Chapter Five
The Return from the South

When he returned, Lorenzo had intended to stay longer than he did. He had given out a chain of appointments throughout 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 we had to travel, he attended but one or two of these appointments and recalled the rest. We 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 we left that country, it was otherwise ordered. I saw them no more, and I do not know that I ever shall, until we meet in eternity. May God help us so 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. A little before sunset, however, 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 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 tents to screen us from the inclement weather, but we had blankets on which we slept. These made us tolerably comfortable when the weather was clear. After having prepared a quantity of wood for the night, we lay down. It being the first time that I ever had been in the like circumstances, it was a gloomy night to me. But to look up and see the wide extended concave of heaven bespangled with stars, without any covering, 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. While I slept but little, Lorenzo was quite happy and composed. He observed that he had never been so well pleased with his situation in any of his previous travels through this wild unfrequented part of the country -- 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 we started on as soon as day dawned. We traveled until late breakfast time, when we stopped to strike up a fire and prepared some refreshment. Then we fed our horses and continued on our journey. We traveled near forty miles that day. It was quite dark before we got to Pearl River, which we had to cross in a ferry boat. We stayed during the night at a house, such as it was, that belonged to a half-breed. I was very much fatigued, but rested tolerably well.

In the morning, we started by ourselves soon after we had got some refreshment. We traveled 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 that travelers called "Hell Hole." This place consisted of thin mud and horses, after they were stripped of saddle and harness, could swim through it. 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. But it so happened that the Indians made a temporary bridge of poles and canes to get their horses over, and this served for us to get over upon also.

We were then under the necessity of preparing for the night, as it was almost sunset. I was alarmed that we were not more than half a mile from the Indians' camp, but there was no alternative -- there we must stay. Accordingly, Lorenzo made a good fire and provided plenty of cane for our horses. He made ready our little repast, and 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. Although I could hear the Indians' dogs barking and their horses' bells jingle, it was a beautiful night. The moon shone through the trees with great splendor, and the stars twinkled around. If my mind had been in a right frame, it would have been a beautiful prospect to me. While I was so much afraid that it quite deprived me of any satisfaction, Lorenzo would have slept sweetly if I had not been so fearful and frequently disturbed him. I longed for daylight to appear, and we started as soon as it dawned.

We traveled a long a tedious day, still in this dreary wilderness. We expected to get before night to the house of a man who lived on the Chickasaw River and had an Indian family. 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 inquired how far it was to this
man's house, and they told us by signs that it was ten miles. By
now it was almost sunset. We started on again, and went perhaps
half a mile, when the path divided into so many little divisions
that we could not tell which to take. Lorenzo went back to an
Indian's house and requested an old Indian to go and pilot us to
Nales. The old man hesitated at first. After understanding that
he should be well paid, however, he took his blanket and wrapped
it about his head and started on before us. We followed after.
By this time it was almost sunset, but we kept on.

Although there was a moon, 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 I
felt in some degree supported. Our way lay through a large swamp
intermixed with cane, which made it seem very gloomy. Our pilot
was almost equal to a wolf to find his way through this wild
unfrequented spot of earth, and he could wind about and keep the
path where I would have thought it almost impossible. Having
traveled until ten or eleven o'clock, we arrived at the river.
But how to get across! -- that was the next difficulty.

There was a ferry with which to cross, but the boat was on
the other side. Lorenzo requested the old Indian to go ever 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 in order to keep him on until we could reach the place that
we wished for. After he found he would get more money, however,
he started up the river and found some way across. In a short
time he had the boat over, and we went into it with our horses.
The old man set us over. This was perhaps eleven o'clock at
night. Finally we came to the house, but the family was gone to
bed. The woman, however, got up. 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 I slept sweetly through the
remaining part of the night.

In the morning we started again, being then thirteen miles
from the settlements on the Tombigbee. 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
neighborhood that were profitable, I trust, to some. We stayed
here two nights and the good part of three days. Then we took our
leave of them and departed on our journey through the settlements on the Tombigbee, which extends seventy or eighty miles in length through a rich and fertile soil. The settlements were flourishing, and the people in some parts were hospitable.

