed, which is no marriage, but downright wickedness, which some have audaciously been guilty of.

2d. There are certain beings in the world in human shape, and dress in the garb of one of the sexes, but at the same time are not properly masculine nor feminine; of course not marriageable. They enter into matrimonial engagements with persons of one of the sexes, and the formal ceremony is performed; this is not matrimony,

but an imposition ; forasmuch as the design of matrimony cannot be answered thereby.

3d. Sometimes a banditti catch two persons and compel them ceremonially to marry at the point of the sword, to save their lives ; but this is not matrimony : for it is neither sanctioned by laws divine or human ; neither are they obligated by such laws to live together.

4th. Some men have a plurality of women, but they cannot be married to them all ; if the first marriage was lawful, the other are not, "for two," saith he, (not three) "shall be one flesh ;" moreover, when two persons enter into marriage, they promise to forsake all others, and be true to each other while they both shall live ; therefore are not at liberty to have any thing to do with other persons.

5th. Sometimes persons who are married without just cause, leave their companion, take up with another person, and live with him or her : this is not matrimony, but adultery ; and all such persons may expect to meet with God's disapprobation in eternity ; "for such shall not inherit the kingdom of God."


6th. Two persons living together as husband and wife, and yet feeling at liberty to forsake the present, and embrace another object at pleasure—this is not matrimony, but whoredom : and "whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." Yet we may here observe : in many parts of the world, the political state of affairs is such, that two persons may live together by mutual consent as husband and wife, where there is no formal ceremony performed, and yet be justified before God : which was the case with the Jews, (instance also if some were cast away upon an island ;) but this is not the case in America, except among the coloured people, or heathen tribes, as will be more fully shown under the next head—in which I am to show,


SECONDLY, What matrimony is.

Some people believe in a decree, (commonly called a lottery,) viz. That God has determined in all cases, that particular men and women should be married to each other ; and that it is impossible they should marry any other person. But I say, hush ! for if that be the case, then God appoints all matches ; but I believe the devil

appoints a great many; for if God did it, then it would be done in wisdom, and of course it would be done right; if so, there would not be so many unhappy marriages in the world as what there are. If one man steals or runs away with another man's wife, goes into a strange country, and there marries her, did God decree that? What made God Almighty so angry with the Jews for marrying into heathen families; and why did the prophet Nehemiah contend with them, curse them, pluck off their hair, and make them swear that they would not give their daughters to the Ammonites, &c. as we read in the 13th chapter of Nehemiah, if God appointed such matches? Again, why did John the Baptist exclaim so heavily against Herod, for having his brother Philip's wife? If it was necessary, he could not help it; therefore John talked very foolishly when he said it was not lawful, for that was to say it was not lawful to do what God had decreed should be done. Notwithstanding I do not believe in lottery, (so called,) yet I believe* that persons who are under the influence of divine grace, may have a guide to direct them to a person suitable to make them a companion, with whom they may live agreeably: but this can only be done by having pure intentions, paying particular attention to the influence of the Divine Spirit within and the opening of Providence without; being careful not to run so fast as to outrun your guide, nor yet to move so slow as to lose sight thereof.


But to return:—Marriage consists in agreements of parties, in union of heart, and a promise of fidelity to each other before God; “forasmuch as he looketh at the heart, and judgeth according to intention.”—1 Sam. xvi. 7. As there is such a thing as for persons morally to commit adultery in the sight of God, who never actually did so, Matt. v. 28, so persons may be married in his sight, who

* I apprehend that every person who is marriageable, and whose duty it is to marry—there is a particular object they ought to have;—but I believe it possible for them to miss that object, and be connected with one that is improper for them—one cause of so many unhappy families.  There is a providence attending virtue, and a curse attending vice!

never had the formal ceremony performed. Observe, marriage is a divine institution ; was ordained by God in the time of man's innocency, and sanctioned by Jesus Christ under the gospel ; he graced a marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, where he turned water into wine, John ii. 1. Now, that marriage consists not barely in the outward ceremony is evident ; for this may be performed on two persons of either sex, and yet no marriage ; for the benefits resulting from marriage, cannot be enjoyed through such a medium. If matrimony is the formal sentence, who married Adam and Eve? and what was the ceremony by which they were constituted husband and wife? But if Adam and Eve were married without a formal ceremony, then something else is matrimony in the sight of God : of course, it must be an agreement of parties as above. Yet it is necessary to attend to the laws of our country, and have a formal ceremony performed,  which is the EVIDENCE of MATRIMONY !! For we are commanded to "be subject to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake," 1 Peter ii. 13. St. Paul saith—"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers, for there is no power but of God ; the powers that be, are ordained by God. Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God : and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation," Rom. xiii. 1, 2. Moreover, without this outward evidence it cannot be known who are married and who are not ; so that men could leave their wives and children to suffer ; deny they ever engaged to live with such women, and having no proof thereof, they could not be compelled by any law to provide for such women and children. —Once more, unless the law is complied with, the woman cannot be considered as his lawful wife, (for what makes her his lawful wife, is compliance with the law,) of course the children are not lawful ; then it follows they are adulterers and adulteresses ; else fornicators and fornicatresses ; their children are illegitimate ; and after the death of the man, the woman and children cannot heir his estate, if he dies without a will.*

* A Lawyer attempted to disinherit some quaker children, pleading that they were illegitimate, because their parents were not married

Question. If two persons contract for marriage, and have pledged their fidelity to each other before God, are they justifiable in breaking that marriage contract?

Answer. If one has acted the part of an impostor, told lies, and deceived the other, this is not marriage, but an imposition; of course the person so imposed on is justifiable in rejecting such deceiver! But if they both make statements in truth, are acquainted with each other's character, dispositions, practices, and principles, and then, being in possession of such information, voluntarily engage before God to live together as man and wife, unless something wicked, more than was or could be reasonably expected, transpires relative to one or the other of the two persons so engaged;  the person who breaks such contract cannot be justifiable before God! For I think I have clearly proved such contract to be marriage in his sight; and Christ saith, "whosoever shall put away his wife except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery;* and

by a priest. The question arose from his competitor. From whom or from whence, did the clergy derive their authority to give indulgence of marriage to some, and withhold it from others? The judge replied, the doctrine proves too much,—it proves that we are ALL illegitimate; for I recollect reading of a marriage in Paradise, and no priest there to celebrate it! Hence it became a national question, and part of the civil code, instead of pure ecclesiastical. There never was a spiritual court in the United States, nor any *Buclebagars*, under the Popish idea of "order and succession." Here a question will arise, with regard to the policy or justice of a man's keeping a woman, who was virtuous when he took her, and she remains strictly true to him; and, after having retained her in keeping a number of years, she also having had children by him, he is still at liberty to fling her off, and bastardize their offspring! In Spanish Florida, if a man and woman live together ten days, as husband and wife,—if he die, she will be allowed to claim her part, (i. e. a wife's part,) of his property.

* Now, it appears furthermore, that the Jews considered a mutual contract as above—Marriages are sacred; as is evident from Deut. xxii. 22. 28. "If a damsel that is a virgin be betrothed unto a husband, and a man find her in a city, and lie with her, then ye shall bring them both out into the gate of that city; and ye shall stone them with stones that they die; the damsel because she cried not, being in the city, and the man because he humbled his neighbour's

who so marrieth her which is put away ("for fornication,") doth commit adultery," Matt. xix. 9. From this passage it is evident, that for the cause of fornication, a man may put away his wife, marry another, and yet be justifiable in the eye of the divine law. Moreover, if a man puts away his wife for any other cause save fornication, &c. and utterly refuseth to live with her, she is at liberty to marry, but he is not. This I think is what St. Paul meaneth in 1 Cor. vii. 15. "but if the unbelieving depart let him depart; a brother or sister is not under bondage in such cases," i. e. they are free from the law, for that is what they were bound by; of course, at liberty to marry again, for the innocent are not to suffer for the guilty. Admitting the above to be correct, how many such adulterers and adúlresses there are in the world!—And what a dreadful account will thousands have to give in the day of eternity, for the *violation* of their most sacred promises!! But one is ready to say, I was not sincere when I made those promises. Then you dissembled to deceive, and told lies* to ensnare the innocent; like

wife." Now, observe, the woman is styled a virgin, and yet a man's wife, because she was betrothed; that is, engaged to him by solemn contract. Take notice, the punishment inflicted on such as broke their marriage contract was death—whereas there was no such punishment inflicted on those who were not betrothed; as you may read in the same chapter, verse 28, 29. Why this difference in their punishment? Answer. Because the crime was aggravated by the violation of the marriage contract. God is the same in justice now, that he was then; and crimes are not less under the gospel than they were under the law. "Let them that read understand."

