Chapter Six
The Final Stay in New England

I arrived in New York with my companion towards the last of March, 1814. There I met with kind friends, particularly brother Munson and his family. They are like as though they were our own dear brothers and sisters. May the Lord reward them in this world and 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. We stayed in New York for several weeks and were kindly treated by many. May the Lord reward them.

May 20th [1814] we traveled to Hoboken. This is a delightful spot on the earth, upon the Jersey side of the river and opposite New York. From the window of the room we occupy, we have a grand view of the city of New York -- with the majestic steeles of the different churches reaching their lofty heads almost to the lowering skies. In addition, the beautiful trees that are interspersed among the houses, with the surrounding country that can be seen at the same time, conspire to make it a most enchanting prospect. On the other hand, the view the Jersey side presents is decorated with all the charms of spring -- green trees and shady groves, with the delightful songsters of the woods tuning their harmonious throats in praising their great Creator.

We stayed at the house of a Mr. Anderson -- 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 neighborhood where they live. 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.

From Sunday to Monday we were in New York, at brother Munson's the greatest part of the time. Lorenzo was printing his journal, with some other tracts, which detained him in and about this city far longer than he expected to stay when we came here. The way seemed open, however, for him to print his books, and he thought it best to improve [i.e., to use profitably] the present opening. I 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 we 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 he had a crowded house. May the seed take root in some heart and bear fruit to perfection.
We continued at captain Anderson's in the beautiful little
town of Hoboken, as charming a place as almost I ever saw. O what
a pity there is not, as I know of, one person in this place that
enjoys religion, and there are not even many feeling much concern
for their souls. 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 knew, were living in the neglect of
their duty altogether. He said that man "could do nothing, but
must be taken by an irresistible power and brought in." 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." ²

What a pity it is that men should darken counsel 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. May He
bless and prosper those that have taken their lives in their
hands, and have gone forth to call sinners to repentance and to
offer a free salvation to all the fallen race of Adam.

In June [1814], my Lorenzo's mind was exercised and drawn out
to visit foreign lands, to call sinners to repentance. I did not
wish to stand in his way, but rather I felt the need of more grace
to acquiesce, in all circumstances, to the will of Providence.
May the God of all grace enable me to say, "Not my will, but thine
be done."

Sunday, June 12th, was a day of deep trial to my soul. An
appointment had been made for my Lorenzo to preach in the African
church at six o'clock. The people appeared anxious to see me, as
many of them had not, for 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 numbers that they could not get into the house.
After Lorenzo had given them a discourse on the words, "O earth, O
earth, hear the word of the Lord," I rose up and spoke a few
words. The cross was so weighty, however, that I did not 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.

In all, I stayed at Capt. John Anderson's, Hoboken, for
several weeks. I was treated very kindly, for he and his wife are
as agreeable a couple as I have met with for some time. 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
might at last be prepared for a seat at the right hand of God.*

On the twenty-ninth of June, we left New York, having been
there for the space of near three months, in a mail-stage for New
Haven. We traveled through the most delightful country that my
eyes ever beheld; the season was so charming. The gardens were in
bloom, and 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 happy land of America -- but how soon her beauty
might be laid in the dust by the spoiler and all her glory brought
to naught, we could not tell. 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
stopped 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. Although there
were Methodists in the place, it was so late that we could not
make contact with any friends. Consequently we were under the
necessity of seeking lodgings in another public house.
Accordingly, we did, and we slept there. In the morning, Lorenzo
went out to find the preacher stationed at New Haven. In the way,
he met with a brother Woolf who requested him to breakfast with
him. Lorenzo sent up to the public house for me to come to his
house, and so I did. But the people at the public house said that
we, having stayed there the night before, ought to eat breakfast
with them and so charged us one dollar and a half for our lodging.
Lorenzo paid the charges.

