

the hands of their violent enemies. About this time, Messrs. Asbury and Shadford were, for a short time, secreted among the Whites. A part of this time they spent in an outhouse, separated by a skirt of wood from Judge White's domicil. When Mr. White would take their meals to them, in a stealthy manner, the servants, who were not ignorant of the arrangement, would sometimes say: "Massa goes through the woods to feed his swamp-robins." Dr. Edward White, in like manner, sometimes carried their meals to them. They kept a fast day, to know the will of the Lord concerning them; and while Mr. Asbury believed it to be his duty to remain, Mr. Shadford felt that he must return. On the 10th of March, 1778, he left Judge White's, and moved towards Philadelphia, on his way to England, having procured a pass from a colonel to travel to General Smallwood's camp. When he arrived, he was brought to his apartments, and told him that he was a Methodist preacher, and considered himself a subject of King George; and asked for a pass to go to Philadelphia, on his way home. The general roughly replied, "Now, you have done us all the hurt you could, you want to go home." Mr. Shadford replied, "That he left home, and came here to do good." He, however, gave him a pass, after he made him swear that he would go directly to Philadelphia, and thence to England.

As he was proceeding to Philadelphia, a man sprang from behind a bush, and, pointing a loaded gun at his breast, swore if he did not stop and dismount, he would be a dead man; but, learning that he had a pass, he suffered him to go on his way, and he arrived in Philadelphia, which at that time was in possession of British soldiers; and, on the first opportunity, sailed for England.

Reaching his native land, he continued in the regular work of the itinerancy under Mr. Wesley, until infirmity arrested him in his course. About 1791, he became supernumerary. In this relation, he continued to the end of life. His last words were, "I'll praise, I'll praise, I'll praise;" and soon after fell asleep in Jesus, in the seventy-eighth year of his life, and forty-eighth of his itinerancy.

There was the closest union between Mr. Shadford and Mr. Asbury, while they labored and suffered together in America. Their souls were knit together more closely, if possible, than the souls of David and Jonathan; and, after the broad Atlantic had separated them thirty-eight years, their triumphant spirits entered paradise, within ten days of each other. Mr. Shadford lived just thirty-eight years

and one day, after he left Mr. Asbury at Judge White's; and died March 11th, 1816; and Mr. Asbury followed him, on the 21st of the same month and year. The pious may soliloquize on the joy their happy spirits realized, on meeting each other so near the same time, in the presence of that Saviour whom they delighted to hold up to the view of sinners, while ministering here below.

As Mr. Asbury's Journal for 1778, is peculiarly interesting to us, as showing the places, the people, and the circumstances in connection with the introduction of Methodism in the centre of the Peninsula, during the most trying period of the war that gave this nation its independence, we wish to make some short extracts from it for this year, having studied it as carefully as we could, and as it relates to a part of the country with which we have been acquainted from infancy. We regret that Mr. Asbury, like many other journalizers, gave only initials for names. Some of them, however, we can readily understand, as the names of the people they represent have been familiar to us as pillars in the temple of Methodism in this region; others, we can only conjecture what the full name was, represented by the initials; and there are some that we cannot so much as conjecture what name is represented. Mr. Asbury had been laboring in Maryland and Virginia during 1775-6-7. On the 1st of December, 1777, he returned to the Peninsula, to Cavel Hinson's, in Kent county, Md. At this time Kent Circuit, had appointments in Cecil, Kent, Queen Anne's, Caroline, and Talbot, in Maryland, and Kent and Sussex, in Delaware.

His preaching, up to the 1st of February, 1778, was chiefly in Kent and Cecil counties, among the Thompsons, Herseys, Watkins, Simmons, Hearn's, Woodlands, Fredericktown; Howards, Hinsons, Easterly Island, Quaker Neck, Randels, Gibbs, Kennards, Angiers, Smiths, and Chester-town. Afterwards, he visited Foggwell's, Segar's, Stradley's, Thomas's; and on the 13th of February, 1778, he first visited Thomas White, Esq., who became one of his most valuable friends; here he met with his beloved brother, George Shadford, with whom he took sweet counsel. On Sunday, 16th of February, he first preached at Dr. Edward White's; this was the beginning of a quarterly meeting, which was held in Mr. White's barn, and was well attended.

After the quarterly meeting was over, he preached at James Layton's, in Marshyhope, where a class was formed already; also, at the Widow Jump's, near Marshyhope-

bridge, at Cardeen's, and at Mr. K.'s, on Cedar Creek—an old Presbyterian who kept his coffin in his house.

March 9th. Samuel Spragg came to see him at Judge White's. Mr. Shadford was, also present. Tuesday, March 10th, 1778, Messrs. Spragg and Shadford left him at Mr. White's; and this was a life-long parting with Asbury and Shadford. About this time Joseph Everett first heard Mr. Asbury preach at Mr. White's. What followed will be seen in another part of this work, in a short account of the life and labors of Mr. Everett.

While here among the Whites, Philip Cox fell in his way, and he sent him to the Upper Circuit, either the upper part of Kent Circuit, or Chester Circuit; also, John Cooper, who had been preaching below, in Sussex county, came to see him. About this time he heard that Mr. W., probably Robert Wooster, was cast into prison, at Annapolis, Md., for preaching as a Methodist preacher.

April 2, 1778. The light-horse patrol came to Judge White's in the night, and seized and carried him away, leaving Mrs. White and her children in great distress. The following day Mr. Asbury, Mrs. White, and others, kept as a day of fasting and prayer, for Mr. White, and his deliverance from his enemies.

April 6th. Mr. Asbury left the neighborhood of the Whites, where he had been partially concealed, and went to another place some twenty miles off, where late at night he found shelter at a friend's house, where he intended to remain; but, soon a report was spread, at night, which made him leave the next day. After lying in a swamp, to conceal himself until night, he was kindly taken in by a friend: this, as we suppose, was near the appointment at John Fogwell's, subsequently Holden's Chapel; and now Stulttown. While here, he heard that Joseph Hartley was arrested on Sunday, 5th of April, in Queen Anne's county: thus Messrs. White, Wooster, and Hartley, were arrested about the same time, and Mr. Asbury was driven to conceal himself in another neighborhood.

As he was not engaged in preaching, he spent his time in reading the Greek and Latin Testament, and in prayer: ten minutes, or one sixth of every hour, when awake, was spent in prayer. In the midst of these troubles, he formed that habit of prayer for which he was ever afterwards so remarkable; he excelled almost every minister in prayer.

April 29th. He returned to Mr. White's. Soon after

Mr. White came home as in answer to prayer; and, on Sunday, May 17, he ventured to preach again after spending five or six dumb Sabbaths. May 19, Philip Cox began a quarterly meeting at White's, at which Mr. Asbury preached. Soon after Judge White's case was decided, and he was permitted to return to his family—the worst of the storm was now over, as it related to Messrs. Asbury and White; as to the former, he was not without his misgivings, that he had erred “in retiring from the work,” through fear of his foes.

In the last of May, Mr. Hartley came to see Mr. Asbury at Mr. White's, and they both set out: Mr. Asbury went into Mispillion; and, for the first time, preached at Reynear Williams's. Here the Methodist preachers had raised a society already; and in it there was a “Mr. C.,” who was a public speaker, and soon after split the society, and set up a church for himself; but who “Mr. C.” was, as to his real name, we have not found out. About this time Mr. Asbury made the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Thorn, of the Church of England, who had a church a little north of the site of the present town of Milford, Delaware.

In the last of June, Mr. Asbury received a visit from Mr. Freeborn Garrettson, at his *home*, as he called Judge White's. Soon after this Mr. Garrettson, in July of this year, was well nigh beaten to death, near Brown's Branch, in Queen Anne's county, by John Brown.

Mr. Asbury continued to travel in Delaware, and preach at appointments which had been made by other preachers, such as Stradley's, Rickard's, and Shockley's, in Slaughter Neck, Sussex county. After sallying out to the preaching places, he returned to Mr. White's, as his common centre.

In July, he made his first visit to North-West Fork Hundred, Sussex county; and preached at Charles Twyford's, near the present Trinity Church on Seaford Circuit. Returning home he visited Joshua Barwick, near Punch Hall, “who was in deep distress of soul.” He obtained the comfort of assurance, and, some years after died happy.

August 1, 1778, he went into the Fork, and, for the first time preached at Mr. Ross's, and at Robert Layton's, on the head waters of the Nanticoke River, near the present town of Bridgeville. Two weeks after he preached at White Brown's, the nephew of Judge White's; also at John Flowers. About this time his friends William Moore, and William Lynch, came all the way from Baltimore to see him at Judge White's.

Lord's Day, November 1, 1778, memorable in the history of Methodism in London, as the day on which Mr. Wesley opened the new chapel in the City Road. See Wesley's Works, vol. iv., p. 499. On this Sabbath Mr. Asbury lectured at Mr. White's. Asbury's Journal, vol. i., p. 224.

In November, he rode to Quantico, in Somerset county, Md. He says, "I found no want of anything there but religion:" this was his first visit to Somerset.

In December of this year, he met with Brother Wren, who was travelling and preaching. From him he learned that the work in which Methodist preachers were engaged, was prospering far beyond his expectation. The Lord was helping on the work in His own way, while persecution was driving the preachers from place to place. See Asbury's Journal, vol. i., p. 200-227.

In the latter end of 1777, as stated above, Mr. Asbury came to the Peninsula, to the house of Cavel Hinson, in Kent county, where he introduced Methodist preaching in 1772—he had not seen his Kent county friends for more than four years; and rejoiced to find that the Lord had carried on a good work among them during his absence. When he was last upon this shore, in September, 1773, there were about six preaching places; now there were scores of appointments.

While laboring here he received the following strange account concerning a wicked young man whose family countenanced the Methodists. He not only opposed them, but went to the place of worship to curse the preacher, where he was struck with such terror that he suddenly died. His own brother gave it as his opinion that the devil was directly concerned in his death. It seems that the circumstances were so peculiarly strange concerning this young man's death, that they had been attested on oath by the people who lived in the house with him.

Mr. Asbury continued to travel and preach until the 10th of March, 1778, when, on conscientious principles, which would not allow him to take the oath required by the state of Maryland, he withdrew to the state of Delaware, where the clergy were not required to take an oath to the state.

After seeking Divine direction by prayer and fasting, he felt his call was to remain in America, having the promise of all the protection that Judge White's influence could afford him. But, on the night of the 2d of April, the light-horse patrol surrounded his house, and the judge was seized,

and carried away to Dover or Wilmington, where he was examined as an enemy of his country, because he had become a Methodist, and harbored Methodist preachers. Leaving his family in great distress, he was detained some five weeks, when he returned to his family, but went back to have his case determined, and was finally discharged.

It was while Mr. Asbury was thus hiding from his enemies, as he tells us, "That he went forth after dark through the gloom of the woods, from house to house, to enforce the truth, and join in the worship of God. At a late hour of the night he was wont to assemble the family together, and offer up prayer to God in a subdued tone of voice, not the less hearty or acceptable to the Deity on that account; adopting this course at the suggestions of prudence, to avoid the wrath of the enemies of God and religion."

He continued in this exercise, making Mr. Thomas White's his home, until Mr. White was arrested and carried off. The following week, fearing that he would be taken into custody, as his friend, who had promised him secrecy and security, had been, he left Mr. White's; and, in his language, "Rode on through a lonesome devious road, like Abraham, not knowing whither I went, but weary and unwell, I found a shelter late at night; and here I intended to rest till Providence should direct my way. But at night a report was spread which inclined me to think it would be best for me to move. Accordingly, the next day I set out and lay in a swamp till about sunset, when I was kindly taken in by a friend: I thought myself like some of the old prophets, hid in times of public distress." We can only conjecture what neighborhood he was now in. We think he went up the Choptank to the upper part of Kent county, about what is now called Holden's meeting-house. When this meeting was first raised up it was called Fogwell's; and, it has been said, that many years ago Mr. Asbury charged a certain preacher of the Philadelphia Conference to take good care of the Fogwell society, as it had been greatly endeared to him at the period of his confinement at Judge White's. Whatever place he was now in, he was strictly shut up in a private chamber in a pleasant family, wanting for nothing, spending his time in reading and study, and devoting ten minutes of each waking hour to prayer. After spending, in this strict retirement, about three weeks, he ventured to leave this asylum; and under the special protection of Divine Providence, returned to Mr. White's. Here, for two weeks, he was again shut up, spending what he called his "dumb Sab-

baths," not preaching, nor scarcely daring to show himself, lest his enemies should lay violent hands upon him. These five weeks, during which he had not preached, were the most unsatisfactory part of his life, as he could not content himself, unless he was holding up a crucified Saviour to the view of sinners.

Unable to keep silence any longer, on the 13th of May, he met a small congregation, and found a blessing while addressing it; and, on the following Sabbath, preached to a congregation collected at Mr. White's: he was now coming forth from his confinement.

It was a question painfully revolved in the mind of Mr. Asbury whether, or not, he ought to have thus concealed himself from his enemies? It is certain that in this he was not imitating the Saviour who went forth to meet Judas and his band in the garden. Neither was he following the example of the apostles who went forward in their work, although forbidden by the Jewish council. Nor did he exhibit the courage of a Wesley in the days of mob-violence in England; nor yet that of Abbott, Garrettson, and Hartley, who dared to meet their worst foes. It seems, that his prudence prevailed over his faith. Though he was an Englishman, and sent by Mr. Wesley, and, therefore, peculiarly obnoxious at that time, yet Omnipotence could, with equal ease, protect an Englishman or an American. We may well suppose, that, had he gone on in the work he would have fared no better than Garrettson or Hartley. He might have been put in prison; nay, he might have borne in his body the marks of violence, but it would have furthered the cause of the Redeemer. Mr. Garrettson thought that he never did more for the Saviour in the same length of time, than while he was imprisoned in Cambridge; and Mr. Hartley could not have accomplished half as much good to the people of Easton by preaching to them out of prison, as he did by his discourses, made more pathetic, and received with increased interest, on account of the circumstances of their delivery.

We cannot think that Mr. Asbury's enemies would have had power over his life, for his work was not yet accomplished on earth; if he had continued to travel and preach the few weeks that he lay by. If we suppose that he was out of the track of duty, by hiding from his foes, it accounts for the extraordinary inward conflicts and temptations that he passed through, during this season, and, that too, when surrounded with every comfort that was needful for his body.

Some Methodist historians have unfairly represented Mr. Asbury as being almost totally inactive during the years 1778 and 1779. The truth of the whole matter is, that he was only five weeks closely confined; and but eleven weeks in which he did not travel and preach. It is true, that he kept himself mostly in the state of Delaware for two years in succession; but, with the above exception, he was travelling and preaching in New Castle, Kent, Sussex, and Somerset counties; and this part of his public life differed from other portions of it in this, that his labors were restricted to four counties, instead of being distributed through as many states.

Some parts of this chapter were composed at different times; the reader will please excuse the repetition of facts and language found in it. As it presents the crisis of Mr. Asbury's life in this country, we regard it as highly interesting and important.

In the latter end of May, Mr. Asbury began to itinerate again. The first appointment he filled was at Reynear Williams's, in Mispillion. In July he went into Sussex and preached at Mr. Charles Twyford's. In August he went further into North West Fork and preached at Mr. Ross's and at Mr. Robert Layton's; also, at Mr. White Brown's, who was the nephew of Judge White; and, in November, he was in Somerset county for the first time, and preached in Broad Creek and Quantico—ground that Mr. Garrettson had just before broken up. His circuit reached from Slaughter Neck to Quantico, a distance of about sixty miles, a very small circuit for that time, when they were in some instances five hundred miles in circuit. It lay in three counties, Kent and Sussex, in Delaware, and Somerset, in Maryland. It contained about twenty appointments, of which the principal ones were at Messrs. Shockley's and Rickards's, Reynear Williams's, James Layton's, Widow Jump's, Charles Twyford's, Mr. Ross's, Robert Layton's, White Brown's, at Broad Creek, and at Quantico; while Mr. White's was the centre. As he was permitted to exercise his ministry during these perilous times in the state of Delaware, he expressed a hope that it would become a garden of the Lord, filled with plants of His own planting; and, it came to pass; for, in the beginning of the present century, not only Delaware but the whole Peninsula was the garden of the Lord, set with plants of His planting.

The true minister of God finds his greatest pleasure in seeing souls coming to Christ. Mr. Asbury saw this almost daily. A young woman who had been awakened under

Captain Webb some years before, and, who thought she could never be happy unless among the Methodists, was brought to God about this time, in the region of Mr. White, by the instrumentality of Mr. Asbury; also, Mrs. Peterkin, a relative of Judge White, was born again at the age of seventy, and died in the full triumph of faith in 1780. Her aged companion also experienced a blessed change and soon followed her to eternity—they are buried alongside of Mr. and Mrs. White. About this time Joshua Barwick of Punch Hall, now Burrville, was converted and became a Methodist. After a faithful life of ten years he went to his reward. His family have generally gone with the Methodists; and some of his descendants have been Methodist preachers. The Hardisty family was also brought in. Mr. Asbury preached the funeral of Father Hardisty in 1779. His son William was a travelling preacher in the Philadelphia Conference for several years.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

IN May, 1778, the Sixth Annual Conference was held in Leesburg, Va. This was the first time that the Conference was held in Virginia. As Mr. Asbury thought it unsafe for him to visit it, Mr. William Watters being the oldest travelling preacher present—and he had been in the work but six years—was made the chairman. There was no particular return of members at this Conference, but they were given in the aggregate for 6095, showing a decrease of 873. This was the first time that there had appeared any decrease of members since the commencement of Methodism in America. The travelling preachers were also reduced from 36 to 29. This decrease of ministers and members must be charged to the war, that was raging then with violence. New York, Philadelphia, Chester, Frederick, and Norfolk, were left off of the Minutes. Four new circuits appear in the Minutes in Virginia, namely, Berkley, Fluvanna, Lunenburg, and James City.

From this Conference Mr. Watters went again to Fairfax Circuit; and in June, 1778, was married to Sarah Adams, of Fairfax county, Va., who was truly a helpmeet for him.

During the fall of this year, he, in company with the Rev. C. B. Pedicord, travelled through Prince William, Stafford,

King George, Spotsylvania, and Hanover counties, in order to form a circuit or two. They found many willing to receive Methodist preaching; and afterwards, Lancaster and Stafford Circuits covered this ground.

The preachers that were appointed to labor on the Peninsula this year were Messrs. Garrettson, Hartley, Littlejohn, and Cooper. Mr. Littlejohn, on account of the persecution, thought it best to return to Virginia, where he shortly after married, and located. Mr. Cooper's health was poor, and for a while he was unable to do much.

Joseph Hartley, who appears to have been a native of Sussex county, Va. (his sister belonged to the society at Robert Jones's), had travelled two quarters the previous year, and was received in 1776 as a travelling preacher, and stands for Kent Circuit. In 1777 he was stationed in Baltimore Circuit. In the latter end of this year he returned to the Peninsula to Kent Circuit. In the month of April, in 1778, he was taken by the rulers of Queen Anne's county, and was put in confinement for a short time. The court before which he was brought prohibited him from preaching; but when his bands were loosed he went forth, attending his appointments, and after singing and praying, he would remain on his knees and exhort the people in a most feeling and forcible manner, until his enemies said they were as willing he should preach on his feet as on his knees. After his release from confinement, he travelled and preached in Delaware state, where the rulers were more favorable to Methodist preachers.

Mr. Garrettson was the most efficient laborer in this field. The beginning of this year was the most trying time that the Methodists had experienced. The storm had been gathering for three years. The first blood had been shed in defence of the rights claimed by the colonists in 1775. The same year, the barbarous Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of Virginia, had burnt Norfolk, and sent five thousand homeless men, women, and children wandering through the country. The king had sent forth his proclamation, calling on the colonists to submit. Mr. Wesley had, most unfortunately for his followers here, dipped his pen into the politics of America. His assistant, Rankin, had declared from the pulpit of St. George's, that he believed God's work would not revive until the people submitted to King George. Mr. Rodda had been detected, while on Kent Circuit in 1777, in circulating the king's proclamation, and had to leave the work and take refuge in the British fleet, then in the Chesapeake, and

Chancy Clowe, who had been a public speaker, and a Methodist of some note, raised a company of three hundred men, having his head-quarters in Kenton forest, Kent county, Del., where the lines of his fortifications are still to be seen—intending to make his way through the country, and join the British in the Chesapeake Bay. This company was dispersed, and Clowe their leader was tried, condemned, and executed in the state of Delaware. There was but one, besides Clowe, found in this rebel company that had ever borne the name of Methodist.

Add to all this, that the Methodists, however well affected to their country, were conscientiously opposed to bearing arms and fighting. All this gave pretext to their enemies to call them Tories, and look upon them as enemies of the rights and liberties of their country. Hence the storm of persecution that came upon Mr. Wooster, who was imprisoned at Annapolis; upon Mr. Jonathan Forrest; upon Mr. Asbury, who was fined, and driven out of the work for a short time; upon Mr. Hartley, who was arrested in Queen Anne's, and subsequently put in Talbot jail; upon Mr. Garrettson, who was beaten in Queen Anne's, and afterwards put in Cambridge jail; upon Judge White, for harboring them; upon Pedicord and others.

In June, 1778, Mr. Garrettson commenced his labors at Kent meeting-house, on the Eastern shore. Here the Methodists had many friends; and, we may add, the people of this county never so violently persecuted the preachers. The friends here advised him to remain with them, and not expose his life by travelling at large. He tried to comply with this advice, but in the course of a week his spirit was stirred within him: he cried to God to know his will, and felt an impulse to go forward, believing that the Lord would stand by and deliver him. With this Divine assurance he left his Kent friends, not fearing his worst enemies, and went through Cecil county, and part of Delaware state as far as Judge White's, unmolested; but when he went into Queen Anne's he was threatened with imprisonment. As he was going into Kent, Mr. John Brown met him, and seizing the horse's bridle told him he must go to jail. Mr. Garrettson remonstrating against his order, he commenced beating him over the head and shoulders with a stick. Just then Mr. Garrettson, breaking away from him, put whip to his horse and endeavored to make his escape. But Mr. Brown took a nearer route, and heading him, struck at him, but missed him. Just then Mr. Garrettson's horse, stopping suddenly,

threw him to the ground in an insensible state. He was taken to a house near by and bled by a doctress, who just then was passing by, and who carried her lancet when called out. This restored him to his senses. Mr. Brown, fearing that if his victim died he would be tried for murder, was much agitated, while Mr. Garrettson was exhorting his persecutor to repentance, as happy as he well could be. But as soon as Mr. Brown thought him out of danger of death, he brought a magistrate to have him sent to prison. But when Mr. Garrettson showed him his sin in thus endeavoring to stop the gospel, and his fearful accountability to God for such a course of conduct, he dropped his pen without finishing the mittimus. After giving a suitable exhortation to the magistrate, whose wife's funeral he shortly afterwards preached, and to his persecutor and all present, he went with the doctress, who had brought a carriage to take him in to Father Dudley's, where he sat in his bed that night and preached to a few of the despised Methodists. This ended his violent persecution in Queen Anne's county.

The spot where Mr. Garrettson was beaten is between Church Hill and Chestertown, opposite the farm where Mr. Brown lived, which is still owned by his descendants; at what is called Brown's Branch. A large tree, it is said, marks the precise spot where he lay in his insensible state, when it was feared that he would die.

A few days afterwards he preached in the same neighborhood, and many were ready to say, "Surely this is the right way." In 1809 Mr. Garrettson was visiting his old friends in this region, when a near relation of Mr. Brown that beat him was the principal vestryman in the Episcopal Church; and to make some atonement for the treatment he received in 1778, an almost unheard-of favor for that country, was conferred upon him, in an invitation to preach in the old church at Church Hill. He accepted the invitation, and seldom, if ever before, was the church so crowded with church folks and Methodists, white and black; and it was a moving time. A similar favor was extended to Dr. Coke in 1784, who preached in this church by invitation of the vestry.

After preaching at James Layton's, in Marshy Hope, where a man "threatened him for killing his wife" (because she fell under conviction, crying for mercy), and at the widow Jump's, at Robert Layton's, and at Charles Twyford's, he paid his first visit to Talbot county, where he "labored day and night with tears." He says, "Sweet refreshing seasons had I among those dear loving people: I

shall not soon forget those mothers in Israel, Sister Parrot and Sister Bruff, who are now lodged in Abraham's bosom. They, I trust, lived and died witnesses of perfect love."

From Talbot Mr. Garrettson, accompanied by several friends, went to Kent Island, where he was the first of his brethren that preached; and if he did not raise up a Methodist society, on his first visit, he laid the foundation for one, and this island has long been a place where Methodism has been popular, and Methodist preachers have delighted to visit it.

In September, 1778, Mr. Asbury being unable to attend his appointment at Reynear Williams's, in Mispillion, Mr. Garrettson preached in his place. This was the first time that he was at this place; he preached two sermons, giving a short interval between them. The venerable old tree, under which he preached to hundreds, it is said, is still standing. It was a day of the Son of man. Its effects, near and remote, were great. One very wicked man, who came to the meeting with a heart full of sin, and his mouth full of cursing, was so powerfully convicted that he would have run away if he had dared to trust his strength; but before the meeting was over he cast his soul on Jesus by faith and was justified. A military officer who was present was so deeply awakened that he gave up his office and became a Christian. As the more remote effects of this day's labor, several new appointments were made at the earnest request of the people. Mr. Lewis, who lived in Murder-kill, was at this meeting, and tasting the sweetness of gospel truth, Mr. Garrettson made his house a preaching place. Here a society was raised up this year among the Barratts and Sipples, that led to the erection of Barratt's Chapel, in 1780; Mr. Philip Barratt and Jonathan Sipple, with many others, were awakened under his preaching, and brought in among the Methodists. About eighteen months after this Brother Sipple exchanged earth for paradise. Just before Mr. Garrettson came into Murder-kill he tells us, "The Lord had awakened a woman of distinction by an earthquake. She found peace to her soul, and about a year after died a witness of perfect love." From Mr. Asbury's Journal we conclude that her name was Ruth Smith, who, in her last hours, was constantly praising God and preaching Christ to all around her.

Under the second sermon that Mr. Garrettson preached at Mr. Lewis's, young Caleb Boyer was awakened, and in 1780 began to travel a circuit. He became a great preacher

among the Methodists, and we are persuaded that the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper formed his style of argumentative preaching after Mr. Boyer's, who was said to be the Paul of Methodism while he itinerated. Mr. Garrettson established preaching at the house of the father of Mr. Boyer, where a society was formed in 1778, which is still represented at Banning's Chapel below Dover.

Many of the people of this region had been raised Presbyterians. The Rev. Mr. Huston was their minister during the days of the Revolution. He, like many of his brethren, was fully committed to the cause of American liberty; and in his church used to pray for the success of the Continental army; and to this end, "That the Lord would send plenty of powder and ball" to greet their enemies with.

One Sabbath while he was engaged at his church, a detachment of British soldiers came to his house, and left their compliments by boring their bayonets through the panels of his doors, ripping up his beds, and carrying off rather more of his live stock, his cows, pigs, and poultry, than they were welcome to by the feelings of his heart.

The Rev. Mr. Huston's granddaughter is the wife of our brother Solomon Townsend, of Union Methodist Episcopal Church, of this city.

Mr. Smithers, of Dover, came to Mr. Shaw's in 1778; and under Mr. Garrettson's preaching his heart was touched, and he invited him to preach in the Academy at Dover; and on the 12th of September of this year, in the afternoon, he made his appearance at the Academy that stands at the south end of the town, where he was to preach. Here he found some hundreds assembled, and as soon as he alighted a clamor arose; some said he was a good man, some called him a deceiver, some declared him a friend to the king, others proclaimed him one of Clowe's men, that ought to be hung as Clowe had been. There might have been a serious time if there had not been some friends of order there; Mr. Pryor, a Whitefieldite, Mr. Lockerman, whose descendants are still in Dover, and the alderman interposed, and the first Methodist sermon was preached on a stage erected in front of the Academy, the congregation being within and without. It was a time of tears; some that came to persecute were there to have the gospel net thrown around them—the enemy was circumvented. The preacher was heard all over the town. Some that stayed at home, and one female a quarter of a mile off, were powerfully convicted. In the evening he held meeting at Mr. Smithers', with whom he

put up, when he had many of the chief people of the place to hear him. When he retired to bed, he was sorely tempted by the enemy; and Mrs. Smithers hearing him sighing and groaning in prayer, was driven to commence prayer for herself. There were about twenty-five persons brought under deep conviction for sin as the result of this first visit of Mr. Garrettson, and the next day he joined those that were truly awakened into society. One elderly lady, with all her children, numbering ten, and with their husbands and wives, amounting to sixteen or eighteen, went with the Methodists.

The original Methodist society in Dover was formed September 13, 1778. At this time preaching was established at Mr. Hilliard's, above Dover. Soon after at the Gumswamp appointment, and subsequently in Little Creek.

In October, 1778, Mr. Garrettson tells us that he was directed by a dream to the people of Sussex and Somerset counties; and believing that the dream was of God, he directed his course to Broad Creek, in the lower end of Sussex. Here, on a Sabbath day, in a forest, he preached two sermons, giving a short interval between the two discourses. This was the first Methodist preaching the people of this region heard. There was much weeping among the hundreds that had met to hear the new doctrine. The people of this place were so far from having the power of godliness that they had not even the form of it—they were swearers, fighters, drunkards, horse-racers, gamblers, and dancers. As a specimen of their morals, a woman came the next day with a pistol to shoot him, while he was performing funeral service for the dead. On this first visit thirty or forty were deeply awakened, who soon after were united in society; and there were some fifty praying families in Broad Creek within a year from this time; it was with difficulty that the unconverted could raise a frolic in this section of country.

While Mr. Garrettson was preaching at Broad Creek this year, two aged people, Mr. and Mrs. Ryder, who were visiting their friends, heard him, and were much touched under his preaching. They had tasted the sweets of the gospel under Mr. Whitefield's ministry, twenty years before. After meeting was over they approached him with tears, and the old lady thus addressed him: "Many years ago we heard Mr. Whitefield preach, and, until we heard you, we had not heard a gospel sermon for twenty years. The first time I heard you preach, I knew it was the truth; but I only had a little spark left. Yesterday we heard you again—and the little spark was blown up to a coal; and, glory to God, to-

day the coal is blown up to a flame. We cannot hide ourselves any longer from you; our house and hearts are open to receive you and the blessed word you preach." Thus was Methodism brought to Quantico in November, 1778, when a society commenced, which still continues. This was the first Methodist society founded in Somerset county, Md.; and here the first Methodist Chapel in Somerset county was opened for worship as early as 1784, as it appears that Dr. Coke preached in it this year. Mr. and Mrs. Ryder were the principal persons in the Quantico society; most of the others were young people, "that were tender as lambs," says Mr. Garrettson. There have been many valuable Methodists about Quantico and Salisbury of this Ryder family.

On Mr. Garrettson's first visit to Broad Creek, the wife of Mr. Nellum, a merchant of Salisbury, was powerfully awakened. Through this family, he was brought to Salisbury, in Somerset county, where the Lord began a good work, through his labors, in November, 1778, and a Methodist society was raised up, which still exists. Here the enemy rallied his forces; the sheriff served a writ upon him, but, when Mr. Garrettson showed him the consequences of stopping a herald of the Saviour, he was afraid to proceed; and Mr. G. went to his next appointment, where the enemies of truth were shaken by the power of God. The following year, when he returned to this place to preach, the mob—made of what was called the first people of the county—sent one of their members as a spy, to give information of the best time to take him. This spy sat near the preacher until his heart was touched, and he wept freely. He returned to his company, and told them that he had heard the truth preached, and if they touched the preacher he would enforce the law against them. After this, there was but little violent opposition to Methodist preachers at Salisbury, in Maryland.

In September of this year, Mr. Freeborn Garrettson attended the funeral of his brother, John Garrettson.

The death of Mr. John Garrettson had this remarkable circumstance attending it, that it was previously known to him. He took final leave of his brother Freeborn two weeks before he died, telling him, "I shall never see you again in this world." It was even so; before his brother reached that part of the circuit, he was dead and buried. The last night that he lived, his wife, inquiring of the doctor in a low tone of voice, how long he thought her husband would live? The doctor replied that he could not last until morning. He, overhear-



ing the conversation replied, "Doctor, I shall not go till eight o'clock in the morning;" at which hour he died. His intellectual faculties remained to the last; and his last hours were spent in exhorting his wife, and his brother Richard Garrettson, who lived with him and afterwards became a travelling preacher, to stand fast and hold out to the end. To his two unconverted brothers, Thomas and Aquila, who lived on the Western Shore, he sent word that he never expected to see them in heaven unless they repented and gave their hearts to the Lord. This message had the desired effect; they both, soon after they received it, sought and found the Lord. Mr. John Garrettson had been very useful in the neighborhood where he lived, having had charge of three classes, and spent most of his time in the service of the Methodists, meeting classes, and in visiting from house to house. He died a witness of perfect love.

He had married a pious young lady in Cecil county, in 1775, where he continued to live; and at his death, "was interred on the east side of the preaching-house." At that time, it seems, there were no Methodist societies in the county but those in Sassafras Neck, and Bohemia Manor. This "preaching-house" must have been either the old Johntown house in the Neck, or Bethesda on the Manor.

Whichever it was, we conclude that Mr. John Garrettson, who it seems was buried near it, had been its founder, between 1775 and 1778; and that it was the second preaching-house the Methodists had on this shore.

The day after the funeral, Mr. Garrettson was instrumental in saving the life of one, who, fearing that his day of grace was past, had ascended a tree, and was about to hang himself.

Among those who were brought to God this year under the ministry of Mr. Garrettson, was Dr. Anderson, of Kent county, Md., who was long an ornament of Methodism; also, the daughter of parson Harriss, of Chestertown, who was the wife of Dr. Ridgley, of Delaware. In Queen Anne's county, Mr. Segar, who was a pillar in his day; also, Messrs. Sudler and Fediman.

In November, 1778, on a quarterly meeting occasion in Talbot county, about fifteen persons met to hold a prayer-meeting at Mr. Parrot's the night after quarterly meeting ended. Mr. Garrettson was assisted at this meeting by Mr. Hartley, and his brother Richard Garrettson. This was a powerful meeting, and lasted six hours—ending at two o'clock in the morning. Five souls—Dr. White, his two sisters, and

two other young ladies—were set at liberty. Some time after this, Dr. White removed from Kent county, Delaware, to Dorchester, in Maryland. He was settled in Cambridge in 1799, where he continued to reside until his death. He was a pillar among the Methodists, both in Delaware and in Maryland. We spent a night with the doctor in 1823. When we arrived at his house we found him apparently under the hypochondria, and wished ourselves away; but during the night he slept it off, and in the morning he could shake his fat sides with a laugh, and we never conversed with a pleasanter Christian, or a finer old gentleman. He lived to a good old age.

Dr. White had a brother, whose name was John, who had been a great persecutor of the Methodists while in health. In the fall of 1778 he sickened, and became very penitent, begging the prayers of the Methodists whom he had despised. Mr. Garrettson visited him, and frequently prayed with him in his illness. Before he died the Lord set his soul at liberty during prayer in his family, when he testified that the love of God was shed abroad in his soul, and that he was ready and willing to die. Mr. Garrettson preached his funeral to a large and much affected audience.

Another brother of Dr. White, was called Samuel. At one time he lived in Dover; he also was a Methodist. Some of his descendants are in Philadelphia.

While Mr. Garrettson was planting Methodism in Somerset, Sussex, and Kent counties, and Mr. Asbury and others were watering it, Mr. Turner, a local preacher, came from New Jersey in 1778 into New Castle county, and was the first Methodist preacher in Appoquinimink above Duck Creek. Among others that were awakened under him, was Lewis Alfree, who, from a great sinner, came out a useful Methodist preacher. At his house, near Field's Corner, there was preaching and a society was formed; from here Methodism spread to Blackiston's, Thoroughfare Neck, Duck Creek Cross-roads, Severson's, and Dickinson's or Union.

After this, Turner returned to Jersey to his family to settle his business, intending after a while to become a travelling preacher. As there was a pressing necessity for his services in the work immediately, Brother Ruff, who was preaching in Jersey at this time, urged him to go at once into the regular work on the circuit; using this argument, "Suppose you knew that you had but two weeks to live, would you not spend them in preaching on the circuit—laboring daily to bring sinners to Christ?" Turner replied, "Yes." By the

time Brother Ruff came round to his neighborhood, two weeks after this conversation, Brother Turner was dead of the small-pox.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

SOME ten or twelve new laborers entered into the itinerant life in 1778. The Minutes of 1779 return Robert Cloud as desisting from travelling, which implies that he was itinerating in 1778. He was raised in Newcastle county, Delaware, above Wilmington. Mr. Robert Cloud appears to have been the second Methodist itinerant from the state of Delaware. He re-entered the work again in 1785.

Two whose names are found in the Minutes this year, namely, Richard Ogburn, a Virginian, and Daniel Duvall, continued in the work but one year.

John Beck itinerated two years.

William Moore was irregularly in the work for about three years. We are led to think that he was the same as Mr. William Moore, the first man of note that joined the Methodists in Baltimore.

Philip Adams, probably a Virginian, continued to travel and preach until 1781, when he was called by death to receive his reward.

John Atkins travelled about four years.

Mr. James O'Kelly was first known personally to Mr. Asbury in 1780. He was then a warm-hearted Christian, and a zealous preacher—he would rise at midnight and pour out his soul in prayer, crying, "Give me children, or I die." He was ordained elder at the organization of the Church in 1784. For several years he filled high stations in the Church—acting as elder at the head of a district—he was useful and had much influence. He was a member of the first council, that met in 1789. In 1790 he addressed a letter to Mr. Asbury, complaining of his power, and bidding him halt in his episcopal career for one year, or he would have to use his influence against him. In 1792, at the first General Conference, Mr. O'Kelly moved a resolution, "That if any preacher felt himself aggrieved or oppressed by the appointment made by the bishop, he should have the privilege of appealing to the Conference, which should consider and finally determine the matter"—this resolution was lost—

whereupon he withdrew from the M. E. Church and formed a connection that was called "Republican Methodists." This was the first secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the Southern District of Virginia, Mr. O'Kelly had considerable influence, and here he and his followers produced much confusion among the Methodists, but never spread very far over the country; and, at this day, they are known only in history. Mr. Asbury had his last interview with Mr. O'Kelly in Winchester, Va., in 1802. They met in peace, asked of each other's welfare, prayed together, and parted in peace.

Of the preachers that were influenced by Mr. O'Kelly's views of church government, and the power that a Methodist Bishop should possess, the Rev. William M'Kendree was one, who sent his resignation in writing to Mr. Asbury in 1792. But, as the District Conference agreed to let the displeased preachers continue to preach among the Methodists, provided they were quiet, and would not excite division, Mr. M'Kendree soon became convalescent, and sixteen years after this was elected and ordained a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. Richard Ivy was a native of Sussex county, Virginia. In 1782, he was preaching in West Jersey, where, as the Rev. Thomas Ware informs us, a company of American soldiers with their officers came to one of his appointments to arrest him. The officers crossed their swords on the table on which he rested his hymn-book and Bible, behind which he stood to preach, and before it they were seated to learn whether he was a friend to his country or not. Before he ended his discourse, he opened his bosom with his hands, and addressed them thus: "Sirs, I would fain show you my heart. If it beats not high for legitimate liberty, may it ever cease to beat." Such was the power of his appeal that the officers hung their heads and trembled—the Methodists sobbed and cried amen—and the soldiers in the yard swung their hats and huzzaed for the Methodist parson. The victory was on the Lord's side. When the Church was organized, he was one of the original elders. As a Methodist preacher he was known from Jersey to Georgia. He possessed quick and solid parts—was a holy, self-denying Christian that lived to be useful. Much of the eighteen years that he was in the work, he acted as an elder at the head of a district. He located in 1794, to take care of his aged mother, and died in peace in 1795.

Mr. John Major was a Virginian—a Christian full of faith

and the Holy Ghost. As a preacher he was armed with the force of feeling and the power of tears, and his hearers were constrained to acknowledge that, "The melted is the melting heart." He often wept from the beginning to the ending of his discourses, and was known in his day as the "Weeping Prophet;" and, although his abilities as an expounder of the Word were not great, yet such was the power of his soul over his hearers, that his usefulness was seldom equalled: by speaking for a few minutes he often produced a happier effect than others by their most intellectual, lengthy, and labored efforts. His voice was frequently lost in the cries of his deeply affected hearers. Those who made no pretensions to religion loved this good man almost as much as the Methodists themselves. He was among the first missionaries that the Methodists sent to Georgia. After ten years of usefulness in the itinerancy he died a witness of perfect love in 1788; and was interred at Brother Herbert's, above Augusta. After he was buried, a poor sinner was standing at his grave, looking on and reflecting, and thought that he heard the voice of God calling him through the medium of Brother Major to repentance—he was awakened and obtained religion. "He being dead yet speaketh."

Mr. Henry Willis was born in Brunswick county, Va. His natural and acquired abilities were of a high order. Well satisfied that the Lord Jesus Christ had called him to the work of the ministry, he felt it incumbent on him to continue in it, as his health and strength permitted, until death. He was the first preacher that Mr. Asbury ordained deacon and elder, after he was set apart to the Episcopal office; he was ordained in Virginia, soon after the Christmas Conference, as Mr. Asbury was journeying to the South—having been elected to these offices at the Conference, at which he was not present. In confirming these orders, the bishop had a choice subject on which to commence the laying on of hands; no preacher stood higher in Mr. Asbury's estimation than Henry Willis.

He accompanied Mr. Asbury to Charleston, S. C., and assisted in introducing Methodism into that wicked place. Mr. Asbury left him in charge of a division of the work. He was regarded by the heads of the Church as a great man of God, who was known and honored throughout the Methodist connection. In 1790, his health having failed so far as to unfit him for the duties of a travelling preacher, he came to Philadelphia, to go into business; but he did not remain many years in this city. In 1791 he stands in the Minutes

as stationed in charge of Philadelphia. The same in 1792. In 1793 he was associated with Mr. Dickins, in the book business, in this city. He lingered on for several years, sometimes apparently near death, and then reviving again, supported by Christian fortitude: while the happiness of his soul beamed forth in his open, smiling countenance. In 1801 he was settled at Pipe Creek, the original spot of Methodism. Here he remained till the early part of 1808, when, with unshaken confidence in God, and triumphant faith in the Saviour, he left the world. The first time that Bishop Asbury was at Pipe Creek, after his death, he walked to his grave, as he was accustomed to do, when he could no more look upon those he ardently loved, and uttered the following soliloquy over his sleeping remains:—"Henry Willis, ah! when shall I look upon thy like again? Rest, man of God! Thy quiet dust is not called to the labor of riding five thousand miles in eight months—to meet ten Conferences, from Maine to Cayuga—to the Mississippi, to Cape Fear. Thou wilt not labor, and plan the stations of seven hundred preachers, nor attend camp-meetings, and take part, daily, in the ministration of the Word, and consume the hours that ought to be devoted to sleep, in writing letter upon letter."

At the Conference of 1778, Mr. Philip Gatch took a location. When he went to Virginia, persecution did not rage to the same extent, but his health soon failed, from excessive labor and exposure to the open air, in field preaching; so that at the Conference, in 1778, he received no appointment; and Jan. 14, 1778, he was married to Elizabeth Smith, of Powhatan county, daughter of Thomas Smith. She, with her father's family, was the first fruits of the reformation in Virginia. Though he received no regular appointment after this time, he had the superintendence of some of the circuits in the vicinity of his residence, and spent a considerable time in travelling and preaching at large, until the stability of the work, and the cares of his family, reconciled his mind to a more circumscribed sphere.

When the controversy arose which led to the present organization of the Church, he was one of three who superintended the southern part of the work, and to whom the present state of things in part is to be attributed; Reuben Ellis and John Dickins were the other two. He was the mover and vindicator of the rule for trying members by a committee; and from his labors in the business department, and in the pulpit, it may be said, he bore the burden and heat of the day.