In the gospel as recorded by St. Matthew, this is farther verified, Matt. i. 18, 19, 20, as exemplified in Mary the mother of Christ, and Joseph; for before they came together she is styled his wife, and he her husband. **¶** This is the truth, and you cannot deny it. Strange to think what numbers in the world for the sake of human flesh and a little of this perishable world's goods, will persuade their friends or children to sin against God by breaking their marriage contract!—The Devil can but tempt, but mortal man compel!! I am here speaking of contracts where there is no lawful objection.

* A man, (I do not say a gentleman,) in the West, sought the destruction of an innocent ——— and to accomplish his designs, "wished that heaven might never receive his soul nor the earth his body, if

the devil when he transforms himself into an angel of light, and the greater shall be your damnation. "For all liars shall have their portion in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone," Rev. xxi. 8. Many men will work an hundred schemes and tell ten thousand lies to effect the most devilish purposes, and after their ends are answered, turn with disdain from the person deceived by them, and make themselves merry to think how they swept the pit of hell to accomplish their design. "But whoremongers and adulterers God will judge;" which brings me to the last thing proposed. In which I am,

THIRDLY, To point out some of the causes of unhappy marriages.

Here I would observe, that Divine Wisdom hath ordained marriage for several important ends. 1st. For the mutual happiness of the sexes in their journey through life, and as a comfort and support to each other. 2d. That souls may be propagated agreeably to the divine will, capable of glorifying and enjoying HIM for ever. 3d. As the man without the woman, or the woman without the man, is not in a capacity to provide for a family, Divine Wisdom hath wisely ordained their mutual aid, in providing for, instructing, and protecting offspring; as guardian angels who must give account. Beside the reason assigned by St. Paul, 1 Cor. vii. But to return, I would observe, 1st. Too many marry from lucrative views; their object is not to get a suitable companion, who will sweeten all the ills of life, but to get a large fortune, so that their time may be spent in idleness and luxury; that they may make a grand appearance in the world, supposing that property will make them honourable. This being the leading motive, they direct their attention to an object, which, if it was not for property, would perhaps be looked upon by them with contempt; and profess the greatest regard for the person, while the property is the object of their affections. Perhaps the person is old; the ideas are—"This old man or woman

he did not perform his contract,"--and afterwards boasted of his worse than diabolical act; but God took him at his word—for he was shot by an Indian, and rotted above ground!

cannot live long ; then all will be mine, and I shall be in such circumstances that I can marry to great advantage ;” forgetting there are other people in the world just of their own opinion ! The contract is made, the sham marriage is performed, there is a union of hand but not of heart, in consequence of which they are not happy together.—The deceived, on finding out the deception, wishes a reversion in vain, which the other must sensibly feel ; for sin hath its own punishment entailed to it ; therefore the curse of God follows such impure intentions. I appeal to those who have married from these incentives, whether these things are not so !—2d. Some people take fancy for love ; they behold a person whom they would almost take to be an angel in human shape, (but all is not gold that glitters,) and through the medium of the eye become enamoured ; and rest not until the object of their fancy is won. Beauty being but skin deep, sickness or age soon makes the rose to wither ; they are then as much disappointed as the miser who thought he had ten thousand guineas all in gold, but after counting them over every day for twelve months, the gilt wore off, by which means he discovered his gold was only tarnished copper ; of course lost its value in his estimation. So when beauty fades, the foundation of happiness being gone, and seeing nothing attracting to remain, it is not uncommon for an object more beautiful to be sought. 3d. There is such a thing as for persons to marry for love, and yet be unhappy ! Did I say marry for love ? Yes—but not their own love ; only the love of their parents or friends. For instance, two persons of suitable age, character, disposition, &c. form attachments of the strongest nature, are actuated by pure motives, are united in heart, and enter into the most solemn engagements to live together during life ;* the parents being asked, utterly refuse to give their daughter, without any sufficient reason for such refusal. In the next place, they strive to break the marriage contract, as made by the two young people. Perhaps the

* Some people say the bargain should be conditional, thus—“If my parents love you well enough, I will have you.” This just proves the point in hand, that they must marry for the parents’ love and not their own.

man has not property enough to please them, for worth is generally (though improperly) estimated by the quantity of property a person possesses, instead of a character, his principles, his practices, &c. In order to effect their wishes every measure they can invent is pushed into operation, (and it is frequently the case that family connexions, and even strangers interfere, who have no business so to do; but fools will be meddling;) to change the woman's mind, and make bad impressions on the same with respect to the object of her affections; they strive by placing their diabolical optic to her eye to make her view every thing in the worst light they possibly can; promise great things if she break it off: "all these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me," (said the devil once;) threaten to place the black seal of reprobation upon her if she fulfils her engagements. Here the mind becomes as a "troubled sea which cannot rest;" She is at a loss to know what is duty—she loves her parents, also the man to whom her heart has been united—her affections are placed, her honour is pledged—she spends restless nights and mournful days to know how to decide!—critical but important period! Her present, and perhaps her eternal peace depends upon the decision! After many struggles with her own conscience, at length through powerful persuasion she yields to the wishes of others—betrays her trust, breaks her marriage contract, deserts her best friend, and pierces herself through with many sorrows.* Does this decision give peace of mind? By no means! She is pained at the very heart, and flies to some secret place to give vent to the sorrow she feels. Follow her to the lonely apartment—behold her there as pale as death—her cheeks bedewed with tears! What mean those heavy

* If the woman is under age, she may perhaps be justifiable on that account; but if she is of age it argues imbecility; for she has as much right to act for herself, as her parents have to act for themselves; of course should have a judgment and soul of her own! If the fault is altogether in herself, she proves at once she is not to be confided in: and I would pronounce that man blessed who has escaped a woman of so mean a principle—for such a thing has scarcely been known among heathens.

groans? What mean those heart-breaking sighs? What mean those floods of briny tears poured forth so free, as if without consent? She was torn from the object of all her earthly joy! The ways of God "are pleasantness, and all his paths are peace," but she finds nothing save sorrow in the way and path which she has taken—therefore she is not in the way which she ought to have went. Another man pays his addresses to her; by no means calculated to make her a suitable companion—but he has large possessions; and this being the object her parents and friends have in view they do and say all they can to get her consentable. But parents should remember, that they can no more love for their children, than they can eat and drink for them. Through their intreaties she is prevailed on to give him her hand, while her affections are placed on another. Thus she marries for the love of her parents—and goes with a heavy heart to the marriage bed. They have laid a foundation to make her unhappy while she lives; and may I not say, more than probable, to procure her future misery! For how can she be happy with a man whom she does not love! "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" Where there is no agreement there can be no union, and where there is no union, there can be no happiness. As the parents are not so immediately concerned therein as the child, they act very improperly in over-persuading their child to marry. For if she is unhappy in such marriage, she will have cause to reflect on them, and place her misery to their account; while she waits for the hour to come to end her existence, and terminate the misery which she feels! Marriage was intended for the mutual happiness of the sexes—for the woman was given to the man to be "an help meet for him," Gen. ii. 18. Marriage is an emblem of that union which subsists between Christ and his Church, Eph. v. 32. Solomon saith, "Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord,"—Prov. viii. 22. Again, "a prudent wife is from the Lord,"—Prov. xix. 14. I therefore conclude that a happy marriage is the greatest blessing and consolation which can be enjoyed on this side of eternity, next to the love of God in the soul. Of course an unhappy marriage is the greatest curse which is endured on this side of hell,


next to the horrors of a guilty conscience. Quitting this, I pass on to observe, that many make themselves unhappy after marriage. I shall 1st. Notice some things in the conduct of men. 2dly, In the conduct of women. 3dly, Point out some complex cases. 1st, It frequently happens that wicked men pay their addresses to religious women; and in order to accomplish their desire, pretend to have a great regard for piety, promise to do all in their power to assist them on their way to heaven, and call God to bear witness to a lie that they will be no hindrance to them, &c. and many go so far as to put on the outward garb of religion that they may more easily betray with a kiss! But shortly after marriage the wolf sheds his coat, and openly avows his dislike to the ways of godliness, and either directly or indirectly declares that his wife shall not enjoy the privileges of the gospel. Here the wife is convinced of the insincerity of his promise, which makes her doubt the sincerity of his affection for her; the house becomes divided, and the foundation of their future misery is laid; and it will be a mercy of God, if they are not a means of peopling the regions of the damned, and at last go down to the chambers of death together. 2dly, Some men pretend to respect their wives—the wife looks up to her husband as her head for protection, and, as a reasonable woman, expects him to redress her grievances. But alas: how is she disappointed! For he approbates that in others which he could prevent without any loss of property, or character; and appears to delight in her misery. Instance those who have religious wives, and suffer drinking, swearing, frolicking, gambling, &c. about their houses. Is it not natural for such women to conclude their husbands have a greater regard for such wicked beings than themselves? If so, how can my husband have that regard for me which he ought to have? And what becomes of that scripture which saith, “so ought men to love their wives as their own bodies: he that loveth his wife loveth himself.”—Eph. v. 28. Again, Col. iii. 19. “Husbands love your wives, and be not bitter against them.” 3dly, A great many men stay away from home unnecessarily, spend their time in drinking, &c. expending their money in the taverns, which ought to go to the support of their families, while their wives