The friends in New Haven were very kind, and they wished
Lorenzo to stay over the Sabbath. This was on Thursday, and 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 ever met with. *May the
Lord bless him, and make him useful to the souls of men.*

On Monday morning I left New Haven, in company with a man and
his wife, for Branford. We traveled in their wagon. Lorenzo
stayed in New Haven to give another sermon, as it was the Fourth
of July and orations were to be given. Accordingly, he spoke
something on the present state of the country to an audience that was attentive. He then left there in a wagon, which belonged to a Quaker who was going to see his friend in Branford. Lorenzo spoke again that night at Branford. The next morning the friend that had brought us to Branford started with us to North Guilford, to a brother of mine that I had not seen for near thirty years. We were both very small when I had seen him last, but now he had a wife and six children. 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 the other. His wife was in a low state of health, but I have no doubt but that she enjoys religion. May the God of all grace bless them and their dear children. There I also saw my step-mother, that I had not seen since I was six years of age. My heart flowed with affection towards her; may her 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. In the morning, he bid us farewell and returned home. A friend living at Durham lent us a chaise to Middletown, where my Lorenzo held a meeting at night. There we met brother Burrows from Hebron; he had a wagon, and was to return the next morning. And so we came in his wagon to his house, where we stayed from Friday to Monday. Lorenzo preached on Friday night, and also on Sunday at the Methodist meeting-house. The people were solemn and attentive. He also preached 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. As we had no horse or carriage, and as brother Burrows made wagons, Lorenzo bought a horse and wagon from him. We started on Monday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and arrived at his father's 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 somewhat feeble. We stayed with him from Monday until Saturday.

The people of this place are 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. We took our rambles through the lonely walks that my Lorenzo had taken in early days of childhood, both 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). Here was the sweet grove, at the foot of a beautiful hill, where he used to go to meditate and pray to that God who was able to save and deliver his soul -- that God who 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 Square-pond. There Lorenzo preached twice the next day, at the Methodist meeting-house, to an attentive congregation. We returned to Tolland to preach at five o'clock, and 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 of Lorenzo's that night. She lived about four or miles from his father's and seemed very glad to see us. She sent out and called in the neighbors, and Lorenzo gave a short discourse. The next day Lorenzo was quite unwell and unable to sit up. Nevertheless, we made ready towards evening 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 did not favor it and he concluded to take me with him. Accordingly, we made preparations for our departure on Saturday morning, July 23rd, 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 congregation. May the Lord make it like bread cast upon the waters. He preached at Hartford-five-miles on Sunday, to a crowded congregation.

We arrived at Hartford on July twenty-fifth, and my Lorenzo received his books from New York. Furthermore, we heard of a large force of our enemy's 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 nowhere 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.

On the same day that we arrived in Hartford, we rode three miles farther. There Lorenzo preached at night, at East Hartford, to perhaps one hundred and fifty or two hundred people -- and they were quite attentive. He spoke from the 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." I

Although I was enabled to close the meeting by prayer, my mind was quite depressed. I felt a gloom hanging over my mind on account of the present state of my country.

Lorenzo preached the next night, but I was so unwell that I could not attend. The day after that he preached twice. May the Lord stand by him and make his words sharp and piercing, reaching the hearts of those that hear.

On July 28th, Lorenzo preached three times at East Windsor, but the people were like the nether [i.e., lower] mill-stone -- hard and unfeeling. May the Lord soften their hard hearts and bring them to a sense of their danger. We visited with a kind family by the name of Stoten. May the Lord prosper them in the way to glory. My heart felt somewhat refreshed at the house of friend Barker, in West Windsor. Lorenzo had been acquainted with the family sixteen years. It does my heart good to meet those who have their faces Zion-ward.

The news of war is saluting our ears daily. O that God may prepare us for whatever awaits us. If a scourge is necessary, may it bring us as a nation to the feet of Jesus. My heart is pained within me. 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 God is merciful. I feel a desire to submit without murmuring, but our hearts are so refractory [i.e., difficult to work with] that we need the influence of grace to make us what we ought to be. My Lord, help America.

That evening Lorenzo preached to a tolerable company, considering it was a very unpleasant night, and they gave him very good attention. There seemed to be a number in the place that were heaven-bound. May the Lord make it like seed sown on good ground, that it shall bring forth fruit in due time. May the Lord make them burning and shining lights in the land wherein they live, that they may be like unto the leaven which was hid in three measures of meal and leavened the whole lump. May that flame continue to increase until the town shall be filled with the glory of God.