Four of the preachers who entered the itinerancy this year, were preachers of note. John Major was universally beloved and useful—remarkable for tenderness and tears. Richard Joy stood high as a Christian, and as a preacher. Henry Willis was unequalled, in the judgment of high authority. James O'Kelly was a warm Southern man, and a warm, zealous preacher, that acquired great influence in the South. He did much good, while he continued in the ranks with Asbury; and when he withdrew, he used his influence to raise a party, and for a while he had success; but, as little trees cannot prosper in the shade of large ones, Mr. O'Kelly's plant withered away, in the shade of the older and stouter Methodist Episcopal tree.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN the beginning of the year 1779, Mr. Asbury went into a little circuit that had just been formed in the eastern side of Kent county, reaching from Mispillion to Duck Creek. After preaching at Mr. Lewis's, Mr. Boyer's, Dover, Hilliard's, Richard Shaw's, William Thomas's, and Widow Jackson's, he held quarterly meeting at Mr. Shaw's. At this meeting there was much feeling, and many were seeking the Saviour.

About this time, Mr. Asbury heard some agreeable news; which, probably, was, "That a letter which he wrote to Mr. Rankin in 1777, in which he gave it as his opinion that the Americans would become a free and independent nation, and that he was too much knit in affection to many of them to leave them; and that Methodist preachers had a great work to do under God, in this country," had fallen into the hands of the American officers, and had produced a great change in their opinions and feelings towards him. His excellency, Cæsar Rodney, Governor of Delaware, aware of this, was quite favorable to him and the Methodists.

The 1st of April, 1779, Mr. Garrettson was led by Divine Providence into the region of the Cypress Swamp, in Sussex county, Delaware, to a place called the Sound. After preaching five or six sermons, that were as a hammer and a fire, to break and melt the hearts of the people, he read and explained the rules of the Methodists; and examined and

admitted about forty weeping penitents into a society, which has continued ever since. The people were so much interested in hearing him preach, that they came ten and twelve miles on foot, and followed him to his lodgings, asking, "What must I do to be saved?" Here, opposition to Methodism pursued a milder course than at some other places; a man set up a reading society, to read the people into experimental Christianity; but he was soon so thoroughly awakened, that he dropped his opposition, and joined the Methodists. The church people hired one of their ministers to preach them down; after he had preached one sermon, he met with Mr. Garrettson, from whom he learned what Methodism was; whereupon, he threw up his contract, and never preached against them any more.

About this time, Mr. Garrettson wandered about one whole day, seeking an opening for the word, and found himself lost in the Cypress Swamp. As he was about to take up his lodgings on the ground, the night being dark and wet, he saw a light at a distance, and making for it, found a house, where he was sheltered. His host, observing him closely, and possibly suspecting that he might be entertaining an angel, asked him, "What are you, or who are you? for I am sure I never saw such a man as you appear to be;" and was answered, "I am a follower of our blessed Saviour." They then united in the worship of God, and retired to rest. The woman of the house had passed through a strange affliction; for thirteen days she neither ate nor drank. Many people came to see her die, when suddenly she rose up in bed, and said, "You thought that mine was a disorder of the body; but it was not, now I know that my Maker loves me." She declared that she "loved the Lord, prayed always, knew what kind of death she was to die, and that she would go to heaven when she died; that she knew that Mr. Garrettson was a man of God, one whom the Lord had sent to reform the world." She was a very serious woman, and appeared to be sensibly in the favor of God.

In many of the newly settled portions of America, the people had heard but little preaching until the Methodist preachers came among them. In some parts of the Peninsula, the people had no religion at all. Mr. Garrettson informs us that he met with a man in the region of the Cypress Swamp, "and asked him if he was acquainted with Jesus Christ. 'Sir,' said he, 'I know not where the gentleman lives.' Lest he should have misunderstood me, I repeated my question, and he answered, 'I know not the man.'"

In these very regions, where there was the greatest destitution of religion, the people were generally the readiest to embrace the Saviour, when the Methodists came among them; and these moral wastes were soon filled with their zealous followers. Mr. Garrettson established several preaching places in this region; such as Grey's, West's, Wood's, and Evans's; and about 1785, the Sound Chapel was founded. It was the third chapel in the county, following White Brown's, in N. W. Fork, and Moore's, in Broad Creek.

The Conference for the Northern Stations was held at Judge White's, April 28, 1779, Mr. Asbury presiding; there was much prayer, love, and harmony, and all the preachers present agreed to walk by the same rule. We may gather from the Minutes that the following preachers attended this Conference:—Francis Asbury, William Watters, Daniel Ruff, John Cooper, Freeborn Garrettson, Joseph Hartley, Thomas M'Clure, Caleb B. Pedicord, William Gill, Thomas S. Chew, Joseph Cromwell, Philip Cox, Joshua Dudley, Lewis Alfree, Richard Garrettson, and Micajah Debruler.

It was held for the convenience of the preachers in the North, to give all an opportunity of meeting in Conference, and was considered as preparatory to the Conference in Virginia, that was held at the Broken-back Church in Fluvanna county, May 18, 1779. The Rev. William Watters was sent from the Delaware Conference to represent its sentiments in the Virginia Conference. The question of administering the ordinances, that had been laid over at the Deer Creek Conference in 1777, and also laid over at the Leesburg Conference in 1778, came up, and after discussion, was carried in the affirmative at the Fluvanna Conference. As "hope deferred makes the heart sick," these brethren, seeing no prospect in the darkness of surrounding circumstances of obtaining them from Mr. Wesley, went to work to help themselves. They set apart some of their oldest preachers to travel through the work in Virginia and North Carolina, and administer the ordinances of baptism and the eucharist, and perform the marriage ceremony. These brethren had nothing in view in the course they pursued, but the good of the people that had been brought to God under their ministry; and who greatly desired to receive the ordinances from their spiritual guides. The measure, however, was regarded by Mr. Asbury, and all that agreed with him, as an innovation of Methodism, and it lasted but one year; for at their next Conference they agreed to suspend them for a year; and

consulted Mr. Wesley, by whose judgment they would abide; they were not resumed again till Dr. Coke came in 1784.

On the Minutes of 1779, Mitichen, which was, probably, in New Jersey, near Newark, appears as a new circuit. On the Peninsula, Delaware. In Virginia, Mecklenbury substitutes Lunenburg. In North Carolina, New Hope and Tar River. Philadelphia was coupled with New Jersey, and Chester circuit was restored to the Minutes. There were 19 circuits, on which 44 preachers were stationed. There were a few Methodists in New York, who were not returned this year. For New Jersey, the return was 140 members; for Pennsylvania, 179; for Delaware, 795; Maryland, nearly 1900; Virginia, nearly 3800; and for North Carolina, about 1500; making a total of about 8300; the increase was more than 3000. The greatest prosperity during the Conference year of 1778, was on the Peninsula, and in North Carolina.

In the Minutes of 1779, Mr. Asbury stands for Delaware, having for his colleagues, C. B. Pedicord, Freeborn Garrettson, Lewis Alfree, and Micajah Debruler.

In May, 1779, a great work commenced in the region of St. Johnstown, in Sussex county, on the occasion of the death of a young man, whose name was John Laws. In his sickness he was made acquainted with the nature of true religion, and his experience and testimony wrought powerfully on his family and neighbors, who had never heard from a dying man such "burning words" of victory, or seen such triumph over death, as he exhibited. Many were influenced by his exhortations to reform their lives and seek the Lord. Mr. Asbury had visited him in his sickness, and had been instrumental in his conversion to God, and preached his funeral to about a thousand people. Preaching was continued at William Laws', where a society was raised up this year, which is still represented at St. Johnstown:—here the Methodists built a chapel six or eight years after this.

In June, 1779, Mr. Asbury went into New Castle county; and for the first time preached at Lewis Alfree's, who was one of his colleagues. The remainder of this year was spent by Mr. Asbury in preaching in the state of Delaware. As he was considerably afflicted, he, in company with Mr. Alfree, paid one or two visits to Lewistown and the seashore for the purpose of bathing, which he found of great benefit.

A Mr. Wolf, at Lewistown; Delaware, had given Mr. Garrettson an invitation to come among them, and met him about Mispillion, and conducted him to his house. The people between Slaughter Neck and Lewistown had never seen a

Methodist preacher, and had some curiosity as to his genus. On the 6th of July, 1779, knowing that one was to pass through that region, they had an opportunity of seeing one. As Mr. Garrettson passed their door, some said, "There he is." Others said, "O, he is like another man." Arriving in Lewistown, he began to preach in Mr. Wolf's house. Soon his brother, J. Wolf, came with a gun and drum; and after beating his drum, he seemed to be pointing his gun to shoot the preacher. The female part of the congregation was alarmed, and Mr. Garrettson stopped preaching. Soon the town-squire came and ordered the persecutor to retire, under a threat of imprisonment, and the sermon was finished. The court-house being offered, Mr. Garrettson went there to preach; but was followed by Wolf,\* backed by others, who made up great fires to drive the people away by heat. Failing in this, he rang a bell through the house to drown the speaker's voice; a large private room being offered, the people retired to it, and the discourse was finished there.

This was not all the opposition the Methodists met with at Lewistown. The Presbyterian minister who heard Mr. Garrettson's first sermon there, told some of the people, that he held forth nineteen errors. It appears, that he proclaimed a fast to find out who commissioned Methodist preachers; and made the discovery, that they were not "sent and ordained of God," and, therefore, must be sent by the devil. But, notwithstanding this opposition from the wicked, and from the ministers, the people searched their Bibles, and found that the Methodists preached Bible-truth, and many of them believed, and a society was raised up that still continues. It was more than twenty strong in number, in about one year's time.

On the following Sabbath Mr. Garrettson preached in Lewistown; and went to preach by the side of a river, where the wicked threatened to drown him. But no one molested him. Going to another appointment he was overtaken by a man in soldier's dress, armed with a club, who said he had come twenty miles to defend him. Having heard Mr. Garrettson preach at some other place, and believing his doctrine, he declared his readiness to go with him a thousand miles to protect him.

\* It appears that Heaven's frown rested upon him: he lost all his property and ended his days in the almshouse of the county. His wife lived and died a good Methodist; and his son, who for many years kept an excellent hotel in Wilmington, Delaware, was as kind to Methodist preachers as his father was hostile to them.

Mr. Garrettson spent several days preaching in the forest of Sussex county, and the Lord awakened many by his ministry. The next Methodist preacher that travelled over this ground, was the lovely Pedicord; and, whether the "Lord," or the "devil" sent them, there has been a succession of them, till the present time.

Mr. Garrettson next returned to the Forks, and preached at a house in the edge of Dorchester county, to a large congregation, and continued his discourse two or three hours; for the Lord was working powerfully among the people. After he had concluded, a magistrate made an attempt to send him to jail. The sheriff came with his writ; but Mr. Garrettson looking him in the face, let him know he was "going on the Lord's errand," and what the consequence would be to him, if he persisted in fighting against God. While the sheriff was listening to him his countenance fell, and he replied, "It is a pity to stop you," and Mr. Garrettson went on his way.

It was in 1779 that he performed that successful Sabbath-day's labor recorded on the 91st page of his Life. "He preached in Dover a little after sunrise. At nine, to hundreds who stood and sat under the trees at Brother Boyer's, where God's power was greatly displayed. At one o'clock, to a listening multitude under the trees in Murder-kill. His fourth sermon was preached at Brother Williams's, in Mispillion, where he seemed to have greater liberty than at either of the other places. A Quaker preacher, who heard this last discourse, said that he 'spoke by the Spirit, if ever man did.' But on hearing that it was his fourth sermon that day, said he 'was a deceiver, for it was nothing but will-worship.' He spake six hours in delivering the four sermons; and scarcely felt any fatigue, though he had taken only a little milk and water for nourishment. It seemed that thousands were flocking to Jesus." There is one individual (and probably but one) still living who heard these four discourses, seventy-five years ago—and that is Judge Davis, of Smyrna.

Since the above was written Mr. Isaac Davis has died, aged ninety-two or three years. He was connected with the Methodists between seventy and eighty years. He was kind in his house; and abounded in good sense and in this world's goods.

During this year, in North-west Fork, Sussex county, Del., Mr. Garrettson came to Mr. Brown's to preach on Sunday. All the morning he was harassed by the enemy—

the Bible seemed too small to afford him a text—a large congregation assembled, to whom he preached with great liberty and effect under the trees. A brother of White Brown was at this meeting; and in the afternoon, as Mr. Garrettson and about thirty of his friends were going to Mr. Turpin's to meeting, this man, urged on by the sons of Belial, who were with him, waylaid and presented a loaded gun at him, and ordered him to stop. The company, many of whom were women, were off of their horses in an instant. Brown's sister being in the company, seized the gun and arrested him in his evil course. This wicked man, soon after this, became a penitent, and joined the Methodist society.

In 1779, Mr. Hartley, being shut up in jail in Easton, during the months of August and September, saw the arm of the Lord made bare in that town, in raising up a Methodist society: this fixes the date of Methodism in Easton. He was kept in confinement almost three months. While in prison he preached through the grates of the windows to the people who assembled around the jail. Many were awakened, and brought to seek the Lord; thus was a Methodist society raised up at Easton, which still continues. At first, no doubt, the people came to his prison through curiosity, to see one of those wonderful men that were turning the world upside down, when he seized the opportunity and preached unto them Jesus. But it very soon became a custom for those who wished to hear, and who were under concern for their souls, to assemble daily, to receive instructions from him, as to how they could be saved. His enemies seeing that they were furthering the cause, they wished to arrest; and fearing he would convert the whole town and country, took bail of him and discharged him. The magistrate that committed him to jail was taken sick unto death, and sent to the prison for him to come and pray with and for him; and made this confession "When I sent you to jail I was fighting against God; my conscience told me I was doing wrong, and now I am about to leave the world, pray for me." To the bystanders he said, "Do not think that I am out of my senses, or ignorant of what I am saying. This is a servant of God, and I request that he may preach my funeral, for he preaches the true faith." He then requested his wife and children to embrace Methodism; and desired Mr. Hartley to take charge of his family. As this man evidently died a true penitent, making all the restitution he could for the wrong which he had done; and had he lived, would, in all likelihood, have become a Method-

ist; we will, therefore, hope that he and Mr. Hartley have long since met in a happier world.

Soon after Mr. Hartley came out of jail he married a pious young lady of Talbot county. After preaching for a short time in Delaware state, he located in 1781, and settled in Talbot county, near the bay-side. Mr. Asbury observed of him, "I find the care of a wife begins to humble my young friend, and makes him very teachable; I have thought he always carried great sail; but he will have ballast now." Mr. Asbury preached at his house in 1783. Mr. Garrettson says, "He did not live long after he located—was an excellent preacher, very useful, and went to glory when he died." He was buried in Talbot county, Md.

During the first age of American Methodism, the Quarterly Meeting was the great meeting. It attracted the Methodists from a distance; and was looked to as a season of uncommon spiritual benefit; and often did they realize in these meetings their highest expectations. At one of these meetings held this year near Dover, probably at Mr. Shaw's, there were said to be present six or seven hundred people, from Somerset, Sussex, Caroline, Queen Anne's, Kent, and New Castle counties, and some from Philadelphia,—a distance of seventy-five miles. When camp meetings came up, they were the great meetings: they sunk the character of quarterly meetings; and they, in turn, were sunk by four days and protracted meetings; and now, the Methodists have no meetings that attract and interest the people as the above-named did.

It was during this year Mr. Asbury's acquaintance began with Dr. M'Gaw. There was friendship and intimacy between them as long as they both lived. Both Messrs. Asbury and Garrettson speak in the highest terms of the good service the Doctor rendered them, and the cause of Methodism. Through Mr. M'Gaw's friendship, some of the preachers gained access to a number of families that became Methodists. Soon after this the Doctor became Rector of St. Paul's Church in Philadelphia. The first Sabbath that Dr. Coke spent in America, he preached once for Dr. M'Gaw, at St. Paul's, and once at St. George's. When Bishop Coke and Bishop Asbury preached in this city, the Doctor was generally one of the hearers.

On a quarterly meeting occasion this year in Dr. Edward White's barn, attended by Messrs. Asbury, Garrettson, Ruff, Hartley, and M'Clure, there were present, also, three cerymen, Mr. Neal, Dr. M'Gaw, of Dover, and

parson Thorn of the old church that stood north of Milford, aiding the Methodists in friendship. Just as this meeting closed, Dr. White's son, a boy six years old, fell into the well, but was mercifully preserved from falling head foremost by his sister. When he reached the water he clung to the sides of the well until his father went down and brought him up with thanksgiving.

In 1779, a chapel was erected and opened for worship by Dr. M'Gaw, the minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church at Dover. It was called the "Forest Chapel," and was the first meeting-house that the Methodists had in Delaware state. It was afterwards called "Thomas's Chapel."

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

In the fall of this year, Mr. Garrettson came to Philadelphia to resuscitate Methodism, after the British army had left it. After laboring from August to October in the city, being succeeded by Mr. Cox, he visited Chester Circuit; and then went to New Jersey, where he rejoiced over some remarkable conversions: one was a man one hundred and one years old; the other was Achsah Borden, who was raised a Friend, was very serious, and read the Bible much while she was young. One day, while reading and meditating, a flood of heavenly light and comfort flowed into her soul, and she cried out, "Sweet Jesus;" and felt that Christ was her Saviour. Her friends fearing that her great seriousness would end in melancholy, gathered their friends together, and with the fiddle and dancing, endeavored to rouse her out of her seriousness. She was prevailed upon to go into sinful amusements, until she was *galvanized* into gay life. But, remembering her former happiness, a deep gloom soon came over her soul; and her speech failed her, and she spoke in broken accents with difficulty, and soon lost all power of speech, and a dumb spirit seemed to possess her. She concluded that it was wrong for her to dress herself, or do any kind of work, or even turn over a leaf of a book that was given her to read. Her family kept her locked up in a room, removing every instrument by which she might destroy herself, which, however, she was not tempted to do. It was impressed on her mind that there was a people, about thirteen miles off, in

New Mills, that prayed much and served the Lord; and if she could be among them, they would be the means of restoring her speech. By signs she made this known to her relations. An attempt was made to find out this people, which did not succeed. A second attempt was successful. Mr. Ruff being present, called a meeting, believing that God would cast out the dumb spirit. Prayer was made to God for part of three days, when the Saviour's love was shed abroad in her heart; and, after having been dumb for two years, her tongue was loosed, and she spake and praised God.

It is said that this took place in the house of Mr. William Budd, of New Mills; and when Mrs. Budd, who was nursing her infant, heard Achsah (who had not spoken for two years) speak, it so much surprised and shocked her, that she came near dropping the child on the floor or hearth.

The grandson of Mr. William Budd, named above (of the same name), who was a leading member of the Union M. E. Church in this city, assured us that he had heard his mother vouch the main facts in Achsah Borden's case, and the place where they occurred.

About this time Mr. Garrettson came to New Mills. He, with a number of Methodists, accompanied the young woman to her mother's, and were received as angels. Mr. Garrettson preached on the occasion, and was listened to as though he had been an apostle. Many were affected by looking at the heavenly countenance of Achsah, who was now able to speak and work, and was happy in a Saviour's love. Some were ready to conclude that the Methodists could almost work miracles. Miss Borden's mother lived near Bordentown, and the sermon that Mr. Garrettson preached with such effect, when he accompanied her to her mother's, was the first Methodist preaching in the place. See his Life, pp. 97, 98.

While Methodism was thus enlarging on the peninsula, and in other places south and west, it was also making some progress in Jersey. Though this part of the work was not much attended to by the travelling preachers, while the hostile armies were contending with each other here; there were a few local preachers doing what they could. At the head of these stood the Rev. Benjamin Abbott, who, for the sixteen years that he sustained that relation to Methodism, was, probably, the most available that the Methodists ever had. He had seen the arm of the Lord revealed under his ministry in the conversion of all sorts of people; placid Friends found a more spiritual religion than that in which they had



been trained; those who had danced to the sound of the violin, had experienced the love of Christ, which "danced their hearts for joy;" the inebriate had been brought to beg for mercy on his knees; and the bigoted Papist, in whose "fiery soul deaths wandered like shadows," had been changed into the gentleness of the lamb.

It seems to have been in the year 1779, that Mr. Abbott made his first preaching tour in Jersey. The great work that was going on under his ministry in Mannington, induced the Methodists of New Mills to invite him to their place; here the people, for the first time, saw the great effects that his preaching produced in prostrating the people. This new development alarmed them at first, but when they saw the slain revive as witnesses of God, they rejoiced in it. The town became alarmed with the exultations of some who found the Lord. From New Mills he went some miles, and preached with great success in a Presbyterian church. Many were awakened, and about twelve were born again. One of the deacons of the church was regenerated, and became a Methodist. A very profane young man, who was called "swearing Jack," was awakened, and became a Christian. A number of Indians being present, were greatly affected; these were, probably, the descendants of those for whom Mr. Brainard had labored.

After having a profitable meeting at Turnip Hill, and spending some time in conversation and prayer with a family, which resulted in the conversion of a soul to God, he went to his appointment and preached; after which he came to Trenton, where he held meeting in the Presbyterian church, as the army was occupying the Methodist chapel as a stable. This is the first notice we meet with of the Methodists having a place of worship in Trenton.

He next went among his relations, where his conversation and prayers were owned in bringing some of them to the Saviour. His next appointment was at S. F.'s; this was, probably, at Brother Fiddler's, an old Methodist family in Jersey. Here he had a powerful meeting. A captain, who came with his soldiers to arrest Mr. Abbott, was so powerfully arrested by the Spirit of God, as to cry for mercy. After six weeks of deep distress, during which his friends watched him that he might not destroy himself, he became a happy Christian.

At his next meeting one soul was brought into gospel liberty. A Quaker woman from Pennsylvania had come to this meeting from a dream that she had the night before,

that two doves would lead her to a spring as clear as crystal, where she might drink her fill. She was awakened, and after three days of deep distress, was privileged to drink of the water that is not followed by thirst of creature happiness. Mr. Abbott saw this spiritual daughter of his sixteen years after this, and found her on the way to heaven.

He next addressed a large congregation in a meeting-house, probably Hopewell, that had been erected by the disciples of Mr. Whitefield, called "Newlights," and stood about nine miles from Trenton. Being among his relations he spent a day in conversing on the happy change that he had experienced, and recommending the same religion to them; nor was it without a salutary effect—many tears were shed, and some of them were made to taste the sweets of Jesus' love. An aunt of his was convinced that she ought to join the Methodist society by the shining of a glorious light around her, as she was going home from meeting one dark night.

His enemies having threatened to tar and feather him, some advised him not to go to his next appointment. Undismayed by the threats of the wicked, he went, and met a large congregation, and no one offered to do violence to him. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Abundance of tears were shed—some professed justification, and many were stirred up to seek, by repentance, prayer, and faith, a saving interest in Christ.

He ended his labors on this visitation by preaching at New Mills, where the people came out by hundreds to hear this extraordinary messenger of truth preach his farewell sermon. As the fruit of this last discourse, sixteen were justified and two professed to receive the blessing of perfect love. During this tour of about two weeks in Mercer and Burlington counties, his efforts had been crowned with the conversion of nearly forty individuals to the Saviour, while a few had professed the blessing of the all-cleansing blood of Christ, and a multitude had been awakened to see and feel their danger of eternal death in consequence of sin, and of their absolute need of a saving interest in the Redeemer, in order to a state of everlasting happiness with God in heaven.

Many ministers of the gospel cannot shock up as many sheaves at the end of the year as Mr. Abbott had from this round of two weeks: we may say more—the immediate and mediate results of one of his discourses were often more availing to the salvation of sinners, than the lifetime preaching of many a so-called minister of the gospel.

The following lines on Mr. Abbott, from the pen of the

naturally aimable disposition shone with increased lustre from the graces of the spirit which dwelt in her soul. Equally free from elation, from success or discouragement, from disappointment, with a well balanced soul she held on the even tenor of her way, conforming her life to that pure Christianity, taught her by the Bible, and its exposition by her spiritual guides. Mrs. Rebecca Sterling survived her husband for several years; and, after more than sixty years of profession and practice of religion among the Methodists, she calmly met death in her 81st year; leaving every assurance to her relations and friends, that her soul was with the Lord. With many of the first race of Methodists, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling's remains repose in Burlington, New Jersey.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE work was also enlarging in Pennsylvania, and Methodism was introduced into Lancaster and Berks county.

About 1779, the Methodist preachers were sent for, to preach to and take charge of the remnant of Demour's flock in the edge of Berks county. To what sect of Christians Demour belonged we never knew. It is said that "he was a disciple of good Mr. Evans, and died a martyr to labor and loud speaking, having preached the last day of his life." Our best conjecture is that he was a New Light, or one of Mr. Whitefield's followers. After his death his people began to melt away through neglect, until the labors of the Methodists revived them. This appointment, which for several years belonged to Chester Circuit, has been called "Old Forest." The little old Stone Chapel was built about 1773. When this church was annexed to the Methodists there were two members, Abraham Lewis and Joseph Kerberry, that were men of note in the community.

This chapel, in 1858, was succeeded by a new edifice of modern style and appearance. The old house was deeded to the Methodists in 1780; and after it had stood eighty-five years it gave place to the new one.

About the same time, a remarkable work commenced in Lancaster county among the Mennonists, which brought the Methodist preachers to Soudersburg, Father Beam's, and some other places. This work began in the following way:

Mr. Martin Beam was chosen by the Mennonists, to whom he belonged, before he was converted to God, to be their preacher. Their way of making a preacher is—"To assemble together and make a ballot; then, taking three or more of those who have the largest vote, write their names on slips of paper, writing on one slip, 'this is to be the minister;' the slips are then put in a book, perhaps a Bible, when each nominee draws out a slip, and he that draws out the slip on which the writing, 'This is to be the minister,' is—is declared duly chosen." In this way Mr. Beam was made a preacher before he had any intention of preaching. He inquired what he must preach? They told him to preach "repentance and faith." He was much embarrassed, as these preachers often are in their new office; and in the exercise of his function he was awakened and made experimentally acquainted with the Saviour; and now he preached so much repentance and faith that the Mennonists began to wake up to heart-felt religion, accompanied by excitement; and Mr. Beam was disowned by his former ecclesiastical friends; when he, and those that had "obtained like precious faith," came over to the Methodists.

In 1779, Mr. Strawbridge preached at Rev. Martin Beam's.

Mr. Beam's ministry was devoted to those who spoke and best understood the German language. Among these he had much fruit. One of his converts was Peter Allbright, who for several years was a local preacher among the Methodists. At length he concluded that his call was to the Germans exclusively; and after he had been instrumental in the conversion of many of them, he was recognised as the head of a sect that was at first called "Allbright Methodists," but have since taken the name of "Evangelical Brethren." Dr. Romer, of Middletown, Pa., translated the Methodist Discipline into German for their use. Mr. Allbright lived near New Holland, in Lancaster county. Thus, the Evangelical Brethren may trace their existence through a chain of second causes, back of which was the Author of all good, to that day when the Mennonists met, and by lot which seems to have been "disposed by the Lord," made Martin Beam their minister, with instructions that he should preach "repentance and faith."

He had three or four places where he preached in German: at Rohrer's, on Mill Creek, towards Lancaster; at Stoner's, and another place, besides his own house. There were two Mennonist preachers, who, in after years, labored with Mr. Beam to promote spiritual religion. He fitted up an old

dwelling-house near his home for preaching; and after the Methodists made his house a regular preaching place, and raised up a society, a stone chapel was erected near his dwelling-house, in the latter end of the last century. Two of the early itinerants, William Jessup and Michael H. R. Wilson, are buried there.

For more than an age after the Methodists began to preach at Mr. Beam's, his place was one of the strongholds of Methodism in Pennsylvania. His neighbors who disliked the Methodists asserted, as was often done in that age in reference to many others, that their frequent visits to his house to hold meetings, and putting up with him, would "eat him out of house and home." But he was heard to say on one occasion in love-feast, after quoting the language of these predicants, that so far from their eating him out of house and home, "I find the prayers of the Methodists are good manure for my ground,"—his crops were increasing, and at death he left a good estate.

The great meeting that Mr. Abbott had at Mr. Beam's in 1780, was not the only one that was at this appointment. In 1797, Dr. Chandler had another very remarkable meeting at this place. He had covenanted with the Methodists to abstain from ardent spirits, and meet him at the throne of grace three times a day to pray for a revival. At the quarterly meeting the Methodists assembled by wagonloads. On Saturday Mr. Ware began the meeting by singing, and then attempted to pray; but in two minutes his voice was drowned in the general cry throughout the house, which continued all that day and night; and for the greater part of three days. Many made a profession of religion at this meeting who continued faithful; and many were reclaimed from backsliding. In after years one or two camp meetings were held on his land.

About the time of the great meeting of 1797, some of Mr. Beam's children and grandchildren were brought in among the Methodists, and Mr. Asbury remarked, "Martin Beam is upon wings and springs. His son Henry is greatly led out in public exercises."

Mr. Beam was about thirty-two years in Christian fellowship with the Methodists. He continued to wear his beard at full length: never shaving his chin,—his white locks and fresh countenance gave him a venerable aspect in old age. He lived to be almost ninety years old; and died, suddenly, sometime in March, 1812. Soon after, Bishop Asbury

preached a funeral discourse at his chapel, where he is buried, giving the interesting particulars of his life.

Between them there was the closest intimacy, and the purest friendship, until death. Mr. Asbury was never out of his way when going to his friend Beam's: it was one of his resting-places, where he answered letters, and refitted for his long journeys to the West and South.

For several years past there has been but little preaching, and scarcely a Methodist society at this ancient stand and stronghold of Methodism; but we hope it is beloved for the sake of the "Fathers;" and that its latter end will be as the beginning, and more abundantly glorious on account of religion.

Within the last few years there have been indications of returning prosperity, and we are encouraged to expect that the hope expressed above will be realized.

William Watters attended the Conference at the Broken-back Church, in Fluvanna county, Va., in May, 1779. A majority of the preachers present at this Conference determined to introduce the ordinances of the gospel among the Methodists, a committee was appointed to ordain each other, and then all the others that favored the measure. Mr. Watters, with a small minority, dissented, and took their stations north of the Potomac. This year he was stationed in Baltimore Circuit, having T. S. Chew, and Wm. Adams, his brother-in-law, for colleagues. He labored successfully here for six months. At the fall quarterly meeting, held in his brother's house, at Deer Creek, the first sermon was preached by the Rev. Wm. Moore, of Baltimore, who pressed sanctification on the Methodists with such effect, that in the love-feast that followed, he observes, "Never did I hear such experiences before; our eyes overflowed with tears, and our hearts with love." The latter half of this Conference year he spent in Frederick Circuit. This was the "cold winter" of 1780, as it was long called, in which Mr. Watters, and all that had to travel, suffered much. During this winter, his brother-in-law, Wm. Adams, who had just entered the itinerancy, died, before he was twenty-one years old. He had lived a holy life, and died a happy death.

Mr. William Duke, it appears, was raised in the Church of England; and when the Methodists came about, as they were very friendly to that Church, he united with them. In 1779, the Southern preachers (where Mr. Duke was then laboring) conferred ordination on themselves, in which year he located. It seems that he disapproved of the course of

the Southern brethren; and as he always considered himself a Churchman, he took orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church some years afterwards. He lived many years in Elkton, Cecil county, Md., at which place the writer once had an introduction to him. He was quite a small man, and wore the old-fashioned Methodist coat. He appeared to be loved and respected by all as a good man; and was generally called "Father Duke." He died in a good old age, and was buried at the old church in North East, Cecil county, Md.

Captain Webb presented a Greek Testament to Mr. Duke; he, in his latter days, gave it to the Rev. J. B. Hagany, who passed it to the Rev. L. Scott, now Bishop of the M. E. Church.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN 1779, sixteen or seventeen preachers appear as new laborers, according to the Minutes. Two of them, Thomas Morris and Stith Parham, desisted after one year.

Carter Cole, Greenberry Green, and Andrew Yeargan, continued in the work about two years.

Charles Hopkins was for the ordinances that the Methodists in the South adopted this year; and when Mr. Asbury's influence suspended them he left the Methodists.

Mr. James Morris, of Virginia, desisted in 1785: he became a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church,—he lived in love with the Methodists, and died, enjoying the comforts of religion, and the hope of immortality.

Mr. Henry Ogburn, of Lunenburg county, Va., continued in the work, winning souls to Christ, until 1790, when he located.

Mr. Richard Garrettson was a brother of the Rev. Free-born Garrettson, of Harford county, Md.; he, and Micajah Debruler, who appears to have come from the same region, both entered the work this year, and both retired into local life in 1784.

Mr. Samuel Rowe was from Virginia, near Yorktown. He was much admired as a preacher. The Rev. Thomas Ware says he had a most tenacious and retentive memory; and used to say, "That, if the Bible were lost, he thought he could replace, by his memory, the four Evangelists, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistle to the Romans, and the

greater part of the Epistle to the Hebrews." He desisted in 1785; and, we presume, became a minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church. In 1785, Mr. Asbury says, "I came to Mr. Rowe's: the son was once on our side; he has left us, and now we have the mother."

John Hagerty was brought to enjoy experimental communion with heaven, under the preaching of John King, about 1770, or 1771. In 1772, King made him leader of a class. He began to travel in 1779, and located in 1794. He was born in 1747, and died, in Baltimore, in 1823, at the age of seventy-six.

It is probable that he was a native of Frederick county; and it seems he belonged to the original society at Pipe Creek. If he was not of German descent, he was raised among them, and could preach in both German and English. The Rev. Thomas Morrell, with many others, was awakened, and brought in among the Methodists, through his ministry. After fifteen years in the itinerancy, he settled in Baltimore. He was one of the original elders, constituted when the Church was formed.

Mr. William Adams, son of William Adams, was born in Fairfax county, Virginia, in 1759. When the Methodist preachers first preached in the region of his father, in 1773, he had several opportunities of hearing them. After two years of deep distress, in which he was fully broken to pieces before the Lord, he felt that blessed change, in March, 1775, which turned his mourning into joy. So great was the change in him, so deep and uniform was his piety, though only sixteen years old, that he was appointed to lead a small class. Being useful in this office, he soon felt it his duty to give a word of exhortation. In his eighteenth year, he was enabled to feel and believe that God had saved him from all sin. In 1778, he began to itinerate, and in 1779, was received by the Conference and stationed on Baltimore Circuit. After six months of faithful, useful labor, he was removed to another circuit, where he sickened and returned to his father's house. After bearing a full testimony in favor of that blessed Christianity which he had experienced, with "Come, Lord Jesus; welcome, Saviour; and hallelujahs," he left his father, mother, brothers, sisters, and weeping friends below, to join those above. Those that witnessed his triumph, had never seen such a morally sublime scene. All present—sinners as well as saints—were deeply affected, and many good resolutions were formed on

the occasion. Thus died the Rev. William Adams, on the third of December, 1779, in his twenty-first year.

Mr. Joshua Dudley, whose name appears in the Minutes of 1779, we understand, was the son of Mr. Dudley, of Queen Anne's county, who gave name to Dudley's Chapel, near Sudler's Cross Roads. We look upon him as among the first travelling preachers that came from this county; and he appears to have been among the first from the Eastern Shore of Maryland. In 1783 he ceased itinerating. We have been informed that he married a Kent county lady and lived in Quaker Neck. It seems he was living here in 1794, when the Rev. Benjamin Abbott was at his house. See his Life, p. 251. This is the last we know of him.

Mr. Lewis Alfree, whose name also appears as a fellow-laborer with Mr. Asbury and others (was properly a local preacher acting as a supply), lived in the lower end of New Castle, Del. He was awakened the previous year; and was the chief instrument in raising up the society and meeting-house at Blackiston's. He also labored much in Thoroughfare Neck, and was useful in establishing Methodism there; and at Dickerson's, where some of his brothers and a number of his relations were members: this meeting is now known as the Union. He was quite intimate with Mr. Asbury, while the latter made Delaware his home. Mr. Alfree ended his days among the Methodists in the latter end of the last century. He seems to have been the third Methodist preacher raised up in the state of Delaware.

Mr. Philip Cox was born at Frome, Somersetshire, England. He joined the Methodists about 1776. He commenced preaching in 1777, in which year he was initiated into the itinerancy, probably by Mr. Rodda. He was one of the first Methodist preachers that was known in Sussex county, Del. Mr. Asbury first mentions him under date of March, 1778, at which time he sent him to Kent Circuit. When he began to travel he was unable to procure a horse—his poverty obliged him to be a pedestrian itinerant, carrying his scanty wardrobe and library in a linen wallet swung across his shoulder: thus, with staff in hand, he carried the message of salvation. Pitying his destitution, the daughters of Judge White spun thread and wove it into linen, and made undergarments for him. After a while, through the kindness and contributions of his friends he was able to travel as an equestrian.

In this golden age, when different portions of the globe are taught to give up their precious treasure which they have long

hoarded, pouring it into the lap of nations, and making many of their citizens princes in wealth—when many mechanics live in a style of grandeur unknown to European kings a few centuries past, it is difficult to realize the poverty and suffering of the age of the American Revolution. The time may come when these statements of the poverty of a former race of Methodist preachers may be regarded as romance. Nevertheless it is a truth that should not be forgotten, that as the liberties of this country were obtained by armies that were poorly fed and scarcely half clothed (at the action of Eutaw Springs, which shed such lustre on American arms, hundreds of General Greene's men, poor fellows, were in a state of absolute nudity), often marking the ground over which they marched with their bleeding feet—so Methodism was planted by a race of holy self-denying men, who endured all manner of privation and suffering: often sleeping in the wild woods, and when they had a shelter, sometimes the stars could be counted through the roof—their food and raiment corresponding with these accommodations. They were truly "poor, but making many rich."

Mr. Cox spent the year 1778, and a part of 1779, on the Peninsula. It was most likely in one of these years that Captain Benjamin Dill was awakened under him, in the neighborhood of the present town of Frederica. We had from Captain Dill's mouth the following account of the design he had in hearing this Methodist preacher, and how completely he was made a captive by him. He was a Churchman, and had not a little of the Pharisee in him. True, he did not go to laugh; but, the end he had in view, which was to look the preacher out of countenance, and confound him by the sternness of his eye, was no better. He took his seat just before Mr. Cox, with cane in hand, and head up, leaning back, while he was full of the spirit of contempt for the coarsely clad little man that was about to address him in the character of a gospel minister. He fixed his eyes upon him, intending to continue his intense gaze, hoping to see the preacher soon quail in confusion before his fancied greatness. For a short time he supported his intention; but he had listened but a few minutes, when the voice of the speaker, which was of the sharpest point and the keenest edge, had pierced the captain, and run through him again and again, and the two edged sword of the word of God had "pierced even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit," and had become "a discerner of the thoughts and intents of

the heart;" for he gave a full account of his thoughts and intents by confessing to men, as well as to God, the end he had in view in hearing the preacher that day. Instead of confounding the speaker, he got into "confusion worse confounded"—his moral courage was slain—he hung down his head in the spirit of a captive, while relenting tears flowed. Mr. Dill was a Methodist the remainder of his life—he died in a good old age.

Many that heard Mr. Cox during the sixteen years of his public ministry, were convinced, like Captain Dill, that it would not do to form an opinion of his ability and power as a speaker by his diminutiveness of person, or homeliness of apparel; for he often prayed and preached to the admiration and profit of thousands.

The Rev. William Burke says: "In 1780, Philip Cox commenced preaching at Bacon Fort, old church, in which parish my father lived, and where I was baptized. It was the fashion of the day for the ladies to wear enormous high rolls of hair on their head. A report was widely circulated that a calf had come into the world near Alexandria, Va., with one of these rolls on its head. Mr. Cox gave out that on his next visit, at the end of four weeks, he would show them a wonder. The people of the whole country came out to hear him, expecting that he would exhibit the calf. But, instead of showing the calf, he announced his text: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun." Calf or no calf, the people felt an increased interest in Mr. Cox, and Methodism gained strength in that part of Loudon county, Va. "Finley's Sketches," pp. 23-4.

It seems that Mr. Cox was arrested by T. H. about this time for preaching. In 1781, Mr. Asbury being in this region, notes: "Here Brother C. was taken up by T. H., a man of property; he lived about one year afterwards, and languished out his life. I do not recollect one preacher who has been thus treated, that something distressing has not followed his persecutors."

He was engaged in one of the greatest revivals, in Sussex county, Va., in 1787, that has ever been in America. About this time he brought a youth to Mr. Asbury, saying: "Bishop, I have brought you a boy, if you have any work for him?" The Bishop laid his head on his knee, and, stroking his face, said: "He is a child—he has no beard—he can do nothing." This boy was afterwards known as Bishop George. Mr. Cox was a man of quick apprehension, sound judgment, and great spirit. His funeral was preached

by Bishop Asbury, in 1793, in which year he died. His remains rest in Sussex county, Va.

Mr. Nelson Reed was born in Ann Arundel county, Maryland, in 1751. In 1775, he was awakened under the ministry of the Methodists, when a great revival was going on in Fairfax circuit under the ministry of the Rev. William Watters, and brought into communion with the Saviour. Like many of the early preachers, he began to recommend the same religion that he had found to others, and exhort sinners to flee from the wrath to come, the same year in which he was converted. His name first appears in the Minutes of Conference in 1779. He faithfully served the Methodist Episcopal Church, as a minister, for forty-five years, frequently filling responsible stations. He was at the Christmas Conference, and assisted in organizing the Methodists into a Church, at which time he was ordained an Elder. When he became supernumerary, he still preached as his strength allowed him. Having sustained an unspotted reputation as a Christian for more than sixty-five years; and, having preached Christ almost as long, he left the militant to join the Church triumphant in 1840: he died in Baltimore in his eighty-ninth year. At the time of his death, he was considered the oldest Methodist preacher in the world.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

METHODISM having surrounded Dorchester, in Maryland, the Lord prepared the way in 1779, for its introduction into this county—a Miss Ennalls, niece of Judge Ennalls, and sister to Mr. Henry Ennalls, had been visiting her friends, and had fallen in with the Methodists (perhaps in Dover, Del., where Mr. Richard Bassett, her brother-in-law, lived), by whom she was convinced that she was in a lost state; and, afterwards was filled with peace, joy, and love. When she returned home, her relations thought her beside herself, as they knew nothing of any such experience. She, however, persevered, and was instrumental in the conversion of her sister, Miss Mary Ennalls, and some others. This last-named sister went down the county to visit Henry Airey, Esq., who was related to her. As Mr. Airey was an entire

pulled into a room; but, as soon as he could, he went out into the midst of them and began to exhort. Soon the most of them were in tears; and the female part of the congregation were much alarmed. His horse was made ready; and accompanied by his friend Mr. Airey, and his enemies, they started for Cambridge. When he arrived, he and Mr. Airey occupied a room in a tavern from noon till night. The people of Cambridge came to the hotel to drink and rejoice over their prisoner; and their hatred to Mr. Airey was nearly as great, for bringing the Methodists into the county. Before this he stood high as a citizen.

He was also a magistrate, and a soldier on the side of America. One of the bullies made an attempt to come into the room to abuse them, and aimed a blow at Mr. Airey, that might have been fatal if he had received its full force. This sudden attack was too much for the soldier, who feeling an "old man's bone in him," as Mr. Nelson said, brought his persecutor to the floor by a blow in his temple, which raised a bar-room laugh, and caused them to behave a little better. Mr. Garrettson reproved his friend with tears for this act, which seemed to be unpremeditated on his part: and for which Mr. Airey could not feel that he had done wrong.

After they had kept Mr. Garrettson in the tavern for a show during the afternoon of the Lord's day, towards night they lodged him in prison; and took away the key, that his friends might not minister to him. He had a dirty floor for his bed, his saddle-bag for a pillow, and a cold east wind blowing upon him. But being imprisoned for the same cause that Paul and Silas were, he found similar comfort in his confinement. Never was he more happy—he could realize how it was that the martyrs could rejoice when embracing the stake; and he was persuaded he never was more useful for the time.

One of his greatest enemies in Cambridge was a Mr. Harrison. But his brother, Thomas Garrettson, hearing of his confinement, came from the Western Shore, by Judge White's, from whom he brought a letter to Mr. Harrison, who, on reading the letter, became friendly to both of the Messrs. Garrettson. Mr. and Mrs. Airey did all in their power to make him comfortable, and many acquaintances and strangers came far and near to visit him. His foes were, meantime, doing all they could to entangle him; for they sent a spy who feigned himself a penitent. As Mr. Garrettson was coming to speak to him, it was impressed on his

mind that he was an enemy sent for mischief, and he told him to leave off swearing and drinking, and then come for advice.\*

After about two weeks' confinement in the jail at Cambridge, he was set at liberty by the governor and council of Maryland; his good friend, Mr. Airey, going to Annapolis to obtain his release. His enemies, on hearing of his discharge, were greatly enraged. On this first visit to Dorset, he spent a little over a month—about half of it in preaching, and half of it in prison. In the neighborhood of Mr. Airey, "a certain B. T., who was a great Churchman, after hearing him a second time was seized with conviction on his way home, and fell down in the road, and spent great part of the night in crying to God for mercy. The enemy suggested to him that his house was on fire; but such was his engagedness that he answered the tempter by saying, 'It is better for me to lose my house than to lose my soul.'"