have not the necessaries of life, and are labouring night and day to keep their children from starving. Thus many families are brought to disgrace and misery by the wickedness of husbands. But one is ready to say, I provide well for my family; and am I not at liberty to go and come when I please? Yes, as far as is expedient, but no farther, if you do not wish to forfeit your wife's confidence. I ask, what must be the feelings of a woman left in such a case, when she knows her husband has no lawful business to detain him from home? What conclusion can she more rationally draw than this: My company is disagreeable to him, therefore he is determined to have as little of it as possible. The society of others is more pleasing to him than that of his family; therefore he seeks pleasure abroad?" Here grounds are given for her to suspect his virtue; and it is very common for women to think such men have their misses from home, which is too often the case. Reflect for a moment what must be the sensations of a delicate woman, to hear that her bosom friend lies intoxicated among the swine in the streets. I am certain from observation that no woman can be happy with a drunken man; therefore I am bold to say wherever you see such a thing, you see an unhappy family—and except such persons repent and get forgiveness, they will assuredly be damned, however rich, honourable, and wise they may be. For St. Paul ranks drunkenness among the works of the flesh, and positively declares, "they who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God," Gal. v. Therefore I would advise all young ladies, if they wish to be happy in time or eternity, to avoid such young men as hanker about the taverns, and have not respect enough for their own characters to raise them above a level with the beasts!—For beasts do not get drunk. They who get drunk when young, are apt to be sots when old. Moreover, a great many sins flow from that of drunkenness, a few of which I shall here mention, 1st, It brings on disorders to their destruction, which, 2nd, prevents their usefulness as worthy members in society. 3d, Shortens their days, which is a species of murder, the most heinous of all crimes. 4th, A bad example before others. 5th, Procures a family scandal. 6th, His money

is laid out for that which is worse than if thrown into the fire ; which, 7th, Prevents his usefulness as a charitable man. 8th, Is a breach of God's law. 9th, Quenches the Divine Spirit. 10th, Exposes his family to want.—11th, Liable to bring a burthen on the country. 12th, Deprives him of the power of reason ; which, 13th, Makes him liable to injure his friends and commit every horrid depredation. And such men as will get drunk and then abuse their wives, do not deserve the name of men, for they have not the principle of men, but may be called the devil's swill-tub walking upright ; and such deserve a dose of eel tea, i. e. spirituous liquor in which a living eel has been slimed. 4thly, There are men who break the contract by defiling the marriage bed—but this is thought to be no scandal by many who are guilty.*—

* Paley observes, that, on the part of the man who solicits the chastity of a married woman, it certainly includes the crime of seduction, and is attended with mischief still more extensive and complicated ; it creates a new sufferer, an injured husband upon whose affection is inflicted a wound, the most painful and incurable that human nature knows. The infidelity of the woman is aggravated by cruelty to her children, who are generally involved in their parents' shame, and always made unhappy by their quarrel. The marriage vow is witnessed before God, and accompanied with circumstances of solemnity and religion which approach to the nature of an oath. The married offender, therefore, incurs a crime little short of perjury, and the seduction of married women is little less than subordination of perjury. But the strongest apology for adultery is the prior transgression of the other party ; and so far, indeed, as the bad effects of adultery are anticipated by the conduct of the husband or wife who offends first, the guilt of the second offender is extenuated. But this can never amount to a justification, unless it could be shown that the obligation of the marriage vow depends upon the conviction of reciprocal fidelity ; a construction which appears founded neither in expediency, nor in terms of the vow, nor in the design of the legislature, which prescribed the marriage rite. To consider the offence upon the footing of provocation, therefore, can by no means vindicate retaliation. "Thou shalt not commit adultery," it must ever be remembered, was an interdict delivered by God himself. The crime has been punished in almost all ages and nations. By the Jewish law it was punishable with death in both parties, where either the woman was married, or both. Among the Egyptians adultery, in the man was punished by a thousand lashes, with rods, and in the woman by the loss of her nose. The Greeks put out the eyes of the adulterers. Among the Romans it was punished by banishment, cutting off the

Now take notice, a man of good principles thinks as much of his word as his oath, therefore will be true to his engagements, and will fulfil that promise made before witnesses, to "forsake all other women, and keep to his wife only, so long as they both shall live, to live with her after God's holy ordinance." Now I ask, is adultery God's ordinance? No, for he forbids adultery, Exod. xx.

14. He who breaks his most sacred engagements is not to be confided in. Matrimonial engagements are the most sacred—therefore he who breaks his matrimonial engagements is not to be confided in. 5thly, Some men have an unhappy temper; are morose and peevish—and though their wives do all they can, or as they may, it is impossible to please them. They are easily angered, view a mote until it looks as large as a mountain; one word brings on another, at length they proceed from words to blows, until they become so large that one bed cannot hold them both. Many of our eyes and ears have been witness to this shameful conduct; the jarring string of discord runs through all the family; they are like devils incarnate; and if a person happens to be in the family who has never been used to such conduct, would he not be almost led to think he had gotten into the territories of the damned? What is here said of the man, is applicable to a great many women.  A wounded bird will flutter. There are too many causes for me to cite under this head. I leave your minds to take them in while I pass on to the next thing under consideration, which was to notice some things in the conduct of women, which make unhappy marriages.


1st. There are some women who are so unfortunate as to miss the path of virtue, prior to their being married.*


ears, noses, and sewing the adulterers in sacks, and throwing them into the sea; scourging, burning, &c. &c. In Spain and Poland they were almost as severe. The Saxons formerly burnt the adulteress, and over her ashes erected a gibbet, whereon the adulterer was hanged. King Edmund in this kingdom, ordered adultery to be punished in the same manner as homicide. Canute ordered the man to be banished, and the woman to have her nose and ears cut off.

*Fornication, whoredom, or the act of incontinency between single persons; for if either of the parties be married, it is adultery.

Now although they may pass for virgins, they are not such in reality—any more than base metal is genuine.— And notwithstanding they may deceive a man until the marriage knot is tied, that imposition may be known in future, Deut. xxii. This being the case it is impossible for the man to love her as he ought, or otherwise would: here is a source from whence misery flows in the very beginning; as Solomon saith, Prov. xii. 4. “A virtuous woman is a crown (or ornament) to her husband—but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his bones.” He must know that one person at least knows this as well as himself; this causes him to be ashamed, while she becomes as rottenness in his bones; for the impression is not easily worn off. I hope these observations will not be forgotten by my female readers, whose virtue yet remains clear and sound as the crystal glass. 2d. God has placed the man as governor in the family, and he is

While scripture gives no sanction to those austerities which have been imposed on men under the idea of religion, so, on the other hand, they give no liberty for the indulgence of any propensity that would either mitigate against our own interest or that of others. It is vain to argue the innocency of fornication from the natural passions implanted in us, since “marriage is honorable in all,” and wisely appointed for the prevention of those evils which would otherwise ensue; and besides, the existence of any natural propensity in us, is no proof that it is to be gratified without any restrictions.— That fornication is both unlawful and unreasonable, may be easily inferred, if we consider, 1. That our Saviour expressly declares this to be a crime. Mark vii. 21 to 23: 2. That the scriptures declare that fornicators cannot inherit the kingdom of God. 1 Cor. vi. 9. Heb. xiii. 16, Gal. v. 19 to 22—23. Fornication sinks into a mere brutal commerce, a gratification which was designed to be the cement of a sacred, generous, and tender friendship: 4. It leaves the maintenance and education of children, as to the father at least, utterly unsecured: 5. It strongly tempts the guilty mother to guard herself from infamy by methods of procuring abortion, which not only destroys the child, but often the mother: 6. It disqualifies the deluded creatures to be either good wives or mothers, in any future marriage, ruining that modesty which is the guardian of nuptial happiness: 7. It absolutely disqualifies the man for the best satisfactions—those of truth, virtue, innocent gratifications, tender and generous friendship: It often perpetuates a disease which may be accounted for one of the sorest maladies of human nature, and the effects of which are said to visit the constitutions of even distant generations.