We left Hartford on the morning of the thirtieth, without knowing whither we went or where 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 with him, we found him to be one of those who are striving to walk the narrow happy road. He told us of a family who he thought would be glad
to see Lorenzo. Accordingly, we went there and found it even so. The place was called Barkhamstead, and they received us with affection and every attention possible. Their names were Francis. Lorenzo held two meetings at a barn, within about a mile of this friend's, and the people were very solemn and attentive.

There I met very unexpectedly with two of my uncle's daughters who lived in the neighborhood. 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 relation as most people. 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 five miles farther, where Lorenzo preached again. This was the third time he had preached that day. *May the Lord strengthen his body and soul to cry aloud, and spare not, to sinners to repent.* We spent the night at friend Coe's.

Lorenzo preached again Monday morning, August 1st [1814], at 5o'clock. Then we left brother Coe's and went on about seven or eight miles before 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 that dealeth out to us knoweth what is best. What good may result from it we cannot always tell. And so it happened that the family was desirous for Lorenzo to hold a meeting there that evening, and he consented. *May the Lord stand by him and enable him to declare the whole counsel of God to those who may come out to hear.* *May my heart feel more engaged for the salvation of their souls.*

We started from the public house, where our horse was sick, on Tuesday the 2nd day of August. Lorenzo had preached the evening before to a small, but quite attentive, congregation. I think they were really pious, humble souls; but I left there condemned in my own mind for not taking up my cross. *May the Lord forgive, and enable me to be more obedient in the future.*

As our horse was appearing quite well, we intended to reach Lenox [Massachusetts] that night -- which was about thirty miles. Soon after sunrise, the day became very gloomy. We traveled until about six o'clock in the morning, when we stopped at a tavern and got some refreshments. They made a tolerable heavy charge, which we paid, and Lorenzo gave them two books. He requested the man to let one of them circulate through the neighborhood, hoping it might prove a blessing to some. *God grant it for his mercy's sake.*
We continued on our way four or five miles, through a wood lying nearly on the Farmington River and 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 had been in. *May the Lord bless the people.*

We traveled on until between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, and then stopped to give 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 we had not gone 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. There was no house so near that we could retreat to it. At last we came to a place where there was a house over in a lot, and also a barn. We drove up to the bars, and I got out and ran into the barn; but there seemed no asylum from the impetuous rain. From thence I ran to the house; but no one lived there, and I was compelled to return to the barn.

By the time Lorenzo got with the horse and wagon and drove them into the barn, I was wet through and through. I crept upon the mow, and he reached me my trunk. There I changed my clothes; but Lorenzo was not so well off, for he was under the necessity of keeping his on. We stayed there until the storm was over, and then made the best of our way to Lenox. We arrived there a little before sunset and got to a friend's house, where we were treated very kindly.

Lorenzo appeared to have taken some cold, but we had reason to be thankful that it was 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 that we at last come off more than conquerors through him that loved us and hath given himself for us.* Lorenzo had the privilege of preaching in the court-house twice. *Perhaps he may preach there again this evening. May the Lord that can answer by fire attend the word with power to the hearts of those that hear.*

We left Lenox on the morning of August 4th and went to Pittsfield. The country was delightful, but a gloom appeared to hang over the country as it relates to religion. We went to the north part of Pittsfield to old friend Ward's, where we were received with seeming friendship. Since my Lorenzo could not get the people notified as he expected when he thought, the night before, of going there, he concluded to start from there early the
next morning. But several people came in that evening and appeared so anxious that he should preach before he left that place, that he concluded to stay -- if they would give notice. This they promised to do -- for half past 10 o'clock the following day, and at evening in the center of the town.

Accordingly, we repaired at the appointed hour to the meeting-house, where a considerable number of people were collected. As it was a day set apart for a fast by the Methodists, Lorenzo spoke to them on the duty of fasting from the 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 center of 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 to 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 was much afflicted at that time with his old complaint. May God give him and me the grace to say, "The will of the Lord be done." We stayed in Pittsfield through the 6th. The people were kind, but they had their peculiarities and were so inquisitive to know the concerns of others. May the Lord help us to look more carefully into our own hearts to see that we are right before God. I need more of the spirit of submission to the will of my Master.