Mr. Asbury appointed Joshua Dudley, who was qualified by law, to succeed Mr. Garrettson in Dorset. Messrs. Pedicord and Chew also labored here a part of this year; and on the 1st of October, 1780, Mr. Everett set out to itinerate, and went to this county, where he preached about three months. In no place was there a stouter opposition manifested to Methodism, at its introduction, than in Dorchester county; and in no place was the success of Methodist preachers greater; many of its bitterest enemies submitted to it. After about two years' labor and suffering on the part of the preachers, they reported almost eight hundred Methodists in this county. Methodism has long been honored here; and there are but few professors of religion that belong to any other than the Methodist Episcopal Church. Dorchester Circuit first appears in 1780, on the Minutes.

In no part of the country was Methodism prospering more than on the Peninsula. Here the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson, perhaps the most useful Methodist preacher that ever was raised up in America, had been laboring for two years. Concerning his usefulness, Mr. Asbury has left it on record, "*It is incredible, the amount of good he has been instrumental in doing.*" Next to Mr. Garrettson for usefulness perhaps stood Mr. Joseph Cromwell; he was also on the Peninsula at this time, and Mr. Pedicord too, and over all, Mr. Asbury to direct, and give stability to the cause.

\* At a later period, when the Methodists were holding meetings in Cambridge, a certain Mr. Bryon brought up a cannon and fired it off, in order to break up the meeting.

continued at Judge Laws' whose son, the Rev. James Laws, was some time a member of the Philadelphia Conference, and also, of one of the Ohio Conferences, until lately.

After the death of Judge Thomas Laws, this meeting was at William, Allen's a local preacher, and father of the Rev. William Allen, lately of the Philadelphia Conference. This ark of Methodism finally rested in Bridgeville, after the chapel was built, about 1812-13. A new church was erected a few years since, in its place.

The following names were among the first Methodists of this region:—David Nutter, Esq., father-in-law of Judge White, Tilghman and Lowder Layton, William Jessup, of the first race of itinerants, John and David Richards. The Hickmans—Clement Hickman, once a member of the Philadelphia Conference, who joined the Presbyterians in western New York, was of this region. William and Anthony Ross, and several of the name of Smith; also, Daniel Polk, son-in-law of Judge White. John Flowers, Thomas Garrettson, uncle of the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson, and Waitman Gozeley. Mr. White Brown was the nephew of Judge Thomas White. Mr. Asbury's intimacy with Mr. White, led to an acquaintance with White Brown, at whose house preaching was established by Mr. Asbury, in 1778, and a Methodist society begun, which still continues; these people he called "His children." In 1780 he founded Brown's Chapel, which is now known as Bethel, in North West Fork. This has generally been a popular meeting, especially on quarterly meeting occasions.

Early in the present century, Mr. White Brown sold his possession in the Fork, and settled on Deer Creek, in Ross county, Ohio. Here, Mr. Asbury visited him several times; and, after an acquaintance of thirty-four years, parted with him in 1812, until they should meet in Paradise.

White Brown was a Methodist of distinction in Ohio. In 1813, Samuel Parker, the Cicero of Western Methodist preachers, was laboring on Deer Creek Circuit; a camp-meeting was held at White Brown's, which was one of the most powerful ever held in the state: hundreds were awakened, and converted to God. The best talents in the Western Conference were at this meeting: Parker, Collins, Quinn, Cummins, Crume, Finley, Strange, and Hellums. The thousands of Methodist Israel were there, from far and near, in Ohio; and hundreds and thousands long remembered the hallowed scenes and associations of the Deer Creek camp-meeting; nor are they forgotten by the dwellers in

the Upper Temple, who participated in them. In 1814, that remarkable youth, the Rev. H. B. Bascom, began to itinerate on Deer Creek Circuit.

At Dover, Mr. Smithers was a chief man in the original society. Mr. Garrettson speaks of a Church lady, with ten of her children, as belonging. Mrs. Ann Bassett joined soon after. Dr. Ridgely was a leading Methodist in this region, in the last century.

In 1778, Methodist preaching was introduced into the following places on the Peninsula: Kent Island—Appoquinimink, in New Castle. In Kent county, Del.—Mr. Lewis's, in Murderkill; Mr. Boyer's, Dover; Mr. Hilliard's, above Dover; and at Cardeen's—probably this appointment is now represented at Law's Meeting-house. In Sussex county—Mr. Shockley's, in Slaughter Neck; Mr. Ross's; White Brown's; and Joseph Turpin's, in North West Fork; and Broad Creek. In Somerset county—Salisbury, and Quantico. There were several other appointments made, of which we cannot speak with equal clearness.

In the North West Fork, at Morgan Williams's, Mr. Asbury was the instrument of the restoration of Mr. Lowry, a backslider, who afterwards gladly entertained the preachers; he lived at Lowry's Mill, on the head of Nanticoke river.

The principal men in the Broad Creek society, were Gitting Bradley, George Moore, Joshua Moore, Joseph Moore, Isaac Moore, and Thomas Jones; in their houses the Methodists preached until they built a chapel. Mr. George Moore became a very considerable preacher; and in 1780 he appears in the Minutes as an itinerant, where his name is found for the last time, in 1792, as preacher in charge of Milford Circuit. As he was a man of family, his labors were confined to the Peninsula. On a certain occasion, he delivered a discourse in (now) Smyrna that so interested Mr. John Cummings that he arose and endorsed it as one of the ablest sermons ever preached in that place; and with a pertinent exhortation, called on the people to improve what they had that day heard.

Mr. Joshua Moore moved to the South. In 1806, Mr. Asbury notices him for the last time as an inhabitant of Georgia, not far from Sparta. At that time he had served this Moore family to the third generation. Messrs. Jacob and Daniel Moore, who were members of the Philadelphia Conference, descended from the Moores of Broad Creek.

In 1779, Mr. Asbury drew a subscription for a Methodist



chapel, which was opened for worship a few years after, among the Moores. It was a poor edifice, and when the Protestant Methodists set up for themselves they got possession of it; but one of their head men, moving out of the neighborhood, left some of his old papers with a friend, who, on examining them, found the deed of the chapel—by which means the house was restored to the Episcopal Methodists.

In 1779, Methodism was commenced at the following places in the state of Delaware: In Sussex county—at the Head of the Sound; at Wood's; at J. Gray's; at Evans's; West's; Gibbon's; and among the Vincents, near the Line Chapel. In North West Fork—at Solomon Turpin's; and John Cannon's, near the Chapel Branch; at William Laws's, near St. Johnstown; at Lewistown; at Abraham Harris's; and Rhoads Shankland's, near by. About this time, the Zoar meeting was commenced.

Near St. Johnstown lived and died that good old Methodist, David Owen—a spiritual son of Mr. Asbury. His son, James Owen, was a local preacher; and was known as a holy man in Milford, in Baltimore, and in Norfolk, Va. To the St. Johnstown Society belonged several of the Laws, Fowlers, and Carlises, with many others. Mr. Charles Cavender, who joined the Philadelphia Conference in 1795, was from this neighborhood; some of his descendants are in Philadelphia.

From the region of Lewistown, came the Rev. Wilson Lee; also, the Rev. James Paynter, who, as itinerants, did good service to Methodism. The former was a flaming herald.

This year, Methodism had its commencement in Thoroughfare Neck, in New Castle county. Also in Kent county, at Mr. Wells's, who lived near Blackiston's Cross Roads; this meeting is now represented as Blackiston's Chapel. In the Alley, there was preaching at Joseph Wyatt's, who commenced preaching this year; also at Wilde's and Stockley's. Near Kenton, at Scotten's, and the Widow Howard's. At Mr. Sturgis's, who lived between Kenton and Dover. At Heather's, who lived towards Holden's Meeting-house. At Mr. Stradley's, not far from Templeville, where there was a society. At Stephen Black's, whose name we find in the Minutes in 1781, who died soon after this: at his house there was a society. Below Dover, at Jonathan Sipple's, and Widow Brady's; these appointments are, probably, now represented in Jones's Neck. At Dehadway's, William Virden's, and Maxfield's; Green's Chapel seems to be the

representative of these appointments now. This chapel was called after Philemon Green.

At Callahan's, not far from Spring Branch, there was preaching. Still lower down in Kent, at the widow Mastin's. From Canterbury to Berrytown there was preaching at Joseph and Andrew Purdin's. The society that was raised up this year at Andrew Purdin's, is represented at Purnell's Chapel. This was a very wicked place. Mr. Asbury called it "Satan's synagogue;" but so great was the reformation that a bad tavern was broken up. The people of this region were given to horse-racing as well as all other kinds of sport and wickedness. The preachers did not fail to declaim against their vices. Some of the sons of Belial took Mr. Asbury's horse, without his knowledge, and secretly practised him on the race-course. Soon after, as he was going to Brother Purdin's he came to the course, when the brute, not discriminating that his master was no racer, put off at full speed and ran over the course, stopping at the end. In vain did the rider use the laconic monosyllables, "Wo, Spark—wo, wo, wo, Spark—wo, wo, wo, wo, Spark—wo." Mr. Asbury, in his terrified feelings, found it necessary to lift his heart to God, by whose mercy he was preserved; and for which his heart was deeply humbled before the Lord. This served the wicked as some reprisal for his preaching against their vices: as they could say that his horse had run, and he, the head Methodist preacher, had rode a race; although it was unpremeditated and without wager; and like John Gilpin's, unwelcome, and all to himself. In this spirit sinners have often endeavored to retaliate on Methodist preachers.

At Purdin's that good man Dr. Bowness belonged; also Brother Beauchamp, who, we think, was the father of the Rev. William Beauchamp. Several of the Clarkes and Davis's, of this county, became Methodists in the beginning.

There were at least thirty new appointments for preaching opened up in the state of Delaware in 1779, from Appoquinimink to the Cypress Swamp.

In Kent county preaching was introduced into the house of Mr. Coombe, who had been raised a Friend. He lived near Berrytown. Mr. Coombe's family became Methodists, as most of his descendants are at this day. His grandson, the Rev. Pennel Coombe, is a member of the Philadelphia Conference. Mr. Dill, now freed from all desire to "look a Methodist preacher out of countenance," countenanced them by having them preach in his house. At Fatad's Mill (now Smith's Mill), on the head of Choptank river, there

was preaching and a society. Benjamin Blackiston, who lived near Blackiston's Chapel, had preaching in his house.

About this time Methodism was introduced into Duck Creek Cross Roads; the preaching was at Mr. James Stephenson's; this was the commencement of Methodism in the present town of Smyrna. In December, 1780, Mr. Asbury met about three hundred persons at this place, where he, for the first time, preached to them. Some time after this, Mr. Joseph Wyatt, a preacher, moved into this village, and the preaching was at his house. In 1784, when Dr. Coke and Mr. Whatcoat first passed through this place they were entertained by Mr. John Cole, who at that time seems to have been a prominent member of the Duck Creek society. In 1786 the Methodists erected their first house of worship in this place, thirty feet square, at a cost of two hundred pounds, which Mr. Asbury called "a comfortable house."\*

Dr. Cook, who lived below Smyrna, and who married Miss Sarah, daughter of Judge White, united with the Methodists not long after this. In the same region the Raymonds, Cummings's, Halls, Parsons, and Kirkleys, were early members of society.

In the Neck there was an appointment at Severson's, where a chapel was built a few years after of logs, which is still a place of preaching, with a society. There was preaching at Mr. Lockwood's, near Kent county Poor-house; this appointment is now represented at the Union, on Dover Circuit. Also, in the south-west corner of Sussex county, Jonathan Boyer's, Levin Bacon's, Messrs. Freeny's and Calloway's, whose grandson is a laborer in the Philadelphia

\* The lot on which the Asbury Church, in Duck Creek Cross Roads, now Smyrna, stood, was from Allen McLane, Esq. He and his wife were Methodists, and his children, including the Hon. Louis McLane, who was a member of General Jackson's Cabinet, and subsequently Minister to the Court of St. James, and father of the Hon. Robert McLane, Minister to Mexico, were baptized by Bishop Asbury. Allen McLane moved from Duck Creek to Wilmington, where he died: he and his wife, with some others of the family, are buried in the rear of the Asbury Church, in Wilmington. As Bishop Asbury was the occasional pastor of this family, the Hon. Louis McLane used to consider himself a Methodist, being a believer of the doctrines taught by them, and having been baptized into their community. It is not to be understood, however, that his name was written on a Methodist class-paper, or that he ever met in class. He has been dead several years; and, we presume, was interred on his fine estate, on Bohemia river, Cecil county, Md.

The new brick M. E. church in Smyrna was erected in 1845: it is well adapted to the place.

Conference. In North-west Forks, at Morgan Williams's and Spencer Hitche's. In Nanticoke there was preaching at Sharp's, Alexander Laws's, and John Lewis's. Mr. Rawlston also received and entertained the preachers.

The two Miss Ennalls, we have already seen, were the first Methodists in Dorchester. Mr. Henry Airey, who lived south-east of Cambridge, was the first man; at his house the first society was formed, and he was class-leader over it; at his house the first quarterly meeting in the county was held. Next, Col. Vickars's, where another society was raised up; he was, also, a great Methodist. There were appointments at Kane's, M'Keel's, Johnson's, Todd's, Hooper's, Tucker's, in Cambridge, and on Taylor's Island: there were, no doubt, many others of which we cannot speak. Messrs. Henry and Bartholomew Ennalls were early Methodists in this county; also, Messrs. Harriss and Kullum, who moved to Carolina.

We have been informed that Mr. Todd came from Scotland, and wrote to a brother that he left in Scotland, telling him that he had settled on the Choptank river. The brother followed him, and sailed up the Choptank, but could not find him; they settled some thirty miles apart, and it was several years before they found each other. From these two brothers, the Todds of Dorset and Caroline counties have sprung. They have generally followed the Methodists. While one of the first appointments in Dorset was in the house of one of them, another branch of this family entertained a Methodist meeting, and gave name to Todd's Chapel, on Denton Circuit.

The Bruffs and Parrots were pillars of Methodism in Talbot. In 1809, Mr. Garrettson met Brother Parrot at Washington, D. C., where, it seems, he then resided; he also met Brother Greentree, an old Methodist preacher from the same county. The Bensons, of Talbot, were among the early Methodists. Captain Benson was in the Continental army, and in 1780 he came twelve miles to see Mr. Asbury, while in Virginia; and while his family was praying for him, Mr. Asbury exhorted him, wept over him, and feeling great love for him, prayed that God would keep him alive in the day of battle. He returned from the war, and several times entertained Mr. Asbury at his house, near the bay-side. He became a Methodist in 1789. General Benson was alive in 1810—how long he lived after this, we cannot say. Mr. Richard Benson, long known as a Methodist in Philadelphia, was of this family. The Bolingbroke appointment is an old

one in Talbot. Near this, Dr. Allen, an original Methodist of distinction, lived.

In 1783, Mrs. Banning, of Talbot county, was awakened under Mr. Asbury, and a few years after, her husband, Henry Banning, Esq., became a Methodist; these, with the family that Mr. Hartley married into, were a few of the early Methodists of Talbot; there was also a Brother Newcomb, at whose house there was preaching; and we may also name Col. Burkhead. Talbot first appears on the Minutes, as a circuit, in 1781, with Henry Willis and Jeremiah Lambert stationed on it; in 1782, Francis Poythress and Edward Morris; 1783, Freeborn Garrettson and John Major; 1784, Freeborn Garrettson and Wm. Thomas; 1785, Thomas Haskins and Joseph Cromwell; 1786, James White and Wilson Lee. During this last year there was a glorious work on Talbot. Some three hundred were justified; one hundred professed sanctification; and about five hundred united with the Methodists. By this time, the cause of Methodism was strong, and fully established in Talbot county. Brother Greentree appears to have been the first itinerant from this county.

In Caroline county, as early as 1775, there was an appointment near Choptankbridge. This appointment has become permanent in Greensborough (the new name of Choptankbridge.) This village has long been the head of a circuit, with its society and chapel. Mr. Philip Harrington was one of the old Methodists at this place. Several of the preachers of the Philadelphia Conference are interred at Greensborough—such as the Rev. James Bateman, a genius in his day, and a truly original preacher; the Rev. Alward White, a truly primitive Methodist preacher; and the Reverends William Williams, and Shepherd Drain, both zealous in their day for their Saviour. Another old preaching stand was at the widow Lyder's. The Concord meeting is another. Thomas Curtis, a weeping prophet, was among the first from this county that became a travelling preacher—being in the work two or three years before the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper. Messrs. John and Walter Fountain, as well as Solomon Sharp, Stephen Martendale, and Thomas Neal, were from this county; the last-named two are living. These names, with Green, Downs, Connor, Charles, Haskins, Frazier, La-count, Smith, and Fisher, are the names of some of the people who were Methodists in this county in the beginning.

## CHAPTER XL.

MR. GARRETTSON was appointed to the Baltimore Circuit in 1780. After laboring here for several weeks with his usual success, he crossed the Chesapeake, and spent about six weeks on the peninsula, visiting the principal appointments in this promising and prosperous field. Here he found the congregations larger than usual, and never were his prospects brighter. When he reached Brown's Chapel in the Fork, he found many gathered together from all quarters; and in this crowd his old uncle, Thomas Garrettson, who had come to detect him in the midst of the people, concerning certain evil reports that were in circulation about him. Under the sermon, the heart of his uncle was melted, and his tears flowed copiously. On leaving the chapel, he was heard to say, "surely, my cousin is belied." He would have Mr. Garrettson go home with him; and the next day accompanied him five miles towards his next appointment, and wept much on parting with him, urging him to receive a present of a suit of clothes from him, which was declined. To please his uncle, he at last accepted eighty continental dollars, which were equal in value to twenty silver dollars—and soon after gave them away to a needy brother; this was the last interview they had in this world. Mr. Garrettson returned to the Baltimore Circuit, where he continued to the end of the year; and saw many brought home to God, and added to the Methodist societies.

The preachers that were appointed at this Conference, for the Peninsula, were Caleb B. Pedicord, Joseph Cromwell, Thomas S. Chew, Joseph Hartley, Wm. Glendenning, James O. Cromwell, James Martin, and George Moore.

It was during this, or the previous year, that Mr. Pedicord, while laboring on the Peninsula, had such strong evidence of God's watchful care over his children. He went to bed at a certain house one night, but could not sleep, though he tried again and again. At last he was obliged to rise, and going down stairs with the man of the house, they found the house on fire.

While Mr. Pedicord was preaching in Kent county, Del., about 1779 or 1780, among the many who were drawn to the Saviour by his soothing sermons, was Leah Hirons. She became, and continued to be, a full-hearted Methodist for

about fifty years, until her death, which was in 1829. When the Rev. Joseph Wyatt was commencing his itinerant career on Dover Circuit, about 1781, as his garments were well worn, and his elbows and knees were almost through, she spun, wove, and had cloth fulled, out of which a suit of clothes was made for him; all this she took out of the income of her labor, which was only one dollar and fifty cents per month, or eighteen dollars per annum. For many years she found a comfortable home with the Rev. James Bateman's family.

The Hiron family was one of the first in Kent county; the name of Simon Hiron is found in the colonial records as early as 1683—one year after Philadelphia was founded.

William Hiron, late of Wilmington, Del., a local preacher, and an excellent Christian brother, was the nephew of Leah Hiron. He, too, went to join the Lord's hosts on the other side of the flood, in 1858.

One of the slanders that was circulated in this region against Methodist preachers was, "that they were to the people just what Baal's prophets were in Israel in the days of Elijah—that there were four hundred and fifty of them spreading false doctrine through the land. In North-west Fork, Sussex county, there was a Mr. Lemuel Davis, who had obtained experimental religion by reading a volume of Baxter's sermons that has been in this Davis's family for two hundred years. Mr. Davis concluded that he would give the Methodist preachers a hearing, and if they contradicted his experience, he would regard them as no better than Baal's prophets; but if they preached in accordance with what he felt and knew, he would receive them as the Lord's prophets. He heard Mr. Pedicord, who soon told him all that was in his heart. One sermon satisfied Mr. Davis, and he had his name enrolled among the Methodists, with whom he lived many years; he was a local preacher, and died in a good old age; he called a son Caleb Pedicord.

In 1780, Mr. Pedicord followed Mr. Garrettson in Dorchester county. "Soon after he came into the county, one of the violent enemies of Methodism met him, and finding that he was one of the preachers, beat him on the road until the blood ran down his face. He went to the house of a friend, and while they were washing his stripes, the brother of the persecutor rode up, and learning that the preacher had been wounded by his brother, he said, 'I will go after him and chastise him.' So saying he galloped away, and overtook and beat him, until he promised never to meddle

with another Methodist preacher." We have been informed that these two brothers were "Bannings" by name, and that they became Methodists.

In 1780, Mr. Thomas Haskins was reading law in Dover, Del. Being a hearer of the Methodist preachers, he was convinced of his lost estate, and gave up the study of law, and came out a travelling preacher. It appears that he was the son of the widow Haskins of Caroline county, near Hunting Creek. Soon after this the mother became a Methodist, probably through the influence of her son. At her house quarterly meetings were held for that part of the work at that early day. Soon after, Mr. William Frazier and wife, who lived near by, were brought under Methodist influence, and had preaching at their house; and about 1785, Frazier's Chapel was erected; it was the second house of worship that the Methodists put up in Caroline county, following Tuckeyhoe Chapel. A little lower down, near what is now called Federalsburg, another appointment was established about this time at Mr. Charles's.

In March, 1780, Messrs. Philip Barratt and Waitman Sipple took the lead in erecting Barratt's Chapel. Its deed dates from May of this year. It is 42 by 48 feet, built of bricks, two stories high, and had a vestry room connected with it. It was then, and for a number of years after, far the grandest country chapel that the Methodists had in America. By the fall of this year it was enclosed, and had a ground floor, with rough seats and pulpit, and was occupied as a place of worship. It was not, however, finished till two generations passed away. In November of this year the first Quarterly Meeting was held in it. It was supposed that there were a thousand people in attendance. Dr. M'Gaw, Messrs. Asbury, Hartley, Pedicord, and Cromwell, were there to officiate.

Barratt's Chapel is memorable on account of the anecdote which has echoed through the length and breadth of Methodism, of the gentleman who wished to know the use that was to be made of it. Being informed that it was to be a place of worship for the Methodists, his reply was, "It is unnecessary to build such a house, for by the time that the war is over a corn crib will hold them all." Also, as being the place where Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury had their first interview, and where the preliminaries of forming the Methodists into a church began in this country—the seat on which they sat in the pulpit on that occasion, is still preserved in the same place as a memento. Mr. Philip Barratt, after

whom the chapel was called, went to his reward in 1784, just before Dr. Coke came to the neighborhood.

Mr. Asbury settled the rules of the chapel, appointed stewards, and made arrangements for the preachers to meet and instruct the children. As it was a custom for the preachers to change at the fall quarterly meeting, he stationed the preachers on the Peninsula, for the remainder of this year, thus:—"Kent, in Maryland—Wm. Glendenning, Stephen Black, and Joseph Wyatt. Kent—in Delaware, Thomas S. Chew, Joseph and James Cromwell, and Brother Law. Sussex—Samuel Rowe, James Martin, and James White. Dorchester—Caleb B. Pedicord, and Joseph Everett." Some of these were more properly local than travelling preachers, as Mr. Law, who probably belonged to that Law family that gave name to Law's Chapel, four miles from Milford; and Joseph Wyatt was not yet fully received as a travelling preacher.

Besides Barrett's Chapel, in 1780, the Methodists were engaged in building Moore's, Brown's, White's, and Cloud's Chapels, all in the state of Delaware. Brown's Chapel, in North West Fork, though begun this year, was not finished until 1806.

White's Chapel was opened for worship in 1782. It was about 30 by 40 feet, with a vestry room attached to it; and by Mr. Asbury pronounced the neatest country chapel owned by the Methodists then. It has been moved from the site on which it was built, and called Lee's Chapel. Its old name should be restored to it. Much of the original material is still in it.

Mr. Asbury records some solemn events that took place in Kent county this year. One was the awful death of a backslider near Blackiston's Cross Roads, one B. S——, who was deeply awakened about 1774, and became a Methodist. He afterwards sinned away his convictions. During the Christmas of 1780 he was sitting up with a sick person. Two women that had lately been awakened under the preaching of Lewis Alfree were present. They asked him what he thought of the Methodists. He answered, contrary to his better knowledge, "they are all hypocrites." They asked him for his opinion of L. Alfree and J. Dudley. He condemned them also. They then asked him how they could pray and exhort as they did, if they were such men as he represented them to be. He replied that he, too, could pray like a minister when he was in society. The next day he

started for home, was taken sick on the road, bereft of his reason, and died without reaching home.

Equally awful was the end of Mr. F. near Barratt's Chapel, who, though he was a hearer of the Methodists, constantly resisted the truth that he heard, and could not bear the chapel so near him. He sickened, and became delirious, and in this state he frequently called to a son of his, that he was passionately fond of, to go with him. It appears that the boy complied with his father's request; for about the time that the father died, this son hung himself, and father and son lay corpses together, and were buried at the same time. This solemn family calamity was the means of awakening a stubborn son of the deceased father, who now began to reform and seek a preparation for death. "Thy judgments are a great deep."

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## CHAPTER XLI.

MR. THOMAS WHITE, who was afterwards known as Judge White, was born about 1730. Dr. Coke tells us he was *Chief Judge* of the Common Pleas. He married Miss Mary Nutter, daughter of David Nutter, Esq., of North-west Fork, Sussex county, Del. The early settlers of this region were most likely the outward circle of the Jamestown Colony that spread first into Northampton and Accomac counties, afterwards into Worcester and Somerset counties, Md.; and then into Sussex county, Del.: Twyford, Polk, Ross, Bradley, Cannon, Nutter, and Layton, with others, appear to be Virginia names. There was a ferry over the Rappahannock river, called Layton's Ferry. The first marriage in Virginia was in 1608, John Laydon, or Layton, to Anne Burras.

The Whites had been raised in what was then called the Church of England, and attended a chapel at Chapel Branch, between where they lived and the present town of Denton. Judge White and his wife were innocent, pious people, according to the light they had, before they united with the Methodists. Mrs. White was in the habit of imparting religious instruction to her family, not neglecting the servants. The circumstances that connected Judge White and his lady with the Methodists, as we have been informed by one who was long a member of the family, were these: Dr. White had been to hear them; Mrs. Judge White expressed a wish to

hear them also. The Judge objected to her going, and taking the children with her, and especially to their night meetings, and intimated that he did not wish to furnish the means of conveyance; to which she replied, she could walk to the place. However, the next Sabbath he furnished her with a horse to go, and he went to his church. This being the first time she had heard them, she was convinced, notwithstanding all that had been said against them, that they were God's people; and felt a desire to be in union with them. Both having returned home, while dining they inquired of each other what text had been expounded, and found that both ministers had used the same text, whatever difference there might have been in the discourses. Soon Judge White became a hearer also; and the preachers, who had now begun to visit Dr. White, his near neighbor, were invited to his house, which became a place of comfortable sojourn for them. There was preaching, and other religious meetings, held at both Dr. White's and Judge White's, until they erected their chapel. Martin Rodda was the first preacher that came to Mr. White's.

The following statements will further illustrate the spirit of the Methodists of that time. As there were but few families that had consecrated themselves to the service of the Lord, the few that had were in close communion. The two families of Judge White and Dr. White frequently united in family prayer, one family walking over to the other the distance of a mile; and this, not only of an evening, but sometimes in the morning before day, male and female would quit their beds, and in inclement weather thus unite in family devotion. These family meetings were often attended with great power; and when the sacrificing itinerant was present, who had to take an early breakfast, often before day, to meet his distant appointment, they were meetings of great interest and profit to the newly made Methodists, warm in their first love, and glowing with their pristine zeal. Where there was such diligence in serving the Lord, the Methodists must needs grow in grace, and many of them continued thus faithful unto death.

In the course of this year (1778) there was an alarming drought—a day of fasting and prayer was kept by Mr. Asbury and his friends that the Lord might water the earth; the same day a fine shower, which did not much more than cover the two adjacent farms of Messrs. White, fell. Shortly after the Lord sent a plentiful rain. This occurred about the same time that Mr. Garrettson was so illy treated by Mr.

Brown between Church Hill and Chestertown. The following year, when Mr. Garrettson was at Broad Creek in Sussex, in a time when the vegetable kingdom was drooping and withering for lack of rain, he was led to pray fervently before the people for the Lord to water the earth. By the time he had finished his discourse and dismissed the assembly, the heavens were black with clouds and abundance of rain fell. This greatly surprised and convinced the people—many of them were ready to conclude that he, like Elijah, could bring rain in answer to prayer. We are aware that Christians and infidels can give different interpretations to such occurrences.

As to moral worth, Judge White had no superior in his day—his house and hands were always open to relieve the needy—he was the friend of the poor and oppressed; and left no one in bondage whom he could make free. For many years he lived in the enjoyment of perfect love. Just before he died he showed his son Samuel his books, and gave him directions concerning the brick house that he was building as an addition to his old house. Then coming to his wife he said, "I feel as I never felt before;" and gave directions concerning his burial. He died in the spring of 1795, in his sixty-fifth year. When Mr. Asbury heard of his death, he says: "The news was an awful shock to me; I have met with nothing like it in the death of any friend on the continent. I have lived days, weeks, and months in his house. He was among my very best friends."

Mrs. Mary White, the wife of Judge Thomas White, was also one of the excellent of the earth. She, like many other women of ardent piety, led him to the Methodists; and, when the light-horsemen came to arrest her husband, she held on to him, while they brandished their swords about her head, telling them, she was not afraid of them, until he was forced away from her; nor did she rest until she found out the place of his concealment; and visiting him, rested not until he was released, and given back to his family. On another sorrowful occasion, when a drafted company of soldiers came by her house, and halted, while the men were weeping, on account of leaving their parents, wives, and sisters; and while wives and sisters were clinging to their husbands and brothers, telling by their gushing tears how deeply they felt as they were parting with them, fearing they should see them no more; Mrs. White kneeled down on the ground before them, and offered up fervent prayers, mingling her tears with theirs, for their temporal and eternal salvation. And, when

the Methodists were met for worship, if there were none present more suitable, she took up the cross, led the religious exercises, and met the class—and she would have gone further and preached, if Mr. Asbury had encouraged her. When that child of nature and of grace, the Rev. Benjamin Abbott, was at Mr. White's in October, 1782; when about to start for quarterly meeting at Barratt's Chapel, he says: "Sister White came to me as I sat on my horse, and took hold of my hand, exhorting me for some time. I felt very happy under her wholesome admonitions." The Rev. Thomas Ware says: "She was a mother in Israel in very deed." When her husband informed her that his end was nigh, she spent the last night in supplication for him, and with him exulted in victory, as he entered into the joy of his Lord. She, like her husband, professed and exemplified perfect love. They were lovely in life, and by death they were not long divided: she soon followed him to the "better country." Near-by the old homestead, the bricks that arched their graves, now sunk into the earth, mark the spot where their heaven-watched dust reposes, till at the behest of Omnipotence they shall again appear in the bloom and beauty of immortality.

The children of Judge White, four in number, one son, and three daughters, generally embraced Methodism, following the example of their pious parents. One of them married Daniel Polk, Esq., of North West Fork, whose daughter was married to Dr. James Clayton, of Bohemia Manor, father of Mr. J. L. Clayton, of Back Creek, who is the great-grandson of Judge White. Another of Mr. White's daughters married Dr. Cook, and lived a little below Smyrna. Dr. Cook married for a second wife the widow of Gov. Rogers, of Milford, Del. The youngest daughter, Anna White, never married; she ended her days in Smyrna about 1830. The son, Samuel White, studied law, and settled in Wilmington, Del., where he died in 1809. His tombstone is to be seen at the end of the Swedes' Church, in Wilmington.

In 1848, after considerable inquiry, and travelling a comparatively private road, much overhung with limbs of trees for about two miles, we came to Judge White's old homestead. We found a Methodist family living on the farm, who assured us that was "the very place where Judge White had lived," and made us welcome. The good woman proposed to send for Leanna, a colored woman who lived near by, who had been a servant of Judge White, who was then in her eighty-eighth year. Soon the little African woman, led by a girl—for she was almost blind—came. The after-

noon was spent in catechising: we asking questions at the top of our voice, for she was much deaf as well as blind, while she answered them. We were well satisfied that her memory was good, especially as to the remarkable events that had transpired seventy years before, when she was about eighteen years old. She could point to the spot where the house stood where the preachers were secreted, though the house, as well as the wood that stood between it and the dwelling-house, has long since disappeared. She distinctly remembered all the old preachers that visited her old master, and could describe them, beginning with Mr. Rodda, whom she represented as a red man, or man of florid complexion, to Mr. Jessup, with the wart or wen on his nose. Many of the particulars inserted in this article we obtained from her. She lived in a little home given to her by one of Judge White's daughters, and was much respected by the white people, who were ever ready to assist her. She has since died, at the age of ninety or ninety-one years.

The old hip-roofed two-story house in which Judge White lived is still standing, and has much of the original material in it after the lapse of a hundred years. The floors on which the beds were spread to accommodate the Methodists when attending quarterly meetings, and the preachers when assembled for Conference—on which they read their Bibles on their knees, and offered up their fervent and faithful prayers, are still there. While sitting in this house which sheltered the first race of Methodist preachers, we felt as if it was relatively holy, having been sanctified by the presence and prayers of Asbury, Shadford, Watters, Ruff, Cooper, Hartley, Garrettson, Pedicord, Gill, Tunnell, Major, Ivy, Willis, Cox, Alfree, Dudley, Hagerty, Reed, Foster, Mair, Boyer, Abbott, Everett, Thomas, Hickson, Haskins, Ellis, Curtis, Spry, Phoebus, Green, Lee, Ware, Coke, and Whatcoat; to which many other names might be added.

When we lay down on the bed to pass the night away, we were less inclined to sleep than to call up the scenes that had transpired seventy years before. "My soul was full of other times." Did I hear the hoofs of war-horses, or did I see the cavaliers forcibly arrest the good man of the house despite the tears and entreaties of his wife? Was that the gentle rap of Asbury just come from his house of concealment, under the pall of night, to assemble the family for prayer and religious instruction? Are those the sobs of the forlorn females parting with husbands and brothers going to fight the battles of their country? Is that the melting

prayer offered up by the good woman of the house? Are those groans from the servants of God, wrestling on their knees for the fulness of the Spirit? I almost fancied that I saw their shades moving about the room, and was ready to inquire, Will some happy spirit that has gone to "Fly with his fathers on clouds," speak to me in a dream to-night?

## CHAPTER XLII.

MR. RICHARD BASSETT, of Dover, Delaware, had his first interview with Mr. Asbury, it appears, in 1778, at Mr. Thomas White's. He was going to Maryland on professional business, and called to pass a night with Judge White. As the family was passing through the house, and opening and shutting the doors, he observed one or more persons who seemed to be occupying a private room. Inquiring of Mrs. White who they were, dressed in sable garments, keeping themselves so retiredly, she replied: "O, they are some of the best men in the world—they are Methodist preachers." Having heard of them before, he seemed to be alarmed at his close proximity to them, and observed: "Then I cannot stay here to-night." Mrs. White replied: "O, yes; you must stay—they will not hurt you." Supper being ready, they all sat down at the table. Mr. Asbury had considerable conversation with Mr. Bassett, by which he was convinced that Methodist preachers were not so ignorant, or unsociable, as to make them outcasts from civil society. On taking leave, he invited Mr. Asbury, more from custom than desire, to call on him in case he visited Dover. When Mr. Bassett returned home, and informed his wife that he had been in company with Methodist preachers, and had invited one of them to his house, she was greatly troubled; but was quieted when he told her: "It is not likely that he will come." Sometime in 1779, Mr. Bassett looked out of his window, and saw Mr. Asbury making for his door. Wishing to have company to help on the conversation, Mr. Bassett stepped out and invited Doctor M'Gaw, Governor Rodney, and some others to tea. They sat down to the table, and became so deeply interested in conversation, that they continued it until a late hour. This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted thirty-six years.

Soon after Mr. Thomas White united with the Methodists, he had occasion to go to Dover on business, and stayed all night with Mr. Bassett. Mr. White, like most others who countenanced the Methodists at that day, was marked as a Tory. Some of the rabble went in search of him, declaring their intention to inflict summary punishment upon him in case they found him. They came to Mr. Bassett's door, who was at that time captain of a militia company. Mr. Bassett took his stand in his entry, with his sword and pistols; and when the mob inquired if Thomas White was there, and asked that he might be given to them to be punished as an enemy of his country, Mr. Bassett told them that Mr. White was in his house—that he was no more of a Tory than any one of them; and if they got him into their hands, they would have to walk over his dead body. Well knowing the standing and influence of Mr. Bassett with the community, the raging rabble retired without their victim; and Judge White was saved through the chivalry of his friend.

Mr. Bassett had married Miss Ann Ennalls of Dorchester county, Md., sister of Mr. Henry Ennalls, and niece of Judge Ennalls, of the same county.

Under date of February, 1780, Mr. Asbury says: "Went home with lawyer Bassett, a very conversant and affectionate man, who, from his own acknowledgments, appears to be sick of sin. His wife is under great distress—a gloom of dejection sits upon her soul; she prays much, and the enemy takes advantage of her low state. Shortly afterward she obtained the comfort she was seeking; and it was not long before Mr. Bassett submitted to the reign of Christ. The following is, in substance, his own account of his conversion to God. At the time of the conversion of his wife and her sisters, as he was moving in a fashionable circle, he was somewhat perplexed in his mind, on account of the noisy Methodists. In this state he resolved that as soon as he got through with a cause that he had to manage in the court at Lewistown, to sell his property, and move to some distant part of the country to get clear of them. One night while he was at Lewistown, he dreamed that two devils in black came to his bedside to take him away. He began to tremble and pray. The devils vanished, and two beautiful angels, clad in white, stood by his bedside. Casting his eyes towards the corner of the room, he saw an aged, grave-looking man, sitting in an armed chair, frowning upon him. A beautiful child advanced to the aged man, who continued to frown, and fondled around him. On this his sins were brought to his



recollection. It appeared to him that the aged man represented the Father, justly displeased with his sins. That the little child fondling, represented Christ in intercession. The angels might represent the Holy Spirit, directing the ministers of the gospel, or his sisters, who were presenting him in prayer. He awoke, in raptures, and dedicated himself to God. Mrs. Bassett, who had been earnestly praying for him, dreamed the same night that God had taken her husband into his favor. When he came home, he joyfully related what the Lord had done for him. She replied: "I knew it; for the blessed Lord made it known to me."

Mrs. Bassett did not live many years; but while she lived she was a bright example of holiness, and left the world praising God. Mr. Bassett's second wife, it appears, was a Garnet, a Talbot county lady; and an ardent Christian. Wesley Chapel, in Dover, was erected in 1784, principally by Mr. Bassett's means, at which time he had not joined the Methodists; he was united to them soon after the organization of the Church. It was the expectation of Mr. Asbury that the Lord would make a preacher of him; and often did he preach many things to the people in his exhortations. He has been heard in St. George's. Mr. John Wilmer, son of Lambert Wilmer, one of the original Methodists of Philadelphia, remembers to have seen Mr. Bassett in St. George's, and heard him sing: he says "he was an excellent singer."

In an exhortation in the old log Bethesda Chapel, on the Manor, where his family worshipped, in meeting the skeptic's position of doubting and disbelieving whatever he cannot test by his senses, he wished to know "How a man could believe, by this rule, that he had a back, as he could not see it, unless he had a neck like a crane or a goose." Quaint as this language was, it was better suited to the populace than if it had smacked more of metaphysics. Estimating him according to his standing, influence, and usefulness in the community, we may present him, as important a member as has belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

About the year 1795, he was settled on his large estate on Bohemia Manor. As he was both wealthy and liberal, his house was a principal resort for Methodist preachers; it was to them, on the Peninsula, what Mr. Gough's was on the Western Shore of Maryland; he was seldom without some one of them, and often had a number of them together. When the Rev. Joseph Jewel became supernumerary, he lived with him as the steward of his house.

When camp-meetings were adopted by us, no longer

annoyed by the noise of the Methodists, he was pleased to pitch his tent near the tents of the darkies, and called their music his harp. He had a tent at the first camp-meeting held on the Peninsula, in 1805, at Farson's Hill, near Smyrna; and when Mrs. Bassett was shouting, full of the love of God, as she often was, she would as soon embrace a pious dusky daughter of Africa, in her rejoicing, as a white sister. Methodism had not, as yet, put on brocade slippers and gold spectacles.

While Mr. Bassett lived on the Manor, he had two camp-meetings in a beautiful grove on his land, a mile north of his mansion at Bohemia Ferry. The first was held in 1808, and was followed by a great revival and reformation. The second was held in 1809. Among others that attended this meeting, was the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson. Some account of it is found on page 224 of his Life.

After these camp-meetings, the Manor became famous for Methodism; in almost every family, Methodists were found. Wherever Mr. Bassett's influence extended, he did not suffer a drop of distilled liquor to be used. His house and table were very plain; while he was doing all in his power for the cause of God. After this meeting, Mr. Garrettson, who had known Mr. Bassett for thirty years, saw him no more in this world.

Near the camp-ground was a spring of excellent water, under which was a bed of marl. Many who came to these meetings, took their meals at this spring, and drank of its water. Of late years, in taking out the marl, many cups, knives, and forks have been found that were lost by the people an age before. In 1848, the grove in which the camp-meetings were held, fell before the woodman's axe; and the beautiful oaks, which, had they had tongues, could have told a pleasing tale of the triumph of truth—of the joy of new born souls, and the rejoicing of saints with "joy unspeakable, and full of glory," have for ever disappeared. At that time, Methodists would go to camp-meetings a great distance; Messrs. Levis and Pancoast, from near Darby, Pa., took a tent to one of these meetings on the Manor.

In 1787, Mr. Bassett was a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of the United States of America. Soon after, he was a member of Congress; also, governor of Delaware state.

In the latter end of his life, Mr. Bassett was Judge of the United States District Court for Delaware. At this time, it seems, he had three furnished houses; his old home in

Dover, his principal one on the Manor, and one in Wilmington. In person, he was a heavy-built man; and the last year of his life he was a paralytic. Mr. Asbury notices him, for the last time, in 1815. He says, "My long-loved friend, Judge Bassett, some time past a paralytic, is lately stricken on the other side, and suffers much, in his helpless state." As it is the tendency of this disease to affect the mind, he gave some evidence that his intellect had suffered, by entertaining certain notions, inculcated by a Sister Cain, that was much at his house, concerning the speedy commencement of the millennium, and the consequent exemption of Christians from death. The last time he spoke in love-feast, in Wilmington, he told his brethren that he never expected to die. Such language, so far from showing the least obliquity of heart or life, only evinced that the wish had been father to the thought. As nearly as we can ascertain, he died in the latter end of 1815. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, at his mansion on the Manor; a number of ministers were present, among whom was the Rev. Henry Beam, presiding elder of the district, who took part in the exercises; the sermon was preached by the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper. In a locust-grove that overlooks the Bohemia river, where the wild brier in tangled luxuriance grows, in a vault that he had prepared, his remains were deposited; all that we ever saw of this once strong man, was in this vault, after decomposition had operated for an age.

In this vault, also, rest the remains of his son-in-law, in a leaden coffin; and other members of the family.

Mr. Bassett raised but one child. She was a Methodist. The Hon. James Bayard, an eminent lawyer and statesman, who was associated with Messrs. Gallatin, Russell, Adams, and Clay, in negotiating the Treaty of Ghent in 1814, married her. He died soon after his return from Europe. Mr. Bayard studied law under Mr. Bassett. They frequently debated experimental Christianity, as Mr. Bayard regarded all religious excitement as enthusiasm and fanaticism. When they met, it was Greek meeting Greek, and diamond cutting diamond. Sometimes Mr. Bassett would cut him short by saying, "All you know, I taught you;" and would be answered, "You taught me all you knew, and all I know beside, I taught myself." Soon after Mr. Bassett's death, his old mansion burned down; "For, the fashion of this world passeth away." A bowing wall and a few sycamores mark the spot where it stood.