Finally we arrived at Fort St. Stephens, situated on a small eminence on the Tombigbee River. Although it is but small, it makes a handsome appearance. The river is navigable up to this place. It is a beautiful river. The water is as clear as crystal, and the land is very fertile and 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. We crossed the river in a ferry-boat. This was after twelve o'clock. We traveled until late and came to a small cabin, where we got permission to stay all night. This we did.

In the morning, we started very early. We saw some scattered houses, and at night we got to the Alabama River. At the river there was a ferry, kept by a man who was a mixture, where we stayed that night. The river is beautiful, almost beyond description. On its pleasant banks stood Fort Mims (that has since been destroyed, with those who fled to it for protection, by the savage Creek Indians). We were now in the bounds of the Creek nation, but without any company. This day we struck the road that had been cut out, from the state of Georgia to Fort Stoddard, by order of the President.\(^3\) This made it more pleasant traveling, and then we frequently met people removing from the states to the Tombigbee and other parts of the Mississippi territory.

We traveled betwixt thirty and forty miles that day, and came to a creek called "Murder Creek." It got its 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 midnight it began to rain so fast that it was like to put out our fire. 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. We traveled on ten or twelve miles, however, and it ceased raining. I was very wet and cold, and I 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 when we came to it, I found to my great satisfaction an old man and a boy. With what little they possessed, they were going to the country we had
left behind. They had encamped in this place, having made with their blankets 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 daylight, and we then started on our way again. I thought my situation had been as 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. Although they had something like a tent to cover them, yet they suffered considerably from the rain the night before. To add that, the woman told me they had left an aged father at the house of a man by the name of Manack one or two days before. She expected he was dead, perhaps, by this time. They were almost as black as the natives, and the woman seemed very much disturbed at their situation. I felt pity for her -- I thought her burden was really heavier than mine. We kept on.

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. They could get only split wood to make a kind of box, and so they 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 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. I do not recollect that I saw her shed one tear on the occasion.

We stayed but a short time and then continued our journey. There we got a supply of bread, such as it was. There we met also with three men who were traveling our road, the first company that we had found since we left the Mississippi. We were now not more than one-third of the way through the Creek nation. We left that place betwixt one and two o'clock. I was very glad of some company, for we had been very lonely before.

We traveled on without any thing particular occurring for three days, until we arrived at the Chattahoochee River. There we met with some difficulty in getting over, as the boat was gone. It was early in the morning, before sunrise, that we came to the river. There we were detained until ten o'clock, and then we had to hire an Indian to take us across in a canoe. We had to carry our baggage over first, and then swim our horses over. This hindered us until near eleven o'clock before we got ready to start
again. We had been in hopes of getting to Hawking's, the agent's, that night. But being so long detained at the river, we were obliged to stay at an Indians' camp. The three men traveling with us had stopped earlier.

I had got a fall from my horse and hurt myself considerably. I was as much fatigued and worn out by traveling as ever I was in my life. I thought sometimes that I should never stand it, to get through the wilderness, but Providence gave me strength of body beyond what I could have expected. We left the Indians' camp in the morning and reached Colonel Hawking's 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. Our ears had been saluted by the hideous yells of the wolf, and we had been surrounded by savages more wild 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 Indians' boundaries about three or four o'clock. Then we got into the white settlements, which was very satisfactory to me. We got to a friend's house that night about dark, and 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.

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 carriage, and we went on to Milledgeville. There we stayed about a week and found many kind friends. This was sometime in December [1811].

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 [i.e., with as much sensation as] you could feel the motion of a vessel when it was moving over the water. The trees were, as it were, dancing on the hills -- all nature seemed in commotion. This was enough to make the stoutest heart tremble. But when the people get so hardened that neither mercies nor judgments can 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 traveled the upper counties and through the New Purchase offering 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 he had a chain of appointments given out which extended to North Carolina. We came to Louisville intending to stay for only a few days, but there came 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 Lorenzo behind in his appointments, but it gave him an opportunity of preaching to the people of Louisville a number of times.

We started as soon as we could get along. With some difficulty we overtook the appointments, but not without disappointing three or four congregations. We traveled 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. We desired a place of repose in case of necessity, but Lorenzo was still expecting to travel and preach as long as his strength would admit. We intended to go on to Connecticut to his father's, where I expected to stay for some time, and then return to Lynchburg -- but the Providence of God seemed not to favor the design.