That night my companion was much afflicted with the toothache, in so great a degree that he could not attend the appointment. This gave me some pain, as it was a disappointment to many. I thought if I could have gone and spoken to the people anything to the edifying of their souls, it would have been a great comfort to my soul. But my health was too 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 overtures of mercy. I felt such a desire that souls might be benefited that I could not sleep. O that I may be willing to take up my cross. If the Lord has any thing for such an unworthy creature as I 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 finally did go to speak to those willing to assemble to hear the word in such weakness of body. He labors 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 labors this day. 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.

We returned to Pittsfield town in the afternoon, and Lorenzo preached at 5 o'clock to a crowded congregation. They were really attentive (May the Lord seal conviction on their hearts!), and this was the third time that he had spoken that day. We returned to brother Green's, where we lodged, and Lorenzo seemed much better than he had been in the morning. In the evening there were quite a number who came in, and so he spoke to them again. It was a solemn time, and my heart was much drawn out in prayer that the Lord would bless them.

We expected to leave that place on Monday morning, but the weather proved so unfavorable that it was unpracticable; consequently, we stayed until Tuesday. Then we left brother Green's and came on to Bennington [Vermont] 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 to the middle of town and give notice, and others told some, so that there were perhaps more than one hundred that attended. They gave very good attention. God grant that they may profit by it.

On Tuesday August 9th we left Bennington and came to Cambridge [New York] and the white meeting-house, where we took breakfast. This brought to my recollection former times, when I was a child -- the rambles that I took with my companions through this delightful spot! Now those that had been my companions were married and had large families -- and many had 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, near the Batonkill 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. We spent several days there. My soul blessed the Lord that I had been privileged once more of meeting with my kind sister. She appeared to be striving to make her way towards Mount Zion, and she had been blessed with an affectionate friend and companion. May the Lord make them happy in time and eternity.

My Lorenzo preached twice on Sunday the 14th, and some were offended at his doctrine. This shows how prejudiced some people
are in favor of their own notions. May the Lord help us to
discern between truth and error. My heart's desire is to keep the
narrow road that leads to joys on high. The cloud seems to
darken, and we do not know what troubles America may have to
encounter. May that God who is able to deliver nations as well as
individuals undertake our cause.

We left my dear sister's on the 18th, with hearts much
affected, not knowing whether we should meet again on mortal
shores. We traveled 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 and
arrived where we were aiming by six o'clock. There Lorenzo met a
lady from South Carolina, who had treated him with every attention
at the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia and also at her own house
in Charleston. She appeared much pleased to meet with him here,
and she invited him to call upon them at their lodgings -- at the
Columbia Hotel. Accordingly we did, and we 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
labors be blessed to the people in this place.

The Springs seemed to have a salutary affect upon me. My
poor companion, however, was still much afflicted with the asthma,
which made him very feeble in body. I pray God to strengthen his
soul, and to 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.

Lorenzo preached at the Springs on Sunday the 21st to an
attentive congregation, though made up of various characters --
including some from the first rank. But gentlemen or ladies may
be known by their behavior -- meet them where you will. At the
Milling's home, about six or seven miles from the Springs, he met
with a large company -- but of quite a different cast. They gave
him a quiet hearing. May the Lord turn curiosity in godly
sincerity; my soul longs to see Zion prosper.

The lady at the Columbia Hotel requested us to return in the
morning before she should leave there, as she expected to start
for the Ballston Springs soon after breakfast. Accordingly, we
started very soon in the morning and arrived about six at the
hotel where this lady, with one other, had invited us. Very
friendly, they were from South Carolina and by the names of Coldon
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.

On Tuesday, August 23rd, we came for the benefit of the water
to Ballston Springs. We 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. On Thursday, Lorenzo left me to fulfill some appointments which had been given out for him. We stayed in that place several days, but I am afraid that few people there truly loved and served the Lord.