About the time of his death, several of the heads of the Methodist congregation were taken away:—In 1814 Bishop Coke, in 1815 Governor Van Courtland, of New York, as well as Governor Bassett, of Delaware; in 1816 Mr. Shadford, Bishop Asbury, and the Rev. Jesse Lee.

When Mr. Bassett's house was consumed, many old and valuable paintings perished. One of its large halls was lined with them. Many of them had belonged to Augustine Herman, the founder of Bohemia Manor. His likeness, and that of his lady, perished; also, the painting representing his flight from the Dutch in New York, by means of his famous war charger. There are people still living, who saw these paintings, again and again, before they were destroyed. There were others, representing scenes illustrating events connected with the settlement of America.

Bohemia Manor is bounded by Bohemia and Elk rivers, Back Creek, and the Delaware state line. It takes its name from a Bohemian, whose name was Augustine Herman, who obtained a grant of 18,000 acres of land in Cecil county, Md., which he called Bohemia Manor. It is said, that the Dutch had him a prisoner of war, at one time, under sentence of death, in New York. A short time before he was to be executed, he feigned himself to be deranged in mind, and requested that his horse should be brought to him in the prison. The horse was brought, finely caparisoned. Herman mounted him, and seemed to be performing military exercises, when, on the first opportunity, he bolted through one of the large windows, that was some fifteen feet above ground, leaped down, swam the North river, run his horse through Jersey, and alighted on the bank of the Delaware, opposite New Castle, and thus made his escape from death and the Dutch. This daring feat, tradition says, he had transferred to canvas—himself represented as standing by the side of his charger, from whose nostrils the blood was flowing. It is said that a copy of this painting still exists. He never suffered this horse to be used afterwards, and when he died, had him buried, and honored his grave with a tomb-stone.

Herman first settled in the town of New Castle. Here, he buried this horse, and here, this stone, if it exists, should be. He settled on Bohemia Manor prior to 1664. Herman was the great man of the region; he had his deer-park—the walls of it are still standing; he rode in his coach, driven by liveried servants; his mansion commanded a fine view

of the Bohemia river to the Chesapeake Bay. His tombstone has this inscription:—

### AUGUSTINE HERMAN, BOHEMIAN.

THE FIRST FOUNDER AND  
SEATER OF BOHEMIA MANOR.  
ANNO 1669.

As a relic of olden times, in the history of Europeans in this country, there is a house on this Manor that has been standing one hundred and sixty years, or more; the bricks, sash, and all the original materials in it, were made in England, and brought to Cecil county, Md.

The Inzer, or Enzer, family was Herman's heir to Bohemia Manor. In this family, the title of "First Lord of the Manor" existed, until the Revolution abolished all titles of nobility. In one version of Asbury's Journal he says, he preached to the First Lord of the Manor on Bohemia, about the year 1772 or 1773. This Inzer family had become idiotic, probably by intermarrying. They are still remembered by some who are living. The last Lord of the Manor was happy enough when surrounded by his dogs—clothes, or no clothes—for he was often seen almost entirely denuded. The Bouchell, or Sluyter family, one or the other, by marrying into the Inzer family, inherited a part of the Manor; so, also, the Oldham family. A Mr. Lawson, a lawyer, married a Miss Inzer, who made over to him her real estate in the Manor. Though she was regarded as an idiot, he so trained and taught her, that she answered such questions before the proper persons, making the conveyance, as made them say she was not only rational, but very rational; thus, Mr. Lawson became her heir. She had no child; but Mr. Lawson acknowledged Richard Bassett, and gave him his education, and his own profession, that of the law; and Mr. Bassett became heir to Mr. Lawson's six thousand acres of Bohemia Manor, which embraced the fairest and best portion of the Manor. As we have already said, Mr. Bayard married the only child—a daughter of Governor Bassett. His estate was inherited by his children; and his son, the Honorable Richard Bayard, still has much of this Manor land, which was once the estate of Mr. Bassett, once the estate of Lawson, of Inzer, and originally of Augustine Herman.

### CHAPTER XLIII.

At the end of this Conference year, Mr. Asbury and several other preachers, such as Messrs. Garrettson, Cromwell, and John Cooper, held quarterly meetings at the Sound: this seems to have been the first quarterly meeting held at that place; and as the Baptists persuaded the people not to hear the Methodists preach, and to be dipped—thus influencing the weaker ones, Mr. Joseph Wyatt was left to take care of the cause of Methodism in this place, while the preachers went to Conference. On their way to Conference they held another quarterly meeting at Forest or Thomas's Chapel, assisted by Dr. M'Gaw and Mr. Neal.

The Methodist preachers had not had as much success this year as the previous one. The greatest prosperity had been on the Peninsula, in Delaware and Maryland. As the South had become the seat of war, there was a decrease of Methodists in this quarter—the whole number returned was 8504; of this number less than 400 were found north of Mason and Dixon's line, and about 8000 south of it. Nineteen-twentieths of them were south of the above line.

The preachers on the Northern stations met in April, 1780, in Baltimore, to hold Conference,—Mr. Asbury presiding. They reviewed, revised, and extended the polity of Methodism. They agreed to change circuits at the end of six months. Besides this, there were twenty-six questions considered and affirmed. The seventh question made it the duty of all the assistants to see that all our meeting-houses were regularly settled by deed and trustees. The eleventh question affirmed that all our preachers ought conscientiously to rise at four or five, and that it was a *shame* for a preacher to be in bed till six o'clock in the morning. The fourteenth question provided for the needy wives of the preachers that they should receive as much per quarter as their husbands. The fifteenth made it the duty of the preachers to have religious conversation with every member of the family where they lodged (if time permitted), at the time of family prayer. This rule was productive of much good. The eighteenth recommended the quarterly meetings, that had, hitherto, been generally held on Mondays and Tuesdays, to be held on Saturdays and Sundays, when convenient to do so. Question twenty-three disapproved of distilling grain into liquor, and

provided for disowning the Methodists that continued the practice. The twenty-fifth provided for meeting the colored people, and not suffering them to meet by themselves, or to stay late at night. Question twenty-six laid down the terms of union with the Virginia brethren, who were administering the ordinances,—namely, for them to suspend them for one year, and all meet together in Baltimore for Conference. The other questions being of less general interest, are not quoted.

The preachers who sanctioned the arrangement at the Fluvanna Conference to have the ordinances of Christianity administered among the Methodists, were Isham Tatum, Charles Hopkins, Nelson Reed, Reuben Ellis, Philip Gatch, Thomas Morris, James Morris, James Foster, John Major, Andrew Yeargan, Henry Willis, Francis Poythress, John Sigman, Leroy Cole, Carter Cole, James O'Kelly, William Moore, and Samuel Rowe.

From the Conference held in Baltimore in 1780, Messrs. Asbury, Watters, and Garrettson went to the Conference at Manakintown, in Virginia; where, after much conversation, weeping and praying, a union was effected between the preachers in the South, who had adopted the ordinances, and those in the North who opposed this measure; and the Methodists were one body again. These two Conferences were considered as one in respect to the work, and the interest of the cause in general.

Three new circuits appear in the Minutes this year: one in North Carolina called Yadkin; and two on the Peninsula,—one of which was Sussex, in Delaware, the other Dorchester, in Maryland. There were twenty circuits on which forty-two preachers were stationed, exclusive of Mr. Asbury, who was to travel through the work generally. His first visit to Virginia was in 1775; and, after an absence of four years, he visited it again. In this interim a number of plain chapels had been erected, such as Mabry's, Merritt's, Easlin's, Watson's, White's, Stony Hill, Rose Creek, Mumpin's, and Adams's, in Fairfax county. At Mabry's Chapel, he observes, "I never heard such singing in my life. A woman sat by the desk and cried Glory and praise, I drink of the water of life freely." At this place there was a revival.

From Virginia, Mr. Asbury paid his first visit to North Carolina. Methodism had been spreading in this state for seven years. At this time there were four circuits in it; and he travelled through three of them. He found the country much better than he expected to find it; and the

people were living more comfortably than he supposed they lived, from information previously given him. (Though we, at this time, would think both country and living poor enough.) The Methodists had erected several humble places of worship—such as Nutbush, Cypress, Taylor's, Pope's, Neuse, Henley's, and Lee's, in Caswell county. The one at Nutbush Creek, was twenty by twenty-five feet, built of logs—a humble temple this! and yet, no doubt, God was acceptably worshipped in it. Which of these chapels was first built, we are unable to say.

Mr. Asbury spent about six months in travelling and preaching in Virginia and in North Carolina, endeavoring to reconcile the preachers and people to be content to do without the ordinances administered by Methodist preachers, until they could hear from Mr. Wesley. As he was going down James river toward Norfolk, hearing that the British were there, he set his face towards the North, and came by Alexandria to Baltimore and the Peninsula. From 1777 to 1780, Mr. Asbury was between two fires; the American Whigs suspected him for being a friend to King George, while Messrs. Rankin and Rodda had impressed the British commanders that he was sufficiently friendly to the cause of Americans. Hence, he was more careful to shun the British, than to keep out of the way of the American army.

While he thus travelled through the length and breadth of Methodism, he had to depend much on individual bounty. Before he set off on this tour to the South, Mr. Gough and Mr. Chamier, of Baltimore, had given him three or four guineas, which defrayed the expenses of his journey; and, as his dress began to be ragged, the kind family of Captain Smith, near Petersburg, presented him with a piece of Virginia cloth, out of which a suit of new clothes was made for him. In this way the general superintendent of Methodism was provided for at that day.

While Mr. Asbury was in Virginia this year, he observed, "If I had Harry to go with me and meet the colored people, it would be attended with a blessing." This is the first time that we meet with the name of this individual, who, as we suppose, was the same Harry Hosier, who was so well known among the Methodists for about thirty years after this. We are ignorant of Harry's history previous to this date. In 1782, Mr. Asbury wished him to accompany him on his visit to the South; but Harry seemed unwilling to go. It was feared that his speaking so much to white people in Philadelphia had been injurious to him; and that the much

flattery which was offered to him, might in the end be ruinous to him. He was small, very black, keen-eyed, possessing great volubility of tongue; and, although so illiterate that he could not read, was one of the most popular preachers of that age. We have been informed that Dr. Rush, having heard him, pronounced him, taking into the account his illiteracy, the greatest orator in America. Mr. Asbury, with whom Harry travelled a good deal, said, the way to have a very large congregation, was to give out that Harry was to preach; as more would come together to hear him, than himself. It has been said that on one occasion, in Wilmington, Del., where Methodism was long unpopular, a number of the citizens, who did not ordinarily attend Methodist preaching, came together to hear Bishop Asbury. Old Asbury was, at that time, so full that they could not get in. They stood outside to hear the bishop, as they supposed, but in reality they heard Harry. Before they left the place, they complimented the speaker by saying: "If all Methodist preachers could preach like the bishop, we should like to be constant hearers." Some one present replied, "That was not the bishop, but the bishop's servant that you heard." This only raised the bishop higher in their estimation; as their conclusion was, "if such be the servant, what must the master be?" The truth was, that Harry was a more popular speaker than Mr. Asbury, or almost any one else in his day. When Dr. Coke came to Barratt's Chapel, Mr. Asbury provided him a carriage and horses, and Harry to drive and pilot him round the Peninsula. By the time they reached John Purnell's, in Worcester county, the doctor observed, "I am pleased with Harry's preaching." Harry also travelled with Messrs. Garrettson and Whatcoat; and we cannot say how many more of the early preachers. At that day, Harry was closely identified with Methodism.

After he had moved on a tide of popularity for a number of years, he fell by wine, one of the strong enemies of both ministers and people. And now, alas! this popular preacher was a drunken rag-picker in the streets of Philadelphia. But we will not leave him here. One evening Harry started down the Neck, below Southwark, determined to remain there until his backslidings were healed. Under a tree he wrestled with God in prayer. Sometime that night God restored to him the joys of his salvation. From this time Harry continued faithful; though he could not stand before the people with that pleasing confidence, as a public speaker, that he had before his fall. About the year 1810 Harry

finished his course; and, it is believed, made a good end. An unusually large number of people, both white and colored, followed his body to its last resting-place, in a free burying-ground in Kensington.

After Mr. Watters had visited the Virginia Conference, in 1780, he returned, for the fourth time, to Frederick Circuit for six months—then for a few weeks in Fairfax Circuit. In the latter end of the year he went with John Tunnell to form Calvert Circuit in Maryland. From the Conference of 1781 he went again into Baltimore Circuit. In the latter end of this year he came to Philadelphia to have a Biography of William Adams printed, and went into New Jersey, as far as New Mills, and found all the Methodists alive that he left seven years before; and only one had left the society—during which time their number had more than doubled. He spent the year 1782 in Fluvanna and Hanover Circuits. In 1783 he went to Calvert Circuit; and in the latter end of the year located and settled twelve miles from Alexandria, in Fairfax county, Va. In 1786 he was appointed to Berkley Circuit; but after six months stopped again. In 1786 his wife's mother, Mrs. Ann Adams, died. She was among the first in Fairfax county that was brought to the Lord by the preaching of the Methodists in 1773: she had shown herself to be a mother in Israel. In 1801 he re-entered the itinerancy and was stationed in Alexandria. In 1802 he was in Georgetown. In 1803 he lost his mother, in her ninety-first year. In 1803 and in 1804 he was stationed again in Alexandria; and in 1805 at Georgetown, D. C. In 1806 he located finally. He was alive in 1813, at which time he was sixty-two years old. We are not in possession of the time of his death; but as he had lived WELL, we have no doubt but that he died WELL. Such is the account of the first native American itinerant Methodist preacher. Mr. Gatch says:—

"A captain came from the army to visit a brother living in the neighborhood, who was a Methodist and a captain also. While at his brother's he became concerned for the salvation of his soul. He came to my house when I was about leaving home to fill a round of appointments. I prevailed on him to accompany me, and on our tour he got religion. Immediately he took his knife from his pocket, cut the ruffles from his bosom, and had his hair—which, according to the custom of the time, was long—cut off. After preaching at a quarterly meeting on our route, I felt so exhausted that I thought I could have no further enjoyment

of the meeting; but God frequently makes his power manifest in our weakness. In love-feast the captain's servant became graciously wrought upon. My eye affected my heart. Faith comes by seeing as well as by hearing. The Spirit of the Lord came upon me. In a short time the house appeared to be filled with his presence, and the work became general. Some were converted. I never had so great a blessing before in a public congregation. A preacher present sought to stay the exercises, but could not. He called it my wildfire, but it was the Lord who was carrying on the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. The flame was sweet—one like unto the Son of God was with us.

"During the summer I took a tour into Hanover Circuit. I was at George Arnold's, in company with another preacher, and we took a walk into the cornfield. The corn was in beautiful silk. We separated for the purpose of secret prayer. Here the Lord visited me in an uncommon manner. His gracious Spirit so operated on my body, soul, and spirit, that it was visible to the preacher who was with me. After waiting some time on me, he started to the house, but the cases of Enoch and Elijah came to his mind, and he turned back to see what would become of me. I felt in a measure like I was in heaven, and some that I knew were with me.

"When I heard of the death of Bishop Asbury, that took place at George Arnold's, it brought fresh to my recollection what I had enjoyed at the same place, and I felt assured that he had gone to rest. I was much blessed in this journey, and returned home in safety. My wife's heart was in the work when I left home to serve the Church; we parted in peace, and when I returned we met in love. I once started to be absent some time from home, and finding that I had forgotten a book I intended to take with me, I returned, and my wife met me with her arm bleeding, where it had been pierced by the spindle of a big wheel which had fallen against her. She was so injured that I thought it would be imprudent for me to leave home; but she insisted that I should go on and fill my appointments. After I left her the thought struck me that an enemy had done this, but he was foiled in his purpose.

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"A great revival took place in Powhattan county, Va. It commenced with the children of Methodist parents, and extended into Baptist families. It spread generally over the state of Virginia, and into Carolina. Six young men, the fruits of this revival in our neighborhood, became preach-

ers; five of them, namely, D. Asbury, Chastain, Pope, Maxey, and Locket, became travelling preachers."—"Sketch of Rev. Philip Gatch," pp. 86 to 89.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

DURING this year Methodism was gaining strength in Pennsylvania. In 1780 Mr. George Mair received Mr. Isaac Anderson and his companion, Mrs. Mary Lane Anderson, into the Methodist society, and there was preaching in their house, and sometimes in their school-house. A society was raised up which at one time numbered forty members; but as no chapel was built in this neighborhood, in the change of times this society, which was near the Valley Forge, was dissolved. Mrs. Mary L. Anderson sojourned with the Methodists, as a very consistent Christian, for sixty-seven years, and died at the house of her son, Joseph Everett Anderson, in her eighty-fifth year. Her grandson, the Rev. James Rush Anderson, M. D., is a member of the Philadelphia Conference. Her descendants have generally cleaved to the Methodists.

The Rev. Benjamin Abbott never made but one preaching tour through Pennsylvania; and we place it in the latter end of the year 1780. At the sixth appointment, which he filled while going round the Philadelphia Circuit, as it was then called, he related to his congregation that he had labored in God's vineyard seven years up to that time; as he was converted in 1772, and began to preach in 1773, seven years brings us up to the above date of 1780. Mr. Asbury first saw Mr. Abbott in February, 1781, at which time he related what had been done, just before, over the Delaware river, in Pennsylvania, namely, more than twenty renewed in love, beside a number converted. We shall endeavor to fix the localities of the several preaching places that he was at, as it will show what ground the Methodists then occupied between the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers. The reader may find this tour described in Abbott's Life, pp. 90-113.

His first appointment was at New Castle, in a tavern kept by Robert Furness; his congregation consisted of "a pack of ruffians" met to mob him. One stood with a bottle of rum in his hand, swearing that he would throw it at his

head; but Mr. F. stood in the door and prevented him. Mr. Abbott did not prophesy smooth things to them that night.

His second appointment was at J. Stedham's, in Wilmington, where he preached to a small attentive congregation. Some of them were very happy. A woman lay under the power for three hours, and said God had given her a clean heart. She continued to cry, "O, daddy Abbott, how can I live! O that I could go to Jesus!" She continued all night in prayer.

Thirdly, at J. H's. His congregation here were chiefly Baptists; hence we place it in the bounds of the Iron Hill Baptist congregation, not far from the Christiana village. He was warmly attacked by several of his hearers, because he preached universal redemption, the possibility of falling from grace, and salvation from sin in this life. "There were two or three sheep at this meeting, but they were afraid to hold up their heads," much more to say Amen.

His fourth appointment was at Brother J. Hersey's, we suppose. Here the congregation was large, and the meeting was powerful: some crying aloud for mercy. After sermon, a dear old lady said to him, "This is the gospel trump, I heard it sounded by Mr. Whitefield twenty-five years ago." At his next appointment he preached to ten hard-hearted sinners to little effect.

As his sixth appointment was in a Presbyterian settlement, we fix it in the old White Clay Creek Presbyterian congregation, near Newark, Del. Stopping to inquire the way a man offered to go with him, telling him there is to be a Methodist preacher there, and our preacher is to be there to trap him in his discourse. They were joined by the constable of the place, who swore bitterly that the Methodist preacher (not thinking that he was riding by his side) should go to jail that day. There was a large congregation. The man of the house requested him to preach in favor of the war, as it was in a Presbyterian neighborhood. He replied that he would preach as God directed him. He began, having the constable just before him; who, as soon as he saw that the preacher had heard his profane conversation on his way to the meeting, his countenance fell and he turned pale. Brave man! The power of God rested on the speaker: there was trembling, and flowing tears in abundance. After leaving his name with them at the request of some of them, he departed from them unhurt. Here Adam Cloud joined him to go round the circuit with him.

Seventh—this was in Chester county, not far from Unionville. It was a powerful meeting; and Brother Cloud was greatly tried with the cries of the people.

His eighth appointment was in Goshen, at the Valley school-house, which was the preaching-house then. This appointment is now called the Grove. Here, two fell under his powerful preaching and found peace to their souls. He went home with Brother Daniel Meredith, who lived near "The Ship" tavern on the Lancaster turnpike, where he preached his ninth discourse: some cried aloud for mercy, and two fell to the floor. When Brother Cloud desired him to quiet the people, he replied, "I have not learned these people to cry and fall down, as the people of your neighborhood say I have learned the Jersey people to do."

His tenth appointment was among the Germans near Soudersburg. "Here the Lord wrought wonders, divers fell to the floor, and several found peace. Many tarried to hear what I had seen through the land of the wonderful works of God. In family prayer the power of God came upon me, in such a manner that I lost both the power of my body and the use of my speech, and cried out in a strange manner. The people, also, cried aloud, and continued all night in prayer."

At the Rev. Martin Beam's he filled his eleventh appointment. Here he had one of his most remarkable meetings. It began at 11 o'clock, and ended next morning after sunrise. About twenty of the Soudersburg Methodists came with him to Mr. Beam's. He says, "When I came to my application, the people fell all about the house, and their cries could be heard afar off. The wicked being alarmed, sprung to the doors in haste, falling over each other in heaps. To drown the cry of mourners I gave out a hymn. One of our English friends, in attempting to raise it, fell under the table and lay like a dead man. I gave it out again and asked another to raise it; as soon as he attempted it, he also, fell. I then undertook to raise it, when the power of God came upon me and I cried out with amazement. Seeing that I was fighting against God, I did not attempt singing again. Prayer was all through the house, up stairs and down (it was an old dwelling-house now used for religious meetings), Mr. Beam and five or six more engaged in prayer. A watch-night having been appointed for the evening, as I and Mr. Beam were quietly withdrawing from the house, a young man come out and laid hold of the fence, and cried to God for mercy. 'To be sure,' said Mr.

Beam, 'I never saw God in this way before.' I was called back to see a person die. I went to the preaching-house; up stairs some lay crying for mercy, while others were praising God. In the preaching-room they lay in like manner. The person said to be dying lay gasping. As I was about kneeling down to pray, it was shown me that God had converted her, and I gave thanks to God, and she arose immediately, and praised God for what He had done for her soul. Many came together to the watch-meeting. After much had been said in German and in English, I arose and spoke, and the Lord laid to His helping hand as He had done in the daytime. Divers fled out of the house, leaving such as were crying for mercy, and praising God, behind. I went to bed about midnight; and in the morning I found that the people had been engaged all night: the meeting ended when the sun was about an hour high." It had lasted about twenty hours.

About forty of the friends accompanied Mr. Abbott to his twelfth appointment on Mill Creek, towards Lancaster. Here, "God laid to His helping hand, and many cried aloud for mercy. One young man was powerfully wrought upon and retired up stairs, and thumped about on the floor until Mr. Beam was afraid that he would injure his body, and exclaimed, 'To be sure, I never saw God in this way before.' This young man attempting to come down stairs, fell from top to bottom, and hallooed, 'The devil is in the chamber!' which alarmed the people, and brought a damp over my spirits; as I thought if I had raised the devil I might as well go home. Some of the people went up stairs, and instead of finding the devil, found a man rolling, groaning, and crying to God for mercy. When I dismissed the people, many wept around me; some had found peace, and others were truly awakened, and deeply convicted." This appointment was among the Germans, on ground that Mr. Boehm was cultivating, at Mr. Rohrer's. His thirteenth and fourteenth appointments were near Lancaster: one of them was, most likely, at Mr. Stoner's, which was an appointment where Mr. Beam preached.

His fifteenth appointment we place in the bounds of Leacock Presbyterian congregation. He had many to preach to; but they were metal that he could not melt; and he left them and went to his sixteenth appointment, which seems to have been near New Holland; here lived Mr. Davis, father of the Rev. Samuel Davis, who was a distinguished member of the Baltimore Conference, and who died in 1822, in Wash-

ington City. Also, Mr. Isaac Davis, an old Methodist who died at a great age. At this appointment he found a small congregation, and had exhortation and prayer-meeting. Two young men fell to the floor; and when they arose, they both professed sanctification. The next day he preached at this place, and had a good meeting, both in preaching and in meeting class. At his seventeenth preaching place the meeting was profitable,—in meeting the class, three or four professed sanctification.

His eighteenth appointment seems to have been in the bounds of the Upper Octorara Presbyterian congregation. Here he met his friend James Sterling, of Burlington, N. J.; having written to him a few days before, informing him how God was carrying on his work. The house was crowded. Some cried for mercy, and others fell to the floor. Here an old Presbyterian gentleman told him that his meetings of noise and confusion were not of the God of order, but of the devil. Mr. Abbott replied, "If this be the work of the devil, these people, many of whom lay on the floor as if dead, when they revive, will rage, curse, and swear like devils." His attention was soon called to listen to their notes of praise to Jesus as they came to. "Hark," said Mr. Abbott to his Presbyterian opponent, "This is not the language of hell, but the language of Canaan."

At a prayer-meeting in the neighborhood in the evening, all present were prostrated on the floor except Mr. Abbott and his opponent, who contended that it was delusion and the work of the devil. Eight professed sanctification at this meeting, and some were justified. At his nineteenth appointment, while preaching, he heard one cry, "Water! water! the man is fainting." It was his Presbyterian opponent trembling like Belshazzar, who presently fell to the floor, and after a struggle lay as one dead. After the class was met, and about the time the meeting ended, he revived. There was no disputing about the character of the work now; the knock-down argument that he had met had settled the question with him. At Mr. Abbott's next appointment he arose and gave an exhortation, admitting that the power of God was manifested in these meetings as he never had seen it before.

At his twentieth appointment, the people were so much interested that they were unwilling to leave the place, after Mr. Abbott had exhausted his strength in preaching to them; and Brother Cloud, who had been with him some two weeks, and had become something of a convert to these powerful



meetings, arose and gave a pertinent exhortation. One woman fell to the floor, and when she arose testified that God had sanctified her soul. A young man was so deeply awakened, that when he reached home he fell like a log of wood on the floor, and called on God to have mercy on him until midnight. Next morning Mr. Abbott was sent for to see the young man. After asking him some questions, he assured him that God had converted his soul, whereupon the youth arose and gave glory to God. Mr. Abbott congratulated the mother that she had a son born again. But the mother cried out, "Away with you, I want no more of you here. Whitefield was here before you, like you, turning the world upside down, and driving the people mad. I want no more of your being born again."

This old lady could not have paid a much greater compliment to Mr. Abbott than she did by comparing him to Mr. Whitefield. She should have belonged to a congregation down east, whose minister blotted "Ye must be born again" from his sermon, because a man was made uneasy by hearing him read it.

His meeting was small and unsuccessful at his twenty-first appointment. From it he went home with a friendly Quaker. While conversing with his Quaker brother on his experience, the Spirit of the Lord came on him so powerfully that he fell and cried so loud that the people at the barn heard him, and came running into the house; but hastening out as quickly with fear. As soon as he recovered he looked round and saw them all in tears. Some of the Friends blessed God that they had ever seen such a man; and invited him to preach in their meeting-house. Thus Mr. Abbott passed through evil and good report. Yesterday, the old church lady had bidden him away, because her son was born again. To-day, the Friends, not always the most liberal, were following him with delight—thus smiles and frowns were blended. The last three appointments that he had filled, seem to have been east of the Welsh Mountain, on the head waters of the Brandywine. At his twenty-second appointment he had a large congregation and a good meeting: the woman of the house was struck to the floor—she followed him to his next place of preaching, where she was powerfully blest, and returned home rejoicing.

His twenty-third appointment was, undoubtedly, in the little old stone chapel called Old Forest, in the edge of Berks county. Here some fell under the power, others ran out of the house. One woman going out met another coming in,

and said to her: "Do not go in, for you cannot stand it." Several professed to find peace, and others holiness of heart. "There was the shout of a king in the camp." Many said it was the greatest day they ever had seen in that place, though they had sat under the zealous loud preaching of Demour, who had raised up that meeting. Messrs. Abraham Lewis and Joseph Kerberry were two principal men belonging to this meeting; with one of these he put up, and held a powerful prayer-meeting in the evening at the house of the other.

Mr. David Hoffman informed us that he was living with either Lewis or Kerberry, and remembered Mr. Abbott's visit in 1780. Brother Hoffman was a local preacher, connected with Old Forest for many years. After being a Methodist for about seventy years, he died, a few years since, nearly ninety years old.

His twenty-fourth appointment was most likely at Benson's, near the Little Eagle Tavern, where there was a society, and the following year a chapel was built. Here many flocked together. His abundant labors had exhausted his energies, and brought on fainting fits—a nervous sensation that he had never before experienced. He proceeded in the exercises,—the panic left him, and he had a powerful meeting, and a precious time in meeting the class. At this appointment several were under awakening by the Spirit of God. One woman informed him that she was brought under conviction by going into the Roman chapel (could this have been the little old chapel in West Chester? We know of no other in that section of the country) out of curiosity, where she saw the representation of Christ on the Cross, and the blood running down His side. She became awfully impressed on account of her guilt, and soon after found peace and joined society.

His twenty-fifth appointment was at Warwick, or Potts's Furnace. "He says: "This place, for wickedness, was next door to hell. Here they swore they would shoot me. Mrs. Grace (the owner of the furnace) being unable to attend this meeting on account of indisposition, sent a person to moderate the furnace-men and colliers. I went into the house and preached with great liberty. Several of the colliers' faces were all in streaks where the tears ran down their cheeks. Brother Sterling gave an exhortation. After meeting we went to Mrs. Grace's (who lived at Coventry). The old lady took me by the hand, and said: 'I never was so glad to see a man in the world; for I was afraid that some of the fur-

nace-men had killed you.'” The next day he preached his twenty-sixth sermon in her house to a weeping company, and had a precious time. At night Brother Cloud preached, and Brother Sterling exhorted. Next morning, in family prayer, “The windows of heaven were opened, and the Spirit of God came as on the day of Pentecost; her daughter (Mrs. Potts) found peace, and one of her granddaughters was under soul distress, while the old lady was on the wing for glory.” Here Brother Sterling left him for Burlington, and Brother Cloud went to his home near Wilmington.

His twenty-seventh appointment was at David Ford’s, near Cloud’s Chapel, now Bethel. “Here the people were afraid to sit near me, having heard that the people on the circuit fell like dead men. I preached, and we had a powerful time—many were cut to the heart, some fell to the floor, and several cried aloud for mercy.”

His twenty-eighth appointment was at Cloud’s Meeting-house. This is the earliest notice that we have of this chapel, which was just opened for worship. After preaching, he held a prayer-meeting at night. “It was a powerful, melting, shouting time. Several were lost in the ocean of love.”

In Wilmington he preached his twenty-ninth sermon in an old store-house on the wharf. “Some people went through the town and said there was an old sailor cursing and swearing at a terrible rate; this brought the people together from every quarter, and the house and wharf was crowded. Some laughed, some mocked, and others wept; some were awakened, and inquired what they should do to be saved. I told them to look to Jesus.”

In this tour Mr. Abbott had travelled over all the ground that the Methodists then had under cultivation in Pennsylvania, except Philadelphia, and Bethel, in Montgomery county, with Germantown,—the two last-named appointments were rather occasional than regular ones. He had spent about a month in going round the circuit, and had preached at least twenty-nine times, met ten or twelve classes, held one watch-night, and four or five prayer-meetings. He had heard more than twenty declare that God had renewed them in love; and an equal number had testified that they had found redemption in the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of sins; besides the scores, if not hundreds, that had been awakened under his thunder. Seldom do we meet with a month’s tour, in the records of Methodism, that abounds more with striking incidents, or in which there was more fervent labor, and greater displays of divine power. At

that day, and especially with Mr. Abbott, family prayer was not an exercise of mere form; but the same faith in Christ was in exercise, and expectation of a present salvation from Him was looked for as much as in meetings of preaching and exhortation. Hence, in family worship, he had seals in the conversion of souls, as well as in other meetings; this was the case at Coventry, and in other instances of family worship.

## CHAPTER XLV.

FOR the last three years the iron heel of war had been treading down Methodism in New Jersey. At the Conference held in Baltimore in 1780, Mr. Asbury received three epistles from the brethren of Jersey, soliciting three or four preachers to be sent to them, with good tidings of great prospects of the work of God reviving among them. Accordingly three preachers—to wit, William Gill, John James, and Richard Garrettson, were sent to serve the state. It appears that the work of God did greatly prosper in Jersey this year; the number of Methodists increasing from 196 to 512; and Methodism was never reduced as low in Jersey after 1780, as it was before that time. Up to this time what few Methodists were found in this state were in Salem, Gloucester, Burlington, and Mercer counties, while they were almost unknown in Cumberland, Cape May, and Monmouth counties. It was during this year that Methodism was introduced into the last-named three counties, and planted on the Atlantic coasts of this state.

Of Mr. John James, the Rev. Thomas Ware gives the following account of his labors this year in Cumberland and Cape May counties, where he was a pioneer:—“He threw the reins on the neck of his horse and let him take his own course; and on coming to a house he would inform the family that he had come to warn them and their neighbors to prepare to meet God, desiring them to give notice that on such a day one would be there to deliver a message from God to them; and if they allowed him he would sing and pray with them before he left them. Some families were much affected, and felt bound to do as he desired them. Others refused to open their houses to him or invite their neighbors. Those who made appointments for him, found him punctual in

attending them. This course soon caused alarm and excitement in many places: some thought him a messenger from the invisible world, and some said 'he is mad.' One evening he came to the house of Captain Sears, and requested lodgings. The Captain was in the yard surrounded by noisy barking dogs, which made it difficult for him to understand the nature of the favor asked. In a fit of passion he began to swear at the dogs, for which the preacher reproved him. When he could be heard he renewed his request to stay all night. The Captain looking at him, paused some time and replied, 'I hate to let you stay the worst of any man I ever saw; but as I never refused a stranger a night's lodging in my life, you may alight.'

"Soon after entering the house he requested a private room and retired. Curious to know for what he had retired, the family found means to ascertain, when it was found that he was on his knees. After continuing a long time in secret, he came into the parlor and found supper ready. The Captain seating himself at the table invited his guest to partake with him; who, coming to the table, said, 'With your permission, Captain, I will ask the blessing of God upon our food before we partake of it,'—to which the Captain assented. During the evening the preacher had occasion to reprove his host several times for profaneness. In a few days the Captain attended a military parade. His men, having heard that the man who had made so much noise in that region had spent a night with him, asked him what he thought of this singular person. 'Do you ask what I think of the stranger? I know he is a man of God.' 'Pray, how do you know that, Captain?' said one. 'How do I know it? I will tell you honestly—the devil trembled in me at his reproofs.' The Captain became a useful Methodist, and an exemplary Christian." In this way was Methodism introduced into Cumberland and Cape May counties.

The following were some of the appointments made about this time in this part of New Jersey:—New England Town, Cohansy (now Bridgetown), Maurice's River (now Port Elizabeth), Brother Gough's, Peter Creassey's, Godfrey's, Wolsey's (possibly this name should be written Woolson, as it may have been the same family out of which the Rev. John Woolson, of the Philadelphia Conference, came), and Mr. Smith's, on Tuckahoe river. These appointments were in Cumberland and Cape May counties. In what was then Gloucester, but now Atlantic county, there was preaching at Justice Champion's and Brother Hew's, not far from May's

Landing, on Great Egg Harbor river. The Wiretown or Waretown appointment seems to have been near to what is now called Cedar Bridge, if it was not the same place; and Goodluck was not far from it. In Monmouth county, appointments were made at Justice Aiken's, on Tom's River, at Long Branch, Freehold, and Leonard's. There was preaching also at Batstow Furnace. At a later date preaching was established at Pleasant Mills, Absecombe, Tuckerton, Squam River, Shark River, Mount Pleasant, and Shrewsbury. There were several other appointments which we cannot specify.

Of those who became Methodists about this time we have already named, Captain Sears, Brothers Gough, Creassey, Godfrey, Wolsey, Smith, Champion, Hews, Aiken, and Leonard. To these we will add the following names as belonging to the early Methodists of this region. On Maurice's River were the Fisler's; the Rev. Benjamin Fisler was for a short time a travelling preacher. After a long race on the Christian course he died at Port Elizabeth, where some of his children are still found, and several of his relations by the same name, who generally adhere to the Methodists, are in that region. In the same neighborhood is the Brick family—some of this name were Methodists seventy years ago. About Tuckahoe, it seems, the Swains lived: Richard and Nathan were both in the itinerancy. Richard was a great natural philosopher, as well as a good man; he died early in the present century. His brother Nathan lived to a good old age, continuing faithful until death. From Tuckahoe came the Rev. Asa Smith, who was long a member of the Philadelphia Conference. About Egg Harbor were the Blackmans. Abigail Blackman, an old Methodist, died in 1827, aged seventy-four years. David and Mary his wife, belonged here. Their son, the Rev. Learner Blackman, was a travelling preacher of distinction, and was drowned while crossing the Ohio river in 1815. His mother died in 1827, aged seventy-four years. Mr. and Mrs. Frambes belonged to the society at Egg Harbor in 1780, when it was first formed. Mary Frambes, after a faithful life of forty-six years among the Methodists, died in 1826, aged eighty-eight years, leaving 160 lineal descendants. The Rev. Absalom Doughty of this region was an early Methodist. After a life of more than fifty years of true devotion to Christianity, he fell asleep in Jesus in his eightieth year at Absecombe. At Batstow Furnace lived Freedom Lucas, one of the first Methodists of the place; it appears that he fell heir to an estate in England about this time. Mr. Simon

Lucas, who was in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, a convert of David Brainerd's, and a Methodist for fifty years, most of which time he was a local preacher, died in Atlantic county in his eighty-eighth year.

In 1780, in Monmouth county, Job Throckmorton was awakened and converted under the preaching of the Rev. Richard Garrettson. He was one of the first Methodists in the county, and his house one of the first homes that the preachers had in that section of country. He died at his residence in Freehold, in his seventy-eighth year. John and James, and many more of the Throckmortons of this county, have followed the Methodists since 1780.

Mr. and Mrs. Lippincott, of Monmouth, were among the early Methodists. In the neighborhood where they lived there were several sects, such as Friends, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Seventh Day Baptists, and Long Beards, or Dunkards. Mrs. Ann Lippincott was brought under deep concern of soul while young; and in this state she tried to obtain light from the sects professing Christianity, among whom she lived; but found herself still in the dark, as to the great question, "What must I do to be saved?" Not long after, she dreamed that she was at a certain place, where there was a large concourse of people, where she saw a man dressed in home-spun linen, of a purple color, having a roll in his hand, inviting the people to enlist with him to go to heaven. About this time there began to be much talk about a people that had arisen in England called Methodists, some of whom had come to America. Hearing that one of this sect was to preach in the neighborhood, she went with her husband to hear him. There she saw a large assembly of people, and a man, like unto the one she had seen in her dream, who imparted to her the light she had been seeking, and plainly opened up the way to heaven to her understanding. Under the discourse her husband's heart was touched; and when the preacher presented the roll or class paper, and invited all who wanted to go to heaven, to come forward and have their names put down, she pressed through the crowd to the preacher, determined to have her name on the roll, if no one beside herself joined that day; but before she reached the minister, her husband had made his way through the people, and ordered his name to be put on the class paper. After spending many years in the service of the Redeemer, she departed, joyfully, to meet her Saviour, in her eighty-seventh year.

In Monmouth county lived the Polemus family; some of

them were early Methodists. The Rev. James Polemus was received into the Philadelphia Conference about 1800, and reached paradise in 1827. Who ever beheld a more sanctified countenance than this good man wore? Who ever looked at him, and might not conclude that he more properly belonged to heaven than to earth, while he sojourned with mortals! such innocence! such meekness! such purity! were stamped on his face! Blessed man!

Ann Robins, wife of Moses Robins, of this county, became a Methodist about this time. She died in Philadelphia, in 1828, in her eighty-ninth year, and is buried at the Union Church. The Rev. Joseph Parker, of Long Branch, after a faithful life of sixty years, went to his reward in his eighty-sixth year. In Monmouth county lived the Woolley family; some of these were among the first Methodists of the region. Out of this family came the Rev. George Woolley, who was a member of the Philadelphia Conference forty years. He finished his course, and ended his sufferings in Cecil county, Md., in 1843, in his seventy-fifth year, and was interred at Port Deposit.

The Cranmers and Grandins of this county, joined at this time. Mrs. Amy Granding, after living in fellowship for many years with the Methodists, went to glory in her eighty-ninth year; and Mr. Edward Cranmer, in his seventy-seventh year.

In after years, the preachers found homes and accommodations, on the Atlantic coasts, in the families of Brothers Peacock, Peterson, Richards, Brown, Chamberlain, Woodmassie, Newman, White, and Derrick Longstreet, with his sixteen fine healthy children.

It was in 1780 that Mr. Hugh Smith and several of the friends went to quarterly meeting, leaving Mr. Abbott at home sick. Mr. Abbott followed them. R. G., *i. e.* Richard Garrettson, preached. Mr. Abbott followed in exhortation, speaking of his inability to come to the meeting,—of his impression to try to ride,—as soon as he put his foot in the stirrup he felt the power of God come upon him, &c. As he spoke these words the power came upon the assembly. Mr. Smith, with many others, fell to the floor, crying aloud. Mr. Smith was not as yet born again. A glorious time followed at that meeting. (See Abbott's Life, pp. 282, 283.)

It seems to have been about the year 1780 when Methodism was established in Deerfield. Mr. Abbott received a letter from a pious Presbyterian of the place, telling him

“that his house and heart were open to receive him, and that they had sinners in Deerfield, desiring him to look upon his lines as a call from God.” An appointment was made, which was filled by Mr. Abbott on the following Sabbath. There was some tenderness manifested by the hearers; and under his next discourse the people were melted. This and several other places in the neighborhood, became regular preaching places for the itinerants, and were taken into the circuit. A revival followed, and two societies were raised up. In this revival the people fell like men slain in battle. Many of the Presbyterians joined the Methodist society and stood fast, though some of them were brought before the sessions of the Church for so doing.

It was a common occurrence in that age for the pulpits of other ministers to ring with denunciations of Methodism and its propagators. At New England Town, the Presbyterian minister solemnly warned his congregation against hearing Methodist preachers. At Cohansely (now Bridgetown), Mr. Vantull dealt his blows unsparingly on the first Methodists, and their friends in that place. To specify, would be an almost endless task; it was a rule that had but few exceptions, for the Methodists to meet with such treatment from ministers of other denominations. The consequence was, that it taught Methodist preachers to fight, who, as soon as Methodism was established, turned upon them, and gave battle to them until they were glad to haul down their colors, and ask a truce. We heard the Rev. Charles Pitman, at a camp-meeting in Jersey, give certain ministers a talk that made some of their people, who were present to hear it, cry like whipped children. A gentleman once said, that he would not for five hundred dollars have been in the place of a certain Church minister, who sat under the scathing rebukes of the Rev. Solomon Sharp, at a camp-meeting in Talbot county, Md. This war between the Methodists and other Protestant denominations, with the exception of a little skirmishing occasionally, seems to be over.

According to the Rev. Thomas Ware, there was a great work going on in Mercer county, N. J., in 1780, in which year it is supposed he became a Methodist. There is reason to doubt the accuracy of the above date. In 1780, Mr. Pedicord, who was the instrument of Mr. Ware's conversion, was appointed, according to the Minutes, to labor in Delaware state; and the Journal of Mr. Asbury shows that he was preaching on the Peninsula; nor is there any conclusive evi-

dence that he was in New Jersey at all in 1780—and Mr. Mair was appointed to Philadelphia Circuit this year. As Mr. Ware wrote his Life when he was old, if we suppose that his memory failed as to the above date, as it appears that it did as to the time of the conversion of General Russell and his lady, which he states took place in 1788—but which Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat, who kept journals, say took place in 1790—and take 1781 as the true date, every circumstance will corroborate; for in the Minutes, C. B. Pedicord and J. Cromwell stand for West Jersey; and Mr. Mair has no work assigned him in the Minutes for this year, and was at liberty to “volunteer as a missionary for East Jersey,” as Mr. Ware says he did. Nor was it customary at that day, to let a young man of as much promise as Mr. Ware was, remain at home three years before he was put in the itinerant harness. Mr. Rodda began to break Mr. Garrettson into the itinerancy, as soon as he was converted. We, therefore, suppose that 1781 is the correct date of Mr. Ware's conversion, and the time of Mr. Mair's labors in East Jersey, and the love-feast. We have seen many accounts of love-feasts; but never met with one that read so well when transferred to paper, as the one which follows. (See “Life of Thomas Ware,” pp. 62-69.)