styled, "head of the woman," Eph. v. 23. Now there are some women, though they promise to "live after God's ordinance," are not willing to do it, but wish to be head themselves; (according to the vulgar saying, put the petticoat on the man and wear the breeches themselves,) claiming superior equality*—whatever is to be done, they must give directions, the man durst not bargain without leave, and if he does his wife's tongue runs as though it would never stop. What does it argue? It argues great straight I, and little crooked u—that the woman thinks herself possessed of great wisdom, and her husband ignorant in the extreme; and sets him aside as a mere cypher. But so far is this from being a trait of wisdom, that it proves the reverse; for a wise woman will reverence and obey her husband, according to Eph. v. 22, 23. 1 Pet. iii. 1. Moreover it argues self-importance, to see people climbing to the high seat of power where they have no business.  Self-importance flows from ignorance. If the man is a man of sense and spirit, he is not willing to give up that which properly belongs to him, viz. the rein of government, of course the contest which begins in words frequently ends in blows. Thus many women by assuming to themselves a prerogative which does not belong to them, make unhappy families. Women by indulging a mean opinion of their husbands, become ashamed of them; but this can happen in no case where there is not a want of information and judgment. If you stooped in marrying him, do not indulge the thought that you added to his respectability; never tell him "you lifted him out of the ashes," for it will be hard for you to extricate yourself from this difficulty.—"If you stooped of necessity because you could get no one else, the obligation is on your own side. And if you could get a better companion why did you marry him? If you stooped of choice, who ought to be blamed but yourself? Besides, it will be well to remember when you became his wife he became your head, and your supposed superiority was buried in that voluntary act." 3d.

* "Whip MY dogs because MY dogs did not watch MY ———, Give MY dogs no supper,  MY cart!!"

There are many young women, who in order to marry well, appear very mild, very affectionate and very decent in their persons, houses, &c. (frequently using an air of affectionate and speaking with faltering voices.) Some young gentleman wishing to get a companion of this description, offers his hand to one of these "jackdaws dressed in peacock feathers"—the nuptials are celebrated, her wishes are answered, the cloak is laid aside, and she soon appears what she is in reality. The innocence of the lamb is lost in the fierceness of the lion; the affection of the dove in the cruelty of the ostrich; and the cleanliness of the sheep in the filthiness of the swine. These properties are bad in the abstract, but far worse when they meet together. Filthiness is the fruit of laziness. Go to the house where a lazy woman bears rule; examine the floor, the furniture, the bedding, the linen, the children, and last of all herself, and see what an agrément throughout the whole—every thing is out of fix; and if she is a professor of religion, you may, without erring far, form a rational judgment of the state of her soul, from the appearance of her body. Laziness is inconsistent with the gospel of Christ, and with the spirit of Christianity; for St. Paul told the Thessalonians to note such "a man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed," 2 Thess. iii. 14. Moreover, a lazy Christian is as great a solecism as an honest thief, a sober drunkard, a chaste harlot, or a holy devil. But it may be asked—what are the evils that accrue from dirty houses, &c. I answer, 1st. If a gentleman or lady visits you, they have no appetite to eat or drink in your houses; and what are your feelings when you are certain of the cause? 2d. They can have no satisfaction in your beds, they smell so offensive, and are so infested with hungry night walkers, which thirst for human blood. 3d. The very disagreeableness of the air, causes them to wish to make their escape, lest they should be seized with putrid or malignant fevers, which might terminate in death.—4th. Many diseases originate there from, which are productive of the most fatal consequences to the family.—5th. Thereby you transmit a curse to your children; for the children, in common, pattern after their parents—and as they do with you, so will they do when they get to

themselves. Therefore says one, "Take care of the breed." There is no excuse sufficient to justify those who are able to work and live in dirt, where water is plenty, and may be had for nothing: Therefore I would advise all persons who value their health, to shun such places as they would a city where the plague is in full rage.—Now if a man is thus taken in, how can he be happy, provided he has never be accustomed so to live? And if he has, by seeking a woman from whom he expects better things, he clearly evinces his dissatisfaction in that manner of life. But finding out the deception, he has no heart to work; takes to drink, to drown his sorrow. Here we behold another cause of family misery, or unhappy marriages. 4thly. It sometimes is the case, that the wife, for want of due consideration, as it relates to his constitution and inclination,* treats him, as an husband, with

* "In the Jewish constitutions, there are some things not only curious, but useful, respecting marriage. There are four causes which induce men to marry: 1. Impure desire. 2. To get riches. 3. To become honourable. 4. For the glory of God. Those who marry through the first motive, beget wicked and rebellious children. Those who marry for the sake of riches, have the curse of leaving them to others. Those who marry for the sake of aggrandizing their family, their families shall be diminished. Those who marry to promote the glory of God, their children shall be holy, and by them shall the true church be increased.'

"*Let the husband render unto the wife due benevolence.*—Though our version is no translation of the original, yet few people are at a loss for the meaning; and the context is sufficiently plain. Some have rendered the words, not unaptly, the matrimonial debt, or conjugal duty; that which a wife owes to her husband, and the husband to his wife; and which they must take care mutually to render, else alienation of affection will be the infallible consequence; and this, in numberless instances, has led to adulterous connections. In such cases, the wife has to blame herself for the infidelity of her husband; and the husband for that of his wife. What miserable work has been made in the peace of families, by a wife or husband pretending to be wiser than the apostle, and too holy and spiritual to keep the commandments of God!

"*The wife hath not power, &c.*—Her person belongs to her husband; her husband's person belongs to her; neither of them has any authority to refuse what the other has a matrimonial right to demand. The woman that would act so, is either a knave or a fool. It would be trifling to attribute her conduct to any other cause than weakness

neglect: which makes a bad impression on his mind that is not easily erased, but tends to wean his affections from her, and exposes him to the temptations of others, till she becomes a burden, and he wishes her out of the way as a rival. Thus she is blind to her own happiness, and procures her own destruction. Quitting this, I pass on to the third thing under consideration; in which I am to point out some complex cases, in which either party may be guilty. And 1st. That odious practice of talking against each other, and exposing their weakness to those whom it doth not concern. For this is only exposing one's *self*! and is attended with concomitant evils; and a great incalculable mischief will ensue—among which will lie ambition, and a desire to retaliate with revenge!

2dly. A desire for the mastery—cannot or will not bear contradiction; but must have the last word! Here, from calling each other “dear” and “honey!” there will be a spirit of bitterness, and finally give each other the lie—and perhaps a separation may ensue from some trifling circumstance; like the man and his wife who disputed whether it was a mouse or a rat that ran across the hearth—their friends got them to settle—make up—but it was a rat—let it be a rat, replied the man—this finished it.

3dly. A desire to make a show above their income, which the judicious reflection of the other opposes—starve the belly, to make the back and head look gay! And even among the rich, as well as poor, what misery and unhappiness there exists!—Go to the middle class to find virtue, and look at *Agur's* prayer!

4thly. A man or woman marries one who has former children—partiality is shown: one is an idol, and another is beaten and starved; what is the consequence?—When vexed—1 had a husband once! He is gone now! Never was a man like him! When, perhaps, the present may be twenty times as good as him. The false epitaphs on the tomb-stones of the dead, in relation to their true cha-

or folly. She does not love her husband; or she loves some one else better than her husband; or else she makes pretensions to a fancied sanctity, unsupported by scripture or common sense.”—Vide Dr. Clarke's Commentary, 1 Cor. vii. 2, 3, 4.

racter, is specific of this ; and the many lies that are told about the deceased !*

5th. Sometimes the spirit of Jealousy arises from an evil surmising. Shadows then will appear like a substance ; and conjecture amounts to reality with them.—Reason is laid aside. Their suspicion amounts to an inquisition : and this excites them to let out an accusation, even to a condemnation of the object. Jealousy, once admitted, contaminates the mind, and is manifest in their spirit, if not through all their conduct. This must divide their hearts, and lays a foundation for their future misery ! The tears and protestations of the innocent are construed as so many marks of guilt ; and plainly show that “jealousy is as cruel as the grave”—and to such nothing will appear to go right.

Here grounds are given to suspect her for such rash judgment, when he is conscious of innocence in himself—of course she must sink in his estimation ; and his treatment will be apt to follow accordingly.

Therefore never listen to the tales of a whisperer about or against your companion—nor believe any evil concerning them without the best of evidence. For division, once generated in a family—farewell to *peace* ! Remember your own weakness ; but realize the other’s worth and their virtues !