I spent the night of August 26th at a house where the woman was a Methodist, but the man made no profession of religion. I felt quite embarrassed, as he appeared very unsociable, and my soul was much depressed the next morning. Then I returned to brother Webster's -- though they have a good many in family, yet they are kind. Lorenzo was engaged during this time 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.

My companion returned on the morning of the twenty-ninth. We then left the Springs and came on to Greenfield, to Dr. Young's, where 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. This they did, but 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 going 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, or 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, for sinners to repent.

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 as 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 for two days and one night.
On Wednesday, August 31st, Lorenzo preached at sunrise, with a good degree of liberty, to a considerable congregation. The people were very serious, and I trust that many were true lovers of Jesus. We then traveled eight or ten miles that morning. The times were truly awful and alarming. We heard a report that the city of Washington was taken by the enemy and burned. I hope it is not so; but be that as it may, we must strive to sink into the will of the Lord.

My companion preached on Thursday, September 1st [1814], three times. The first was at the Methodist meeting-house at Malta, where we had a sweet and precious time and where many praying souls were present. From thence we came on to a friend's house, where we got some refreshment.

Then we went to the second appointment -- at a large "steeple-house" where some person had requested him to speak. But the house was shut when we arrived, and was not opened at all -- for what reason we couldn't tell, except that it was through prejudice. But this did not dishearten Lorenzo, and 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 we had the third appointment. There Lorenzo spoke in the open air, to a tolerable congregation who gave good attention. (There also the meeting-house had been shut against him.)

From thence we came on to the Borough [i.e., Schenectady], to a brother Evan's, where we stayed that night. The next day Lorenzo had an appointment at ten o'clock, and 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, and our once happy land was involved in a bloody war. 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 [i.e., enslavement] of war.

At that time my Lorenzo felt 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, September 3rd, Lorenzo preached once at the Borough to an attentive congregation. We found kind friends there. 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 him and make his stay profitable to souls.

Lorenzo preached at Waterford on Friday, on Saturday night, and on Sunday at sunrise and at eight o'clock in the morning. The people came out very well and appeared very solemn. I trust that good was done in the name of the Lord. May the Lord inspire our hearts to cry mightily unto him who is able to save, for ourselves and for our country.

We came to Lansingburgh on September 6th, 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 Lorenzo's 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 are not confined to any particular place.

From thence we went to Troy; but the same difficulty existed there, and the meeting-house was shut up in that place also. But Lorenzo 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 finished preaching, and we had retired to our lodgings, a friend with whom we had no previous acquaintance came to the tavern where we were and requested us to go and sleep at his house. After some hesitation, we accepted his offer -- but we left our horse where we had previously arranged.

The different treatment we met with, compared to what we had received in years past, made a great impression on my mind. Lorenzo had preached there a number of times about six years previous, and had been treated with much kindness by the Methodists -- but this time they were very distant.

We left Troy about eight o'clock on Monday morning, traveled more than forty miles that day, and stayed at a public house at night. The next day 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, which contained a considerable sum of bank notes -- he had left it under his pillow at the public house. He took the horse, borrowed a
saddle, rode back and found it. This was a matter of thankfulness to us.

After taking breakfast, we started and came on to Rhinebeck Flats. We made no stop, but rather went on to the ferry. We had to cross in a sail boat, and the wind blew quite hard; thus it appeared considerably gloomy to me, but we got on. We wished to get to Esopus, or rather Kingston, which was about three miles from the ferry, before we stopped. We came on to Kingston, and the first thing we saw when the town came into view was a numerous concourse of people assembled together. They were seeing 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. I considered they were all liable to fall in the contest -- perhaps leaving a wife and children unprotected (and if not a wife and children, they surely had parents whose hearts were bleeding at the prospect). May God deliver us in his own good time.

We were received with friendship by brother and sister Covel. 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 that love and serve the Lord, for we find such to be kind and affectionate to all. We stayed two nights and part of three days at friend Covel's, and Lorenzo held two meetings in the town, in the court-house, to a crowded audience. 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 8th, and traveled on until night. We stopped at a public house. From thence we came on towards Newburgh, and about ten o'clock we came to a brother Fowler's. We called, but he was not at home. The family not choosing not to give us an invitation to stop for breakfast, we kept on to Newburgh. We had been directed to call at the house of a friend by the name of Cowles, but we could not find it. We then continued on our way, intending to stop at the first public house we came to and get some refreshment. But the old man attending a toll-bridge we were passing knew Lorenzo.