“Mr. Mair closed his labors among his spiritual children with a quarterly-meeting. Great power attended the word on Saturday; many wept aloud—some for joy, and some for grief; many, filled with amazement, fled—and thus room was made for the preachers to go among the mourners, to pray with, and exhort them to believe on the Lord Jesus. Early on Sabbath morning, believers and seekers met in a barn for a love-feast. To most of them, this was the first love-feast they had been in. Its nature was explained to them by Mr. Mair; and Mr. James Sterling, of Burlington, led off in speaking his experience. After him, Mr. Egbert, one of the new converts, arose and said: ‘I was standing in my door, and saw a man well mounted on horseback, and as he drew near I had thoughts of hailing him to inquire the news; but he forestalled me by turning into my yard and saying to me—“Pray, sir, can you tell me the way to heaven?”’ “The way to heaven, sir! we all hope to get to heaven, and there are many ways that men take.” “Ah! but,” said the stranger, “I want to know the best way.” “Alight, sir, if you please; I should like to hear you talk about the way you deem the best. When I was a boy I used to hear my mother talk about the way to heaven, and I am

impressed that you must know the way." He did alight, and I was soon convinced that the judgment I had formed of the stranger was correct. My doors were opened, and my neighbors were invited to come and see and hear a man who could and would tell us the best way to heaven. And, it was not long before myself, my wife, and several of my family, together with many of my neighbors, were well assured we were in the way; for we had peace with God, with one another, and did frequently pray for the peace and salvation of all men. Tell me, friends, is not this the way to heaven? It is true, many of us were for a time greatly alarmed and troubled. We communed together, and said, It is a doubtful case if God will have mercy on us, and forgive us our sins; and if He does, it must be after we have passed through long and deep repentance. But our missionary, to whom we jointly made known our unbelieving fears, said to us, "Cheer up, my friends, ye are not far from the kingdom of God. Can any of you be a greater sinner than Saul of Tarsus? and how long did it take him to repent? Three days were all. The Philippian jailor, too, in the same hour in which he was convicted, was baptized, rejoicing in God, with all his house. Come, let us have faith in God; come, let us go down upon our knees, and claim the merit of Christ's death for the remission of our sins, and God will forgive. Look to yourselves, God is here!" Instantly, one who was I thought the greatest sinner in the house, except myself, fell to the floor as one dead—and we thought he was dead; but he was not literally dead, for there he sits with as significant a smile as any one present. Here, the youth of whom he spoke, uttered the word glory, with a look, and tone of voice that ran through the audience like an electric shock, and for a time interrupted the speaker; but he resumed by saying, "The preacher bid us not be alarmed—we must all die to live." Instantly I caught him in my arms, and exclaimed, The guilt I felt, and the vengeance I feared are gone—and now, I know heaven is not far off; but here, and there, and wherever Jesus manifests himself, is heaven.' Here his powers of speech failed, and he sat down and wept; and there was not, I think, one dry eye in the barn.

"A German spoke next; and if I could tell what he said, as told by him, it would be worth a place in any man's memory. He spoke to the following import: When de preacher did come to mine house, and did say, Peace be on dis habitation; I am come, fader, to see if in dese trouble-

some times I can find any in your parts dat does know de way to dat country where war, sorrow, and crying are no more—and of whom could I inquire so properly as of one to whom God has given many days? When he did say dis, I was angry, and did try to say to him, Go out of mine house; but I could not speak, but did tremble, and, when mine anger was gone I did say, I does fear I does not know de way to dat goodest place, but mine wife does know; sit down, and I will call her. Just den, mine wife did come in; and de stranger did say, Dis, fader, is, I presume, your wife, of whom you say she does know de way to a better country, de way to heaven.

"Dear woman, will you tell it me? After mine wife did look at de stranger one minute, she did say, I do know Jesus, and is not He de way? De stranger did den fall on his knees, and tank God for bringing him to mine house, where dere was one dat did know de way to heaven; he did den pray for me and mine children dat we might be like mine wife, and all go to heaven togeder. Mine wife did den pray in Dutch, and some of mine children did fall on deir knees, and I did fall on mine; and, when she did pray no more, de preacher did pray again, and mine oldest daughter did cry so loud. From dat time I did seek de Lord, and did fear He would not hear me, for I had made de heart of mine wife sorry when I did tell her she was mad. But, de preacher did show me so many promises dat I did tell mine wife, if sne would forgive me, and fast, and pray wid me all day and all night, I did hope de Lord would forgive me. Dis did please mine wife, but, she did say, We must do all in de name of de Lord Jesus. About de middle of de night I did tell mine wife I should not live till morning, mine distress was too great. But, she did say, Mine husband, God will not let you die; and, just as de day did break, mine heart did break, and de tears did run so fast, and I did say, Mine wife, I does now believe mine God will bless me, and she did say, Amen, amen, come Lord Jesus. Just den, mine oldest daughter, who had been praying all night, did come in and did fall on my neck, and said, O mine fader, Jesus has blessed me. And den joy did come into mine heart, and we have gone on rejoicing in de Lord ever since. Great fear did fall on mine neighbors, and mine barn would not hold all de peoples dat does come to learn de way to heaven. His tears kept the people in tears while he was speaking.

"After him, another got up and said, For months previous to the coming of Mr. Mair into their place, he was one of

the most wretched of men. He had heard of the Methodists, and the wonderful works done among them, and joined in ascribing it all to the devil. At length fear fell on him; he thought he should die and be lost. He lost all relish for food, and sleep departed from him. His friends thought him mad; but his own conclusion was that he was a reprobate, having been brought up a Calvinist; and he was tempted to shoot himself, that he might know the worst. He at length resolved that he would hear the Methodists; and, when he came, the barn was full; there was, however, room at the door, where he could see the preacher, and hear well. He was soon convinced he was no reprobate, and felt a heart to beg of God to forgive him for harboring a thought, that He the kind Parent of all, had reprobated any of His children. Listening, he at length understood the cause of his wretchedness; it was guilt, from which Jesus came to save us. The people all around him being in tears, and hearing one in the barn cry Glory to Jesus, hardly knowing what he did, he drew his hat from under his arm, and swinging it over his head, began to huzza with might and main. The preacher saw him, and knew he was not in sport, for the tears were flowing down his face, and, smiling, said, Young man, thou art not far from the kingdom of God; but, rather say Hallelujah, the Lord omnipotent reigneth. Several others spoke, when, a general cry arose; and, the doors were thrown open, that all might come in and see the way that God sometimes works."

Of those who were subjects of this work, Mr. Ware gives us only Mr. Egbert's name. Mr. Jacob Egbert became a preacher. In 1793, he joined the Philadelphia Conference, and located in 1800. He lived about fifty years among the Methodists, and was far advanced in years at the time of his death. Through Mr. Mair's labors, Methodism was introduced into Germantown, in Mercer county, and several other places, at this time.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

IN the Minutes of 1780 we find the names of George Moore, Stephen Black, Samuel Watson, James Martin, Moses Park, William Partridge, James O. Cromwell, John James, Thomas Foste', Caleb Boyer, and George Mair, as new laborers in the itinerant field.

Of Mr. John James's labors and success in New Jersey, this year, we have already given an account. Useful as he was, he continued in the work but two years.

Mr. Samuel Watson was located in 1783.

Mr. James Martin located in 1785.

Mr. Moses Park continued in the work until 1790.

Mr. George Moore was one of Mr. Garrettson's converts, of 1778, in Broad Creek. His house was one of the preaching places of that region. We make him the fourth preacher, from the state of Delaware, who appears in the Minutes as an itinerant. His labors were confined to the Peninsula, where he was useful in planting and building up Methodism. The last circuit he was on was Milford, in 1792, having Solomon Sharp, who entered the work this year, for his colleague.

Mr. Stephen Black was of the Peninsula, not far from the Choptank. His house was a preaching place, where a society was raised up about this time. He died in the work in 1781.

Mr. William Partridge was a native of Sussex county, Va., born in 1754; and born again in 1775. After nine years he located, in which relation he remained for twenty-five years. In 1814 he re-entered the itinerancy; and, in 1817, died in the Sparta charge in Georgia. He was one of the brightest examples of piety in the church: professing and living sanctification. He thought he saw, in his day, a departure from primitive simplicity among the Methodists, which was cause of grief to his soul. He was fully prepared for his final summons to meet his Lord.

Mr. James Oliver Cromwell, we suppose, was a brother to Joseph Cromwell, of Baltimore county, Md. He accompanied the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson to Nova Scotia, in 1785, where he labored about two years, and then returned to the States; and in 1793 located. He was alive in 1806, living on Baltimore Circuit, a "humble sweet-spirited old minister."

Mr. George Mair, according to the Minutes, was stationed

on Philadelphia Circuit, in 1780. We are not informed where he labored in 1781 and in 1782. Most likely he was following his secular business, for the support of his family, the most part of these two years. In 1783 he was on Kent, in Maryland. In 1784 he received his last appointment to Caroline Circuit. During this year he was engaged in erecting the house that is called "Green's Chapel," below Camden, in Delaware. Near by this chapel is a one-story brick house, fifteen by twenty feet, which was built this year by Mr. Mair, to be a home for himself and his wife. One room served for kitchen, parlor, and bed-chamber. He, like most of the early itinerants, had reduced the moral philosophy of the hermit to every-day experience and practice—

"Then be content, thy cares forgo,  
All earth-born cares are wrong:  
Man needs but little here below,  
Nor needs that little long."

In the early part of 1785 the Lord took his soul "to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He was interred at Green's Chapel. (This is an antiquated, dilapidated house, and should be rebuilt and called Mair's Chapel.) Had there been any one able to point out his grave, a few years ago, it was the purpose of the Rev. John Bell to set up "the stone of remembrance, and bid it speak to other years." The Rev. Thomas Ware says he was the second preacher that fell on the walls of Methodist Zion, after the church was organized. The Minute of his death says, "He was a man of affliction—he had a strange affliction in his heel that he called a thorn in the flesh. Some times, when riding along the road, he had to get down and hold it in cold water to ease it (this was a part of his affliction), but of great patience and resignation; and of excellent understanding." His great tact in introducing himself to the people as a missionary, as shown by Mr. Ware, saying to Mr. Egbert, as he rode up to his door, "Pray, sir, can you tell me the way to heaven?" and the manner in which he addressed the old German: "Peace be on this habitation, &c.," shows that he well understood how to approach the unconverted. For solemn Christian solidity he had no superior among Methodist preachers.

Mr. Caleb Boyer was born and brought up in Kent county, Del., below Dover. He was brought to the Lord under the ministry of Mr. Garretson, in 1778. About twenty months after, he began to itinerate. Although he was not at the

Christmas Conference, in 1784, he was elected to the office of deacon. He was a great extemporizer, and considered as one of the greatest preachers that the Methodists then had. To his scintillating genius was added humility and true devotion to the cause of Christ. After he had a family, finding that the sum of one hundred and sixty dollars (the married preacher's allowance at that time) was inadequate to keep his family, he located in 1788, and settled in or near Dover, where the Church enjoyed his talents as a local preacher for the space of twenty-five years. It was the opinion of Messrs. Whatcoat and Vasey, who came to America with Dr. Coke, that they had not heard a Methodist preacher in England (Messrs. Wesley and Fletcher excepted) that was equal in ability to Mr. Boyer. Early in this century he died, and was interred at Wesley Chapel, in Dover, according to our information.

Mr. Thomas Foster was a native of Queen Anne's county, Maryland. In 1785 he was made an elder, and placed in charge of a district. The last circuit he travelled was Dover, in 1791. In 1792 he located. For a number of years he lived in Dorchester county, Md., near the Washington Chapel, and not far from Crabing, or (as it is called) Cabin Creek. Here he cultivated his little farm; and travelled about, and attended camp and other meetings—preaching at funerals and performing other ministerial duties. No minister was more esteemed on account of sound talent and a holy life than the Rev. Thomas Foster. Mr. Asbury said he was "of the old stamp, and steady;" and when he was making the circuit of the Peninsula he was pleased to turn into the pleasant little cottage of Brother Foster, to tarry for a night. Those who were acquainted with him saw a fair specimen of the first race of Methodist preachers. The first time that we were in class-meeting was in 1814, in the Washington Chapel, on which occasion the Rev. Thomas Foster preached and met class. The last time we heard him preach was about the year 1819, from Eccl. iii. 16: "And moreover I saw under the sun the place of judgment, that wickedness was there; and the place of righteousness, that iniquity was there." The wickedness of courts, royal, civil, and ecclesiastical; and the iniquity practised at places of worship; was the theme of his discourse. A few years after this he exchanged the sorrows of earth for the joys of paradise. Near where he lived his body was interred, to rest in hope of having part in the first resurrection.



All the preachers received on trial this year continued to honor God and Methodism during life. Some of them soon ended their itinerant career; others had a longer race. Stephen Black and George Mair soon died in the Lord. The latter was no ordinary Christian preacher. William Partidge, James O. Cromwell, and Thomas Foster continued many years as lights and ornaments of Methodist Christianity. Their memory is blessed. Caleb Boyer was regarded as a great preacher in his day, and his life was untarnished to the end.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

IN 1780, according to the Minutes, Daniel Ruff, Freeborn Garrettson, and Joshua Dudley were appointed to labor on Baltimore Circuit. Among others who were brought in this year was the Tschudy family. Martin Tschudy's became a "preaching place on Baltimore Circuit. Here the Methodists raised a large class. Father T. was a man of few words, but as honest and steady as the day was long. Mother T. was one of the excellent of the earth; deeply experienced in the things of God, and a mother to the preachers. Their daughter Barbara was much devoted to God. She was the preachers' nurse when they were sick at Father Tschudy's. This family was a pattern of order, neatness, piety, and hospitality. Here the preachers had one of their best homes." Their daughter Barbara was the first of their family that went to her reward. Next, Father Tschudy, after suffering much with great patience, went home in 1828, according to our notes, in his eighty-eighth year. "The dear old mother suffered and labored until a few years past." Many of the early itinerants were nursed and comforted in this godly family, and one at least went from their house to paradise.

"Joseph Perregoy was leader of the class at Tschudy's for many years. He lived upwards of eighty years, had been a member of the M. E. Church more than fifty years, and was a man of unblemished character and deep piety. The few last years of his life his mind was entirely gone on every subject but religion. He went to the house of God as long as he was able; and though a child in everything else, in class-meetings and love-feasts, and when called upon to

pray, he was still like himself. We buried him a few weeks ago. He was beloved by the pious, respected in life by all who knew him, and honored in death."—"Recollections of an Old Itinerant," pp. 186-188.

On the 24th day of January, 1781, the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson set off to visit Little York, in Pennsylvania, for the purpose of introducing Methodism into this region. Stopping at a tavern for the night, he lectured on a portion of Scripture; and had prayer in the tavern. During these exercises, Mr. Daniel Worley, who lived near Little York, being present, was deeply awakened.

The next day he went into the town, where he was permitted to preach in the Dutch church. Under the sermon, Mrs. Worley being present, had her heart reached. On the same evening, Mr. Worley returned home and said to his wife, "My dear, last night I saw and heard such a man as I never saw or heard before; and if what he says be true, we are all in the way to hell." She replied, "I suspect I heard the same man this afternoon in Mr. Wagoner's church; and believe what he preaches to be true—that we are in the way to ruin." As they were both awakened, they agreed to unite in seeking the salvation of God.

Mr. Garrettson was permitted to preach in the Lutheran church also. The hearts of the mother and sister of the Lutheran minister were touched under his discourse, and accompanied him to Berlin, where he preached twice to large congregations. By this time a messenger had come, desiring him to return to Little York, which he did with all speed. Mr. and Mrs. Worley, having been trained in outward ceremonies, being in great distress of soul; and but imperfectly instructed in the plan of salvation, through faith in Christ, not knowing what to do to obtain comfort, went to work in the use of material things:—they washed themselves with water,—put on their best clean garments; and concluded that this was the "washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." Coming out from their toilet, they kissed their son and daughter, who were nearly grown up, telling them that they were newly born. Having learned from Mr. Garrettson that in the new birth old things are done away and all things become new, they proceeded to practise literally on it; throwing their old clothing, bedding, and furniture on the fire. Having some of the two hundred millions of continental paper money that Congress had issued, worth at that time one fourth, or one fifth of its facial value, Mr. Worley said, "This is an old thing, and

must be done away;" and on the fire it went. It is scarcely presumption to say that if Mr. Worley had possessed the power, there would soon have been a new heaven and a new earth in which righteousness alone would have dwelt. Their loss was estimated at some fifteen pounds, and would have been greater if the neighbors had not stopped them in making these burnt offerings. All the blame of this affair was thrown on Mr. Garrettson. The cry was, "Such a man ought not to be suffered to go through the country,—he should be put in jail." A minister was sent for; and, as he did not understand their condition he recommended a doctor to be called in, who, understanding their case no better, applied blisters. There was present a Quaker woman, who showed more judgment than any of them, by recommending them to send for Mr. Garrettson, who had been instrumental in bringing them into mental distress. Soon he was back at Little York; and the neighbors seeing him go into Mr. Worley's house, gathered in also. Mr. Worley was in bed under medical treatment, and Mrs. Worley looked wildly. Mr. Garrettson asked him what he wanted. He replied, "To be new born." Mr. Garrettson proceeded to read and lectured on a portion of Scripture, and under prayer the Lord not only opened up the way to heaven more clearly to Mr. and Mrs. Worley, but also to several others who were present,—it was a precious season. Mr. Garrettson had the blister removed; and soon the man and his wife were well in soul and body. Though this event was very distressing to many, and not less so to the mind of Mr. Garrettson; yet in the end it resulted in bringing glory to God, by astonishing and bringing many to serious reflection. The doors of the churches were shut against him, but a large school-room was offered to him in which he preached,—the hearts of many were touched; and, the two mad people, as they were called, were rejoicing in the Lord, while the word reached the hearts of some of his enemies.

On another occasion he was requested to visit a man in Little York who thought that he was troubled with an evil spirit: he said that, "for a long time the devil had followed him, and that he had frequently seen him with his bodily eyes." It seems that the man was under conviction for sin, and was ignorant of what ailed him. Mr. Garrettson called his minister out of bed one morning, and they both visited him, and offered up prayer for him. After this he was troubled no more in the same way; and became one of Mr. Garrettson's quiet hearers.

At this time there were a number of soldiers billeted in this town; and the officers declared that they would take Mr. Garrettson to jail if he attempted to preach again. The next time that he preached there, they were present, on his right hand. One of them stood on a bench, with uplifted staff, to strike or frighten him. There was no harm done to him; and the same officers became quiet hearers, and invited him to preach to the soldiers.

A society was formed in the vicinity of Little York at this time, which has continued ever since. The families of Daniel Worley and Wierly Pentz, were the chief families in this loving, zealous society. At Mr. Worley's, their first quarterly meetings were held; and in his house there was preaching, frequently, until they erected their first little chapel in the outskirts of this town.

Mr. Garrettson also preached at Colchester, where he saw some fruit of his labor. On his way from Colchester to Berlin, he missed his way. Calling at a house to inquire for the right road, he heard a person groaning and lamenting. On going into the house, he found the mistress wringing her hands, and mourning bitterly. She informed him that she had sold her three little children to the devil, who was coming to take them away at a certain time. To prevent this she had carried a razor in her bosom for three weeks, with a purpose to cut the throats of her children, before the day that she supposed the devil would come for them, and then cut her own throat. Mr. Garrettson told her, that he could prove to her, by the Bible, that her children belonged to God, and that it was out of her power to sell them to the devil. He requested her husband to take her to the preaching that afternoon. Unwilling to leave her "dear little children in the arms of the devil," she was at length prevailed upon to go.

The sermon was suited to her state of mind; and the Lord was pleased to make it a blessing to her. After the preaching, she came to Mr. Garrettson in rapturous joy, blessing God that she ever saw his face. She became a pious, happy woman. How great was the mercy of the Lord, in causing Mr. Garrettson to lose his way to save this distressed woman!

Notwithstanding the opposition that he met with, he continued to travel through this region, and preach with great success, for more than two months, preaching in more than twenty different places. In this country he found sixteen different denominations of professing Christians, and some

of all seemed zealous in their own way. Many, both among the German and English population, were inquiring the way to heaven; one would say, "Sir, can you tell me what I shall do to be saved? for I am the wickedest man in the whole country." Others said, "This is the right religion." So great was the inquiry on the subject of religion, that it seemed that sects and parties would fall, and the name of Christ be all in all. More than three hundred were under powerful awakenings, by the spirit of God; a number were already rejoicing in the love of Christ; and about one hundred had joined the societies which he had formed. Such was the result of his two months' labor. In the Minutes of 1781, Little York appears as the second circuit at that time in Pennsylvania. From the Conference that met in Baltimore in April, 1781, the Rev. Philip Cox was sent to this new and promising field of labor. During this year the field was so much enlarged, that two preachers, N. Reed and J. Major, were sent to it in 1782. In after years, the preachers had homes and preaching places at James Worley's, Lay's, Drinnon's, Nailor's, Wall's, Weaver's, and Holspeter's, or Hollowpeter's, on Conewago.

In 1781 Mr. Pedicord was stationed in charge of West Jersey. On his reaching Mr. Abbott's, who had just moved into Lower Penn's Neck, Mr. Abbott related to him his discouragement, on account of the hard-heartedness of his neighbors. Whereupon, Mr. Pedicord retired to his private room, and fasted and prayed until the Lord assured him that the people of that region would receive the gospel; and he cheerfully said, "Father Abbott, these people will yet hunger for the Word;" and in less than a year there was a great work going on in this Neck. This prophet of the Lord had such access to Him, as made him confident that the Lord would work. See Abbott's Life, p. 80.

It seems that it was on his first visit to Mount Holly, in the spring of this year, that the young soldier Thomas Ware became so interested in him, which led him to the Saviour and to the Methodists. As Mr. Ware, in his Autobiography, has not said what year he was converted in, and as there are several difficulties in fixing it in 1780, as in his Memoir in the Minutes, we assume that it was in 1781. As Mr. Pedicord was entering Mount Holly, with his heart uplifted to heaven, singing, "Still, out of the deepest abyss," God was pleased to own it by drawing one to himself, who, in his day, turned many to the Saviour. Eternity alone will disclose the amount of good that has been done by His servants.

Sometimes, the Methodists have accomplished as much by their singing as by their preaching and praying. The power of music has been acknowledged from time immemorial. Fable teaches, that Amphion, by the power of music, charmed both animate and inanimate creatures; that he built the city of Thebes by the music of his lyre—the stones dancing to it, and taking their place in the walls. The poet of Methodism has left us a fine parody on this fable, in these words:—

"Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,  
And may my consecrated lyre  
Repeat the psalmist's part.  
His Son and Thine, reveal in me,  
And fill with sacred melody,  
The fibres of my heart.  
So shall I charm the listening throng,  
And draw the living stones along,  
By Jesus' tuneful name.  
The living stones shall dance, shall rise,  
And form a city in the skies—  
The new Jerusalem."

Can we conjecture what tune Pericord was singing that so enraptured young Ware? We know, from testimony, that the hymn, "Still, out of the deepest abyss," was a great favorite with Mr. Asbury; we know, by the same means, that Light Street was his favorite tune to sing to it; and it is probable that he brought the tune, if not the hymn, with him from England. In 1781, when Father Ellsworth led him into the caves of New Virginia, in one of the chambers, that seemed to be supported by basaltic pillars, beneath the stalactites, he sung, "Still, out of the deepest abyss," and the sound was wonderful, in that temple of nature. This was in June of this year; and if we are right in our date of Mr. Ware's conversion, there is coincidence as to time, in Mr. Asbury's and Mr. Pedicord's use of the same hymn and tune (as we suppose). It was in the same year; it may have been at the same time that this music echoed in the cave, and in the soul of Ware.

Mr. Asbury was a remarkably good singer, and has been heard to say, "That he had raised up many a son in the gospel that could outpreach him, but never one that could outsing him;" and he might have added, never one that could outpray him.

Methodist hymns, and Methodist tunes, like Methodist doctrine, have been common property with Methodists; they have learned to sing of each other, and it is not unlikely

that Mr. Pedicord had learned to sing Light Street to the above-named hymn from Mr. Asbury. At that day, when the stock of Methodist hymns and tunes was much less than it is at this time, this hymn was very popular.

In the early part of 1781, Mr. Asbury attended a quarterly meeting at the Valley preaching house, in Chester county. On his way to this meeting he called on His Excellency, Governor Rodney, to sign his certificate, which he did with great readiness and politeness. At the quarterly meeting he found the Methodists very lively in religion; they were greatly led to speak out in love-feast, six or seven standing up as witnesses of a present salvation from all sin. We impute this to Mr. Abbott's recent labors in this circuit. He next went into Jersey; where, probably, he attended a quarterly meeting, and had his first interview with Mr. Abbott. Mr. Asbury had been absent from Jersey almost five years. From Jersey, he returned to Pennsylvania, and preached at Mrs. Grace's, at Coventry, where one of his hearers desired him to form an independent church, and settle among them. This was far from Mr. Asbury's views. From Coventry, he paid his first visit to Old Forest. While in this region, he heard of the great work going on among the Germans, about Soudersburg—Mr. Beam's and some other places, which had been greatly promoted by Mr. Abbott's labors among them. We have already observed, that this work commenced as early as 1779, if not sooner, through the preaching of Mr. Beam, a Mennonist preacher. From Pennsylvania, he returned to Delaware; and preached the funeral of J. B., near Dover, a man of distinction, who had been a great enemy to the Methodists: persecuting his wife and children for hearing them; but, when near death, sent for them to pray for him, and promised, if raised up, to hear them preach.

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#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

Soon after, Mr. Asbury met about twenty preachers at Mr. Thomas White's, with whom he held Conference, preparatory to the Conference which sat in Baltimore soon after, where the Conference business for this year was finished. The Conference year, which was now ending, may be set down as

one of prosperity. The increase of Methodists in New Jersey was 316; in Pennsylvania, 171; on the Peninsula, nearly 1600; and on the Western Shore of Maryland, 275. In Virginia and North Carolina there was a decrease of 200. The increase throughout the work was more than 2000; and this was chiefly on the Peninsula. The whole number was 10,539—of this number there were 873 above the southern line of Pennsylvania, and 9666 below it.

At the Conference of 1781, Jersey was again divided into East and West Jersey charges. In Pennsylvania, Little York was taken in. In Maryland, three circuits—Somerset, Talbot, and Calvert; and Isle of Wight, in Virginia. There were 25 circuits, on which 54 preachers were stationed. Five preachers—John Dickens, Isham Tatum, Greenberry Green, William Moore, and Daniel Ruff—desisted from travelling. Mr. Dickens was broken down, but he started again in 1783, and continued until his death. Mr. Ruff had been a very useful preacher, and his locating was a loss to the general interests of the Methodist connection.

From the Conference of 1781, Mr. Asbury went, for the first time, into New Virginia. At this time the preachers were forming a circuit on the South Branch of the Potomac. In this land of valleys, streams, mountains, caverns, and hanging rocks, he was filled with wonder while he reflected, "Thyself how wonderous then." In this region he spent June and July, and was fully initiated into the realities of frontier or backwoods life. Going to quarterly meeting, night overtook him and Brother Partridge. They secured their horses and lay down, surrounded by imagined dangers, and slept among the rocks. While travelling in that, then the roughest of circuits, sleeping on chests, floors, and on the ground, without beds underneath, or any covering but his garments, and food and fare equally rough, he enjoyed good health, and, with the woods for his closet, was continually happy. His faith in that Christianity which he and his brethren were proclaiming, enabled him to predicate what has since been realized—"That there would be a glorious gospel day in that and in every part of our country." As a specimen of zeal in going to meeting he gives the following account of "A poor woman, on a little horse, without saddle, out-went us up and down the hills, and when she came to the place, the Lord met with and blessed her soul."

Some of the first appointments in this part of Virginia were at Hite's, Bruce's, Stroud's, Guest's, Jones's, Dew's, Perrill's, George's, Rectertown, Martinsburg, Shepherdstown,

Sharpsburg, Newtown, Oldtown, Bath, Cressap's, Col. Barratt's, Moses Ellsworth's, Benjamin Boydstone's, Strayder's, Vanmeter's, Hoffman's, Col. Harland's, and Richard Williams's. Moses Ellsworth was regarded as the patriarch of his neighborhood. It was at this time that he led Mr. Asbury into the caves of New Virginia. Benjamin Boydstone and his intelligent heavenly-minded wife were the excellent of the earth. Mr. Asbury says, "I once more had the happiness of seeing that tender woman, Sister Boydstone, who careth for the preachers as for her own soul; oft has she refreshed their spirits; her gestures, looks, and words, are all heavenly." Brother Boydstone suffered much persecution for conscience' sake, during the Revolutionary war—but he outlived all his enemies, and became a local preacher. They lived to a good old age. Mr. Aquila Brown, long known as a lawyer in Philadelphia, and as a leading member of the Union Church, was from the region of Cressap's, near Cumberland, and, as we opine, was related to Mr. Cressap. Another of this family, Sister M'Coy, lives in Cecil county. Col. Barratt lived at the eastern base of the Alleghany Mountain. Thus far had Methodism toiled its way from the Atlantic up to 1781; and shortly afterwards some of the preachers crossed it to seek the lost sheep in the wilderness. It was about this time that Mr. Asbury became acquainted with the history of Richard Williams's sufferings among the Indians.

Mr. Richard Williams, on the North Branch of the Potomac, was taken prisoner by the Indians, a few days before Braddock's defeat: nineteen of them surrounded the house, killed his father, mother, and brother's son, carrying Williams and his child to Fort Pitt, now Pittsburgh, tying him to a tree every night to secure him. He fed his child on wild berries on the way to Fort Pitt, where it was taken from him; nor does it appear that he ever knew any more of it. On the day of Braddock's defeat he was taken across the Ohio river and guarded to Detroit, where he found the garrison reduced to the extremity of eating horse-flesh. After staying some time at Detroit, he made his escape, taking with him a Frenchman's gun and ammunition, and pushed for home, first in curve lines, and then in a more direct course. The Indians pursued and headed him, which obliged him to alter his course. Wading through deep streams the water went over his head and wet his powder, which made it useless. For three days he travelled without stopping to eat. By this time hunger obliged him to seek food. His first shift

was to dig sarsaparilla for sustenance. He went on and by good Providence found a fish, which a bird had dropped, and eat it. Coming to a large river, he saw two canoes, loaded with Indians, pass. From these he hid himself. The Indians being out of sight, he made a raft of two logs, and gained the opposite shore. After this, he travelled three days without eating or drinking. In this suffering state he saw an Indian, and escaped him. Coming to a stream, he drank, and then finding a plum tree, he ate, and took some of the fruit along with him. The following day he found part of a fawn, which he roasted; picking the bones and the marrow for his first meal, he carefully preserved the flesh for future need. After this venison was all eaten, for three successive days he found a squirrel. Afterwards he caught and eat a pole-cat. At another time he saw a hawk fly up—on going to the spot he found a wild turkey. Travelling on he came to the Ohio, and waded through it. Near this place an Indian threw his tomahawk at him. He tried to escape by climbing up a tree, but found himself too weak, and fell into the hands of two Frenchmen and five Indians, and was again in the hands of his enemies. With these he feigned derangement. They took him to Fort Pitt. On the way, he tired, and they threatened to kill him. He told them he was willing to die. At the Fort an Indian charged him with being a prisoner from Detroit. He was put under guard, and a council held, to determine what to do with him. The sentence was that he should be shot. Some of them objected to his being killed in the Fort, saying that "his spirit would haunt them there," and advised that he should be taken to the island and buried in the sand. He was told that he should eat no more meat there, but that the crickets should eat him. He let on that he knew nothing that they said, though he understood the general purport of it. He related, that one morning before day, he fell into a trance, and beheld spirits for his conductors, and, also, saw lightning. The guard being asleep, he climbed up the high wall, and clambered over the spike palisades, and made his escape. Just as the cock crew for day he was discovered by the sentinel, who mistook him for a comrade, and let him pass. At this time he felt a conviction, which was communicated to him in an unusual manner, that his wife prayed for him; and, during his absence, his wife was comforted with an assurance that she should see her husband again. Escaping thus, he made the best of his way without interruption, until the evening, when he heard a gun fire at some distance behind

him—presently another. His pursuers had found his track in the woods, and were after him. He strove to run, but was too weak. Another gun still nearer—he made what speed he could, and when he came to places where he made no track he made zigzag courses to deceive them and give him time to get ahead. But, as they were many, they would find his track again. Thus he toiled on until seven guns were fired—the last within two or three hundred yards of him. His heart began to fail; he thought he was gone, but resolved to labor onward as long as he had life; and now his pursuers had crossed his track and were ahead of him. Taking advantage of this circumstance, he turned out of the path, letting the Indians, who were behind, tread in the footsteps of those before. In the direction that he was now going he came to a path that led to a settlement of the whites. Not keeping this long, he went round the head of a ravine and laid himself down, concluding, that if his track was again discovered, he would be favored by the darkness. The Indians got his track twice, but did not overtake him. He went on in the dark as well as he could, sometimes feeling the bushes with his hands, and often falling down among the rocks from weakness. Having found smoother ground, he lay down until next morning. His enemies were still pursuing him. He had not left his hard bed long before he heard two guns fired off. Coming to a hill where no marks of footsteps could be traced, he steered his course for Bedford, and came on a trading path, which he kept. Five days he lived on acorns; afterwards he found some wild cherries; but lo! while he was eating them, up came an Indian, who asked him where he was going; he said, “To the Delaware.” The Indian, taking him by the hand, gave a whoop, and other Indians were around him. By these he was kept a prisoner for some time. He was bold and active, and cooked for them. By his cleverness, he gained the favor of the captain, who praised him for doing everything like an Indian. Here he had more than he needed to eat. The captain was careful to secure him every night, by making him lie in a corner, where he drew a cord over hoop-poles, and tied deer’s hoofs to the end, that if Williams pulled open the poles they would rattle the deer’s hoofs, and strike the captain’s face, and wake him. After Williams had been with these Indians some length of time, they went to war, leaving him behind to provide deer for the squaws. He at last found an opportunity of escaping, which he improved, and once more arrived safe at his own home, and embraced his wife.”

The above is part of the experience of one of the old Methodists, on old Berkley Circuit. Surely this man had seen enough of the Providence of God to enable him to put his trust in Christ, after he was enlightened by the gospel. At his house the Methodists preached, and had a society,—he was a faithful man, and his wife was a pious woman.

From the foot of the Allegheny, Mr. Asbury turned his face towards the east, holding quarterly meeting at Leesburg, and at Charles Penn’s, near Seneca, this side of the Potomac. Coming to Micah Dorsey’s, at Elkridge, he was seized with his old affliction, the inflammatory sore throat. Here he had the attendance of that eminent physician, Dr. Pew. After he was somewhat restored, he moved on preaching at Jones’s on the Manor, then paid his first visit to Little York, where Mr. Garrettson had planted Methodism the previous spring: here he met Mr. Ranckle, once a Methodist, but now a German Presbyterian minister; also Mr. Waggoner of the same church. Having preached at E. Jones’s in Uwehlan, Chester county, at Benson’s Chapel, at the Valley or the Grove, and in Philadelphia, he was, for the first time, at Cloud’s Chapel, at quarterly meeting, where he had his first personal acquaintance with James Barton, then a public speaker among the Friends, who bore his testimony in love-feast, “that God was with the Methodists.” About this time he became a Methodist, and a preacher among them. When Dr. Coke saw him three years after this, he called him “a precious man.” We next find Mr. Asbury holding the great fall quarterly meeting, at Barratt’s Chapel, where twelve preachers, and about a thousand people, were assembled together.

During the year 1781, Blackiston’s Chapel in Kent county, Del., was erected. The plan of the house, which was 40 by 60 feet, was furnished by Mr. Asbury. It was for a number of years the largest Methodist Chapel on the Peninsula, exceeding in size Barratt’s Chapel. Some large and powerful meetings were held at it: it was a popular place. After other chapels sprung up around it, it was found to be larger than was necessary, and its size was reduced. A few years since a new house was built. The original trustees were,—Benjamin Blackiston, Abraham Parsons, Luke Howard, Richard Lockwood, William Kirkley, James Hall, Thomas Wilds, James Stephenson, and Richard Shaw.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

MR. DAVID ABBOTT had been received as a travelling preacher, and was stationed on Kent Circuit, Md. In the summer of 1781, his father the Rev. Benjamin Abbott took his place for a short time, and had the remarkable meetings recorded in his *Life*, p. 113-120. At the head of Elk, now Elkton, he preached his first sermon at S. T.'s. This is the earliest notice we have of the Methodists having an appointment in this town, as yet they had no society in the place. In after years the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson had a niece, perhaps the daughter of his brother John, a Mrs. Taylor, living in this place. See his *Life*, p. 212. From here he went to Mr. Simmons's, near the head of Sassafras river, where he had a powerful time: some were awakened, and inquired what they must do to be saved. Here he found a small class: in meeting it, he had a precious time. He says, "Next day at my appointment, God attended the word with power: many wept, both white and black. In meeting the class many fell to the floor, among whom was the man of the house; several professed sanctification, and some justification." It seems that this was at Solomon Hersey's on Bohemia Manor. "Next day being Sabbath, I preached there again. In the morning I met the black class in the barn; many fell to the floor like dead men, while others cried aloud for mercy. I had to leave them to attend my appointment. When I came to the place, it was computed there were more than a thousand people, and a clergyman among them. I preached in the woods, and the Lord preached from heaven in His Spirit's power, and the people fell on the right and on the left. I saw that many were in a flutter and ready to flee. I told them to stand still, for God Almighty was come into the camp. They kept their stations, while I continued to invite them to fly to Jesus. It was a great day to many souls."

Having received an introduction to the clergyman, and an invitation to call on him for conversation, he hastened to his afternoon appointment, "leaving the slain and wounded on the field. When I came to the place, I found a large congregation, and preached with great liberty. Many, both white and black, fell to the earth as dead men, while others were screaming and crying to God for mercy." These

meetings, it appears, had been held on Bohemia Manor and in Sassafras Neck.

After preaching, a gentleman, whom he afterwards calls Mr. K. (could this have been Kankey?—Zebulon Kankey, from this region, became a travelling preacher nine years after this), invited him to his house, and said to him: "If what he had heard and seen that day was religion, he must confess he knew nothing of the matter, although he professed to be a good Churchman. He told me that their minister was both a drunkard and a liar, and advised me not to go near him. Next morning we went to see the clergyman." (Whoever he was, he seems to have been the incumbent of St. Stephen's, in Sassafras Neck, and lived at Fredericktown, on the Sassafras river.) "We then went on, and crossed the river (Sassafras) where I preached to a small congregation. Here the gentleman and I parted. We had a happy time in class. Here I saw what I never met before—twenty women in class, and but one man, and he an African." This meeting was near Georgetown, or Georgetown Cross Roads; at one time the preaching in this neighborhood was at Woodland's.

His next appointment was at Howard's. This was in Still Pond. The congregation was large; and the word reached many hearts. "I met class, and had a precious time. One woman fell to the floor, and after a struggle lay still. When she came to, she related that she had dreamed the night before that she saw 'a plain old man who gave me a clean piece of paper; and I believe it represented a clean heart; and now I know that God has sanctified me.'

"Next day, at Brother H.'s, I had a crowded house. The Lord attended the word with great power. The people fell, screamed, and cried aloud for mercy. Here I was as happy as I could live in the body. Many were awakened; and one big man, who was a sinner, stood amazed, wondering at what his eyes beheld. In class there was a powerful time: some lost the power of their bodies; and we had a shout in the Lord's camp.

"Next day I went to my appointment. The rumor of the work caused many to attend. Looking round, I saw the big man again, he being of an uncommon size. In my application, the Lord opened the windows of heaven and rained down righteousness. The power of God came in such a manner that it prevented the meeting of the class. Many shouted praises to God; others cried aloud for mercy; some were all bathed in tears; while others lay on the floor as dead

men. The people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off. Thus the meeting continued for three hours; and the big man was on his knees praying.

"Next day I preached to a small congregation of hard-hearted, stiff-necked, uncircumcised sinners; and felt but little freedom among them. I met the little class, and impressed holiness on them; but found them rather dead in religion." Of the three last appointments, one was in Werton, and the other two may have been in Chestertown and Quaker Neck.

"At my next appointment, I found many hundreds collected on the occasion of a funeral. The Church minister went through the ceremonies, and then preached a short, easy, smooth, soft sermon, which amounted to almost nothing. By this time a gust was rising, and the firmament was covered with blackness; two clouds appeared to come from different quarters and meet over the house, which caused the people to crowd into the house, up stairs and down, to screen themselves from the storm. When the minister was done, he asked me if I would say something to the people. I arose, and with some difficulty got on one of the benches, the house was so crowded; and, almost as soon as I began, the Lord of heaven began also. The tremendous claps of thunder exceeded anything I had ever heard, and the streams of lightning flashed through the house; the house shook, and the windows jarred with the violence thereof. I lost no time, but set before them the coming of Christ in all His awful splendor, with all the armies of heaven, to judge the world, and to take vengeance on the ungodly. It may be, cried I, that He will descend in the next clap of thunder! The lightning, thunder, and rain continued for about one hour, in the most awful manner ever known in that country; during which time I continued to set before the people the coming of Christ to judge the world, warning and inviting sinners to flee to Christ. The people screamed, screeched, and fell all through the house," while Mr. Abbott continued to exclaim: "My Lord! while you thunder without to the ear, help me to thunder to the hearts of sinners." "One old sinner made an attempt to go, but soon fell. Some of the people put him in a carriage, and took him where, as I was informed, he neither ate nor drank for three days and nights. When the storm was over the meeting ended; many were that day convinced, and many were converted." In 1795, when Mr. Abbott was spending his last labors on Kent Circuit, he found twelve living witnesses who told him that they

were all converted at that storm; and also told him of divers others, who had gone from time to eternity; and of several who had moved out of the neighborhood. This remarkable meeting was near the old Kent Meeting-house (now Hinson's Chapel); and it has been often spoken of, by the people of Kent county, as Mr. Abbott's "thunder-gust sermon." Between the voice of the Lord from heaven, and the voice of His servant in the house, the people had never known such a time.

After filling another small appointment, Mr. Abbott went to quarterly meeting, which was held in Mr. Simmons's barn, near the Head of Sassafras. Here he met his brother Sterling, from Burlington, N. J. Many attended this meeting. "On Sabbath I preached, and the Lord attended the word with power; many cried aloud, and some fell to the floor. Brother Ivy gave a powerful exhortation, which made many weep. A number were converted, and some professed sanctification." Mr. K., the kind Churchman, took Mr. Abbott and Mr. Sterling home with him. While they were conducting family worship in the evening, the power of God came down in a remarkable manner upon the colored people, who were in the kitchen. Brother Sterling spent an hour among them, exhorting and instructing them. Mr. Abbott had spent about two weeks on Kent Circuit; and this preaching excursion, like all others of his, was attended by extraordinary manifestations: the people had to say, "We have seen strange things to-day." Such a preacher they had never listened to before.

He, in company with Mr. Sterling, started for Jersey. Arriving at New Castle, where they stayed all night, he preached at Brother Furness's, "to a hard-hearted, disobedient people:" such were the people of New Castle in 1781; and we know not that they have greatly changed since.

From the Conference of 1781, Mr. Freeborn Garrettson was sent to Sussex Circuit in Virginia. It was a time of great public calamity: the previous year the treacherous Arnold had made a descent on Virginia, laying the country waste; and this year, Cornwallis was harassing the people of Virginia with his army. This state of things was unfriendly to the spread of Christianity. There was, also, some dissatisfaction with some of the local preachers and private members, because the ordinances had been suspended. In this state of things he arrived on his circuit, and commenced his labors at Ellis's Chapel. He says, "As I entered the door, I saw a man in the pulpit dressed in black, engaged in prayer. I soon perceived that he was bereft of his reason.



I went into the pulpit and desired him to desist. After he ended prayer, he began to speak; and I had no way to stop him but by causing the people to withdraw. After a few minutes the people returned, and I preached to them. This strange man's testimony was, 'that he was a prophet sent of God to teach the people; and that it was revealed to him that a person would interrupt him in his discourse.' The prophet returned home, and that night told his family, at such an hour he would go into a trance; and that they must not bury him until after such a time, should he not survive. Accordingly, to all appearance, he was in a trance. The next day I was sent for to visit him. Many were weeping around the bed in which he lay like a corpse; for I could not perceive that he breathed. About the time that he spoke of reviving, he came to himself. He had been happy in God; and a sensible, useful man. After this, he seemed more rational, and I took him part of the way round the circuit with me, and had a hope, before we parted, that he was restored. Sometime after this he began again to preach Christ, and I trust was more humble than ever." There was something mysterious in the case of this man. He, like many others that have apparently been entranced, had little, if anything, to reveal on coming to himself.