We arrived in Lynchburg about the seventeenth of March [1812], where we calculated to stay but a few days. We desired to make some preparations for building our little house, and then go on to his father's. We had not been in Lynchburg but about one week, however, before I was taken very ill and confined to my bed. I was attended by two doctors, Jennings and Owen, who said my affliction was an inflammation of the liver. This confined me to my bed for three months, and I was expected to die. After having gone through a course of physic, however, I got so as to be able to sit up and ride a little -- but I was very feeble.

My sickness detained Lorenzo from going to the North as he had intended. 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 to continue as we had been -- without house or home, and leaving the event in the hand of Providence. We knew 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 at Lynchburg 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, with whom we had but a small acquaintance. He, coming to Lynchburg, saw Lorenzo and invited him to stay at his house a while. Lorenzo told him he had no objections, and was thankful to him for his kindness, but 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. This he did, and we went to his house.

I left Lynchburg on the nineteenth of July [1812] and came to brother Walker's in Buckingham. They were a kind family, but there I was taken worse. 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 with a crown of never-fading glory. My Lorenzo attended me day and night almost from this time until near Christmas [1812]. I stayed at the Walker's about three months.

By this time I had got a little better. I was taken, wrapped in blankets, put into a closed carriage and carried about half a mile to the house of another dear friend, Major William Duval. There I was treated as if I had been a near relation. I was provided with everything necessary to make me comfortable, and they wished me to stay with them all the winter. This was a matter of thankfulness to us.

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

I stayed at brother Duval's about five months. Then I 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 Jesus, for their kindness to unworthy me in this day of adversity.

Lorenzo expected to return in March, but did not until May. I stayed at brother Duval's, partaking of their hospitality, until sometime in March. Then brother Walker's family seemed so solicitous that I should go to their house again, sister Walker coming in her carriage herself (she, too, being very delicate), I concluded to go. Mr. Duval was not at home at the time, or I expect he would not have consented for me to leave his house until
Lorenzo returned. I felt 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, and I was at this time much better. In a few days after I had got to brother Walker's, however, 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, bleeding and blistering, but to little apparent purpose. I felt very much discouraged. I thought it more than probable that my time would be but short in this world of woe. I wished much to see my companion once more in time, but I 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. This was about three or four days later than it was when I was first attacked during the spring before.

I had received letters from Lorenzo which informed me that he could not get back before May. My strength was continually declining. 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 greater lesson, as it related to the uncertainty of earthly enjoyments, than any thing I had met with before. My desires 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 of friends where I was treated with the greatest attention.

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

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 stayed with me for several weeks. Every means that could be was made use of to restore me to health, but they all seemed to prove abortive. Dr. Jennings saw me several times after my last attack, and he 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.

Knowing whatsoever was best for me would be given, I strove to sink into the will of God. Yet I could not divest myself of a
desire to get well and to 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. I sought to be better prepared whenever I should be called for to join the blood-washed company above.

Lorenzo had at this time gone to the lowlands, to fulfill some appointments which had been given out by some of the preachers. This took him about three weeks, and I was very ill while he was gone. About the time 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 well enough to be put in a chair and carried as far as Lynchburg, to Doctor Jennings. (We had then a chair and a horse of our own.) But our horse's back got injured, and we were under the necessity of staying in Lynchburg until he should get well. Then we could get on to the Springs.

We were detained for some time before our horse got so as we could use him. I was still very feeble in body, and I could not walk one hundred yards without assistance. Our horse had been quite high [i.e., grave, or serious] for near three weeks. Finally his back got tolerably well, so that we were about to make a start to try to get on to the Springs. Our horse had brought Lorenzo all the way from New England, down to the lowlands of Virginia and the Carolinas and back to Buckingham, and from there to Lynchburg in the chair; he appeared very gentle. Yet when Lorenzo put him in the chair to prepare to start for the Springs, he began to act like as if he were frightened. We were apprehensive that Lorenzo could not manage him. Considering my weak and helpless state, and that the road through which we must travel was very rough and mountainous, Lorenzo sold him on the spot and hired a hack from a Quaker living in that place. Besides bearing all the expenses, he paid four dollars a day for the use of it for ten days.