1st. I would advise all young people, male and female, to get religion ; by which you will be better qualified to do your duty to your God and yourselves, being under the influence of Divine Grace ; if you keep an eye single to the glory of God, you may have a guide to direct you to a person, such as will make you a partner, who will be willing to share with you in all your sorrows. Do not look so much at property nor beauty as good sense, virtue,

* Wept night and day at the tomb—no more comfort—all my love and joy is for ever gone—but afterward formed favourable ideas of the Serjeant—who, to understand female nature, had scraped acquaintance, and found he could smoke tobacco---wished to be off ; and observed that he was a deserter from the army—and two pounds offered to place his head on a pole at the forks of roads ! She replied—dig up my husband, &c. and they will not know but the head is yours---
 Many wept, and yet would cut off the head !

and piety. Avoid as much as possible the company of such as are not afraid to sin themselves; knowing that if it is in their power, they will lead you into that gulf of iniquity which has swallowed up thousands; **“evil communications corrupt good manners:”* (or rather good morals, as is intended,) and a companion of fools shall be destroyed. Get a person who will love you from a sense of duty to God. This foundation, if beauty and fortune fail, standeth sure; and then you need not fear that such a companion will desert you in the day of trouble. If you both love God, it will be impossible for you not to love each other. This being the case, you may always have a paradise at home, and be more happy in each other's company than with any other person under the canopy of heaven. As many of our young friends have been called from time to eternity before they had time to settle themselves in the world, it ought to be a warning to you not to put off your return to God until you get married; for before that time comes you may be numbered with the dead, and lie down between the clods of the valley; and if without religion you are cut off in the bloom of youth, how soon will all your earthly joys come to an end, and an eternity of misery commence! But if you get and keep religion, whether you marry or not, it shall be well with you. If you marry such a person as I advise, when your companion dies you may have a well-grounded hope that the ever-faithful companion of all your cares is gone to rest in *“Abraham's bosom;”* and after serving God together in time, you may spend an eternity of pleasure together in praising God and the Lamb.


* Perhaps some will say, *“the subject is too plain, and tends to hurt delicate feelings!”* But let it be remembered that it is not more plain than important. And delicacy must give way to propriety, when truth and matter of fact demand it. Moreover, some delicate people have prejudices which are founded in error, and yet, when matrimony is treated plainer in romantic novels, will greedily relish and digest it! Observe, they exhibit characters which no where in real life exist; and yet young minds are too frequently captivated, and thereby form an idea —————; and must of course be disappointed, and consequently made unhappy, perhaps, for life. This is one of the many evils of novels to society!

2d. I would advise such as have companions, to consult each other's happiness, both as it relates to time and eternity. As husbands, love your wives; and as wives, see that you reverence your husbands; try and find out each other's dispositions; consider your own weakness; and think not any thing too hard to be done by you to render each other happy, (save the giving up of your conscience.) If Heaven has blessed you with a good companion, esteem it as the greatest temporal blessing which can be enjoyed, and be very careful not to abuse such a gift; remember that eternal things are connected therewith, and if you misuse your companion you will have to render an account to God for the same; for "God will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."*

If you have a bad companion, you made your own contract, or at least consented thereunto; therefore make the best you can of a bad bargain; and avoid every measure, as far as possible, (to answer it in the eternal world,) which might tend to make you more unhappy. If you have religion, walk with Zacharias and Elizabeth in all the ways of God blameless. If you have no religion, your own consciences testify that all is not well with you, and God himself is witness to the many promises you have broken: therefore it is high time for you to begin to think more seriously on your latter end, for many of you are past the meridian of life; your sun is going down in death: others hover around the shores of time—

* Never put your property out of your hands to be dependant on your children—for they will not feel nor do with you: as you with them when children! The son that must be hired to reform, will deny the loan of a horse—the old man must walk on foot; and is used and wished out of the way as a piece of useless lumber!!!

Set no example before your children but what is worthv for them to copy after; but use your united parental influence to preserve their morals, and stimulate them to noble principles. Mothers particularly are bound by the strongest obligations, (however few realize it,) to preserve the chastity and virtue of their daughters; for on this, in a great measure, depends much of their welfare for time, if not for eternity; as a woman without a character is like a body without a soul; of course female education ought not to be neglected.

but one step between you and the bar of God! With others the sun of life will go down at noon—eternal things depend upon life's feeble strings!—Heaven lost, it's lost for ever!—Careless man!—Prayerless woman! Why will you die? Are you greedy of eternal pain?—What harm did God ever do, that you are determined not to be reconciled to him? Are you so in love with sin, that you will risk the loss of heaven, and the torment of hell, for a momentary enjoyment?—O! be wise—seek salvation—fly from the gathering storm! Believe in Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. So shall you enjoy peace in life, tranquility in death, and crowns of victory in eternity.  Serious consideration is the first step in matters of religion, with a fixed resolution to avoid whatever you discern to be wrong. Having your mind in a studious frame of inquiry after God's will, to do it. Never lie down in rest without committing yourself into the protection of kind providence—and as you awake give thanks to the hand that kept you; thus begin, spend, and close every day with God—then he will be thy Father and thy Friend in Jesus Christ. — Amen.

Most evils prevalent in society have their origin from the influence of example, by which children are contaminated, and the seeds are sown in the prejudice of their education, to the great injury of themselves and others, beyond any possible calculation!

The poor opinion which mankind entertain of each other, and the little confidence they are pleased to place in strangers, as well as acquaintance, exemplify the truth; which shows the corruption of their very raising. For example: the two first things generally learnt to children in their infancy is to be deceitful and lie.—The mother is going out, the child cries to go too; the mother promises to bring the “pretties,” with no intention to perform: the child is deceived and disappointed, and confidence is forfeited. “I will whip, &c. &c. if you don't hush,”—but the child is not influenced, knowing the scare crow.

Thus taught to deceive and lie, they become expert at the trade, and then must be whipt for the very thing the parents had taught them—whereas if the example had been good, and all foolish, wicked, evil, improprieties

were discountenanced by a proper line of conduct, then a blessing would be transmitted to posterity, according to the promise, and as exemplified by Abraham.

It is a rarity that young women go to the leeward with a broken * * * ; provided the seeds of modesty, innocence and virtue, are sown in the mind at an early age : whereas, those mothers who did not watch over their daughters, as "guardian angels," are apt to let them run at random : hence many get their ancles scratched, if no more !—Fathers and sons may also take a hint !

The tyranny of parents, as well as too great liberty, is equally pernicious—also their being divided in their family government : likewise backbiting, flattery, &c. &c.

☞ But remember the day of retribution, and conduct yourselves accordingly ! For first impressions are most durable, therefore the propriety and necessity of beginning right, to end well : as the consequence of starting wrong, you will for ever continue in error.

Hence the propriety of "Consideration," and a proper exercise of "Judgment," as rational creatures, who need Divine assistance, for which we should look accordingly !

A FEW HINTS

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

MANY persons make their own trouble ; and also make a great deal of unnecessary trouble for others, as the effects of sinning against God !

A fortune in a person is better than one with them !— For if you obtain their HAND as the *key-way* to MONEY, what will it all avail if their person is disagreeable, and their conduct calculated to render you miserable and unhappy ?

The *marks* of a fortune in a man at the market, are,
1st, HONESTY ; for where this does not exist there can be no confidence or fidelity.

2d. INDUSTRY ; for without this a man will be no good provider ; and if he has a property it will squander, and leave him. He will be of little or no service to God or man,—but a pest or a curse to those about him !

3d. A GOOD REPUTATION ; for he who regards not his *character* will never be respectable in society ; of course, he will transmit a curse to posterity, in a family or social point of view ! The meek are to inherit the earth,—the saints to take possession of the kingdom. Hence the seed of the righteous have blessings transmitted as the answer of prayer,—but the wicked must be cut off !

4th. Self-command in *temper* ; which argues the necessity of inward religion, which will produce the principle of humanity and generosity.

But it is a lamentable truth that many, both male and female, are ignorant of many things which they ought to be acquainted with before-hand, and have to learn them afterwards ! This is an evil under the sun, and ought to be remedied. There is a great fault even in the upper circles of life. For those things that are the most

important are too superficial in the mode of education—and others only recommendatory are most prominent.

Dancing.—What has the young lady to do with *hopping*, after her marriage a few months?

MARKS IN A YOUNG WOMAN.

1. Honesty—but here custom has attached more to the word, than when applied to any thing else or the opposite gender. Hence female virtue may be compared to a *Glass Bowl*, which when broken cannot be efficiently mended! Therefore let all my young innocent Female Readers take good care both of SOUL and BODY!

2. AN EVEN DISPOSITION—for when I go to an house, if the Mistress does not want me there, she has it purely in her power to let me know it.

3. Good sense improved—which will make agreeable company, and involves judicious economy.

4. Good religion in the Heart.

Let Parents, who wish their Children to become respectable here and happy hereafter, timely begin, first with example and then precept, before the tender twig—seeing that first impressions are most durable and lasting.