Mr. Garrettson continued in this circuit about three months. As this was the time of the siege and surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, he could hear the roar of cannon day and night. Leaving Sussex Circuit, he went to form a new one, probably the Yadkin in North Carolina, which soon after appeared on the face of the Minutes. Wherever it was, a great work commenced. He says, "I am now in my element, forming a new circuit, and have pleasing prospects. I preached in one place, and there was a great shaking among the people. I preached again the next day, and the power of the Lord came down in a wonderful manner. The rich, as well as the poor, were brought to mourn for Christ. Several fell under the word. A major was so powerfully wrought upon, that it seemed he would have fallen from his seat had not the colonel held him up. A large society was united in this place, mostly of the rich."

During this year, Mr. Garrettson, at the request of Mr. Asbury, acted as superintendent in the South,—giving the preachers their semi-annual stations, and visiting the circuits for the purpose of holding quarterly meetings,—settling difficulties, and uniting the Methodists together. In this, the Lord made him useful to a very great extent. His

usefulness had been greater, but for the state of things in the South, which he felt himself called to preach against. Many of the Methodists were absolutely opposed to bearing arms, and killing men. On this conscientious principle they suffered much. Beside the persecution of the tongue, some of them were fined, some were imprisoned, and some were whipped. Against this violent course of conduct on the part of their enemies, Mr. Garrettson bore his testimony publicly. As the sum of this year's labor, he travelled about five thousand miles, and preached some five hundred sermons. This was itinerancy in earnest.

## CHAPTER L.

IN the Minutes for 1781, we find the names of nineteen preachers as new recruits for the itinerancy—they are Joseph Everett, Ignatius Pigman, Jonathan Forrest, Philip Bruce, Michael Ellis, James Haw, James White, Joseph Wyatt, David Abbott, Jeremiah Lambert, Enoch Matson, Adam Cloud, Samuel Dudley, Edward Morris, James Mallory, Henry Metcalf, John Coleman, Charles Scott, and Beverly Allen. The last-named two made a bad end. Two or three got under a cloud; and two went to the Episcopalians, and one to the Presbyterians. The others held on steadfast in Methodism until death.

Mr. James Mallory located in 1785.

Mr. James Coleman came from Virginia in 1780 to teach school in Dover: a plan had been made between Doctor M'Gaw and Mr. Asbury to educate the youth; the Dr. was to have charge of the school, and Mr. Asbury brought Mr. Coleman to Dover, where, for a time, he was engaged in teaching a school of boys. His name is found in the Minutes until 1785, when he desisted, and became a minister in the old church in Virginia. He wrote a life of Mr. Jarratt, which, so far as it speaks of the Methodists, did no credit to the writer, nor to the subject of the narrative, if what he wrote was true.

Mr. Adam Cloud was about the seventh itinerant from Delaware, raised in the north end of the state. His first year was on Roanoke Circuit, where he was baptized by Mr.

Jarratt. His conduct did not give general satisfaction to the Methodists, and in 1787 he left them, and the Conference disowned him, and regarded him as expelled. After this he met Mr. Asbury, and dunned him for arrears of quarterage until he gave him fourteen pounds, to get clear of him. We have been informed that he afterwards joined the Episcopals and became a settled minister in one of the West India Islands.

Mr. Enoch Matson, it appears, was brother to Aaron Matson who gave name to Matson's Meeting, now Mount Hope, near Village Green, in Delaware county, Pa. In 1785 he was made an elder. He stood high, as to rank and gifts; but for some cause, like the unfortunate Chew, he was disowned by the Conference in 1788.

Charles Scott was in the work about two years. Mr. Asbury gives the lights of his character thus:—"He is like a flame of fire, apparently full of the Holy Ghost, and professes the sanctifying grace of God. He has good sense and good utterance—a useful man, dealing faithfully with the societies." Now follow the dark shades—"He became horribly wicked: was in the habit of speaking maliciously of his former friends—he died an apostate in a drunken revelry."

Beverly Allen, of the South, was very promising in the beginning of his ministry. He was elected to the office of elder at the Christmas Conference, and ordained the following year, and placed in charge of the work in Georgia. He began to deteriorate, and going from bad to worse, he was expelled in 1792; and in 1794, he shot Major Forsyth, the Marshall of the Federal Court in Georgia, while attempting to serve a writ upon him. Concerning him, Mr. Asbury says: "He has been speaking against me to preachers and people, and writing to Mr. Wesley and Dr. Coke; and being thereby the source of most of the mischief that has followed. He is now in jail for killing the major. A petition is prepared declaring him to have shown marks of insanity before he did this act. The poor Methodists must unjustly be put to the rack on his account, although he has been expelled two years. I have had my opinion of him nine years, and gave Dr. Coke my thoughts of him before his ordination. I pity and pray for him, that if his life is given to justice, his soul may yet be saved." At the appointment at Allen's, in North Carolina, Mr. Asbury remarked: "The people here

are famous for talking about religion, and here and there is a horse thief among them."

Beverly Allen made his escape from prison, and went to Logan county, Kentucky, then an asylum for outlaws. Here he professed the doctrine of Universalism. He taught a school; and young Peter Cartwright was one of his pupils. His last end was in darkness and despair: he said, he could make the mercy of God cover every case but his own. See the Autobiography of the Rev. Peter Cartwright, p. 28.

Mr. Ignatius Pigman seems to have been a native of what was then Frederick county in Maryland, raised near the Potomac among the mountains. He began to travel in 1780; and was about the most pleasing and persuasive preacher that the Methodists then had. Mr. Ware couples him with Caleb Boyer as a great extemporizer; and while Boyer was the Paul, Pigman was the eloquent Apollos of the Methodist connection at that day. In 1788 he located to provide for his family. In 1800 Mr. Asbury met him at his brother's, Mr. Joshua Pigman, and remarked, "Art thou he? Ah! But Oh! how fallen! how changed from what I knew thee once! Lord, what is man if left to himself!" This language seems to imply a moral lapse; but what caused or constituted it, we know not. Mr. Pigman went to New Orleans, and engaged in speculation in flour, about 1812; and it is said that he lost all the money he ever accumulated, and some suppose that he lost future happiness also. A nephew of his defended the Rev. Jacob Gruber, when he was prosecuted in Maryland, about 1818, for preaching a sermon calculated, as was alleged, to incite the slaves to rebellion. This trial, which was published, is one of the greatest curiosities relating to the jurisprudence of our country.

Mr. James Haw volunteered to go to Kentucky in 1786, as an elder: he had been previously a pioneer in Western Pennsylvania. In 1791, he was returned as located. When James O'Kelly's views were spread in Kentucky, he became favorable to them; and was regarded as disaffected towards the views of the great body of the Methodists. The chasm between him and them widened; and he finally became a pastor over a Presbyterian congregation in 1801, in Cumberland, Tennessee, when the great revival of religion began in that region. He ended his days among the Presbyterians.

Mr. Henry Metcalf, of the South, was a good man, of

a sorrowful spirit, and under constant heaviness. When he was near his end he got out of his bed, kneeled down, and thus died in prayer, on his knees—this was in 1784.

Mr. Samuel Dudley was a useful preacher, that located in 1788.

Mr. Edward Morris, of Virginia, continued in the work, maintaining a consistent character, until 1790, when he desisted.

Mr. James White labored successfully for eight years: his lively preaching was made a blessing to many, while his holy life was a safe example for others to imitate. With holy resignation to Heaven's will, he died peacefully in 1789.

Mr. Jeremiah Lambert was a native of New Jersey; and although his opportunities for improvement had been small, yet in the school of the itinerancy he soon became eminent in the pulpit. When the Methodist Church was organized, he was ordained an elder for Antigua, in the West Indies. In 1786 he died, much lamented by all who knew him.

Mr. David Abbott, son of Benjamin Abbott, was converted under the ministry of Philip Gatch, while preaching in Jersey, in the latter end of 1773. After laboring as a local preacher for a few years, he began to itinerate in 1781. In 1784 he stopped. In 1793, and in 1794, his name is in the Minutes: this last year he was in New England, on New London Circuit; after this it appears he was altogether local.

In 1796, Mr. Abbott was living at Upper Alloways Creek, in Salem county, N. J.: at this time his father made his triumphant exit from this world of affliction to glory, at his house. In the following year, Bishop Asbury notices him as a merchant in Crosswick's, New Jersey. Through his subsequent life he was faithful as a Christian. He has a son, by name David Abbott, who lives at Old Chester, Pa., who has long walked in the steps of his father and grandfather.

Mr. Joseph Wyatt was a native of Kent county, Del., raised near the present town of Smyrna. He embraced religion, and joined the Methodists when they first came into his neighborhood in 1778. In 1779 he began to speak in public. In 1780, Mr. Asbury employed him as a preacher; and, in 1781, his name appears in the Minutes. For a few years he resided in Duck Creek Cross Roads, now Smyrna, where he carried on the shoemaking business, and served also as an itinerant. Being a weakly man he broke down, and located in 1788; but entered into the work again in 1790, and continued in it until about 1797. Mr. Ware says:

“In talent he was little inferior to any among us; and in purity perhaps to none. His sermons were short, but composed of the best materials, and delivered in the most pleasing manner.” In the latter end of his life he was chaplain to the legislature of Maryland, and resided in Annapolis for a number of years. He was about the sixth travelling preacher from the state of Delaware.

Michael Ellis was born in Maryland in 1758, and embraced religion when fifteen years old, in 1773. In 1781, his name first appears in the Minutes as a travelling preacher. He was made a deacon at the Christmas Conference, and ordained when Mr. Asbury was made Bishop. In 1788, he located to take care of a family. Subsequently, he removed to Belmont county, Ohio. Having raised up an interesting family, he re-entered the itinerancy again in 1810, in the Western Conference. While laboring in Ohio, in 1814, among many others who were brought to the Saviour and united with the Methodists, was a stiff Roman Catholic family by the name of Walker: the son, since known as the Rev. George W. Walker, of the Cincinnati Conference, was also converted. In 1819, he took a superannuated relation to the Ohio Conference, in which relation he continued until death. He had removed from Belmont, and fixed his home in Rehoboth, Perry county, Ohio. Here, in 1830, he left earth's scenes for the long-hoped-for realities of paradise. In personal appearance he was fine and imposing; in his deportment, high and courteous. He was in his seventy-third year when taken from the Church below to join the Church above.

Mr. Jonathan Forrest was a native of Frederick county, Md. He continued in the work as an itinerant until 1793. After this he was a supernumerary up to 1805. He, like all the preachers of that time, had his share of persecution and suffering: at one time he was imprisoned. In 1838 he was living in Frederick county, at which time he was about eighty years old, and very feeble. From all that we can learn of him, he “kept the faith,” and died in hope of the “crown of righteousness.”

Mr. Philip Bruce was a descendant of the French Protestants,—a native of North Carolina. He was a soldier in the revolutionary war. In early life he obtained religion, and with a pious mother joined the Methodists. As a travelling preacher, he travelled extensively on circuits and districts until 1817, when he was superannuated. In the General Conference of 1816, there was a strong feeling to make him Bishop Asbury's successor; and, probably, nothing but age

prevented it. The mantle of Mr. Asbury fell on the Rev. Enoch George. Mr. Bruce continued to wait in glorious expectation of his change to come until May, 1826, when he departed in victory, at the house of his brother, Mr. Joel Bruce, in Tennessee. At his death, he was the oldest member of a Methodist Annual Conference in America, except the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson. So says the Minute of his death. To show respect to his memory, the Virginia Conference resolved to set up a suitable monument over his revered remains.

## CHAPTER LI.

MR. JOSEPH EVERETT was born in Queen Anne's county, state of Maryland, June 17, 1732. Among Methodist preachers there has been not only a great variety of talent, but also of manner and tact. This has been a wise arrangement, to suit the no less various tastes of their hearers; seeing, that every preacher can please, and profit some, and no one can meet the expectation of all. Mr. Everett was, we think, the roughest-spoken preacher that ever stood in the itinerant ranks. But let no one prejudge him; but follow him through his ministerial life of thirty years, which closed in a most triumphant death, and see if a doubt remains that he was a good man. As he wrote an account of his experience, which was published in the Arminian Magazine, in order to show his manner of expressing himself, we will give his language to some extent. He says his parents were neither rich nor poor, but labored, and taught him to labor. "As to religion, we had none, but called ourselves of the Church of England. We went to church, and heard a parcel of dead morality, delivered by a blind, avaricious minister, sent by the devil to deceive the people. Since the Lord has opened my eyes, I have stood amazed to see sinners giving extravagant sums (of money) to blind guides, to go before them to hell. My nature was a fit soil for the devil's seed to take root, and grow in. I learned to swear, to tell lies, and vent my angry passions. I was often uneasy, afraid to die, and felt a weight of guilt that caused me to resolve to do better. I never heard one gospel sermon until I was grown up.

"In this state of wickedness I lived till I was married. I chose a companion that was as willing to go to the devil as I was; it would have puzzled a philosopher to determine which of us loved sin most. Thus I went on until the New Lights, or Whitefieldites, came about. I went to hear them; and, saw myself in the way to hell; and was taught that I must be born again, and know my sins forgiven. I began to fall out with my sins,—to read the Bible,—to pray in secret, and likewise in my family,—thus I went on for nearly two years. The minister that I heard, taught that Christ died for a certain number, and not one of them would be lost; and all the rest of mankind would be damned and sent to hell,—that the elect must persevere and go to heaven. By this trap the devil catches millions of unwary souls. The Lord knows what I suffered by it. I was no stranger to persecution, as I reprov'd sin. By this time I was joined in communion with the New Light Church, and was thought to be a great Christian; but, as yet, a stranger to the knowledge of sins forgiven. In 1763,\* I went into a chamber to seek the blessing. I was on my knees but a few moments before the Lord shed His love abroad in my heart, and I felt I had redemption in His blood, even the forgiveness of sins. I was so simple that I thought there was no sin in my soul. But in a short time the enemy of my soul began to work upon the unrenewed part of my nature, and I felt pride, self-will, and anger. Our minister told us, though we might know our sins forgiven, it was impossible to live without sin. At last the devil found out a scheme that answered his purpose: he baited his hook, and I swallowed it. I still went to hear preaching, prayed in my family, but my conscience told me I was a hypocrite. My principle was, 'that there was no falling from justifying grace;' and, indeed, it was impossible for me to fall, for I had shamefully fallen already. The brethren began to look very coldly at me, and as I grew worse they disowned me, saying I had never been converted; and for months I never went to meeting. Thus I went on to please my master the devil. My conscience giving me no rest, I took the method that Cain did to stifle his; he, by the noise of axes and hammers in building cities; I, by the hurry of business, and the clash of wicked company, and often by drinking. I continued in this state until the commencement of the war between Great

\* In this year the walls of St. George's, in Fourth street, Philadelphia, were put up,—they are still standing,—the oldest brick walls in which Methodists worship in America.

Britain and America; and then became a warm Whig, and repaired to the muster-field to learn the use of arms, and turned out a volunteer. When I had acted my part at camp, I returned home. By this time there was a people called Methodists that had come into the place where I lived, telling the people that 'everybody might be saved.' This doctrine I did not believe, and thinking they were not sent of God, I determined to oppose them. I continued to persecute them, but, like the rest of the devil's children, always behind their backs, or at a distance. I went one evening to hear one exhort, but did not like to hear the people make such a noise, though I liked a noise in a tavern. About the 14th of March, 1778, a woman persuaded me to go to Mr. White's, to hear preaching. I went, and heard Mr. Asbury. As the discourse was practical, and not doctrinal, I could find no fault with it, unless because it was delivered by a Methodist preacher, which is too much the case in this polite age, among the rich and the great,—the honorable children of the devil.

"My prejudice subsided, and a way was opened for conviction. The human soul is like a castle, that we cannot get into it without a key. Let the key be lost, and the door continues shut. I once had the key, but the devil had got it from me. I began to feel the returns of God's grace to revisit my soul. The eyes of the people began to be upon me. My old companions looked very coolly at me; and the Methodists had their eyes on me, no doubt for good; especially my friend Edward White frequently asked me home with him, and conversed with me on Methodism; knowing I was Calvinistic, he furnished me with the writings of Mr. Wesley and Fletcher. I once heard him say, 'If Christ died for all, all were salvable; and they that were lost, were lost by their own fault;' which gave me more insight into the scheme of redemption than ever I got before by all the reading and preaching I had practised. I was more and more engaged to save my soul. In retiring to pray, I have felt the spirit of the devil in my very flesh. It seemed that I could hear the fiend say, 'What! are you praying again? you had better quit,—after awhile you will tire, and leave off as you did before.' I went forward in the way of duty, and on the 5th day of April, 1778, the Lord set my soul once more at liberty.

"I read Mr. Wesley on Perfection, but the mist of Calvinism was not wiped from my mind; they had taught me that temptations were sins. I could not distinguish between sins

and infirmities; and hardly believe that any Antinomian can. I began to feel the necessity of joining the society, which I did, in order to grow in grace. I began to speak to my acquaintance about their souls, and sometimes to preach, and found that some were wrought upon. In family prayer, sometimes, the power of the Lord would descend in such a manner as to cause the people to mourn and cry. Nor would they be able to rise from the floor for half a night. My exercises about preaching were so great that I have awoke from sleep, and found myself preaching. While I was in the way to hell, I lived for the most part of my time without labor; now, I earned my bread by the labor of my hands; and studied divinity at the plough, axe, or hoe, instead of the college. At last I disclosed my mind (on the subject of preaching) to my friend Edward White. At this time, that man of God, C. B. Pedicord, was riding in the circuit. He sent for me to meet him at an appointment near Mr. White's, and asked me to give an exhortation, and then gave me a certificate to exhort. The 1st of October, 1780, I went to Dorset Circuit, and had seals to my ministry. I stayed four weeks, and returned to secure my crop. By this time the devil, by his emissaries, had put it into the heart of my wife to prevent my travelling. She made a great noise, which gave me much trouble. I might as well have undertaken to reason with a stone. Till now she had some faint desire to save her soul; but this banished all from her heart. I returned to Dorset, and stayed till February, 1781, when I was sent to Somerset Circuit to labor in Annessex. My labors were abundantly blessed; many found peace with God, and some large societies were formed."

In November, 1781, Mr. Everett was sent to West Jersey with James O'Cromwell. Here his labors were blest, and many seals were set to his ministry. At the May Conference of 1782, he says, "I was appointed to East Jersey, with that man of God, John Tunnell, whom I loved as another self." While preaching here his hard blows had stirred the ire of the people about Germantown, in Jersey, and the mob was after him with clubs, as was supposed, under the connivance of their superiors; but, finding that he was legally qualified to preach, he received no hurt from them. The success of the Methodists alarmed the priests, both Dutch and English, and this seemed to be the cause of his persecution. "In November of this year I was appointed to Philadelphia Circuit with John Tunnell, and Nelson Reed. Here our labors were blessed. That part of

the Circuit that profited least by our ministry was the city of Philadelphia. The reason was, one said I am of Paul; another, I am of Apollos; and another, I am of Cephas. Where this is the case there are very few to follow Christ. They are like weathercocks, which can never be kept at one point." At this time, this circuit embraced all the appointments between the Delaware river and the Susquehanna. There was, till lately, one individual living in Philadelphia who heard him (and he was the first Methodist preacher he ever heard), at this time at Captain Johnson's near Barren Hill, in Montgomery county, seventy-two years ago. Under the discourse a woman cried out and swooned away, and was carried into the kitchen, where little Jacob\* was sitting, greatly terrified by the preaching. While the woman was being removed, the speaker was silent. This being done, he let them know that he had something more to say to them that night. This was sad intelligence to the youthful hearer, to learn that he had still to tremble under the ministerial thunder of this Boanerges.

A daughter of Mr. Abraham Supplee, now living in Philadelphia, in her eighty-third year, having been a Methodist for more than sixty years, whose name is — Smith, remembers to have heard Mr. Everett commence one of his discourses in 1782, by saying to the irreligious, among his hearers, "It is just six weeks since I was here last, and some of you are six weeks nearer hell than you were then."

During the year 1781, the Methodists lost two of their preachers, Messrs. Robert Strawbridge, and Philip Adams. The former was the first instrument in raising up Methodism in America. The latter, a native of Virginia, was a useful preacher, closely attached to Methodism.

The winter of 1781 and 1782 was spent by Mr. Asbury in the South; and it became a general practice with him, so to arrange his work, as to be in this region during his future winters. The surrender of Cornwallis, in October of this year, removed an impediment out of the way of his traveling; and, it was now generally known, that he was no enemy to America. He attended a number of quarterly meetings, and had to exert all his influence to restrain some of the local preachers, who were not satisfied unless they administered the ordinances.

While in North Carolina, his accommodations were something better than he found in New Virginia the previous

\* Jacob Knows.

summer,—these were on the floors of their houses, and on the ground. Of those he says, "I have to lodge half my nights in lofts, where light may be seen through a hundred places; and, it may be, the cold wind at the same time blowing through as many; but, through mercy I am kept from murmuring, and bear it with thankfulness, expecting ere long to have better entertainment—a heavenly and eternal rest." His experience enabled him to say, "I always find the Lord present, when I go to the throne of grace. I am filled with love from day to day. I bless the Lord for the constant communion I enjoy with Him. O, that the Lord may keep me from moment to moment. The work of God puts life in me; and my greatest trials arise from 'taking thought.'"

About this time Mr. Asbury heard the welcome news, that England had acknowledged the Independence for which America had been contending. We have been informed by authority which we deem reliable, that Mr. Wesley said to King George, "If you suffer that good man Doctor Dodd to be executed, you will lose all your children in America." It is certain that King George did suffer that good man Dr. Dodd to be hung, in the year 1777; and, it is equally certain, that King George lost all his political children, in the United Provinces, between the St. Lawrence river and the Gulf of Mexico.

While Mr. Asbury and his fellow-laborers were toiling to bring souls to Christ, and train them for everlasting happiness, it was encouraging to receive such accounts as the following:—"My old friend J. Mabry told me that his daughter F. Mabry, who for some years had lived the life of faith, was taken ill last August. When about to die the Lord cut short His work in her soul, cleansing her heart from all sin. She testified what God had done for her with great power—all present were surprised with her language. She seemed to be kept alive one whole day almost miraculously—it appeared that the power of God was so strong upon her, that she could not die."

"Brother Samuel Yeargan gave me an account of a light, his wife saw one day, while at prayer in a thicket near the house; it shone all around her, above the brightness of the sun. At first she resolved to tell it to no one; she, however, communicated it to her husband. He observed to her, Perhaps you will die soon, are you willing? She replied, Yes; and expressed a wish, that she might not have a long

sickness, if the Lord was about to take her to Himself;—within two weeks she departed this life.”

“Captain Wood, of the American army, was taken prisoner by the British when they took Charleston. Obtaining a parole he returned home to Virginia, where he was awakened, and in such distress of soul, that he attempted to destroy himself. He would suffer no one to come near him, but that good man, Robert Martin, of Appomattox river. At length the Lord set his soul at liberty, and he became a serious happy Christian, much devoted to God and His cause.

## CHAPTER LII.

THE Conference of 1782 began at Ellis's Chapel, in Sussex county, Va., attended by about thirty preachers. It appears that this was the first Conference that the Rev. Jesse Lee ever attended, who thus describes the spirit that prevailed among the preachers at it:—

“The union and brotherly love which I saw among the preachers, exceeded everything I had ever seen before; and caused me to wish that I were worthy to have a place among them. When they took leave of each other, they embraced each other in their arms, and wept as though they never expected to meet again. Had the heathen been there, they might have well said, ‘See how these Christians love one another.’ At the close of the Conference, Mr. Asbury came to me and asked me, if I was willing to take a circuit. I told him that I could not well do it; that I was afraid of hurting the cause. Mr. Asbury called to some preachers that were standing in the yard, saying, ‘I am going to enlist Brother Lee.’ One of them asked, ‘What bounty do you give?’ He answered, ‘Grace here, and glory hereafter will be given, if he is faithful.’” Mr. Lee commenced his itinerant career of great interest and usefulness in the following November, in company with the Rev. Edward Drungole.

This Conference, which began at Ellis's Chapel in April, adjourned to Baltimore—where it finished the Conference business for this year, in the latter end of May.

The following new circuits appear in the Minutes this year: Yadkin, in North Carolina; South Branch, in Virginia; Lancaster, in Pennsylvania; and Sussex, in Delaware.

There were 26 circuits, supplied by 59 preachers, exclusive of Mr. Asbury.

The effect of the war had caused some decrease in the number of Methodists in North Carolina and Virginia; but in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, there was a fair increase. The greatest prosperity had been in Dorchester, Md., where the increase was 500. Here, persecution was most violent, and here the Lord wrought most powerfully; the hosts of Satan fought hard, but the Lord's hosts conquered. The increase in the connection was 1246; the whole number of Methodists was 11,785.

After the Conference ended in Baltimore, Mr. Asbury went as far west as Colonel Barratt's, at the Allegheny Mountain.\* In this journey, he found hard fare. He says, “My poor horse was so weak, for want of proper food, that he fell down with me twice. This hurt my feelings more than anything I met with in my journey. The merciful man considereth the life of his beast.” He returned through Maryland and Pennsylvania, into Jersey, where John Tunnell and Joseph Everett were laboring: while in this state, he went as far as Monmouth county, where Methodism was but two years old, visiting Upper and Lower Freehold, where that good man, William Tennant, had exercised his ministry. From here he passed to the Peninsula, and, for the first time, officiated in White's new chapel. After paying his first visit to Dorchester, and attending a large and powerful quarterly meeting at Brother Airey's, he came, in company with some twenty preachers, by Judge White's, to quarterly meeting at Barratt's Chapel.

There were four preachers—William Gill, Moses Park, Henry Metcalf, and David Abbott—sent to Sussex Circuit, in Delaware, in 1782. In the course of the year, it was divided; and the upper part was called Dover, which appears on the Minutes the following year. On this new circuit, Mr. David Abbott was preaching; and in October of this year, his father, the Rev. Benjamin Abbott, came on the circuit and filled the appointments for the son, recorded in his Life, pp. 120-126. Mr. Abbott overtook his son, preaching to a

\* While Mr. Asbury was among the mountains of Virginia, in company with John Hagerty and other preachers, about the middle of July of this year (1782), that horrible tragedy, recorded by J. B. Finley in his “Sketches of Western Methodism,” was acted. Big-Foot, the Indian warrior, having crossed the Ohio river, committed murder on its banks, and was pursued and killed by Adam Poe and his brother. (See “Sketches,” &c., by Finley, p. 540.)

large congregation on the Sabbath, in an orchard which was on the right hand side of the road from Duck Creek Cross Roads to Duck Creek village. This orchard is no more. "Coming behind him, he saw nothing of me until he concluded. As soon as he stepped off the stand, I stepped on, and gave an exhortation—and instantly God attended the truth with power, the people cried aloud, and we had a shout in the camp; but as it was likely to interfere with our next appointment, I dismissed the people, and went to Blackiston's Meeting-house, where the people expected me, and a large multitude was assembled. I preached with life and power, and the Lord attended the word; many wept, and I trust some good was done." He went home with Mr. Benjamin Blackiston; and in the evening met class, and endeavored to show them the nature of holiness of heart. "While speaking to the society, one and another cried out, until the cry became general; and there was such weeping, crying, and shouting, that I could not speak to any more. One young woman cried out, that she knew she was not an angel; but that God had given her a clean heart. A young man—a Baptist—clasped me round the neck, and said, I know the Lord is here, for I feel his Spirit. I was as happy as I could well continue in the body."

"At my next appointment, the power of the Lord was present. One sinner fell to the floor, and cried mightily to God to have mercy on his soul. When he revived, he declared that his sins were pardoned; and exhorted the unconverted to seek the Lord." This appointment, as also the two that follow, were around the present town of Smyrna; there were more than half a dozen preaching places within eight miles of this place.

At his next appointment, "the children of the devil were greatly offended, and intended that day to kill me; here I had a crowded congregation. The word was attended with power. Several attempted to go out, but the crowd about the door obliged them to stay in. They began quickly to fall to the floor, and to cry aloud; and soon there was a shout in the camp. One young man that was struck to the floor, was for three hours apparently dead; his flesh grew cold, his fingers so stiff, and spread open, that they would not yield. Many said, He is dead. I now for the first time felt fear that any one would expire under the mighty power of God; and concluded I would go home, and not proceed a step further, as killing people would not answer; but at

last he came to, and praised God for what he had done for his soul."

"At my next appointment, I preached in a barn to a large congregation. There was much weeping. Here I met with two young Nicolites, who spoke freely to me on spiritual things. One of them followed me three days, and left me full of tender love." The Nicolites sprung from one Nicols, who held Quaker principles; but was not acknowledged by the Friends. He made plainness of dress, and light-colored clothes, part of his religion; condemning singing (except singing their discourses), and family prayer at set times. His followers were few, and they have passed away. We have heard some of them speak.

"My next appointment was at the house of a preacher; who, having heard of what was going on, told me that it was all confusion, that God was a God of order. I told him he might rest assured that it was the power of God. While I was preaching, the power seized a woman sitting before me; she began to tremble, and fell to the floor. When she came to, she sprang up, clapping her hands, and crying aloud, 'Tell the sinners it is the work of the Lord!' This alarmed the town, and brought many people together; and the Spirit of God laid hold on several of them; and they began to weep. Directly the slain and wounded lay all through the house; some crying for mercy, and others praising God; and among them the preacher, in whose house they were. Some professed to have received the pardon of their sins; and one testified that the blood of Christ had cleansed from all sin. I met the class; and spoke first to the preacher: What do you now think of it, my brother—is it the work of God or not? 'O!' said he, 'I never thought that God would pour out his Spirit in such a manner, for I could not move hand or foot any more than a dead man; but I am as happy as I can live.'" This preacher appears to have been Joseph Wyatt, who lived at Duck Creek Village, or at Duck Creek Cross Roads.

"Next day I preached at Brother Cole's. Here I found a lively class; and we had a precious time. A predestinarian woman was convinced, and joined society." John Cole, it appears, lived not far from Duck Creek Cross Roads.

"Next morning being the Lord's day, I went to the preaching house, which, though large, did not hold half the people. I preached with freedom; and many wept. I spent the evening at Brother Cole's, conversing on what God was doing through the land." As Severson's preaching house



was hardly built as yet, this place of worship seems to have been either Blackiston's, or Friendship, in Thoroughfare Neck.

"I went from hence to Brother E.'s, and preached to a large congregation in a barn, where the work broke out in power: many cried aloud for mercy, while others were rejoicing in God. Here I met with C. R., a pious young woman, who professed and lived sanctification." In this region there were Richardsons, Ridgleys, and Raymonds; but who C. R. was we can make no safe conjecture.

"At my next appointment I preached to a large congregation in the woods, and was informed that I was to be attacked by the clerk of the Church, who had attacked some of our preachers. The power of God attended the word, and the clerk sat with his spectacles wrong side up, twisting and wringing his mouth, and pulling and tugging those near him, until they grew ashamed of him, and moved away from him. I fixed my eyes upon him, and cried as loud as I could, The devil is come into the camp! The devil is come into the camp! Help, men of Israel! Every man and woman to their sword! Cry mightily to God, that the power of hell may be shaken! In an instant we had the shout of a king in the camp; the clerk took off his spectacles, hung his head, and did not raise it again until I was done. When service was over, many came to me, and asked me if I did not see the devil bodily. I told them no; I only saw one of his agents acting for him. Several broken-hearted sinners flocked around me; I requested them to go to the house where I was to meet class. We had the house full. I concluded only to sing, pray, and give an exhortation, enforcing sanctification, by telling them what God was doing on the circuit. Brother E. was soon on the floor, and quickly another, until four fell. Soon six or seven sinners fell to the floor. This meeting lasted about two hours, during which Mr. Abbott and the pious Miss C. R. labored with the people."

As there were but two Episcopal churches in the bounds of Dover Circuit at this time—one at Duck Creek, which Mr. Abbott had just left, and the other at Dover—this meeting was, it seems, at Dover. The woods in which he preached was, in all probability, that beautiful grove where Wesley Chapel was erected two years afterwards; and the comic clerk was the clerk of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Dover.

"Next day I met Brother Asbury and about twenty other preachers, at Brother Thomas White's, on their way to quar-

terly meeting. Brother Asbury asked me what news I brought from the sea-coast. One of the preachers said (judging from his common appearance that he was a dolt), 'Why, he can tell you nothing.' 'Yes, yes,' said Brother Asbury, 'he can tell us something.' I then related how God was carrying on his work, and they were amazed. Brother Asbury called me up stairs, and told me I must preach that evening. I told him I could not, as they were all preachers. He then said, 'You must exhort after me.' After he had preached, I arose; and, as they were mostly preachers, I related my experience, and exhorted them all to holiness of heart. In the morning, Brother Asbury stroked down my hair, and said, 'Brother Abbott, the black coats scared you last night.' We all set out for quarterly meeting. Towards evening, not far from the place, we stopped at a door, and Brother Asbury said to the man of the house, 'You must send out and gather your neighbors;' and turning to me said, 'You must preach here to-night.' We had a large congregation. I preached: some sighed, some groaned, and others wept.

"Next morning we went to quarterly meeting at Barratt's Chapel, where Brother Asbury preached to a large congregation, and called on me to exhort. Some of the preachers wondered where he had gathered up that old fellow: I sung, prayed, and began to exhort; and God came down in his Spirit's power, as in ancient days. Some fell to the floor, others ran out of the house, many cried aloud for mercy, and others were shouting praises, with hearts full of love divine. Seeing the people sit on the joists up stairs, I was afraid they would fall through; this caused me to withhold, and soon the meeting ended."

Mr. Asbury having given Mr. Abbott in charge of one of the gentlemen of the neighborhood, he went to his house, and spent the afternoon conversing with his Christian friends. Mr. Abbott says: "In the evening I asked if any of them could sing

"Still out of the deepest abyss  
Of trouble, I mournfully cry;  
I pine to recover my peace,  
To see my Redeemer and die, &c."

"A gentleman from Dorchester answered he could, and they sung it with such melodious voices, and with the spirit, that it was attended with great power. The gentleman's lady (at whose house he put up) and two others fell to the floor. When

done singing, we kneeled down to pray, and several fell; the man of the house, who had been a backslider, got restored; many prayers were sent up to God, both by men and women. Our meeting continued three hours.

"Next morning, our love-feast began at sunrise. The crowd was so great (at that early hour) that we could not go round with the bread and water. It was supposed that as many were outside as in the house. Brother Asbury opened the love-feast, and bade the people speak. Many spoke powerfully, and it was a precious time."

The love-feast being ended, there was preaching and exhortation, attended with Divine power. After a profitable waiting before the Lord, the meeting ended, and Mr. Abbott returned to his home in Penn's Neck, in New Jersey.

The Methodists began to establish themselves in Radnor about the year 1780, or soon afterwards. It is said that the first class was formed in 1782. The James's, Giger's, and White's, were the principal families in this society. David and Isaac James were preachers. The former, if not the latter, itinerated for some years. Mr. David James lived for several years in Trenton, and may have died there. Dr. Isaac James is living, though old and feeble, in Bustleton, Philadelphia county. Several of the individuals that formed the first class in Radnor, lived to a good old age: John Giger and his companion were far advanced in life at the time of their death. Mary White, another of the original class, who united with it in her thirteenth year, after honoring Methodism for more than seventy-one years has been gathered home, in her eighty-fifth year. Between 1780 and 1790, the Radnor Methodists built their first little chapel, which was rebuilt in 1832.

About this time, a meeting was established at Mr. Aaron Matson's, near the Seven Stars (now Village Green). About 1797, a meeting-house was built here, which has been known as Mount Hope; this meeting sprung from Cloud's (now Bethel) meeting.

One of the old appointments on Chester Circuit, was at Romansville. Here, an old Friend gave the Methodists a lot, which is still a place of sepulture. In this neighborhood lived Jesse Woodward and Brother Ball, both old Methodists. This meeting was substituted by the Laurel Chapel.

## CHAPTER LIII.

In December, 1780, Mr. Asbury employed Mr. Charles Twyford on the Sussex Circuit, that Mr. Rowe might go down to the Eastern Shore of Virginia, to see what opening there was there for Methodism. Mr. Samuel Rowe was, it seems, the first Methodist preacher that went to Accomac county. He returned to his circuit in a few weeks' time. From this time, Methodist preachers visited the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

The first appointments east of the Pocomoke river, were at Melvin's and Captain Downing's. Soon after, the Methodists preached at Colonel Burton's,\* Colonel Paramore's, and at Garrettson's Chapel. The first society in Accomac county was formed in 1783, consisting of five persons, one of whom was Christiana Newton, who was awakened in 1782, by hearing a Methodist preacher performing family worship in a neighbor's house—most likely, the first time she ever heard one pray. Soon after, she yielded to the persuasions of her gay associates, against her convictions, and attended a ball. When she returned from the ball, such were the rebukes of her conscience, that she cast all her ball-going finery into the flames; and, in holy revenge, burnt them to ashes—never afterwards wearing useless ornaments. She married Mr. Isaiah Bagwell. After living in sweet communion with the Methodists for fifty-six years, she died, in hope of blissful immortality, aged eighty-

\* Some of the old preachers amused themselves by relating the manner in which Brother Burton, of Accomac, used to express himself. When the itinerant approached his door, he would call to his servant, Samuel—"Sam, take this horse and hang it up in the porch; take the saddle to the stable, and feed it; feed it well, Sam." While the preacher was going on with his sermon, he would sit and pat his foot, or, as it was phrased, "keep the spinning-wheel moving;" but if, at any time, the speaker said anything that seemed to bear on slavery, such as "Let the oppressed go free," &c., the spinning-wheel would stop until the preacher passed to some other topic, when the wheel would move on again. He was fond of lively meetings. In class, when he wished some lively air sung, such as "Run and never weary," &c., he would say, "Sam, sing tire and never run; sing it lively, Sam." In his common hall he had a closet, where he performed his private devotions. When he knelt down the door would not shut; so his head was in, and his heels were out; he could still be seen and heard as he whispered his prayers. This is stated to show his singularity.

one year. At her death, she was the last of the five original Methodists of Accomac county.

About 1783, the preachers began to occupy Northampton county. In 1784 there were about one hundred Methodists on the Eastern Shore of Virginia; and now the Methodists were in every county on the Peninsula.

Messrs. Davis, Laws, and Purnell, were among the first to have Methodist preaching in their houses, in Worcester county, Maryland. In 1782 Messrs. Freeborn Garrettson, Woolman Hickson, and John Magary, were stationed on Somerset Circuit. One of the appointments on this circuit was at Robin Davis's, near Indiantown, in Worcester. Near by lived Elijah Laws, a vestryman in the Church of England, as it had been called. He gave the Methodist preachers a hearing, and called them deceivers, and refused to hear them again. He had a daughter, whose name was Rhoda, then in her twelfth year, who had been raised in the views that church people then generally had, of the innocency of dancing, and other worldly amusements. Rhoda paid a visit to a widow lady of her acquaintance, with whom she went, for the first time, to hear a Methodist preach. Woolman Hickson was the preacher. After he had opened up the plan of salvation, he applied his discourse, in which he told his hearers, that all actual sinners, including dancers, would, unless they repented and were pardoned, be damned to all eternity. Rhoda could not feel that she was guilty of any sin which he named, unless dancing was a sin.

After sermon, Brother Hickson read the General Rules, and requested all who wished to join to follow him up stairs. Robin Davis, his brother, their wives, the widow woman, and Rhoda Laws followed him. The preacher spoke to each of the six. When he spoke to Rhoda she said she had not considered herself a sinner; but if dancing was a sin, as he had said, she must admit that she was a sinner; and she began to weep. Five had their names written on the class-paper. Rhoda was asked if she would have her name enrolled? A question was raised as to the propriety of consulting her father first. Mr. Davis replied that her father was a man of moderation, and would use no violence towards his daughter. Before the preacher wrote her name he lifted up his eyes, hands, and soul to God, and prayed that her name might be written in heaven and never erased. She returned home, fearing to tell her father what had taken place. Early next morning her brother Elijah, who was settled in the neighborhood, was seen riding with great speed

to his father's house. The father stood in his porch and wondered why his son was coming with such speed, so early in the morning. Arriving at the house, the son hastily threw the reins of his horse's bridle over his head on the pales, and seemed as anxious to speak as his father was to hear, saying, "What do you think? Yesterday Rhoda joined that new preacher; and now she must give up gay dress, dancing, and worldly amusement. She is ruined; and she cannot be gotten away." The father listened to this tale, and after a moment replied, "Well, if the Methodists disown people for dancing they will soon be clear of Rhoda, as she will dance the first opportunity she has." The next Sabbath her parents went to church; and Rhoda asked permission to visit the widow of her acquaintance, with whom, leaving her superfluous apparel behind, she went to meet her class. Not long afterwards Mr. Garrettson came to Mr. Laws, one Saturday afternoon. No one knew who he was but Rhoda. He asked the favor of a night's lodging. Squire Laws bade him alight, as he never turned strangers from his doors. The guest was soon known. He held family worship both night and morning. When about to start for his appointment, which was at Vincent's, what has since been called the Line Chapel, he gave a word of advice to each member of the family, blacks as well as whites. To Rhoda he said, "Your mourning cannot purchase pardon. Ask God, in faith, to forgive you, for Christ's sake." The preacher started for his appointment, and Rhoda to her father's barn to reduce to practice the advice she had just received. She knelt down to pray, but hearing a rustling noise in the fodder, she feared the devil was there, and in affright she arose and went to the back of the orchard and fell upon her knees behind an apple-tree, and earnestly implored God to forgive her sins, on account of what Christ had suffered for her. Suddenly, by faith, she saw her bleeding Saviour pass before her, and felt that she was freely forgiven, while her soul was filled with melting joy. While she was under conviction her father had taken her from school, thinking that he could not make a scholar of her on account of her sadness; but now she was happy and cheerful. One Sunday she returned from her meeting and found the Church minister and Captain Steward, one of the vestry, at her father's. At dinner the conversation turned on the presumption of the Methodists professing to know their sins forgiven. Captain Steward said, "No one on earth could know his sins forgiven." The youthful Rhoda replied, under

an impulse that seemed to come by inspiration, "That is not so." Shocked at her unpremeditated reply to such a gentleman, who was her father's guest, she arose in haste to leave the room; though the captain desired her to remain and tell all she knew about it: she went out. It was not long before a ball was gotten up at Mr. Laws's for the purpose of trying Rhoda's religion. The young people commenced dancing, but she was with her father in another room. Her father requested her to go into the company. She arose and went into the entry, and a young man laid hold of her to drag her on the floor for his partner. She pulled away from him and went into the kitchen and read the Bible to the cook, a colored woman. After awhile she returned to the room where her father was, who asked, "Where have you been, Rhoda?" She replied, "Reading to the cook; she loves to hear the Bible read!" Her father rejoined, "Rhoda, I fear that you will ruin my servants and humble your family, and bring yourself to nothing." She replied, "Father, if I had danced I should have sinned against my God and my conscience. I want to go to heaven when I die, and I cannot go there in my sins." Her father's countenance fell—he rested his head on his hand, supported by his elbow, while the tear rolled down his cheek. The next preaching day, according to her custom, she asked permission to attend, to which he assented, and also went with her. Mr. Garrettson preached, whereupon Mr. Laws offered the use of his house, which was large, provided the Methodists would preach in it on Sundays at an hour that would not conflict with service in his church, to which Mr. Garrettson assented; and Mr. Laws's became a Sabbath appointment on Somerset Circuit. Soon the father and mother became Methodists; and her brother Elijah, who was panic-struck when he heard of what he supposed was her ruin, if not the ruin of the whole family, was "also among the prophets;" and was made class-leader over his father, mother, and his sister Rhoda.

The above account we had not from Rhoda, the young convert of twelve years old; but from Rhoda, the Christian of sixty-eight years' experience in the service of her Redeemer, in the M. E. Church. In 1850 she triumphed over death, in her eightieth year; and while her soul was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom, her body was borne to its resting place in Southwark.