He solicited him so earnestly to stop and take breakfast, that he consented. They appeared much pleased, and they entertained us as well as we could wish. It was done with such cheerfulness that it made 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 outdo them and so to take their crown. May God have mercy on the high and lofty ones of the earth, and teach them that they are born to die (and perhaps their
dust will mingle with the beggar's) and that their souls, if not purified by grace, will appear guilty before God. How can they stand in that great day when the dread alarm shall be sounded: "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" May 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. While we were eating, a woman appeared. We had met her in a wagon a little before we got to the public house and she, thinking it was Lorenzo, returned back to the house and requested him to stop and preach to the people in the neighborhood. The tavern-keeper also solicited him, and said he would notify the neighbors. 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 stay was a delightful spot, situated in a valley between two considerable mountains. The mountains were covered with shrubs and trees, but not very fertile, and this made the contrast more striking. The house was surrounded with meadows and fruit trees, and the scene appeared charming beyond description.

This would be a sweet retreat, it was suggested to my mind, if we had 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 that are so transient. My lot appears to be in a peculiar sphere, and I hope in love and mercy that the Master will enable me to fill it with patience and submission.

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

We started early 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 the horse, and brother Paradise took a small boat and rowed us down to the city. My mind was overspread with 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 -- where we were received with the same marks of friendship as formerly. May the Lord bless them for their kindness to us. Our situation at that time was as good as it ever had been, as relates
to our temporal prospects, but we had no doubt that trials awaited us still. May the Lord prepare us for whatever may befall us in the way of duty.

I met with another kind family, to whom I am under obligations for their kindness in days that are past -- they were still friends. Such was not the case with many. Brother and sister DeCamp, however, were true-hearted. May the Lord prosper them on their journey to a peaceful eternity. And as the cloud appears to spread over the American hemisphere, may God prepare all his children for the shock. Even though 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 felt my heart somewhat more composed than I had for some time. The next day, however, we received more intelligence of the invasion of our once happy land. O that the Lord would prepare us for every event of his providence.

I was much depressed when I arose on the morning of the sixteenth, but the words "Be still, and know that I am God" came with some power to my mind. It was then we heard the joyful tidings that our dear fellow-citizens of the town of Baltimore were delivered from their troublesome visitors. O that their hearts may be thankful to that hand which, when appearances were most gloomy, was able to save.

On Sunday, September 18th, my soul was much refreshed under the improvement of brother Daniel Smith. He discoursed on the wickedness of the Jews, the once chosen people of God, in destroying that most worthy servant of God -- Stephen. To hear of his triumphant death and ascension to glory filled my soul with raptures. It gave me 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. Though I am unworthy, may that be my happy lot.

One day my husband and self took a walk to the "State Prison" -- what a very great satisfaction that was to me. We gave one shilling for admittance, and we had the privilege of going through every apartment in the prison. To see the neatness and the industry that prevail 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 unfortunate creatures who have forfeited their life and liberty from suffering death, and it gives them a space for repentance. Furthermore, their labor is very useful to the community. The men were very serious, and appeared downcast; but the women that had been so unfortunate as to get into the place, they appeared the most hardened creatures I
ever saw. What a striking proof of what human nature may be reduced to. In the center of the prison was a large square, where they may range at times for their health. A man could love and serve the Lord there, as well as in any other place, if he were so minded -- and it may be that some of those poor mortals will be brought to reflection.

We spent from the eleventh of September to the seventh of October [1814] in New York. Lorenzo then took his departure for Philadelphia, expecting to return in six or eight weeks. When he arrived there, however, he found his way opened in the city and country -- so that he thought it 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. 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. The room was made very comfortable by putting up a stove in it. The house was in a neighborhood of people called Quakers, where we found it very agreeable. I attended their meetings with much satisfaction -- and 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.*

On February 27th, 1815, the news of peace saluted our borders and echoed through the land. It was truly a pleasing sound. *May it inspire our hearts with gratitude to that God who hath given us the blessing.* O that divine peace may fill every soul -- until this favored nation shall become Immanuel's land, and the earth be full of his glory.