Where those things meet in one pair, so as to concentrate them into one soul,—there is an union; an indissoluble union in time and in eternity—if they are faithful.

“Mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever such in vain!”

OF PETTICOAT LAW.

MARRIAGE has been considered an ecclesiastical affair. Hence divorces were obtained only from the ecclesiastical Courts—except by “Common Law.”—i. e. The poor being unable to bear the expense of the former mode, (which cost nigh to a thousand pounds, or 4,000 dollars,) by consent of parties, the woman with a halter about her neck, is lead into the market, where she is put up at auction; and goes off to the highest bidder; who is generally known beforehand. This being the *common* custom among the common People from time immemorial, becomes a *precedent*; and hence a “Common Law,”—but she is not bound to stay with the man who bids her off, but by her own consent; although free from her former husband.

A Fashionable Lady, judges of personal merit by the cut of his dress, his ruffles, ties his cravat well, wears his hat well, has a fashionable coat, makes a graceful bow, repeats the common *chit-chat* of the day, in an agreeable manner, it is enough. He is, according to the technical phrase, a *genteel man*.

If he has other qualifications; they are of too little importance to be taken into consideration. If he has not *these*, no other merit can save him from condemnation and ridicule.

The *peace* of a family depends more upon the *woman*, than it does upon the man. For let the man do as he may, to make things agreeable,—the *Lady* has it in *her* power, to render it otherwise, if she pleases. And if *he* comes home drunk, she, if so minded, can and will find some way to render things tolerably agreeable to those around.

The Gentlemen complained of the Ladies' *fickleness* in love; they accused the men of *insincerity*, and *both* parties with much wit and pleasantry, threw the blame of

all mistakes in marriage mutually on each other. Observed Pollyanna, WE complain of *their* insincerity. Are we *more* sincere? do not we act as much *disguised* as they, who find us frail women, instead of angels? Divinities! characters we foolishly assume;—and are we *pleased* unless they compliment us, lift us up to the skies, and pay us adoration?

Marks to Estimate Real Worth.

1st. Honesty: 2d, Civility. 3d, Industry. 4th. Economy. 5th, Humanity. 6th, Even Disposition. 7th, Good Religion!

The voice of whisper reported of a certain pair, who had no *Heir* for seven years—The man made a certain proposition to a neighbouring Widow Lady:—the conditions of which were—that he should come in the dark, and go in the dark; bring cloth and money, &c. The Widow privately informed the man's wife of the whole affair with the arrangements therewith connected. And it was agreed that the *wife* should occupy the bed, &c. which concerted plan succeeded. Tap, tap at the window at the appointed hour—is admitted—fulfils the condition—retires in due time.

The wife, in circumlocution, arrives home in season, to make all appear as if she had remained at home—but at length produces the booty from her *Friend*—and begins to cut the cloth for garments; and desires her husband to accompany her to the store to buy trimmings, &c. with the money in her hand, received from a *friend!*—His feelings and *cure* may be more easily imagined than described in the mind of fancy! What was the result? But an *HEIR* in due time.

Here, then, a man committed adultery with his own wife, according to Natural, Civil, Ecclesiastical and Common Law." But it is the *motive* which gives character to the *action!*

Milton intimates—When the sexes were equal, the Lady must wander from the man, to labour alone; because he thought there was danger in disguise—and being together, would be more apt to be on their guard; but she to show her superiority of judgment and also her inde-

pendence by wisdom displayed, would have a separation of work.

And falling in with the Tempter in disguise began a *chat* then a *taste* of the apple ; and brought it to the man, who *yielded*.

But on perceiving the mischief done, seemed to blame the man, because he did not set up authority and forbid and prevent her going.

When she first saw the man, in a sitting posture, pretended, she did not know what it was—and when he rose up, she pretended to be much affrighted ; and ran, apparently with all her might :—but still, she did not run so fast, but what she *intended* the old man should come up with her !

The example of Rebecca, to obtain the blessing for her darling son, is an elucidation of female nature in modern times.

The contrast of feeling in the mother of Moses, parentally, for his preservation ; and the sympathy in the breast of Pharaoh's daughter, admits of reflection.

The request of Rachel and Hannah, is another channel.

The contention betwixt Rachel and Leah. The conduct of Michael (the daughter of Saul,) wife to David, in a fit of Jealousy, forgetting her own conduct, of living with another man.

The conduct of Jael and Judith by deception and coquetry—another trait.

That of Joseph's Mistress and the wife of Job, exemplify another trait.

Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt, outgeneraled her brother, and Julius Cæsar, Mark Anthony and Augustus, in her duplicity and intrigue, by skill and ability, peculiar to the sex ; for they will out do and outgeneral the men, nine times out of ten when they are bent to do their prettiest, best and worst ; and so carry their point.

Hence when they are *bad*—they are capable of plans and schemes that man would never think of. And when they are good, will excel the very best of men, for virtue, truth, fidelity, courage and patience in affliction !

Their feelings and sensibility are more exquisite ; here then love and attachment, affection and sympathy, exceed

the opposite gender—and so does their disgust, aversion, hatred and revenge!

The three pious Maries, excelled the Apostles and the Soldiers too—by continuing with Him to the last; and were the first at the Vault while it was dark, under awful circumstances, which made the soldiers afraid.

Buonaparte said he was never conquered until in the presence of the queen of Prussia; a word to the wise is enough!

A Lady's oath, "*I don't choose to.*"

The CHARACTER of a man is in the power of the woman; secondly, his PROPERTY is in the power of the woman; thirdly, the LIBERTY of a man is in the power of the woman; fourthly, his LIFE is in the power of the woman!

For the WORD and OATH of the *Female*, in point of "Common Law;" (i. e. Whisper, Slander and Reports,) and secondly by "Statute Law," will be received and believed before his. Such is the nature of men; and such the influence of Women on society.

Here then is a Compound Law, in this land, proceeding from natural Law and Statute Law, which may involve the Innocent, without a reciprocity or a possibility of redress or an escape.

Thus the Petticoat still seems to govern the world! And it is done according to Law!

☞ But if there was a "Court of Women" to "Try Women;" would it not be better for men; and also more fitted to keep the peace of families, than any mode now adopted in this land?

Yet there are but few women, but what would choose to have an appeal from the jurisdiction of a Female Tribunal, to that of Men; rather than to be tried, judged and sentenced by their own sex!

But supposing they do *choose*? Look at their choice and influence in the ten miles square, which contains two big houses and three cities.

What is the influence of *Petticoats* there? How many leading men wait on the wives of others? Have their minds changed by female *art*, flattery, and intrigue, who electioneer and gain the ascendancy in the company of


Voters? How many Laws are passed different than otherwise would have been! Gained and Lost!

How many appointments are made or hindered by the influence of the same.

The Balls or Levees, Routes, Masquerades, Gambling, &c. &c. Time spent in that which is worse than bad! How much at the public expense—34 cents the hour! How many hours in twenty-four, for the Public, in a season? and otherwise, how much?

Let the visiting stranger in the City and District; say, by calculation mathematically, and answer the question!

Quere. Where on the Continent of North America, is the SINK OF INIQUITY!

 Let the House of God be CLEANSED!

PARAPHRASE

ON

GENESIS XLIX. 10.

BY LORENZO DOW.

“THE SCEPTRE SHALL NOT DEPART FROM JUDAH, NOR A LAW-GIVER FROM BETWEEN HIS FEET, UNTIL SHILOH COME: AND UNTO HIM SHALL THE GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE BE!”

MANY are the opinions concerning the text; and some have taken ground that is untenable. Hence one may be permitted to say with Elihu, I will also show mine opinion.

First, then, What is a sceptre? By reading Esther's approach to the Monarch, and viewing the kingly monuments of the Old World; a man on the horse in statue, with a significant roll in his hand, perhaps made of copper; about eighteen inches long and two or three inches diameter; denoting a sway of POWER in the superlative degree. Hence the propriety of the expression, “holding the sceptre.”

This supreme power may be lodged in the hands of one, few, or many; as is now exemplified among the nations. *America* has come nearer the standard of equal Rights and universal Suffrage, in their mode of economy; and also in limiting and apportioning the division of power, than any other people hitherto known!

Jehovah, himself, was the "Law-Giver" of the ancient Patriarchs; and held the "Legislative" prerogative according to the Hebrew economy. But the "Executive" and "Judicial" authority was lodged with men.

The laws of adultery and murder are nearly the same among most nations in a state of society—from the solitary ages of the world; and both may be considered to have had one origin.