Rhoda Laws was first married to a Brother Vincent, of the Line Chapel. They lived near Laurel, in Delaware, and

entertained the preachers for many years in their house. Her daughter, by this marriage, was the wife of the Rev. Jeremiah Jeffries, of the Philadelphia Conference. Her second husband was a Mr. Beckworth, near Milford, Del.; and her third husband was a Mr. Evans, of Delaware.

Mr. Garrettson, while laboring on Somerset Circuit, preached at the funeral of Prudence Hudson who was awakened and converted under his ministry in 1779. "She followed the preaching day and night. Go where I would, if within eight or ten miles, she was there; and she generally walked. I frequently met her in class, where she expressed a desire of loving God supremely. She lived so as not to grieve her brethren, or wound the cause of God. She married a pious young man; after which she soon died. She seemed to have a presentiment of her approaching end; desiring her husband to pray for her that she might be cleansed from all sin. Shortly after the Lord so filled her soul with his love that she cried out, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and take my raptured soul away.' To her weeping friends she declared that God had sanctified her wholly, and made her meet for heaven. She bid them dry their tears, for she was going to glory. She embraced her parents, thanking them for their kindness; and exhorted her classmates to faithfulness: she said, 'Many a time have we walked together to our meetings, and now I am going to receive my reward!' She warned her husband against keeping slaves. So enraptured was she with the prospect of glory that she frequently exclaimed, 'O, death, where is thy sting! O, grave, where is thy victory! Thus she continued for several days exulting, and exhorting all around her, and thus fell asleep in the arms of Jesus.'" It appears that she lived in the lower end of Sussex, or in Somerset county.

Of those who first embraced Methodism in Somerset county, Md., and became pillars among them, we have already named Mr. and Mrs. Ryder and Mr. Nellum. To these we may add Dr. Robinson, Messrs. Curtis, Myles, Phœbus, Farley, and Captain Conoway at Wycomoco river. The Rev. William Phœbus was the first travelling preacher from this county. Afterwards came Hope Hull and Benton Riffin, if not James Riffin too. Doctor Robinson was a local preacher, and, we presume, Mrs. Matthew Soren is his granddaughter. The first chapels in Annessex were Curtis's and Myles's, called after the above named brethren. It seems that they were erected as early as 1784, as Dr. Coke, as appears from his Journal, preached in both of them

this year. At this time Somerset circuit reached into Worcester county where Methodism was already planted; and into that part of it between the Pocomoke river and the Atlantic it was introduced in 1783.

Among the societies first raised up on Somerset Circuit was the one on Devil's, or Deal's Island, which lies at the mouth of the Nanticoke river, in the Chesapeake Bay. Mr. Garrettson informs us, that on this island there was "a large and faithful society" as early as 1782. Since that time there have been a number of interesting camp meetings held on this island, as well as on Tangiers, in the same bay.

During this year while Mr. Garrettson was preaching on Somerset Circuit, when on his way to Devil's, or Deal's Island, to preach, he had the dream or vision found on pp. 125-126 of his life. Falling asleep in a friend's house, it appeared to him, "That some wicked people came to the place where I was, and spoke evil of the ways of God. The man of the house asked me to go to prayer. In a short time I seemed to be dying. I searched for my witness of God's favor, and felt that I might have been more faithful. I wished to live longer, that I might be more useful in bringing souls to Christ. Instead of dying it seemed that I fell into a trance, and was taken to the other world, where I had a view of hell. It was thought expedient for me to enter its mouth. I thought the fire had no power to hurt me. An awful scene was presented to my mind. What feelings I had for precious souls! On looking forward I could see no end to the sea of fire, whose high surges, one after another, at short intervals, continually rolled along. I saw the damned beat about by them in all the tortures of agony, toiling and striving to stem the waves, which like molten metal drove them back, while the place resounded with their groans. O, it was indescribably awful! Sometimes the sea would sink into a black calm, and a dismal noisome smoke would ascend. I stood and trembled as I saw the damned rising in the liquid element; and then other waves of fire would arise and beat them back. While I looked on it was asked, 'Will you after this be faithful in warning sinners?' I thought I would be more faithful, and that my whole life should be spent in this exercise. I then requested to be carried to heaven, but the answer was, 'You have seen enough, return and be faithful.' On awaking I sat up in the bed filled with wonder." Such were the crowds that followed him on Somerset Circuit that no house would contain them, and he had to preach to them

in the open fields and in the groves, where he had most solemn and profitable seasons.

Mr. Garrettson, having spent about six months in successful labors on Somerset Circuit, attended the quarterly meeting at Barratt's Chapel in the beginning of November 1782. The last half of this Conference year he travelled and preached in New Castle and Kent counties, in Delaware, and in Dorchester, in Maryland. Many of the societies in these counties he had been instrumental in raising up a few years before. While here, he felt that he was among his children: they took sweet counsel together, and great was their rejoicing. It was no uncommon thing for him to preach to a thousand or fifteen hundred people assembled together.

He observes, "I rode down in the Neck (most likely Jones's Neck), and preached near Delaware Bay. Four years ago (1778, when he was first in this region), I preached in this house, when the whole Neck seemed to be in Egyptian darkness. I never visited them again until now; and, as I thought then, labored to little purpose; I now find among them twoscore professing the knowledge of Jesus Christ, many of whom date their conversion from that day."

Meeting with George Moore of Broad Creek, they rejoiced together greatly in considering the great amount of good which God had done in this part of his vineyard during the last four years. About this time he preached at the funeral of "our dear brother Smith," who had lived a life of piety. He bore his afflictions like a Christian. He lost his speech, in a measure, some months before his death; but the signs he made and the tears which so plentifully flowed removed all doubt of his readiness for death. He lived happy and died happy, and left a family happy in God. It appears that he lived and died not far from Barratt's Chapel.

Under date of January, 1783, he says, "I am once more among my Dover friends. Surely God is among this people. The last Sabbath I preached here the Lord in mercy laid his hand upon one of the greatest persecutors in this town. In his distress he cried mightily to God, until he converted his soul; and also his wife, and his sister-in-law; and now he is resolutely determined on helping to build a brick chapel. I visited Sister Bassett, who, in her affliction, is one of the happiest women I have met with—a living witness of sanctification, whose soul seems to be continually wrapped in a flame of love. Several of this family are happy in the love of God; and four of them profess to enjoy perfect love. Surely God has a church in Mr. Bassett's house."

While visiting the societies in Kent and New Castle counties, he enjoyed sweet consolation among them. He found many of the members going on to perfection. He generally preached once or twice every day, besides meeting the classes; and while engaged in this work he realized the happiness of a father visiting his spiritual children; and could say with St. John, "I have no greater joy than to find my children walking in the truth." As he was wholly given up to the work of saving souls, he often "wept between the porch and the altar," and felt that "the burden of the Lord was upon him." In this way he went on until the May following, when he repaired to Baltimore to attend Conference.

It was about the year 1782 that Mr. Robert North Carnan became a Methodist. He was a citizen of Baltimore county, Md., and had rendered active service during the Revolutionary war. He belonged to the upper strata of society—being cousin to Gen. Ridgley, afterwards governor of Maryland; also, to Mrs. Prudence Gough. Mrs. Carnan had already attached herself to the Methodists as a seeker. Brother Richard Owen, one of the early preachers, spoke searchingly to her in class-meeting on a certain occasion, at which she was much wounded in her feelings; but it resulted in her happy conversion to God. Her husband was too much of a gentleman to use violent measures to throw her off of her religious course, and undertook to laugh her out of her religious enthusiasm; but, instead of jesting her out of her enjoyments, he soon became seriously concerned for his own spiritual welfare. Like most of the Maryland gentry, he was fond of the turf, and, at the time of his awakening, was engaged in a horse-race. He now had trouble enough between consummating the race and hushing the clamors of an awakened conscience. Being a member of the so-called Church of England, he advised with his parson, who told him that all that he knew of religion, or of Christianity, consisted in attending to the ordinances and services of the Church; that if Mr. C. continued to do this, he was sure of heaven. The peace and joy which Mr. Carnan failed to find in attending to the Church service, he found in believing in Christ. Soon as the parson heard the news of peace between England and the United States, which was in the early part of 1782, he hastened to communicate it to Mr. Carnan, as he was a chief citizen, and also a leading member of his church. When they were seated at the dinner table, the parson availed himself of that time, and said, "Mr. Carnan, have you heard the glorious news of peace?" Mr. C.

replied, "No; but I have found peace with God to my soul; and you don't know anything about this, for you told me so." This was such a withering declaration, that it destroyed the poor parson's zest for dinner. Soon as the news of Robert's conversion reached his mother, she sent her son Charles Carnan to reclaim him from the Methodists, if such a thing could be done. When Charles arrived, he found the house shut up, for Brother and Sister Carnan had gone to Methodist meeting. Charles waited until they returned; the brothers met in the yard; Robert exclaimed, "O, brother Charles, I never was so glad to see you in all my life!" and throwing his arms around his neck, wept for joy, telling him how the Lord had blessed him. This melted Charles, and quite reconciled him to the religion of Robert. He returned home, and when his anxious mother inquired of him of the result of his mission, he replied, "O ma, Bob is right."

Mr. Carnan joined the Methodists, and soon began to pray in public, and exhort his neighbors to serve God. From a sense of duty, he liberated his slaves. After Mrs. Carnan had enjoyed the happiness of experimental religion for twenty years, she made a blessed end, leaving a shining example to posterity; she died in 1802. Mr. Carnan married, for his second wife, a widow Ennalls, of Dorchester county, Md.,—one of the early and devoted Methodists of the county—a witness of perfect love. Mr. Carnan survived his second wife. His only daughter, Elizabeth, was converted in early life. She was an intelligent and lively Christian—never married—and died before her father. Mr. Carnan was the chief man in founding the Stone Chapel on Baltimore Circuit. After he had served the Methodist church efficiently as a class-leader, steward, and exhorter, for about fifty years, wept the loss of an only daughter and two wives, he followed them to glory at an advanced age.

About the same time that Mr. Carnan united with the Methodists, Mr. Caleb Bosley, of the same region, joined. He was also, a zealous supporter of Methodism. Mr. David Gorsuch and Mr. Cornelius Howard afterwards became members at the Stone Chapel. They have been gathered home. The Stone Chapel was one of the strongholds of Methodism: in 1800 the Baltimore Conference was held at this place. See "Recollections of an Old Itinerant," pp. 179, 185.

About this time there were some remarkable conversions and acquisitions among the Methodists of Queen Anne's county, Md. One of these was Mr. Chair, near Centreville,

who had a passion for fox-hunting. In religion he found such happiness that he no longer sought pleasure in the chase. When he ceased to employ his hounds in running foxes, though he took the same care of them, they left him one by one, until, in the course of two months, they were all gone from him: he was too pious for them, and they sought employment elsewhere. Mr. Chair was a zealous class-leader. Col. Hopper also became a Methodist, and his house a preaching place. Mr. Boardly was brought in about this time.

The Wright family, of this county, on account of wealth and position, was one of the great families. Mr. Robert Wright was governor of Maryland at one time. Contrary to the general feeling which pervaded this family, his son Thomas inclined to follow the Methodists. The father peremptorily forbid him. The son reasoned with his father thus: "Why may I not hear them?—these men preach the truth!" The father let him know, in language unmistakably plain, that if he continued to cleave to the Methodists he would be punished and disinherited. The son replied, "Father, the influence which draws me to the Methodists, is good, and conscience and heaven approve." Thomas, finally, made a profession of religion, and joined society. Soon after, it was known to the father, who invited the son up stairs to a private conference, taking along, as an umpire, a cow-skin or horse-whip. Thomas pleaded that he had done only what he felt to be a duty. While the father was fiercely plying the lash, the son caught him round the waist, saying, "Father, how I love you! I have had doubts of my acceptance with God, but now they are all gone; I have assurance." As they were in close quarters, the father had lost much of his power in applying the whip; and, as his ire was somewhat spent, the fray ended.

The old gentleman's sons were in the habit of planting out trees for fruit and for ornament, thus improving the estate of their father, which they expected to possess. Once when his sons were planting out trees, he said, "Tom, what is the reason that you do not plant out trees as your brothers do?" Thomas answered, "It is no use for me to plant out trees, father, since you have assured me that you will disinherit me. Nevertheless, if my brothers desire it, and will ask me, I will help them to plant out." When Mr. Robert Wright deceased, and his will was opened, contrary to the expectation of Thomas and the community, the homestead was given to his Methodist son; and it was a home for

Methodist preachers. Mr. Thomas Wright was a local preacher, and the only one of the family that ever was a Methodist. He was far the most popular, with the people of Queen Anne's, of all of this family of Wrights. He was sent to the legislature once, or oftener. It appears that he lived and died in the favor of men and of his Maker.

During this year the Methodists of Thoroughfare Neck, in New Castle county, Del., erected a small chapel, called Friendship. It was built of cedar logs that were brought from Jersey, that bid fair to last like the gopher of Noah's ark.

In November, of this year, the Rev. Jesse Lee received a letter from the Rev. C. B. Pedicord\* (who was in the South, taking the oversight of the work, supplying the circuits, and changing the preachers, by Mr. Asbury's direction), requesting him to accompany the Rev. Edward Drumgole to that part of North Carolina which lies to the north and west of Edenton, for the purpose of forming a new circuit. With this request Mr. Lee complied, and commenced his eventful career of itinerating. They arrived in Edenton, and formed some acquaintance with Mr. Pettigrew, the Church minister, in whose church Mr. Drumgole was permitted to preach. Moving towards the Dismal Swamp, they crossed the Pasquotank river, and held meeting at Mr. Jones's, near the Plankbridge. They next reached Brother Halstead's, in Norfolk county, Va., where they found some who had been in society with the Methodists, and had enjoyed regular circuit preaching before the war, which had driven the preachers from them for the last five years, during which time they had waited and prayed for the preachers to visit them again, and now their prayer was answered. They made another appointment at the North-west Brick Church. They then called on Col. Williams, in Currituck county—who afterwards became a Methodist. They made another appointment at Indian-town; and, also, at Gen. Gregory's, Mr. Sawyer's, and Riverbridge. Mr. Drumgole was, also, permitted to preach in Yeopin Church. They then went home with parson Pettigrew, and lodged with him. While forming this circuit, Mr. Drumgole preached, and Mr. Lee generally followed him in exhortation. They had now formed the outline of what was called Camden Circuit; and which appears by that name in the Minutes of 1784.

\* In 1782, Mr. Pedicord was stationed on Sussex Circuit, in Virginia.

## CHAPTER LIV.

THE names of the following twelve brethren appear in the Minutes of 1782, as new laborers in the itinerancy:—

George Kimble, James Gibbons, Hugh Roberts, Henry Jones, John Baldwin, Woolman Hickson, William Thomas, John Magary, Ira Ellis, John Easter, Thomas Haskins, and Peter Moriarty.

Mr. George Kimble was a travelling preacher for two years.

Mr. James Gibbons desisted from travelling in 1784.

Mr. Hugh Roberts itinerated during three years, until 1785.

Mr. Henry Jones, of the South, continued to travel and preach, acceptably, until 1788—for five years.

Mr. John Baldwin labored in the South during sixteen years; for several years he was travelling book-steward in Virginia; he located in 1798.

Mr. Woolman Hickson became an itinerant in 1782. In the account given of Miss Rhoda Laws, we have a glimpse of the preacher, and his usefulness on Somerset Circuit—his first year. In 1783, he and John Magary, a superior preacher, were in West Jersey. The next two years he was in the South. In 1786, in Baltimore. In the latter half of 1787, Mr. Hickson labored in New York. At this time, he organized Methodism in Brooklyn; he preached, standing on a table, in Sands Street.\* Mr. Peter Cooper provided a cooper's shop for him to preach in subsequently; soon, a class—the first ever formed in Brooklyn—was organized, and Nicholas Snether, afterwards a famous preacher, was its leader.

Mr. Hickson's slender frame soon yielded to consumption. In New York, he was cared for while he languished. In the latter end of 1788, the Methodists, who had provided a nurse for him, and had paid her wages, buried him in New York. He was a young man of much promise, had his bodily strength been equal to his soul.

Mr. William Thomas was of Kent county, Delaware, near the Forest, or Thomas's Chapel. He continued in the

\* Near the site where Mr. Hickson preached his first sermon in Brooklyn, the first Methodist Episcopal church was subsequently erected, in Sands Street. At this church repose the remains of the much admired John Summerfield.

travelling connection until 1790. This last year he stands on the Minutes as travelling book-steward for the Peninsula. After his location, he continued to live near the chapel, where we presume he was buried; the time of his death is unknown to us.

Mr. John Magary was from England, whither he returned in 1784. In September of this year, Mr. Wesley says, "I had a long conversation with John Magary, one of our American preachers. He gave a pleasing account of the work of God there continually increasing, and vehemently importuned me to pay one more visit to America before I die. Nay, I shall pay no more visits to new worlds till I go to the world of spirits." (So Mr. Wesley, it seems, deferred his visits to us, till he could fly on spirit-wings.) In 1787, Mr. Garrettson was informed, by a letter from Dr. Coke, that Mr. Wesley had sent him to labor in Newfoundland; but, in 1788, Mr. Wesley mentions a Mr. Magary, which we take to be the same person, as principal of Kingswood school. From these statements, it seems, that Mr. Magary was not only an interesting preacher, but also a scholar of considerable eminence.

Mr. Ira Ellis was a native of Sussex county, Virginia. Though his name does not appear in the Minutes until this year; yet, according to his own account, he began to travel in March, 1781. He was a man that stood very high in Mr. Asbury's estimation, who describes him as "A man of quick and solid parts. I have thought, had fortune given him the same advantages of education, he would have displayed abilities not inferior to Jefferson or Madison. But he has what is better than learning; he has undissembled sincerity, great modesty, deep fidelity, great ingenuity, and uncommon power of reasoning—a good man, of even temper, and a good preacher, too." In 1785 he was stationed on Philadelphia Circuit. In 1786 on Dover, Del. In 1787 on Kent, Md.\* In 1788 in Charleston, S. C. In 1790,

\* In 1787, when Mr. Ellis was preaching on Kent Circuit, among others who became religious, and joined the Methodists, were two young ladies by the name of Wilson, whose Christian names were Milicent and Mary. Milicent married a Mr. Taylor. She received love-feast tickets from Messrs. Jesse Lee, Ira Ellis, and others, which were long preserved. A few years since she ended earthly life, in Philadelphia, in expectation of heavenly existence. Miss Mary Wilson was united in marriage to Mr. Sappington, of Kent county, Md. Their son, Mr. Samuel Sappington, was baptized by Thornton Fleming. He has long been a Methodist, and, at the present time, is a member of the Green Street Methodist Episcopal Church.



he took charge of the centre district of Virginia. In 1795 he married, and located himself in Brunswick, Va.

Mr. John Easter appears to have been a native of Mecklenburg county, Va. He was one of the most zealous, powerful, and successful preachers the Methodists ever had; he was the Benjamin Abbott of the South; an uncommonly faithful and holy man; and when crowns are bestowed, his will have uncommon lustre, on account of its many brilliant gems. Wherever he labored, and he labored in earnest, the Lord gave him success; and in some places the work was wonderful—surpassing anything that had been previously witnessed. It seems that Mrs. Tignal Jones of Mecklenburg, was some of the fruit of his ministry, about the year 1786. She went to hear him, though under the ban of her husband's ire, who threatened to shoot her in the event of her going. Her courage in the way of religious duty, resulted in the subjugation of her husband's wrathful spirit to the reign of Christ, who cheerfully united with his pious wife in entertaining the messengers of salvation, and in serving the Lord. Mrs. Jones was one of the most distinguished Christians of the South; not only on account of the fiery trials through which she passed, but also, for her good sense, her superior gifts, and her courage in taking up, and her constancy in sustaining, the cross of Christ.

Brother Easter was instrumental in one of the greatest revivals of religion that ever was in Virginia. This great work commenced in 1787; and on Brunswick Circuit, where he was laboring, there was from fifteen hundred to two thousand converted to God; and on the adjoining circuit almost as many. This was the beginning of the second great revival that took place among the Methodists in America; the first was at the planting of Methodism in various places. The work in 1787 and in 1788, was both north and south of James river. In this revival, William M'Kendree was awakened and converted under John Easter's preaching. About the same time, as this son of thunder was moving on, fulfilling his high commission, and the astonished multitudes trembled, and hundreds were falling down and crying "What must we do to be saved?" Enoch George was awakened and brought to Christ, under this awful messenger of truth.

The Rev. Thomas Ware gave us to understand that John Easter was present at that remarkable meeting, that he describes, pp. 165, 167 of his Life; and that he was the preacher that melted the hard, deistical heart of General

Bryan, from these words:—"Which none of the princes of this world knew; for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." When he finished his discourse, General Bryan addressed the melted multitude, when a loud cry arose, that continued until the going down of the sun; and the religious concern that followed, suspended, for many weeks, almost all worldly business. In General Bryan's family there were thirty—twelve white, and eighteen colored—that professed to have religion, as the fruit of this extraordinary quarterly meeting, which was held in 1790.

After ten years of great labor and success, this flaming herald of the cross located, in 1792; but continued the same holy, faithful Christian, serving the cause of Christ as a local preacher. The last notice that we find of this blessed man, is in the Life of the Rev. Jesse Lee, for the year 1798:—"At a meeting at Paup's Chapel, Mr. Asbury preached. Brother Mead began to sing; there was a general weeping among the people. John Easter cried out, 'I have not a doubt in my soul, but that my God will convert a soul here to-day.' Several men and woman fell on their knees; and the cries of mourners became awful. Several found peace at this meeting."

It is related, that at one time, when this man of God was about to address a large congregation assembled in the open air, the heavens were dark with clouds. The congregation became alarmed by the dismal elements hanging over them, and gave signs of flight, without staying to hear the word which was able to save their souls. At this time Mr. Easter fell on his knees, before the congregation, and besought the Lord to disperse the clouds, stay the rain, and give the people to hear his word once more. As in immediate answer to His servant's prayer, the cloud parted over the multitude, part drifting one way and part another, and the word was preached with great effect that day.

Ossian might have said of him—"This herald of salvation was in his day like a pillar of fire, that beamed on sinnedarkened souls; to weary, wandering pilgrims as the beams of heaven to point to God. He saw the tall sons of Anak fall before the bolts of Sinai, as the thistle's head before autumnal blasts. Clothed with the beauty of holiness, like a robe of beams, he stood firm on the field of foes; when Satan's hosts gathered around, his soul darkened not with fear; but through faith, he saw his enemies vanish like melting mist. Armed with celestial panoply, there was no

cause to dread death's shadowy mace; and, although his grave may be unmarked by a flower or a stone, yet, the dwelling of his soul is calm above the clouds, and the fields of its rest are pleasant; and his body shall come from the deep sleep of the narrow tomb with songs and rejoicing."

Mr. Thomas Haskins was a native of Caroline county, in Maryland, born in 1760. He received an education, and was reading law in Dover, Delaware, where he became a Methodist in 1780; and, two years after, he began to travel on the Baltimore Circuit. In 1783 he was on Chester Circuit, which embraced, at that time, Philadelphia, and all the preaching places in Pennsylvania, east of the Susquehanna river. In 1784, we find him in charge of Somerset Circuit. In 1785, in charge of Talbot; and in 1786, he located. While travelling Chester Circuit, he became acquainted with Miss Martha Potts, granddaughter of Mrs. Rebecca Grace, of Coventry, a pious young lady, whom he married. He had also made the acquaintance of Colonel North, a native of Coventry. After he married he settled in Philadelphia, where he and Colonel North engaged in the wholesale grocery business in Water street. For some fifteen years he was a local preacher at St. George's Church. In the year 1797, he lost his first wife, who died in the enjoyment of Christian hope, and was interred in the rear of St. George's, where the tablet to her memory may still be read.

About the year 1800, a number of the prominent members of St. George's went off, and Mr. Haskins among them, and bought the south end of the Academy built by Mr. Whitefield in Fourth street, and organized and established what has since been known as the Union Methodist Episcopal Church. Here Mr. Haskins continued to act as a local preacher. His second wife was a lady of New Jersey, Elizabeth Richards by name.

About the year 1811, a number of the leading members of the Academy in Fourth street, and Mr. Haskins among them, engaged in erecting a Methodist church in Tenth street, below Market, which they called St. Thomas's Church. As Mr. Haskins, as a business man of Philadelphia, was somewhat favorably known to Stephen Girard, he, in company with a friend, called on Mr. Girard for a donation. It is well known that the last-named individual had no partiality for churches; yet, on the ground that the house they were building would *improve* the city, he contributed five hundred dollars; the only money that we ever heard of, as coming

from him, that helped to build a church. About the same time, Dr. Staughton was erecting the Sansom street Baptist Church; and, having heard of the success of the Methodists with Stephen, he concluded to try him for a gift. Whereupon Mr. Girard filled up a check for about half the amount that he had given toward St. Thomas's. When the Doctor read the check, he remarked, "Mr. Girard, you gave the Methodists so many hundred dollars; how is it that you give me only about half that sum?" To which Stephen responded, "Let me see the check again." It was handed back to him with a hope that he would double the sum. Whereupon he tore it to pieces, saying in broken English, "If you be not contented wid dat, den me gib you noting."

An opinion prevailed among the poorer members of the Academy congregation, that St. Thomas's church was built to accommodate a few wealthy Methodist families, and they refused to attend it. Its friends did not succeed in raising a congregation; and, after a few years, it was sold, and the Protestant Episcopalians bought it; and having remodelled and greatly improved its appearance, it is now known as St. Stephen's Church.

In 1816, the Rev. Thomas Haskins yielded to the stern decree, "Unto dust shalt thou return," aged fifty-six years. The marble slab that covers his remains is in the rear of the Union M. E. Church in Fourth street, Philadelphia. His widow survived him for forty years. Her last years were spent in New York, where she died. Her obituary was written by her old friend Dr. Holdich, and published in the Advocate. The remains of her husband have been removed from the Union Church, to repose with the rest of the family in a cemetery at New York.

Mr. Peter Moriarty was born in Baltimore county, Md., in 1758. His parents were Papists, and raised him in that faith. When sixteen years old the Methodists came into his neighborhood, in 1774, and made a great stir. His parents and his priest warned him not to go near them. At length Providence opened a way for him to hear them. They seemed to him more like angels than men, yet he concluded they could not be right, as they preached that men must know their sins forgiven in this life, in order to be happy here and hereafter. He continued to hear them until his eyes were opened to see that his confessions to the priest were delusions, and that he was in the way to hell. It was then said by priest and people that the Methodists had made him mad. His father threatened to turn him out of his

house, if he did not cease weeping and wailing on account of his sins. He continued to read his Bible; and in the light he had, to seek the Lord until he found peace, and knew that he was reconciled to God. He then united with the Methodists. Soon after he began to be exercised about calling sinners to repentance. In 1781, he gave himself up to the work of the ministry; and in 1782 his name appeared in the Minutes. His first travels were in the bounds of the Virginia Conference. Since 1787, he labored in the New York Conference. He was plain in dress, in manners, and plain and pointed in preaching; and was ranked among the useful of his day. At the time of his death, in 1814, he was acting as presiding elder. On one of his circuits the Methodists had met for quarterly meeting; but, instead of seeing their elder in the pulpit, they beheld him in his coffin. He died in bed; the precise time was unknown to his family. His corpse was brought to the quarterly meeting, where a funeral discourse was preached by the Rev. Joseph Crawford. He had been a travelling preacher thirty-two years, and was fifty-six years old.

He had a son who was a local preacher among the Methodists; and kept a house of accommodation at Saratoga Springs, where he was instrumental in establishing a Methodist church.

Mr. Asbury passed the winter of 1782 and 1783 in the South. He remarked, in passing through Williamsburg, "This place was formerly the seat of government, but now Richmond is the seat of government. The worldly glory of Williamsburg is departed, and it never had any divine glory." Seeing the havoc that war had made about Suffolk, he exclaimed, "Alas for these *Oliverian* times; most of the houses here, except the church, are destroyed." This was the work of Arnold the traitor, who sold himself and his country for ten thousand pounds of British gold.

Some parts of North Carolina had just been settled, and it had lately passed through the ravages of war. There was much poverty and privation endured by the people, and Methodist preachers had to sympathize with them. Mr. Asbury observed, "In some places there was no fodder for our horses—no supper for us—no family prayer." It was so difficult to obtain food for man and beast, that he was, sometimes, glad to find one meal in twenty-four hours. In this state of things the Lord was carrying on a glorious work among the people. At one place a child ten years old found the Lord in a gust of lightning and thunder, and straightway

preached to all the family. A poor backslider who was present was cut to the heart, and warned all present to beware of the doctrine that there was no falling from grace, which had been the cause of his fall.

The greatest prosperity during the past year had been in North Carolina, where five or six new circuits had been formed; and where there was an increase of nearly one thousand. The increase in the connection was 1955. The whole number of Methodists was 13,740. Of this number 1623 were north of Mason and Dixon's line, and 12,117 south of it.

About this time the people of South Carolina and Georgia were calling to the Methodist preachers to come among them. Two years afterwards these states were taken into the general work.

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## CHAPTER LV.

THE longest preaching tour that the Rev. Benjamin Abbott made, while he was a local preacher, was in New Jersey, and is to be found described in his *Life*, pp. 66-80. It was made in the cold season of the year, as he speaks of snow and hail being on the ground. It was about nine years before he travelled Salem Circuit, in 1792: as he told Bishop Asbury that it had been about nine years since he was round the Salem Circuit to see his children in the gospel (referring, as we understand him, to this tour), and that he desired to go there. (See his *Life*, p. 194.) It was before the military forces of the United States were disbanded: as he tells us there came up the river (Maurice) a look-out boat with its crew. (Provisional articles of peace between the two countries were signed in November, 1782. The definitive treaty was signed in September, 1783. A formal proclamation of cessation of hostilities was made through the army in April, 1783. New York was evacuated in November, 1783; and on the 3d of November, 1783, the army of the United States was disbanded by order of Congress.) Most of the appointments which he visited were made in 1780, and subsequent to that year. From the above data we place this tour in the beginning of 1783.

He commenced it by attending a quarterly meeting at Maurice's river, where "the slain lay all through the

house, and round it, and in the woods, crying to God for mercy; and others were praising God for deliverance." The crew of the look-out boat came to the meeting. "One of them stood by a woman that lay on the ground crying to God for mercy, and said to her, 'Why do you not cry louder?' She immediately began to pray for him; and he was struck to the ground, and lay and cried louder for mercy than the woman. This meeting continued from eleven of the clock till night." The number converted or sanctified he did not ascertain. Next day he preached at Brother Goff's (or Gaugh's), and had a precious time. At his third meeting there was great power: many tears were shed, and one professed conversion.

His fourth appointment was at Brother Peter Creassy's, in Cape May county, where "the Lord made bare his arm of power, and many fell to the floor. Their cries were very great. The sinners sprang to the doors, falling one over another in getting out; five jumped out at a window. One woman went close by me and cried, 'You are a devil!' A young man cried out, 'Command the peace!' But the magistrate (Brother Creassy) answered, 'It is the power of God.' Another, with tears in his eyes, entreated the people to hold their peace; an old woman replied, 'They cannot hold their peace unless you cut out their tongues. This day will not be forgotten in time or eternity! Glory to God!' I was as happy as I could be to contain myself." Brother Creassy told him that his stormy meeting would frighten the people away from his next meeting; but it had a contrary effect; for at his fifth appointment he had a crowd; and some cried out under the word. Being warmly attacked by a Baptist, he gained the day by wielding the Scriptures.

His sixth appointment was at Mr. Wolsey's (or Wolson's), where many were much wrought upon, and many tears were shed. He announced that on the morrow he would preach on the words of the devil. That night, fearing that he would not be able to raise a discourse from the words of the devil, sleep departed from him. After a restless night, on his way to his seventh appointment, he found the road crowded with people, curious to hear a discourse from a text furnished by the devil. There were many more than could get in the house. After retiring to the woods, where he besought the Lord to aid him in delivering his word that day, he sung, prayed, and read for his text, Matt. iv. 8, 9: "Such light broke into my soul, on giving out the text, that I was enabled to preach with great liberty; many were cut to

the heart and wept all through the house." At his eighth appointment at N. C.'s, his meeting was broken up by a house taking fire, near by, and burning down.

He filled his ninth appointment at Mr. Smith's, on Tuckahoe river. Great power attended the word: one fell to the floor. The people stood amazed while she lay struggling on the floor. She arose after a while and praised God with a loud voice, declaring that God had sanctified her soul. "In meeting the society I pressed sanctification on them. God struck a woman to the floor who, after some time, rose up and declared that God had given her a clean heart. While she was speaking, six or seven fell to the floor. I then opened the doors and windows, and desired the wicked to come and see the mighty power of God. Six or seven professed sanctification at this meeting, one of whom was Mrs. Brick, who was justified only eight days before."

His tenth appointment was at Justice Champion's, where he preached with great liberty. "This meeting began at eleven of the clock, and lasted until about the middle of the night. Seven professed to find peace with God, and joined society. Here I was as happy as I could wish, either to live or to die." He preached next day at his eleventh appointment at "Brother Hews's, to a precious loving people." His twelfth appointment appears to have been about Egg Harbor. He had great liberty in preaching. There was much weeping. There was present a Baptist who had been an enemy to the doctrinal views of the Methodists, also to experimental religion, who was convinced, and exhorted the people to believe what they had then heard.

His thirteenth appointment was at Wiretown, where he preached on the occasion of the funeral of a woman. While speaking, a Baptist woman rose up and said, "I have come twenty miles through the snow to hear you. I was standing on the hearth with my husband and two children, and thought the hearth opened and I saw hell from beneath, and devils ready to receive me. I started and ran into the room and fell on the floor, and cried mightily to God to have mercy on my soul. I continued in prayer until the house was filled with the glory of God brighter than the sun at noonday. I then rose and sat on the foot of the bed, wishing for my husband, who had gone for the cattle, to return. When he came I ran out of the house and clasped him round the neck, and told him what God had done for my soul. The power of the Lord came on me again, as it had done in the house, and I cried out in such a manner that it frightened

my husband and the cattle, causing them to run off; and also my husband. I went to the house happy in God. Our people (the Baptists) say it is delusion; that God does not manifest himself to people, in these days, in this way. I feel the same power on me now." She then asked Mr. Abbott's opinion of her case, who assured her that she was truly converted to God. She laid hold by faith, and was delivered from doubt and uncertainty as to her religious state. She followed him next day to his fourteenth appointment, which was at Goodluck, where he preached with great liberty; and great power attended the word. He was now in Monmouth county.

He next went, through a hailstorm, to Justice Aiken's, on Tom's river, where he gave an exhortation to the few that were present, and tarried all night. Next day he went to his sixteenth appointment, where he had an attentive congregation and a powerful meeting: a Frenchman fell to the floor, and never rose from it until the Lord converted his soul. It was a happy meeting to nearly all that were present.

His seventeenth appointment was at the house of a Baptist, who objected to his preaching in his house on account of a piece published by one of the Methodist preachers on baptism. His friend James Sterling had met him here, and reasoned with the man of the house until he consented for Mr. Abbott to preach. Great power attended the word: the people, all through the house, were weeping; and the man of the house trembled like Belshazzar, and desired him to preach there again that evening, which he did.

His eighteenth appointment was at Mr. W.'s. Having retired into secret, the power of God came on him so remarkably that he lost his bodily power, and the awful cry which he made alarmed the people, who came to him in amazement, having never witnessed the like before. As soon as he recovered he preached to them, and the meeting was very profitable.

He next started for quarterly meeting, stopping to get his horse's shoes fixed. While this was being done, he went to a house near by, where he found an elderly woman spinning, and asked her to give him a drink of water, which she did. He then, in return for the water that is followed by thirst, offered her the water of life, whereof one may drink and not thirst; and left her after he had prayed for her. Three years after this, as he was going to a quarterly meeting, he fell in with some twenty on their way to the same meeting.

One of the company, a woman, ran to him and saluted him as her father, reminding him of the time when he asked her for the water, and set the plan of salvation before her, and prayed for her salvation. At that time God made his counsel a "nail in a sure place." Feeling herself to be a lost sinner, she cried unceasingly to God for his mercy until he set her soul at liberty. Sow thy seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper.

"At quarterly meeting we opened our love-feast with prayer, and the Lord made bare his arm; some fell to the floor and others ran away. Such a time they never had seen before. (They never had Mr. Abbott with them before.) I. W. exhorted the mourners very powerfully, having been himself converted only the night before. The old lady, his mother, was very happy. When I was about to go she put two dollars into my hand. This was the first money I had ever received because I was a preacher. But He that is mindful of the young ravens was mindful of me. When I received this I had but fifteen pence in my pocket; and was above two hundred miles (if not in a straight direction, yet in the circuit he had travelled) from home."

The twentieth place that he visited and preached at was in a Baptist settlement. "Two fell, and never ceased crying to God for mercy until he set their souls at liberty; many were deeply affected, and some were fully awakened." He went home with Mr. Bray, a Baptist. On their way to his house, they stopped at a place where he found a number of persons who had heard him preach, and were much affected: he prayed with them, and gave them an exhortation; and then went to Mr. Bray's, where he found about forty people assembled together. Here he related what he had seen of the wonderful work of God in the land:—souls converted, souls sanctified, drunkards become sober men, &c. "One of the young men present said, 'It beats all the preaching I ever heard of since I was born, and if there is such a God as you speak of, I am determined to find him before morning.' I then exhorted him, telling him, if he sought he would find. He went home, retired to his barn, where he continued all night in prayer,—sometimes on his knees, and sometimes on his face. Next morning, when the sun was up, the Sun of righteousness shone upon him in pardon and peace. 'Now,' said he, 'are these (Methodists) the people we used to call deceivers and false teachers? O that God would convert another soul, that there might be two witnesses for

Jesus to-day; that out of the mouth of two witnesses every word might be established!' As he was on his way to meeting he met with nine or ten others; just as they turned the corner of the house to go in, a young man fell to the ground, and never ceased crying to God until he spoke peace to his soul. They then came into the house, and the first one began to exhort the people, bathed in tears, telling them that they had called these people anti-christians; but that he knew they were the servants of the living God,—exhorting them to believe. After him arose the other who had just found peace at the door, and began to tell what God had done for his soul, exhorting them likewise to believe, while tears flowed from many eyes." It was very opportune that God had raised up these two young preachers to speak for him at Mr. Abbott's twenty-first appointment, as he had taken such a cold that he could not speak above a whisper.

Next day, at his twenty-second appointment, his cold had greatly increased. He felt that he could not properly preach; and, as he says, "only whispered them an exhortation." He was now in Burlington county. The ground he had travelled over in Cumberland, Cape May, the east end of Gloucester, and Monmouth counties, was new to him. The appointments he had never been at before; and most of the people that he had seen were strange to him; but he is now among his old friends. His twenty-third appointment was at Brother Fidler's, where he preached, and had a precious time with the little society. "A few days after, I went to Trenton. I began to preach at candle-light to a large congregation, which caused the devil to roar. His children in the street cried, 'Fire! fire!' This alarmed the people, and broke up the meeting.

"Next morning, I set out for quarterly meeting at New Mills. After our meeting had been opened, and several exhortations given, Brother C. Cotts (of Trenton) went to prayer, and several fell to the floor, and many were affected, and we had a powerful time. After meeting, Brother James Sterling, and several others, went with me to John Budd's. Here we found a woman in distress of soul. In the morning, Brother Sterling went to prayer; after him I prayed. The distressed woman lay as in the agonies of death near one hour; she then went into her room to pray, and soon after returned professing faith in Christ. She and her husband went with us to Brother H.'s (probably Brother Heisler's), where about forty persons had assembled, waiting for us to pray together before we parted. As soon as I entered

the house, a woman entreated me to pray for her, saying, 'I am going to hell, I have no God.' I exhorted her, and all present. Then a young woman came to me, saying, 'Father Abbott, pray to God that he may give me a clean heart.' I replied, 'God shall give you one this moment.' She dropped into my arms as one dead. I then claimed the promises, and cried, exhorting them all to look to God for pure hearts; at this time about twenty more fell to the floor. When the young woman came to, she declared that God had sanctified her soul. I saw her many years after, and her life and conversation adorned the gospel. Prayer was kept up without intermission for the space of three hours; eight souls professed sanctification, and three Indian women justification, at this meeting; the slain lay all through the house like dead men." This social prayer-meeting, held early in the morning, was the corollary of the quarterly meeting.

"My next appointment was at Jesse Chew's, on Mantua Creek, about forty miles distance, and it was eleven of the clock before we could leave Brother H.'s. We stopped at Moorestown and refreshed ourselves, and then pushed on to reach the appointment at early candle-lighting. Being rather late, they had begun to sing before we arrived. I preached, and we had a melting time. After meeting in family worship, two or three went to prayer. The mighty power of God struck a young woman to the floor, where she screamed and rolled as one in torment. Her mother ran to take her away. I desired her father not to suffer her to be removed. (It appears that she was Brother Chew's daughter.) Prayer was kept up all night without intermission. She continued her cries until the sun was an hour high next morning, by which time the house was filled with the neighbors, and the Lord spoke peace to her soul. A young man came in, and Brother F. S. (most likely this was Francis Spry, who was preaching in Jersey in 1783) took him by the hand and said, 'Brother C. had a daughter converted this morning, and she wants to speak with you;' he led him to her; she took him by the hand, and exhorted him with tears; he began to tremble and cry in an awful manner, and in a few days he found peace with God. There came in also an elderly man, and Brother F. S. took him, in like manner, to her, and she began to warn and exhort him, while he trembled, and his tears flowed in abundance. She then said that God had called her to go from house to house, to warn her neighbors to flee from the wrath to come. Several of our friends tarried and went with her for three days through the neighborhood."

In this tour of six weeks, Mr. Abbott had passed through Cumberland, Cape May, Gloucester, Monmouth, Mercer, and Burlington counties; and returned home through the west end of Gloucester to Penn's Neck, in Salem county, where he lived. He had travelled about four hundred miles. He had preached at most of the appointments that the Methodists then had in West Jersey. He records some twenty-six meetings that he was at; and we do not suppose that he has named them all. He was at two quarterly meetings. He heard about a score declare that God had cleansed them from all unrighteousness, and almost double that number had professed to receive the pardon of their sins.

The following description of the power of Mr. Abbott's faith, from an eye witness, is highly interesting: "At one time, when the meeting was held in the woods, after F. Garrettson had preached, Mr. Abbott got up; and, looking round on the congregation very significantly, said, 'Lord, begin the work; Lord, begin the work *now*; Lord, begin the work just *there*:' at the same time pointing his finger to a man that stood beside a tree; and the man fell immediately as if he had been shot, and cried aloud for mercy." This account is taken from an account of the death of Job Throckmorton, of Freehold, N. J., who was awakened under Richard Garrettson in 1780.

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## CHAPTER LVI.

ABOUT this time there was a great work going on in Lower Penn's Neck, described in Abbott's Life, pp. 84-89. His preaching at first took no effect on the people. In the spring of 1781, Messrs. Pedicord and Metcalf, the former appointed to West Jersey, and the latter to East Jersey, came to his house; he related to them the hard-heartedness of the people; this so affected them that they could eat no breakfast, but retired up stairs to lay the matter before the Lord; where they continued fasting and praying until one or two o'clock; when they came down, Brother Pedicord, having obtained an encouraging answer from God, said, "Father Abbott, do not be discouraged; these people will yet hunger and thirst after the word of God." Soon after, Isaac Holladay, of Lower Penn's Neck, opened his house for Methodist preaching. This appears to have been in 1782, when Messrs. Dud-

ley and Ivy travelled West Jersey. Others opened their houses for the Word of God, and soon a work commenced. It appears that it began in earnest on the day that Mr. Abbott preached on the "Mystery which had been hid for ages," &c. Many came out, supposing that he was going to prophesy; and would show how the war would terminate. Under the discourse a professing Quaker, his wife, son, and daughter were all awakened; and afterwards became Methodists. Soon after, the son died in triumph. The father was taken ill at his son's funeral, and followed him to glory, praising God. By this time there was a general alarm spread through the neighborhood, and prayer-meetings were held two or three times a week; and some were convicted or converted at almost every meeting. A young man came to the house of Father Abbott in great distress. Mr. Abbott, his wife, and his daughter Martha, all offered up prayer; and the young man found peace to his soul in that family meeting. He joined society; and, after several years, died clapping his hands, and shouting glory to God.