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 sent some appointments on before him, and we stayed all night. The next day we went to Liberty, where we had another appointment. From there we went to a friend's house, where we were treated kindly. They called in some of their neighbors, and we had a comfortable little meeting.

The next day we traveled to Fincastle, where we stayed all night, and Lorenzo preached twice. We were now within a few miles of the mountains. In some places they were 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
traveled 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 Alleghany mountains and from Lynchburg
upwards of one hundred miles. It is a pleasant place, where the
man who lives there has rented the Springs and has built a number
of cabins — perhaps fifty or sixty. They were placed in a regular
form, the yard enclosed, for the accommodation of those that
attend the Springs. They have a beautiful grass-plot with
handsome shade trees, and a large house where the boarders dine
stands near the center.

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 after we went there he took more than he had
before. Nevertheless, we got in a house perhaps a mile from the
Spring. I was better satisfied with this situation than I would
have been at the Springs, for I was in a more retired place. In
addition, I could have the water brought twice in the day. I
stayed there near three weeks. Lorenzo was there part of the
time, and part of the time he was traveling through the
neighborhoods and preaching to the people.

By the request of those that were attending there, Lorenzo
held several meetings at the Springs. Persons were there 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 spoke to them
of heavenly things. There was one, however, who was a most
abandoned character and thought to frighten Lorenzo 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. Lorenzo 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. 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 of perhaps eighteen miles from the White
Sulphur. He 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 horses. 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, which was within twenty miles. We came with preachers that were going to the camp-meeting. Here we got a chair from a friend to convey us part of the way to the place where the meeting was to be held, to another friend's. He then 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, and there were 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. This was near the Yellow Springs, so called, where I was advised to go and try the water, and nearly thirty miles from Salem. Here we stayed for two or three weeks, and I made use of the waters. This was, I think, beneficial to me.

We got acquainted with a gentleman from the lowlands of Virginia, who was at the Springs with his wife and on account of her health. These people were possessed of a large property and had but one child. They also possessed as great a share of hospitality as any I ever met with. They, understanding our situation, gave me an invitation to go home and spend the winter with them. This I accepted. Lorenzo, intending to visit Louisiana before his return, took quite a different course and went to the western country. The breaking out of the Indian war, however, flung some unavoidable obstacles in his way. He therefore sent on a deed of relinquishment to those who had possession of the old mill, which had made such a noise in the world. We had heard that they got it, or rather a built new one, to do some business; but Lorenzo had never reaped any benefit from any thing that he ever 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, and this 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 his tour visited about forty counties and traveled near two thousand miles. He stayed with me about ten days and then started on another route through North and South Carolina to Charleston. He visited many places and preached from one to four times a day until he returned, which was about seven weeks. He got back to me on Friday night and preached on Sunday. 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 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 was 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 a servant to go with us to Petersburg. There we were to take his carriage and continue on to Baltimore. But when we got to Petersburg, the carriage which it was designed we should take from there was taken to pieces for repairing. Thus we could not obtain it for our journey, and we were under the necessity of taking the public stage for Richmond. This was something disagreeable to me, but I strove to put my trust in that hand which had dealt so liberally with me in days that were passed by. The roads were very bad, being so much cut up by the large heavy wagons, laden with cotton and other produce for market, that were on the road.

We arrived in Richmond between two and three o'clock, and we were received with kindness by brother West and his companion. There we met several preachers who treated us with friendship. This was very pleasing 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. There we shall see eye to eye, and we shall 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 to 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 Fredricksburg. This cost us near forty 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 also with kindness at this place by our old friend brother Green and his family. There we stayed for some days, and Lorenzo held several meetings.

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

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

Lorenzo had stayed behind to find some conveyance for our trunks and other baggage. In a short time he found a return hack, which he engaged, and he arrived a short time after me. He 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 when he cometh to make up his jewels. They had been married for seventeen years, and they had no children except one little
adopted daughter of the lady's brother. They had taken her as
their own, and they doted on her. She was taken sick the day
after I went there, and the night of the second day they thought
she was dying. 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 we were up at three. The family had slept very
little for two nights. 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 she looked like she had almost finished her
course, and that she would shortly be conveyed to the realms of
peace. Brother Friend went with us to the stage-house, where we
parted.