The Judicial and Executive authority lodged in the hand of a *Patriarch* was transmitted hereditary from the Father to the eldest son, in point of right by order and succession.

But, nevertheless, in that, there was exceptions to this rule in certain cases; so that the prerogative was transferred in certain cases from one branch of the family to another; which was exemplified in the case of Esau and Jacob; the former selling his "*birthright*" to the latter. Also by right of succession, Reuben must have followed Jacob in point of order! but for his incestuous behaviour, the order was transferred to Joseph, though Judah prevailed. Compare 1 Chron. v. 1, 2. Gen. xlix. 3, 4.—Numbers ii. 3, 4, and 10, 14.

Have we any evidence that Judah had a sceptre in a Judicial and Executive point of view, in his person or tribe?

Answer—he had: First in his person, in the case of his daughter-in-law, who was accused of infidelity—by virtue of his executive and judicial authority, commanding her to be brought, that she might be burnt. But her innocence appearing, she was acquitted. Thus he possessed a *sceptre* in his person. And Jacob, in truth and with propriety, could say, prophetically, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah."

We have but a small account of the economy or state of the Hebrews after Jacob uttered this prophecy, for about one hundred and ninety-seven years, when they came out of Egypt.

Here permit me to observe, that as language is not an innate principle of nature; as it involves ideas which are received by or through our outer senses, or communicated by inspiration to the inward feeling of the mind, or else by the moral perception are digested and arranged in a

judicious way; and the communication of those ideas, through or by speech, require and involves the art of man.

The first man was an adult as he emanated from his Maker's hand. And as there was a *Law* given him, fitted to his capacity; which circumstances involves the idea of language; and follows as a consequence that the *Maker* of man learnt man to *talk*!

The Work of Creation is not a subject of knowledge, but an object of faith. But to deny the doctrine of miracles, is to deny the work of creation; if nature came not by nature, but by an act of Divine Power. And to deny the work of creation, is to deny the Creator; seeing it must be the act which constitutes the character! And hence atheism must be the order of the day.

But those who are not theoretically atheists, if they are practically such, must admit the idea of a God, and infer nature from Him! And that the first man should not be too great a mystery to himself, but feel the force of his dependence and obligation to his Creator and Governor, it may be admitted with propriety that God communicated to man what had happened each of the five preceding days. And this once being communicated, he in turn might communicate to another; and so hand it down by tradition, as his history of the flood is, among all the heathen nations!

What is obvious to sense, is a subject of knowledge. And what a man knows, he is able to give a rational account of. And what Adam passed through subsequent, must have been experimental. Of course he would be able to give an account of that, in relation to his history of the fall, &c. This being admitted, how easy could the tradition have been handed down to the time of Moses, when letters appeared to furnish a record.

According to the Mosaic account, Adam lived 930 years, and Methuselah 969, (1899,) and died the year before the flood; which happened 1656 from the Creation; and would follow as a consequence, that Adam and Methuselah must have been cotemporary about 243 years.

Shem was cotemporary with Methuselah 98 years, and with Abraham 150 years, and with Isaac 50. Thus there was but two intermediate persons necessary to con-

nect the chain of tradition from Adam to Isaac, a period of more 2000 years.

Levi was the great grandfather of Moses; and cotemporary with his own grandfather, Isaac, a number of years.

As a confirmation of the tradition of the Work of Creation being not merely ideal and fabulous, but as a truth founded on fact, God himself proclaimed from the top of Mount Sinai, in the hearing of 600,000 men, besides their women and children, so as to put it beyond all doubt that it was no imposition on the mind, but must have been Jehovah himself, as the author. And then delivered two tables of stone, containing the proclamation of the ten commands, embracing a short account of the work of creation, and corroborates the same.

Thus we are indebted to God for the origin of letters, as well as for the origin of language.

Man being formed the last, and probably toward or at the close of the day—in the order of *his* time, he would begin *his* reckoning on the "*Sabbath*," which would be the first day of *his* week; and counting over six days more would bring to another Sabbath, and the beginning of another week—hence the origin of the first day of the week being considered and regarded as the Sabbath by the heathen.

But the day and time, for the beginning of the week and of the year, was altered and changed, when the Hebrews came out of Egypt; and would corroborate with the old theory.

When the Hebrews were on their journey from Egypt to Canaan, the tribe of Judah led on the van; according to the regulation and order of the cantonment; and also was the most numerous and powerful of the whole.

Man to teach man; as means in the hand of God.—When Jethro, Moses' father-in-law, came to view the burden which devolved on Moses, arising from the disputes among the people, he recommended minor judges—over tens, fifties, and hundreds, &c. which economy was judiciously adopted; Exod. xviii. 13 to 34, &c.—Numb. xi. 16. Deut. 13, 14. But still the burthen being to great for Moses to bear, he besought God to kill him outright, or give him auxiliary help.

The Lord then directed seventy elders to be *elected*;

and the Lord said to Moses, "I will take of the spirit which is in thee, and lay it upon them"—which when done, they prophesied; sixty-eight together, but two remained in the camp. And Joshua, being zealous for the honour of Moses, and a stickler for good order, ran to Moses, requesting him to rebuke them! But he replied, as every good man should do, Would to God that all the Lord's People were prophets.

Those seventy Elders, of which Moses was the President, constituted the Sanhedrim, or Grand Council, or the Highest Court among the Jews; and from whose judgment there was no appeal, when issued from their tribunal.

This was the order and economy of God in the Hebrew policy; and of which order, there is no evidence of this being abrogated, or made null and void, until after Jesus Christ came upon the earth.

This Council acted the Executive and Judicial part in the government and economy of the Hebrews, according to that law given to them by their Law-Giver, who was not to depart from them until "*Shiloh*" come; and unto him should the gathering of the people be.

Some people have confined the sceptre, in the text, to the house and lineage of David in that monarchical power but the statement is founded in absurdity, and proves too much.

First. The monarchy of the Hebrews was not of divine origin, but originated in the will of man; which may plainly be seen by the Lord's remonstrance by the prophet Samuel.

Secondly. The sceptre of David's line departed when Zedekiah was carried to Babylon; for he was the last.

Thirdly. If the Messiah was to come before the Babylonish captivity, no one can tell who, or where, or when he was. And

Fourthly. If he came *then*; it would follow, as a consequence, that all who came afterward, must be deemed as impostors; and would involve Jesus Christ in the number.

And *lastly.* It would thereby null our Christ and his religion; and moreover give the Jew completely the advantage in argument. And hence it is plain that the

ground must be considered as altogether untenable, and improper for defence.

Joshua was the successor of Moses, and became President of the Council. And thus the scenes in the time of the "*Judges.*"

After the ten tribes separated, they were called Israel, and established the worship of golden calves, in imitation of the *ox god* of Egypt. And by this *act*, of necessity, they expelled the Jewish policy, and neglect the government of the Sanhedrim, which of course must be confined to the tribe of Judah, from which the sceptre should not depart until Shiloh come!

About the time that monarchy was desired and set up in the will of man, a bickering of their politics gendered the epithets, and was the beginning of that distinction, "Israel" and "Judah;" which, after the third monarchy, ended in becoming two nations; and may be characteristic of those times in which we live; when we hear the distinction of political parties—F. and D.

Though the Apocrypha is not considered canonical, yet it may be admitted as good historical evidence. The case of the Judges, in the story of Susannah, shows the Judiciary and Executive policy to have existed, and been kept up among the Jews, according to their laws, even in the time of the captivity.

Daniel was taken captive in the first year of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar; and in the second year was promoted to become Prime Minister—at least in the province of Babylon, as chief governor and ruler. And his three companions were promoted into office likewise. And Daniel continued, not only the reign of the twenty-nine or thirty years of that monarch, but also beyond the time of his successor, Evil-merodach, king of Babylon, and Belshazzar likewise; yea, when the city was taken by Darius, and an hundred and twenty princes were appointed over an hundred and twenty provinces, who were to give account to three Presidents, of whom Daniel was chief; which shews the high estimation in which he stood, and also the authority with which he was delegated to act; which continued until the time of *Cyrus*; when the edict was issued for volunteers to return to Jerusalem to rebuild the *Temple*.

Moreover, it must be plain from the testimony of *Haman*, in the book of *Esther*, that they did adhere to their own laws; the complaint that he entered about their difference and conduct, exemplifies it beyond dispute. And furthermore, when *Mordecai* became Prime Minister to the Persian empire, which extended from the Ganges to Abyssinia; and from the eastern ocean to the Mediterranean Sea, over an hundred and twenty-seven provinces, with such extensive power; it must be plain, as he was a Jew, that his people must of consequence enjoy their laws and rules.

When the emigrants went up to Jerusalem to build the *House of GOD*—they had authority to levy fines, inflict stripes, confiscate property, and also to execute death and banishment.