After spending an agreeable winter at Benedict Dorsey's, we left Philadelphia on May 8th, 1815, in the steamboat for New York. The weather was very chilly. My health being somewhat impaired by reason of a severe cold I had taken some time previous, this exposure came very near to being too much for my feeble constitution. After we arrived at New York, I was confined almost two weeks to my bed.

After I had recovered my strength in some measure, we embarked on board a packet (where we had every accommodation necessary) for New London. After a pleasant sail of about thirty
hours, we arrived safely and found the people very kind and friendly. But the cold that I had taken was so deeply seated in my lungs, it was thought by many it would prove serious in its consequences to me.

We arrived in New London on Saturday. On Sunday, Lorenzo preached four times to crowded congregations. He preached several times through the week -- until he was taken 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. Although his pain was beyond description, he had a smile on his countenance. My soul was poured out to God for his deliverance. After a while he got so much relief that he could be laid down in his bed, but he continued very ill for near two weeks. Finally he 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 appeared very anxious that 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 holding out beyond what could have been expected. He spoke again on Monday night, and it was a solemn assembly. 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. We started early on Tuesday morning, and arrived there about one o'clock on the 14th of June [1815]. We found his dear father, with the rest of the family, in tolerable health.

Lorenzo spent two weeks with us. Then thinking it best to leave me with his father, he bid me farewell and set out on a tour. He traveled through the states 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 was 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 he returned to me unexpectedly in five or six weeks. After spending a few weeks with us, he 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 dared not say, "Do not go" -- I felt no disposition to prevent him doing his duty.

On the 30th of August [1815], he had got in readiness, and he bid me adieu -- leaving me comfortably provided for as it relates to outward things.\textsuperscript{10} The family remaining consisted of his father, his sister, and myself. The old gentleman was 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 received letters frequently from my absent companion. This gave me much satisfaction, and it was the only way we could communicate our pleasures and pains to each other. He gave me to understand that he expected to return to us in April or May. The last letter I received from him, dated March 30, indicated he expected to sail from New Orleans to New York on the first of April. According to the letter, there appeared to be a doubt whether he should be brought through in safety (or at least he expected some uncommon difficulty to attend him) -- and this laid me under great anxiety of mind.

The season was also 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 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 I could not do so. Yet under all this, I was in some measure supported -- for which may my heart render a tribute of praise to the Giver of all our mercies.

About the 15th of May [1816], I received the pleasing intelligence that Lorenzo had arrived in New York. This removed a heavy burden from my heart. He reached his father's on the twenty-fifth. I need not say that it was a memorable day to me. May I ever feel true sensations of gratitude for all these favors, 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 and on to Vermont. Wishing me to go with him, he procured a horse and wagon. On the 12\textsuperscript{th} of June [1816], we left his father's house, it being twelve months (lacking two days) since I came here.
We went from Coventry to Hebron, where we stayed a few days— we met a few preachers from the general conference, and they were friendly towards Lorenzo. From thence we came to Durham, where we spent the Sabbath—Lorenzo preached three times. On Monday morning we left there and proceeded to New Haven—there we met with some more preachers and kind friends, and stayed until Friday. Lorenzo held a number of meetings in that time.

From there we came to New York and spent the Sabbath. Lorenzo also held three meetings there that 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. I was quite unwell, however, as the weather had become so much warmer that it debilitated me so that Lorenzo feared lest I could not hold out to travel. As Captain Anderson and his wife wished me to tarry with them, I concluded to stay.

Accordingly, on Tuesday morning, Lorenzo left me behind and set off on his way to Philadelphia. 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. Brother Thomas Pitts was coming to New York, and he got brother Washburn to write a few lines to me. Accordingly, I came over to Hoboken and met him at brother Washburn's. The next day we were to go on board the steamboat.