We came to Baltimore, where we stayed two nights with brother
Hagerty, and Lorenzo preached twice in the town. We then took the
steamboat for Philadelphia, where we arrived in about twenty-six
or eight hours, and tarried from Tuesday until Friday. There
Lorenzo preached two evenings in the African church. We then left
Philadelphia and continued on in the steamboat to Trenton, where
we took the stage for New York.

We stayed at Princeton one night, and the next evening we
arrived at the city of New York. We came to brother Morris
D'Camps, from whose house I started when going to the Mississippi
and from whom we have received many favors. (He then lived in
Troy, as it had been about five years and six months from the time
we started.) May that God who is able and willing to reward for
their benevolence those that will be kind, bless Mr. D'Camps and
all my dear friends for their kindness to me -- and in particular
for the last nine years of my life.

Notes on Chapter Five

1. The Pearl River flows south, parallel to the Mississippi,
through the center of the present state of Mississippi. It
forms the western boundary of the part of Mississippi that
extends to the Gulf of Mexico.

2. The Chickasaw River flows south, through the lower part of the
present state of Mississippi and just inside its eastern
boundary.

3. This is the Federal road that was built in 1811 from
Milledgeville, then the capital of Georgia, westward across
the Chattahoochee. Lorenzo and Peggy followed this road all
the way to Milledgeville.
4. On the southern route of Lorenzo and Peggy, the Chattahoochee River is the western boundary of the state of Georgia.

5. "Hawking" is Benjamin Hawkins, Indian agent and namesake of Hawkinsville, about 50 miles south of Macon and the seat of Pulaski County. He is a person of significance in the history of Georgia.

6. This river would be the Ocmulgee, in the middle of the state. The western boundary of Georgia was fixed at the Chattahoochee in 1802. In return for Georgia's renouncing its claim to the western lands, the United States promised to remove the Indians from the state as fast as it could be done peaceably and on reasonable terms. As land was ceded by the Indians, white settlements pushed westward and new counties were formed. When Lorenzo and Peggy passed through, that part of the state of Georgia west of the Ocmulgee was still Indian land.

7. Milledgeville, about 30 miles northeast of Macon and the seat of Baldwin County, was legislated into existence and made the state capital in 1804. The capital moved westward from Savannah to Augusta to Louisville to Milledgeville as the population of Georgia moved inland. Atlanta was not founded until 1837, and the capital was not moved from Milledgeville to Atlanta until 1868.

8. It was in November of 1811 that William Henry Harrison quelled the Indian uprising with his famous victory at Tippecanoe in the Indiana territory. And so Lorenzo and Peggy were traveling through Indian territory in extremely perilous times.

9. The New Purchase is approximately present Wilkes County. It was given up by the Creeks and Cherokees in 1773, in return for which the British government pledged to pay the debts owed by the Indians to several trading companies.

10. The seat of Jefferson County, Louisville is about 50 miles east of Milledgeville and was the capital of Georgia from 1796 to 1804.

11. Up to this point, all the material presented in the narrative has been taken from the Peggy's *The Journey of Life*. This sentence is taken from a second work by Peggy Dow titled *Supplementary Reflections to the Journey of Life*. In general, the *Supplementary Reflections* are more introspective in nature and pick up chronologically after the *Journey* ends. There is a brief period in Peggy's life for which the two documents overlap. The narrative presented in this volume of *THE CHRONICLE* will weave the two documents together when they overlap and continue with the *Supplementary Reflections* when
the Journey ends. Also included in the Supplementary Reflections are some extended digressions that do not relate directly to the unfolding narrative. These entries have been excluded here, and interested readers may refer to the original volume cited in the introduction.

12. This older meaning of "high" is now confined to use in phrases such as "high treason.

13. Greenbriar county is in the part of Virginia that seceded from that state during the Civil War, and the "about three miles the other side of the Alleghany mountains" would now read "about three miles into West Virginia."