Thus the Executive and Judicial authority was in vogue. And *Zerubbabel*, the son of *Salathiel*, (*Matt.* 1. 12 *Ezra*, ii. 2. and iii. 2, 8.) was President.

And if we examine the Grecian history, it will appear, that when *Alexander the Great* was determined to extirpate them, that he was not only thwarted by a change wrought in his mind, arising from the appearance of the High Priest in his Pontificate dress; but also, he established them in peculiar privileges.

And when *Antiochus* would have overthrown their mode of worship by his persecution, he was never able fully to carry the same into effect; but was frustrated by the *Maccabees*; who so far maintained independence, socially, that their *Laws* were predominant in the land until the time of the *Roman* power by *Pompey*; who indulged them in their privileges and opinions, never intruding upon their ecclesiastical affairs.

And when the *Wise* men came from the *East*, inquiring Where is he that is born King of the Jews? we find *Herod* alarmed; who demanded of the Sanhedrim, or the Grand Council, where it was written or foretold he should be born? Who, on examination, replied accordingly—*Bethlehem of Judea*.

Thus we find the sceptre had not departed from Judah until *Shiloh* come.

We read concerning the captain of the *Temple*, in various places—of their imprisoning the *Apostles*. And

Pilate said, "YE have a GUARD." After setting "watch to keep the prison with all safety;" arraigning Stephen and the Apostles; took counsel to put them to death. And Stephen was executed according to the law form, by the "witness," who to stone him, laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul.

Of this Council was *Nicodemus*, and *Joseph of Arimathea*, who consented not to the cruel sentence.

Nicodemus said, we (not I) know that thou art a teacher come from God! Hence, when they accused him of casting out devils by Beelzebub, they spoke wilfully against a better knowledge; and thereby committed the unpardonable sin; by blaspheming the Holy Ghost—by affirming it was diabolical power.

When Paul was their prisoner, they said, "We would have judged him;" but was prevented by the military officer from Rome.

Thus it will appear that they did consider themselves a body politic, and adequate to judge and execute according to the law.

Jesus said, "They sit in Moses' seat"—which shows that the seat of Moses, was the order of GOD.

And that the seat was not yet vacated, but still in force: therefore the Mosaic dispensation was not abrogated. And consequently, the words of the text may be considered as strictly true.—The sceptre shall not depart from Judah; nor a Law-giver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.

The sceptre did not depart from Judah until Shiloh came. But what are we to understand by the Law-giver and the feet?

In the image of Nebuchadnezzar, we find the Head and Breast, &c. to refer to the succession of the different empires, from the Babylonians to the Medes and Persians, then the Greeks, and afterwards the Roman. Therefore the *feet*, &c. must allude to the latter part, or that which comes after, in succession.

GOD was the *Law-giver* to the Jews. And He did not forsake them until Shiloh come; but nationally he preserved them, until our Lord drove the money-brokers out of the Temple, observing, *My house*, you have made a den of thieves. And as he retired, he wept, with this

lamentation—O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered you, and ye would not—your house is left unto you desolate—ye shall not see me henceforth, until ye shall say, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord—as the others had done just before, when he rode into the city.

The Sanhedrim said, see how ye prevail nothing; behold the world is gone after him—and if we let him thus alone, the Romans will come and take away both OUR place and NATION. Thus they viewed their place, in the possessive case, in a national point of view. And therefore our Lord, in his parables, frequently pointed out their standing in a national capacity, and what must follow as the consequence of sin: and styled the temple, “YOUR HOUSE, is left unto you desolate”—forsaken by the “*Law-giver*,” the Great GOD! because they rejected the wise men with the prophets; and moreover, His only Son!

The *feet* with propriety may be considered as relating to the two tribes, Judah and Benjamin. The temple was on the borders, where the line ran; and hence the word, “between,” is admissible.

The Council at length, from punishing the innocent, and desiring a *Barrabas*, suffered vice to go unpunished, until iniquity became so prominent, that they dare not restrain it, by the infliction of punishment, lest they should be assassinated by the banditti, whose actions came to an unparalleled height.

And by virtue of this breach of trust, they were accountable for their infidelity; and being conscious of their responsibility, while in council assembled.

The query arose, Why sit we here? Arise and let us go hence! Thus they voluntarily dissolved themselves; and they have had no such Council since: until Napoleon set up the Mock Council in France, in 1806.

Moses told the Hebrews, Deut. xxviii. The consequence of obedience to the law by the LAW-GIVER. And on the other side, the consequence of obedience, as the retribution from the same LAW-GIVER, that they should be scattered among all nations, where they should be hissed at and despised.

Thus for near two thousand years we find them to exemplify what Moses had foretold of old.

There is not a nation in Europe, called Christians, but what have special laws against the Hebrews, to curtail their privileges; not even suffering them to be landholders, unless they will renounce their religion, or nominally profess Christianity; yea, they are not admitted as citizens, nor owned as subjects, but are viewed as vagrants, or considered as *aliens*, throughout the whole world, except the United States. And the "Holy City will be trodden down of the Gentiles *forty and two months*."—"Till the fulness of the Gentiles be come in."* But when the Hebrews acknowledge the *Shiloh*, saying, "Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord."—Then those judgments which were inflicted, on them for their disobedience, will be taken off them, and laid upon

* Whoever will compare the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th chapters of the Romans, will perceive the Apostle was speaking of the Jews and Gentiles, in the order and succession of the Gospel in the militant state.

And the 9th chapter, 10th to 13th verses of Romans, when compared with Genesis, xxv. 23. 2 Sam. viii 14. 1 Chron. xviii. 12, 13. Malichi, i. 1 to 3. will plainly perceive that those words were applicable **NATIONALLY**, and no how else: and to apply it otherwise, is a plain perversion of the text.

Again, Heb. xi. 20. Genesis xxvii. 30 to 40. 2 Chron. xxi. 10, will see it must be understood nationally, and **NOT** personally. See Deut ii. 4 to 8. Also Rom ix. 21, &c. to Jeremiah xviii. 2 to 10 &c.

Thus what is spoken nationally should be applied only nationally to prevent confusion—and the letters "I. F." and "E. T. H." should not be forgotten when applied personally, when found in the good Book.

National sins being punished nationally, it must be done here, (as exemplified in the case and state of the Jews;) seeing it cannot be done hereafter; as there will be no human dynasties there. Hence, in the day of judgment, mankind must be judged personally, and rewarded individually—each according to his deeds done in the body.

And as the capacities, ages and circumstances of mankind are so various, and the improvements also; so will be the reward apportioned accordingly.

Thus those premises being admitted, we can justify the ways of God to man, here, in the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires: and even why Mahomedanism was suffered to supplant Christianity,

those who were their oppressors ; but the United States will escape!

And unto him shall the gathering of the people be.

The first of the gathering, was the Jewish *Shepherds* ; who were directed by the Angel who proclaimed peace on earth, and good will to men—a Saviour born, who should be glad tidings of great joy to ALL people.

The second, was the *wise men* from the *East*. According to Buchanan, by tradition, they were from Hindostan : directed *West* in quest of a remarkable personage who was to enlighten the human family. Thus geographically the accounts correspond.

Herod sought to destroy the young child, fearing he would, as a rival, prevent the succession of the throne hereditary in his family ; who at this time, held a kind of delegated kingly power, subordinate to *Augustus Cæsar*.

Augustus had designed to tax the Roman empire about twenty-seven years before he brought it to bear ; and the place of enrolment brought Joseph and Mary to *Bethlehem* ; and so the prophecy was fulfilled by the overruling Providence of God in the concerns of mortals.

Fourteen thousand four hundred children were slain, according to accounts ; yet the Child Jesus was preserved from the designs of that wicked man. First by the *Angel*, warning the *Wise Men* not to return to *Herod* ; and then warning Joseph to retire with the young child and his mother to the land of Egypt ; until he should have word by that visitor to return ; which followed soon after.

For on the eighth day was the circumcision ; and in thirty-three more days she was to offer the turtle-doves,

in the East. First, Mahomedanism admits of no idolatry ; and secondly, is not so *intolerable* as corrupt Christianity when degenerated.

And also, on the same plan, the world of mankind can be judged in the great day, in righteousness and justice ; seeing the obligation is in proportion to the talents given ; and the reward of grace to the obedient, and the punishment of vice apportioned to the crime.

For there are two ways, two states, and two characters, and hereafter two conditions, i. e. Happy and Miserable ! Now, Reader, life and death ! the narrow way and the broadway ! which will you choose and pursue ? Look, see, and make up your mind. For the wages of sin is death ! But eternal life is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord

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