I did not expect to see Lorenzo so soon; but when we came to the ferry-house, and the boats came in, Lorenzo was on board. He intended to return that night or the next day to Bridgetown; consequently I went on, and he returned that night. We spent some time there, and found 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.*

We visited Woodbridge, and had meeting in the meeting-house of the Presbyterians. We then returned to Bridgetown and held several other meetings. July 26th, 1816.

**Notes for Chapter 6**

1. Beginning with chapter 6, the material presented is taken entirely from Peggy's *Supplementary Reflections to the Journey of Life*. As noted earlier, extended digressions of personal philosophical and theological musings have been edited out to conform to the style of the first volume and to not detract from the chronological narrative.
2. Isaiah 55:1

3. The present "confusion" and "calamity" refer to the War of 1812, which ended with the signing of the Treaty of Ghent (Belgium) on December 24, 1814 -- although the news did not reach America until February 1815. Times were uncertain, and the war was everywhere. It was in August of 1814 that the British forces marched on Washington and burned the Capitol, the White House and any other government buildings they could ignite. The American government fled into Virginia. Public opinion on the war was divided, especially in New England, where the Federalist party called a convention in Hartford, Connecticut, to discuss the ruling Republican (Jeffersonian) party's handling of the war.

4. Revelation 3:20

5. The reference is to the bottom of the pair of stones used in a mill. Root of the name Netherlands, now the word "nether" is mostly confined to a few particular phrases such as "the nether world" and "nether garments."

6. Waterford is on the Hudson River. It was here in 1804 that Theodore Burr (of Burr truss fame, for his covered bridge design) constructed, across the Hudson, the first notable wooden bridge in the state of New York. Peggy and Lorenzo probably crossed over the bridge, which was in use until 1909, as the next towns mentioned are on the east side of the river.

7. Rhinebeck was the location of Wildercliffe, Freeborn Garrettson's magnificent home overlooking the Hudson. From its completion in 1799 until the death of the Garrettson's daughter Mary in 1879, Wildercliffe was known as a source of generous hospitality for both friends and strangers in need of shelter. Why Peggy and Lorenzo did not visit, or even mention in their journals, the Garrettsons can only be guessed. Certainly Freeborn Garrettson (1752-1857) and Lorenzo Dow (1774-1834) were the two most prominent evangelists of their day and would have had many common experiences to discuss. Furthermore, Garrettson had been Dow's direct supervisor when he was re-admitted to the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1801. [See THE CHRONICLE, vol XVI (2005), page 92.]

8. The famous battle over Baltimore's Fort McHenry, at which Francis Scott Key wrote the words to The Star Spangled Banner, took place on the night of September 13, 1814.

9. Refer back to note 3 of this chapter.

10. Many local histories, both church and secular, within the bounds of the Central Pennsylvania Conference record visits
of Lorenzo Dow on various occasions. Dow's journal, unfortunately, gives little or no coverage of his travels through the area. Near the start of this particular trip, however, appears one of the most extended such accounts:

I visited Baltimore, and spoke in the separate African meeting house and the one formerly occupied by old father Otterbein.

Friday, September 22, 1815, I took the stage for Carlisle. The wheel came off, and we upset -- but (thanks be to God) none were materially injured. I quit the stage and walked several miles through the mud. I spoke several times, and made remittance [by mail] to my printer and bookbinder. I was assisted ten miles with a horse.

Monday, the 25th, I spoke in the Dutch [i.e., German] United Brethren meeting house, near the big spring, to a simple hearted people.

Tuesday, the 26th, I rode on the coupling tongue of a wagon and came to Shippensburg, feeble in body. I spoke in the Methodist meeting house; the people behaved well and gave me a few dollars to assist me on my way. The stage was full and could not take me, but Providence provided. A man brought me a horse for his brother, to return from the college at Washington [Pennsylvania] -- thus was I accommodated two hundred miles over the mountains, while many about this time were hurt by the upsetting of the stages on the way.

Wednesday, the 27th, I rode twenty-four miles to Kines, and spoke to a few who were well behaved.

Thursday, the 28th, I spoke at the court house in Bedford.

11. This abrupt ending concludes the Supplementary Reflections and hence the known journal entries of Peggy Holcomb Dow.