It seems to have been in this year that Mr. Abbott took his reapers out of his field to attend the circuit preachers' meeting, paying them for the time they spent in worship as well as for the time they spent at work: this was a day of power, "several fell to the floor, and two found peace." For about two months he continued to preach to the people on Sabbath days under the trees, as the house would not contain the people that came; and at every meeting the power of the Lord was present to heal: the people were now "hungering and thirsting for the word of God," as Mr. Pedicord had said. "One day the power of the Lord laid hold of a Quaker woman as she was about to escape, and she fell on her hands and knees. Some of her friends helped her up, got her into a wagon and carried her off; but it took them two weeks to kill her convictions." At this time Mr. Abbott had twelve children converted to God. One of the sisters, belonging to the society, in her exercises for holiness, got out of her bed one night, and on her knees wrestled with God for the blessing. Her mother came to her, got hold of her, and told her to go to bed, that there was no use for so much ado about religion. Soon she was on the floor again, engaged in prayer. The mother put her to bed again. She arose the third time, entreating her mother to let her alone. The power of God came on her so remarkably that she was helpless. When she recovered she knew that God had answered her prayer. Another sister became deeply engaged for sanctifica-

tion. After praying five times in quick succession, she concluded she was going to die. She went to the door to call some near neighbors, but could not speak. She then went to prayer again, and fell to the floor as one dead; when she came to, she knew God had sanctified her soul. This caused others to seek the same blessing.

The next preaching day a number fell to the floor. "One man attempted to run off, but God laid him down at the door." A woman made the same attempt, and fell back into the house as she was going out of the door. In class several were on the floor: some found peace, and others professed sanctification. One very wicked woman was arrested by the power of God, and scrambled out of the door, and laid hold of a cheese press to keep herself from falling. She set off for home; and concluded it was only a fright from seeing others agitated; but the Spirit of God arrested her again on her way home. When she reached her house, she threw herself on the bed, and lost her usual command of herself; and shook until the bed trembled beneath her. The alarmed neighbors gathered around her; she lay shaking the bed; and then exhorted the people not to live as she had lived: she admonished them for an hour; and many wept, while terror was depicted on the countenance of every sinner present. She continued two days and nights in this strange way before she was able to get out of bed. In the evening of the third day she came to the house of Mr. Abbott, and in family prayer the Lord set her soul at liberty; and she returned home rejoicing in God—joined society, and continued faithful for about six months. Then, her husband had a church trial which went against him. She took umbrage at it, and came no more to meeting. She soon returned to her old practices, and was worse than ever for cursing, swearing, and blaspheming. About eighteen months after she sickened and died. In her sickness she sent for Mr. Abbott, who exhorted her to try to turn to God. But she could not see how God could have mercy on one that had sinned against light, as she had done. She exhorted the backsliders that were around her to turn to God before it was too late. Mr. Abbott endeavored to pray with her, but it seemed as if his mouth was stopped; and he had no access to the throne of grace. He exhorted her to try to pray. She replied, "I have no heart nor power to pray." After advising her to beg God to give her a heart to pray, he left her and returned home. Her son came after me saying with tears, "O, do go, for she frightens us so that we are afraid to stay in the

house." As Mr. Abbott could not go, he sent his daughter Rebecca. She found several of the neighbors there; and the sick woman pointing with her hand and saying to the by-standers, "Do not you see the devils there ready to seize my soul and drag it to hell?" Some of them said there are no devils here, she is without her senses; but she replied, "I have my senses as well as ever I had in my life." She then cried out, "I am in hell, I am in hell!" Some of them said, "You are not in hell, you are out of your senses." She replied, "I am not out of my senses; but I feel as much of the torments of the damned as a mortal can feel in the body!" "Her flesh rotted from her bones; and fell from one of her sides, so that her entrails might be seen. In this awful state she left the world."

In all the region of country round about Salem, in New Jersey, it appears that Methodism was introduced through the preaching of Mr. Abbott: he established it in Mannington between 1777 and 1780; he moved into Lower Penn's Neck about the beginning of 1781, and planted Methodism there. This same year he established preaching at Benjamin Wetherby's at Quinten's Bridge, near Salem. Here he raised a class this year, or in 1782. Henry Firth and John M'Claskey, his brother-in-law, were chief men in this society. Mr. Wetherby became a zealous laborer in the cause of Methodism, and afterward fell away. It seems that he was the person that Mr. Abbott performed one of his last acts of duty to at the burial of Sister Paul, in Salem, in 1796, by "Particularly exhorting him to call to mind the happy hours they had spent together in days when they rejoiced as fellow-laborers in the cause of Christ—how much Mr. W. had done for the cause of God—warning him in the most solemn manner of his danger until tears flowed." Mr. W. was much offended at this personal address so publicly made; but the Lord made it a nail in a sure place; and in the first love-feast held in Salem after Mr. Abbott's death, "Mr. W. declared that God had made Father Abbott an instrument in his restoration to the favor of God." See Abbott's Life, pp. 270-271.

About this time Methodism was working its way into the town of Salem. What year the first class was formed in this town we are unable to say. In 1783, a few of the scattered Methodists attempted to build a house of worship, but found themselves too weak to accomplish it. They applied to some of the Friends for assistance, who subscribed liberally. The matter was talked over in the Friends' quarterly



meeting, where the objection, "That the Methodists spoke for hire" was raised; but it was answered "no, they speak only for a passing support;" so there was consent given that Friends who were free to do it might give. This was about the fourth Methodist chapel founded in New Jersey: following Bethel, New Mills, and Trenton.

The following account of one of Mr. Abbott's first sermons in this town we had from certain old Methodists of Salem. He came into town one cold day with his great-coat bound to his body with a piece of cart rope, driving his ox team with a load of wood. Some of the lawyers and courtly gentlemen, wishing to have some amusement, concluded to solicit a sermon from this preacher of rough apparel without giving him an opportunity of having access to his wardrobe to change his vestments. One of their number was deputed to wait upon him and engage his service, which was not much expected or desired by them. He told the messenger that if a place was prepared, as soon as he disposed of his wood he would preach to them. Having gone thus far, these gentry could not consistently abandon their scheme of pleasure. An upper room in the court-house was fixed upon as the place for the sermon, and a Bible was placed upon the business-table of the room; as many of their class as were prepared for a season of diversion seated themselves in the room. At the appointed hour Mr. Abbott was there; and drawing the table before the only door of the room, took his stand outside, having them well secured within. They were soon taught that his rough apparel and appearance were a true type of his peeling words: he made the thunder of Sinai fall upon them like the hammers of heaven. What they heard that day concerning lawyers trying "to make the worse appear the better reason," and the damnation of hell, was an effectual caution to them, never to tamper with him any more.

The early Methodists of Salem had a good deal of opposition and persecution. After they erected their first little chapel, they were frequently disturbed by mobs, when met for worship; but, on making application to the magistrates they obtained relief, and the rioters had to pursue another course to avoid the penalty of the law. To gratify their morbid souls, they met together to turn experimental religion into a farce. In burlesquing religion they acted band-meetings, class-meetings, and love-feasts; and thus entertained the profane company. One night, while they were performing one of their mock meetings, a young actress stood up on one

of the benches to speak her feigned experience; after she had said much to excite the mirth of the audience, she began to beat her breast, exclaiming, "Glory to God, I have found peace; I am sanctified; I am now fit to die." No sooner had this wretched girl uttered these words, than she dropped from the bench on the floor, and was taken up a lifeless corpse. Struck with consternation, the farce ended, and the company broke up. Some of them put the body of the dead girl on a barrow, and wheeled it to the door of her sister, who was a serious, thoughtful woman; but she refused to let them bring the body into her house; fearing, it may be, the judgments of God might, also, fall upon her; and the participators in the profane meeting had to take charge of the corpse, and bury it. Conscious that they had gone beyond the bounds of common profaneness, this club never assembled again to ridicule religion; nor was there a tongue that dared to move against the Methodists: God had effectually vindicated their cause.

More recently, one of the Methodists in or near Salem, a brother by the name of Charles Johnson, was in a trance; and after continuing in this state for several hours, as soon as he opened his eyes in the morning, he informed the company that he had seen two of his neighbors die and go into eternity, giving their names. That he saw one of them go into Paradise, and the other into hell, telling which was happy and which was miserable. What made this declaration most astonishing, no one of the company knew, at the time they heard him make it, of the death of the individuals named, nor did they know that one of them was even sick, and were disposed to affirm that they were not dead. But Brother Johnson re-affirmed that he had seen them die and meet their doom. It was not many hours before the news reached most of the company of the death of the two individuals, and that they died about the same hour that Brother J. came out of his trance and revealed the startling information of their exit from time to eternity.\*

In the early days of Methodism in Salem, Mr. Jacob Mulford was a leading man who did much to build up the church—he was faithful unto death. There were many of this name belonging to the Methodists in Salem. One, the Rev. Wm. Mulford, was a local preacher. There were Pauls, Millers, Wares, Tindles, Coffees, &c.

In Lower Penn's Neck, there were Pedricks, Murphys,

\*The Rev. David W. Bartine gave this account to us.

Gilmores, and Jaquettes. Not far off, Vannemans, Bilderbacks, Morrisises, Newells; besides Firths, Weatherbys, and Judge Smith.

## CHAPTER LVII.

IN 1783, Methodism was introduced into Salisbury, N. C., and a small class was formed. One of the original members of this class was living in 1854. A very interesting account of her has lately been given by her pastor, the Rev. S. V. Blake. She was the daughter of Mr. Wm. Temple Cole, and his wife Sarah, born at Cheraw Hills, in 1763, near the Great Pee Dee river, in South Carolina. At the age of two years, her parents moved to Salisbury. Losing her father, her mother married Mr. Wm. Thompson. At this time the war was raging; and Gen. Gates being defeated, she, with her relations, was obliged to fly before the British and Indians, to Frederick county, Md., where she lived two years. While here, Miss Henrietta Cole was married to Philip Fishburn. The war being over, they returned to Salisbury.

Miss Cole, now Mrs. Fishburn, had received some early religious instruction from her father, which had made a good impression. She formed a taste for reading very early in life, which was never lost, and which accounts for the rich store of information she possesses. Her earliest conviction for sin dates back to her ninth year, of which she has a distinct recollection, as follows: She gave her mother a *thoughtless* and *improper* answer, for which she was instantly reprimanded. Such was her sense of guilt, shame, and sorrow, for this rudeness to her mother, which she felt was a great sin against God, that she went to a dark room and wept and prayed to God for forgiveness. From this period, till her fifteenth year, she read everything within her reach, but was deprived of proper spiritual advisers, or she would have become religious much sooner than she did. In her sixteenth year, while at her mother's, in Virginia, she became very serious, and her reading was altogether religious. She began now to feel the need of something to make her happy, and was earnestly seeking, without knowing what it was. She had five books, which she constantly read, and which were the only food she had for her seeking soul—the *Bible*,

Thomas à Kempis, Drelincourt on Death, the Family Instructor, and Pilgrim's Progress. These were her only counsellors—for she had no ministers to consult, no religious meetings or church privileges. Most of the ministers of the Established Church had left their parishes and gone to England, in consequence of the war. She seems to have been led and taught by the Spirit of God alone. A sincere seeker of something to make her happy, she knew not what, her room and the woods were regularly visited for prayer. Next to her Bible, she received most light and encouragement from Pilgrim's Progress. In these exercises she continued until all sense of guilt and sorrow was gone, she knew not where, nor how, and felt her heart melted down into tenderness, gratitude, and love. Now she was very happy, but knew not why, only that this was the state of mind she had so earnestly sought. Such was her experience at sixteen years of age. At that time she had never heard of the Methodists. She had lost all relish for foolish and sinful amusements, and utterly refused to participate in the exercises of a dancing party at her brother's, greatly to the astonishment of all present. During her residence in Maryland, she diligently sought, in all religious meetings within her reach, food for her soul, but found none. She went to the Dunkers' meetings, but it was all *German*, which she did not understand. She next visited the Roman Catholics, but heard nothing but mass said in an *unknown tongue*. Lastly, she attended a Quaker meeting, but there was nothing but *solemn silence*. Doomed to disappointment, she was compelled to fall back upon her books and private devotions, and be a Church in herself.

Soon after her return to Salisbury, N. C., at the close of the war, it was announced that there would be preaching in a school-house by a new kind of people, called Methodists. She knew nothing about that people, either good or bad, but greatly rejoiced at the prospect of hearing the gospel preached. She went early to the place of preaching, and was expecting to see a minister resembling the old Church parsons; but judge of her surprise, when, instead of a stout, good-looking, finely dressed gentleman, with gown and surplice, in silk stockings and silver buckles, in walked a slender, delicate young man, dressed in home-spun cotton jeans. Though plainly attired, she perceived in his countenance unusual solemnity and goodness. The preacher was the Rev. Beverly Allen.

The impressions made upon her mind and heart by this

sermon—the first she ever heard from a Methodist minister—have never been effaced from her memory. The subject was experimental religion, explained and enforced. To her surprise, the preacher unfolded her entire experience, and seemed to give in detail all the exercises of her mind, from her first conviction for sin, until she was made happy in the love of God. Not till then did she know that she enjoyed religion; although happy, she did not fully understand why. Her experience exactly agreeing with the word preached, she concluded that the preacher, an entire stranger, could not have known so much about her, had not God revealed it to him. At his third visit he formed a small class, of which she was one. Such was the introduction of Methodism into Salisbury, N. C., in the summer of 1783.

In 1786, Bishop Asbury held Conference in Salisbury. Twenty-four preachers attended this Conference, and seven of them, nearly one-third of the whole number, were entertained in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Fishburn. The truly Christian deportment of these ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, with their preaching, was profitable, in a high degree, to many, and especially to Mrs. Fishburn. About 1789, Mr. Fishburn returned to Maryland; but, soon after he went to Pennsylvania, and settled in Bedford county in 1791, where Mrs. Fishburn has lived for the last sixty-four years.

In 1791, there was not, to her knowledge, a church of any description in this county; and she remained here fourteen years before she heard a sermon by a Methodist preacher. During all this period, her only place of worship was her closet, or a pine thicket, to which she repaired to pour out her soul to God in prayer, as most of this time she was living in a cabin in the woods.

She moved to a place in this county called Bloody Run, deriving its name, in all likelihood, from the melancholy circumstance that a party of whites had been massacred by Indians, and the water of the run became stained with human blood. Here there were a few families, but very wicked—for there was not a symptom of religion or morality among them. Living in the midst of these people, without the means of grace, where no Sabbath was observed, and being opposed by her husband, also, she became greatly *tempted* and *discouraged*; and at last so far yielded to the temptation as to neglect her closet and Bible more and more, until she found her religious comfort was gone, and she had fallen from her state of acceptance with God. She soon discovered

her loss, mourned over it, became very miserable, and knew not how to regain her forfeited peace.

In this unhappy state she continued for some time, and it seemed that she had lost the power to pray and believe. She moved to another part of the county, and shortly after heard that there was to be Methodist preaching about four miles from her residence.

The day appointed came, and she walked to the place and heard the Rev. *Andrew Hemphill* preach; became aroused to a sense of her dangerous state, and so deeply distressed as to be on the verge of despair. This state of mind continued for some months, until, after seeking, reading, mourning, and praying, she was led to the Saviour by faith, and was restored to her former happiness again. She greatly rejoiced at her deliverance, and has never faltered since.

With great reluctance she returned again to Bloody Run, and was the only professor of religion in the place. Soon a Methodist preacher came along, and inquired at her house whether they wanted the gospel in that place, and who would open a house for preaching. Her house was immediately opened, and some neighbors collected, and Rev. Mr. Matthews preached. Such was the commencement of Methodism in that place, which is now the centre of a flourishing circuit. God has, since that time, raised up many valuable friends of the cause there, and they now have a neat church and a new parsonage, and a Methodist preacher living among them.

In 1816 she moved to the borough of Bedford, where she has since resided. Here she found a small class of six Methodists, which she and her daughter Elizabeth immediately joined. All the weight of her influence, age, and efforts, was now employed to advance the good cause, and with marked success. The cause of Methodism has been steadily advancing to the present time. The Church has grown up around her, and hundreds have been brought into the fold of Christ. Bedford is a distinct charge now, with a considerable membership, a large church, twelve classes, a flourishing Sabbath school, good parsonage, an intelligent congregation, and enjoying both temporal and spiritual prosperity. To all this Mother Fishburn, by her counsel, example, and liberality, has largely contributed. Few persons have ever had a stronger hold upon the universal confidence and affection of the whole community than she. By all denominations she is regarded as a model of intelligent, steady, and consistent piety. Take her all in all, she is certainly a remarkable woman.

1. *For her age.* The 13th of March, 1854, she will be ninety-one years old. It is seventy-five years since she first became religious, and seventy-one since she joined the Methodists; has lived in five different states, passed through the toils and dangers of *two wars*, and even at her advanced age retains an unusual degree of mental and physical strength. She now resides with her grandson, Hon. W. T. Dougherty, who represents this county in the state legislature now in session. There are four generations living in the same house—Mother Fishburn, her daughter, her grandson, and great-grandson. She has descendants of three generations now living in the West and South, who will be gratified to see this notice of their honored mother.

2. *For her Scriptural and elevated piety.* There is a richness, maturity, and ripeness in her experience, associated with so much gospel wisdom, and such an evangelical spirit, as are rarely to be found. Religion seems to be the *element and habit* of her soul, and imparts its influence to all around her. It is refreshing to hear her voice in love-feast, class, and prayer-meetings; and the clear indication is, that she is all ready for her heavenly inheritance, and is patiently waiting for the summons of her Lord.

3. *For Christian faithfulness.* Prompt and uniform in duty, she has been an example to all. Her closet, family altar, class, public worship, and Bible, were not neglected. This attention to duty is kept up with rigid punctuality, even in her advanced age. On last Christmas-day she was at class-meeting at 9 o'clock A. M., at preaching 10½, and at prayer-meeting in her grandson's house in the afternoon.

On this subject she is a constant stimulus to all the Methodist society here.

4. *For her usefulness.* For many years she has been a wise and safe counsellor for the ministers and others, a faithful sub-pastor in visiting and praying with the sick, a valuable laborer at the altar in revivals, an unflinching friend of the Church and her ministers, liberal and prompt in supporting the gospel, and for some time was a useful and faithful *class-leader*. Her house has ever been open to entertain the gospel, and them that preach it. And even now, in her grandson's residence, there is a weekly prayer-meeting, and also a female class which is led by her grandson's wife.

What moral grandeur there is in thus calmly and peacefully winding up a life that has been so long, eventful, and useful! May she be spared a little longer to bless the Church with her wisdom, piety, and example.

S. V. BLAKE.

Bedford, Pa., Jan. 16, 1854.

The Conference of 1783 began at Ellis's Chapel, in Virginia, in the early part of May; and ended its business in the latter end of the same month, in Baltimore. This Conference made a new rule, providing for the wives of the travelling preachers, by making a collection in the circuits for this purpose. At this time there were eleven, to wit, Sisters Forrest, Mair, Wyatt, Thomas, Ellis, Everett, Kimble, Watters, Hagerty, Pigman, and Dickens, to be provided for. Many of the leading laymen objected to this rule, and it was rescinded after a while. A second rule prohibited the Methodists from making, selling, or drinking spirituous liquors. It was also resolved not to receive European Methodists without a valid letter of recommendation.

New York, which had been blank since 1777, again appeared in the Minutes as a station; also, Norfolk. Nansmond, Holston, and Alleghany (a substitute for South Branch), appear as new circuits in Virginia. In Maryland—Cumberland, Caroline, and Annamessex. In Delaware—Dover. In North Carolina—Guilford, Caswell, Salisbury, Marsh, Bertie, and Pasquotank. There were thirty-nine circuits, and eighty-two preachers stationed on them.

The Rev. Joseph Everett says: "At the May Conference in 1783, I was appointed, with John Coleman and Michael Ellis, to travel Baltimore Circuit, where the Lord still blessed his word. By this time I got to see into the Bible, in a deeper manner than ever; so that it seemed like another, or a new book to me. By this time the Lord had heard, and answered my prayers, in the conversion of my wife, which lightened my burden. She saw that she had been fighting against God, in treating me wrongly, which wounded her very sensibly; and this was sweet revenge to me. She no more objected to my travelling. The measure she had given me, was measured to her again; her very children spoke evil of her, and hated her company. From Baltimore I went in the fall of 1783, to take charge of Frederick Circuit, having Richard Swift and David Abbott with me."

After the Conference was over, Mr. Asbury went into Calvert Circuit. On his way he saw "a young woman in deep distress of mind, occasioned by the flight of a whip-poor-will close to her, which strangely led her to fear her end was nigh." This might have been providential—God can use the most unlikely means to awaken sinners. While passing through this circuit, he preached at Mrs. Heniless's, Childs's, Bennett's Chapel, which was new, and Wilson's. At Mrs. Heniless's he had the company of Mr. Gates, the

Church minister of Annapolis—a polite man. The Misses Childs had a school. After they experienced religion, the deep and gracious impressions which they made on the minds of some of the scholars, caused their parents to take them from under their care: none of the great and rich would patronize them, as they did not want their children to be Methodists, nor to be seriously religious.

From Calvert he went to New Virginia, where he preached three funeral discourses on one Sunday: one of them was for a young woman, who had a presentiment of her approaching end. "She had dreamed that within three weeks she would die. In addition to her dream, she thought she heard something strike on the top of the house, like the nailing up of a coffin: she took it as a warning; engaged in prayer more earnestly than ever; became exceedingly happy; took sick; and died in great triumph." We must reject a great deal of respectable human testimony, unless we admit that God, in his good providence, sometimes uses such means to prepare people for death. The experience of mankind in general, abounds with such cases; and there have been many among the Methodists.

From New Virginia he turned towards the Atlantic; holding quarterly meeting at Worley's, near Little York; preaching for the first time at Mr. Beam's, to many people; attending quarterly meeting, for the Philadelphia Circuit, in Chester county—probably at Benson's Chapel; thence to George Hoffman's, in the Valley, where he found the Methodists engaged in erecting a new stone chapel. Passing through Philadelphia he went into New Jersey, at which time, it is most likely, he had his first interview with Mr. Ware, and engaged him in the itinerancy, sending him to Dover Circuit. While in Jersey he notices the death of his "dear old friend, Mrs. Maddox, who died this summer, aged one hundred and two years." From New Jersey he proceeded to New York—a place he had not visited since 1774; nearly nine years, burdened with the direful evils of war, had passed between. When he left it, there were two hundred Methodists in it; now, in 1783, he found Brother Dickens preaching to the people, and fifty or sixty Methodists in the city. He remarks: "A little of the good old spirit yet prevails among these people." Returning, he came by the Forks of Egg Harbor, New England Town, Bridgeton, and Salem. At one place, after preaching while he had a high fever on him, he afterwards had to lie down on a plank to take his rest—hard lodgings for a sick man!

From New Jersey he visited the Peninsula, passing through Queen Anne's, where he found many Methodists. About 1783, Dudley's Meeting-house—the first chapel the Methodists had in Queen Anne's county—was erected. It was a very respectable house for the time when it was built—being a brick edifice, with a vestry-room attached to it. This place, during the first age of Methodism, was the rallying point for the Methodists in the county. The chapel, by way of eminence, was called "Queen Anne's Chapel." The house still stands, and, in the beautiful grove that surrounds it, sleep the pious dead; and among them, the Rev. William Allen, of great equanimity, and young Henderson—both of the Philadelphia Conference.

In Talbot county he found some faithful Christians at Brother Hartley's, and shared the hospitality of General Benson. Passing into Dorchester he observed, "I am now beside the Chesapeake Bay. Here Calvert and Dorset lie opposite to each other. Eight years ago (when he embarked at Court-house Point, in Cecil county, to pay his first visit to Virginia), when going down the Bay, little did I think what great things God was about to do for the people of both these shores." In Dorset he held quarterly meeting at Kane's barn, where he found "a blessed work of religion among a people who were once brutish and wicked." At Phoebus's, in Somerset county, he preached at the funeral of William Wright, one of the travelling preachers. After which he paid his first visit to Accomac county, Va.

In 1783, Mr. Freeborn Garrettson was stationed on Talbot Circuit. Here he was among a people, many of whom he had known ever since they had truly known the Lord. One of his appointments was in Hopkins's Neck, where he preached to many precious souls. In this Neck, he met with one who had loved the Methodists ever since they came into her neighborhood; and had a desire to join the society, but the preachers thought her almost too young, when she first made application. At this time she was swiftly declining to the grave; but was able to testify, though a child, that God loved her; and that there was no intervening cloud between her and the Saviour. She expressed strong desires to depart and be with Christ; and meet her sainted mother, who had gone from her a few months before, in the triumphs of faith, to glory.

In the bounds of this circuit, there lived a very remarkable man: he was literally blind; and could, notwithstanding, as he travelled the road to meeting, point out every

turn of the road; also point to the plantations, informing Mr. Garrettson who lived at each one; and make judicious remarks on the fields of grain along the road. He knew when he came to a gate: telling his boy that went with him "to open that gate." He could walk over his plantation,—go to any room in his house, or any desk, or chest; and count money by his sense of feeling. His family generally went blind at the age of twenty, or twenty-two years. The best of the story is, that he had spiritual sight; and, by faith, could view the Redeemer. His wife was the converse of himself: she was blessed with good corporeal sight; but was entirely blind in spiritual matters.

In Talbot county; and throughout the slave-holding states, wherever the Methodists exercised their ministry, many of the people of color were converted, and brought into the Methodist community. With these Mr. Garrettson had some happy meetings in Talbot. He found them, in their vassalage, rejoicing in the consolations of Christianity: religion had made them happy; and thus its divine character was not only shown; but, also, its adaptation to the wants of mankind,—especially the poor. While he labored incessantly day and night, for the salvation of both white and colored, his heart was made to rejoice in the victories of Christ: some of His greatest enemies submitted to the cross.

In 1784 he was reappointed to Talbot. This is one of the first instances we meet with, of a preacher being appointed two consecutive years to the same field of labor at that early period of Methodism. The practice had been to change every six months. It was the policy of Mr. Asbury at that time, to distribute his well tried preachers throughout the work, with whom he corresponded; and who were his substitutes in his absence, to exercise a subordinate supervision over both preachers and people. At this time, Mr. Pedicord was in the South for this purpose; and, we presume, Mr. Garrettson was continued on the Peninsula these two years, to attend as many quarterly meetings as was practicable, and render general service to the interests of Methodism; while Mr. Asbury travelled, once a year, through the entire field.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

THE Minutes show the names of twenty new men that entered into the itinerant work in 1783,—their names were, Jesse Lee, Lemuel Green, William Phœbus, Thomas Curtis, Matthew Greentree, Francis Spry, James Thomas, William Wright, Richard Swift, Thomas Humphries, Thomas Anderson, Henry Merritt, Thomas Bowen, Samuel Breeze, Benjamin Roberts, William Cannon, William Dameron, William Ringold, James Hinton, and Joshua Worley. Several of these preachers, such as James Thomas, Thomas Curtis, Matthew Greentree, Jesse Lee, &c., had travelled part of the preceding year.

The Rev. Jesse Lee was a native of Prince George's county, near Petersburg, Va.; born in 1758. He experienced a change of heart in his fifteenth year; and, in 1774, when Mr. Robert Williams began to form Methodist societies in his neighborhood, he, with others, united with them. In 1778, when in his nineteenth year, he began to speak in public; and, in 1779, took his first text to preach upon. In 1780 he was drafted to go into the army; and though he could not in conscience take human life, yet he concluded to go, and trust the result with the Lord. When he joined the army, a gun was brought to him, which he refused to take, for which he was put under guard. Many came and talked with him, and sympathized with his condition with tears. Before he lay down he had prayer with the guard; and rising early next morning he began to sing, in which exercise he was soon joined by some hundreds of the soldiers, who made the plantations ring with the songs of Zion, after which he prayed very fervently with tears, which caused many of the soldiers to weep freely. Permission being given by the colonel, he preached in the camp on the Sabbath day; and both speaker and hearers were bathed in tears. After the discourse was ended, some of the gentlemen went about making a collection, from which he begged them to desist, as he was unwilling to receive any compensation. The colonel released him from the guard, and appointed him to drive their baggage wagon. He was in the army three months, during which time he was instrumental in doing much good by his religious conversation; and his prayers were made a blessing to the well, and

especially to the soldiers who were sick,—when any of them died he attended them to the grave, and prayed over their remains.

From the Conference held at Ellis's Chapel this year, Mr. Lee went to travel Caswell Circuit, in North Carolina. At this time, he had enjoyed religion about ten years, half of which time he had been a public speaker. Before leaving Virginia to go to his circuit, he spent a Sabbath day preaching at Mrs. Heath's, and at Brother Tatum's. On his way from the former to the latter appointment he saw, while the sun was shining brightly, "a large meteor, or ball of fire," moving through the sky slowly. After it passed from his view, he heard a loud noise like distant thunder. This to him was a singular phenomenon.

On his way to his circuit, he met with one who obtained religion when she was ten years old: she had faithfully retained it for three years, praying in public when called upon; and, was, for one of her years, more than ordinarily enlightened in her mind, and happy in religion. After preaching at Mrs. Parker's, Parish's Chapel, and a few other places, it was found that the circuit, which was but a fragment taken from another circuit, was too small for two preachers, and Mr. Lee was removed to Amelia Circuit in Virginia.

On his way to Amelia he passed through Roanoke Circuit, where that man of God, John Easter, was laboring. In this circuit he attended meetings at Whitaker's, Young's, Low's, Clayton's, Jean's, Doal's, Lock's, and Jones's Chapel. Some of these meetings were very powerful, many people crying out aloud; the last meeting which he attended in this circuit was a quarterly meeting. The Lord's power was manifested at this meeting, and many souls were blessed. One young man, Mark Moore, was awakened under a sermon preached by Mr. Lee, and soon after became a travelling preacher of considerable distinction.

He continued his labors on this circuit for six months. He makes mention of some blessed seasons which he had among his Christian friends at Thompson's, Spain's, and Coleman's, &c. In these meetings they were bathed in tears; and the cries of the people well nigh drowned the voice of the speaker; many were stirred up to seek a deeper work of grace, while their present happiness was great. They held their quarterly meeting at Father Patrick's, in Chesterfield county. After participating in the blessings of this meeting,

he left this circuit, and spent the last quarter of this Conference year on Sussex Circuit.

It appears that the people on Sussex Circuit were much alive in religion at this time, as he speaks of having melting seasons with them at his father's house, at Heath's, Howel's Chapel, Ellis's Meeting-house, Bednefield's, Warren's, Lane's Meeting-house, Evans's, Robert Jones's, Jordan Richardson's, William Richardson's, Rowls's, and at his brother-in-law's, Mr. Perkins. In attempting to preach to them, sometimes his tears flowed so abundantly as to stop his utterance; and the cries of the people were louder than his voice.

Mr. Lemuel Green was a native of Baltimore county, Md. He continued in the regular itinerant work, filling some of the most responsible stations among the Methodists, until the year 1800, when he located and settled in Philadelphia, engaging in the mercantile business. In 1823 he was readmitted into the Philadelphia Conference as a supernumerary, in which relation he continued until his death in 1831. At the time of his death he was eighty years old. His remains are sleeping at the Union M. E. Church in Fourth street, Philadelphia.

Mr. William Phœbus was born in Somerset county, Md., in 1754. He was among the first fruits of the labors of Methodist preachers in his neighborhood; and seems to have been the first travelling preacher from his native county. In 1798 he located, and entered on the practice of physic in New York city. In 1806 he re-entered the itinerancy. The last ten years of his life he was a supernumerary, and a superannuated member of New York Conference. He ended his life in his seventy-eighth year, in 1831, in the city of New York. Brothers Green and Phœbus not only entered the travelling connection the same year, but, after forty-seven years among their brethren, they entered paradise the same year.

Dr. Phœbus was at the Christmas Conference in Baltimore when the M. E. Church was organized. While he was located in New York, he sometimes taught school, as well as practised physic. At one time he published a magazine. He was regarded as a dignified minister,—somewhat metaphysical and philosophical,—one who thought for himself, and loved antiquity. He was not, however, a popular preacher; nor is any one of his type of mind likely to please the multitude. He was interred in First Street Burying-ground, but has since been removed to Cypress Hills.

Mr. Matthew Greentree was a native of Talbot county,

Md.; and, probably, was the first that entered the itinerancy from it. In 1790 he located. At one time he lived at Federalburg, in Caroline county,—at another time in Chestertown; and in 1809, it appears from Mr. Garrettson's Life, p. 214, he was in Washington City, or Georgetown on the Potomac.

Mr. Thomas Curtis was a native of Caroline county, Md.; and among the first from that county that came into the travelling connection. It is said that he was a "weeping prophet, armed with the irresistible eloquence of tears." He was "successful in his labors, and triumphant in death." He was about seven years in the ministry, and died in 1788. Dorchester was the circuit to which he received his last appointment.

Mr. Francis Spry, probably, was from Queen Anne's county, Md. After being in the work about four years, he died, with unshaken confidence in his Saviour, in 1788. His last appointment was to Baltimore Circuit.

Mr. James Thomas, after three years of useful labor among the Methodists, died in 1786. As a preacher he was acceptable, and possessed good gifts for the work. His last appointment, according to the Minutes, was to the Philadelphia Circuit.

Mr. William Wright, a native of Ireland, began to preach in 1780,—was stationed on Annamessex in 1783. After a few months of faithful labor he died in peace. Mr. Asbury preached at his funeral, at Phœbus's, in Somerset county. His is the first death found on record in the Minutes.

Mr. Richard Swift was an able and successful Methodist preacher. He broke down in the work, and located in 1793,—married, and settled on Berkley Circuit, in the neighborhood of Shepherdstown, Va. He continued to serve the Methodist Church as a local preacher, faithfully, until about the year 1804, when he sickened, and died happy in the Lord.

Mr. Joshua Worley seems to have been of the Worleys near Little York: some of the fruit of Mr. Garrettson's labors in 1781. He ceased to travel after two years.

Mr. James Hinton travelled three years; and located in 1786.

Mr. William Ringold also located in 1786.

Mr. William Dameron desisted in 1788.

Mr. William Cannon, a preacher of useful talents, located in 1788.

Mr. Benjamin Roberts located in 1790.

Mr. Samuel Breeze stopped in 1793.

Mr. Thomas Bowen located in 1795.

Mr. Henry Merritt travelled until the year 1796.

Mr. Thomas Anderson also located in 1796.

Mr. Thomas Humphries desisted in 1799. The last-named ten brethren appear to have been from the South.

Mr. Thomas Ware, having been recommended to Mr. Asbury by his spiritual father, Mr. Pedicord, was sent, in September, 1783, to fill a vacancy on Dover Circuit. This was the beginning of his regular itinerant life. His name appears in the Minutes of 1784, for the first time. According to his own account, he was born in Greenwich, Gloucester county, N. J., December 19, 1758. In 1776, he volunteered as a soldier in the service of his country, to assist in gaining Liberty and Independence. After passing through some of the severe vicissitudes of war, he was awakened, and converted to God in a remarkable manner. Having united with the Methodist society in Mount Holly, when Mr. Pedicord came to the place to preach his farewell sermon, Mr. Ware went to a house where a number of his old acquaintances had met the same evening for a ball; as soon as he entered the room some seemed delighted; but those who best knew him, seemed sad. He was invited to be seated and take a social glass, which he declined, and said, "You know me, and how delighted I have often been in your company, and in the amusement in which you have met to indulge. But my conscience will not allow me now to go with you; and I am persuaded none of your consciences forbid you to go with me. I have come to invite you to go with me and hear the excellent Mr. Pedicord preach his farewell sermon. Pardon me, my friends, I am constrained to tell you the Lord has done great things for me through the instrumentality of this good man." No reply was made to what he said. Some of the company were affected, and soon left, after he withdrew; but none of the party was offended, believing that he acted from a divine impulse.

Not long after, Mr. Mair being suddenly called from his work in Jersey, on account of family affliction, Mr. Ware, in his zeal, went to his appointments to inform the people of the cause of the preacher's absence, and assist in keeping up the appointments by helping to hold meetings; and occasionally, he was led to exhort the people, who sometimes wept much under his addresses. This led Mr. Pedicord to recommend him to Mr. Asbury, who sent for him to meet him at New Mills, where they first saw each other. At this



time, he was examined on doctrine; and as Mr. Asbury referred to the matter of the ball, and his going on the circuit in Mr. Mair's place, Mr. Ware, thinking that his zealous course was referred to in order to mortify him, observed, "If the person who informed you against me had told me of my errors, I should have acknowledged them." Here Mr. Asbury interrupted him by clasping him in his arms, and saying, in an affectionate tone, "You are altogether mistaken, my son; it was your friend Pedicord who told me of your pious deeds, and advised that you should be sent to Dover Circuit."

With a heavy heart, Mr. Ware went to the Peninsula; sorry to leave some of his old companions in Mount Holly, who were serious on account of sin; and for whom he labored, in hope of seeing them converted to God. He felt, like many others, that it was engaging in an awfully responsible calling, and withal, going among strangers; but, the "simplicity, urbanity, and fervent piety" of the Methodists on Dover Circuit, made him feel that he was in the right place; after visiting a society, he longed to return to it again. Here he found some Methodists in the first circle of life; who, in the midst of wealth, were following the self-denying Saviour. Some of the females, such as Judge White's wife, Mrs. Bassett, and her sisters, Mrs. Ward, and Mrs. Jones, were distinguished for piety and zeal, above any that he had ever seen. He found many young people seeking religion, and had the happiness of receiving many of them into society. In his public ministrations he was often constrained to weep over the people, whose tears answered to his; in tears he sowed, that he might reap in joy.

Having received an invitation to preach in the Protestant Episcopal Church, which stood between the present town of Smyrna and Duck Creek Village, as he was officiating—having gone through with a part of the morning service, still standing in the desk, he gave out his text; but before he finished his introduction, three men marched into the church, in Indian file, and stood before the desk. The foremost one said he was a vestryman, and ordered him out of the desk, and out of the church, or he would compel him to go out. As Mr. Ware did not obey his mandate, he seized him by the collar, and dragged him from the desk. A doughty friend seized the persecutor in like manner, raising his fist, ordered him to let the preacher go, or he would knock him down. Justice Raymond called out, "Don't strike him, Mr. Skillington; and if he does not let the

preacher alone, and cease disturbing the congregation, I will commit him." By this time, he had loosened his hold of Mr. Ware, and he and his companions retiring from the church, the preacher finished his discourse. This was an unpleasant scene for a church. Mr. Raymond, who interposed his authority, if he was not a Methodist at this time, became one soon after, and lived and died a worthy and useful member.

Soon as Mr. Pedicord heard that Mr. Ware had become a travelling preacher, he addressed the following letter to him:—

"Dear Tommy,—Brother Asbury made me glad, when he informed me you had consented to come down to the Peninsula, in the character of a licentiate, to spend some time on Dover Circuit, and then come to me. You have kept in faithful memory my earnest advice, to study deeply the sacred pages, therein to learn the sum of good Heaven kindly, though conditionally, wills to man. This you have done, and it has eventuated as I hoped; you have learned that He who claims all souls as His, and wills them to be saved, does sometimes, from the common walks of life, choose men who have learned of Him to be lowly in heart, and bids them go and invite the world to the great supper. The Lord is, at this time, carrying on a great and glorious work, chiefly by young men like yourself. O, come and share in the happy toil, and in the great reward! Mark me! though seven winters have now passed over me, and much of the way dreary enough, yet God has been with me, and kept me in the way I went, and often whispered, 'Thou art mine, and all I have is thine.' He has, moreover, given me sons, and daughters, too, born not of the flesh, but of God; and who can estimate the joy I have in one destined, I hope, to fill my place in the itinerant ranks when I am gone! Who, then, will say, that mine was not a happy lot? 'Tis well you have made haste; much more than I can express, have I wished you in the ranks before mine eyes have closed in death, and on all below.

"It is true, in becoming an itinerant, you will have to sacrifice all means of acquiring property, all domestic ease and happiness, and must be content with food and raiment. Nor are the hardships and perils less appalling than those you have witnessed in our war for independence; for it is a fact known to you already, in part, that the professing world, with the clergy at their head, are arrayed against us. But thanks be to God, we know that Jesus died, and rose, and revived, that he might be the Lord of the dead and living,

and in receiving Christ by faith, we felt a courage commensurate with that which animated the disciples, when Jesus spake unto them, saying, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye,' &c.

"It was to the whole bench of the apostles that the charge was given, so they understood it; hence, they all became itinerants; why, then, is not the whole world evangelized? Are the clergy blameless in this matter? So thought not Wesley; so thinks not Asbury, his coadjutor. The clergy have long since abandoned this apostolic plan; they have doubtless deemed it more than could be expected of them, therein to copy the apostolic example.

"When Asbury pressed me to become an itinerant, I said, God has called me to preach, and woe unto me if I preach not; but I had no conviction that he had called me to itinerate. 'No conviction, my son,' said he to me, sternly, 'that you should follow the direction of Him who commissioned you to preach? Has the charge given to the disciples—"Go and evangelize the world," been revoked? Is the world evangelized? He said no more. I looked at the world; it was not evangelized. I looked at the clergy, and thought of the rebut received from some of them who were thought the most pious, when smitten with penitential grief, and ardently desirous to know what I must do to be saved, and thought who hath said, 'The hireling careth not for the sheep, because he is a hireling.'

"The world must be evangelized; it should long since have been so, and would have been so, had all who professed to be ministers of Christ been such as were the first gospel preachers and professors; for who can contend with Him who is Lord of lords and King of kings, when they that are with Him in the character of ministers and members are called, and chosen, and faithful? Here, the drama ends not; but the time, we think, is near—even at the door. Nothing can kill the itinerant spirit which Wesley has inspired. It has lived through the Revolutionary war, and will live through all future time. Christendom will become more enlightened—will feel a divine impulse, and a way will be cast up, on which itinerants may swiftly move, and in sufficient numbers to teach all nations the commands of God."

It would seem that Mr. Pedicord looked up the vista of the future with the eye of a prophet, when he spoke of "A way cast up, on which itinerants might swiftly move," and saw in the dim distance, the great facilities of travel that have since been realized by the power of steam, as exemplified on land

and sea. Who, at this day, can write a better letter than Mr. Pedicord?

The winter of 1783 and 1784 was passed away by Mr. Asbury in the South. He travelled through the circuit that Messrs. Drumgole and Lee had formed a year previously. In passing through Tar River Circuit, he had large and lively meetings. The people of this region felt the influence of that mighty man of God, John Easter, who had been among them. During this year the Methodists had their greatest success in North Carolina, where the increase was a thousand or more; nearly all the increase in the connection this year, was in this state. In most of the other states, there was a small decrease. In the Minutes of this year, we find twenty-four Methodists returned for Long Island, exactly the number that Captain Webb had converted on this island in 1767, sixteen years before. At this time, Maryland had the greatest number of Methodists in it. North Carolina was the next in point of numbers. Virginia was the third. Delaware was the fourth. New Jersey was the fifth. Pennsylvania sixth, and New York had the smallest number. The increase throughout the work, was reported to be 1240; and the whole number, 14,988. Of this number, there was 13,381 south of the southern line of Pennsylvania, and 1607 north of said line.

In 1783, Mr. Pedicord was stationed on Mecklenburg Circuit, which lay in Virginia and North Carolina.

Isaac Rollin, in consequence of his irregularities, was dropped until 1781, when he was appointed to Pennsylvania. Here he set about making a party for himself, requiring his friends to keep his plans secret. After three months he and his few followers took from the Methodists the Old Forest Chapel in Berks county; and there he set up for himself. Soon he began to be forsaken by his followers, and he took to begging by subscription and baptizing for a living. There were many scandalous reports about him, and he went to the Yellow Springs, in Chester county, and had his defence written to vindicate himself. From the Springs he set off on a spirited horse, but had rode but a few yards when he was thrown to the ground and died on the spot. This death occurred in 1783.

Some respectable expositors of the sacred text explain the "sin unto death" to be "a case of grievous backsliding, which God determines to punish with the death of the body, while, at the same time, he extends mercy to the penitent soul." The case of the disobedient prophet, 1 Kings, ch.

xiii., is supposed to be a case of this description. Charity may place the death of Isaac Rollin in this category. There may be much truth in the saying, "Those who reach heaven will miss many that they expected to meet, and find many that they did not expect to see."

Near the Little Eagle, in Uwchlan, Chester county, is a defenceless lot on which are a few graves. Some ancient Methodists are buried here; and here, it is most likely, a grave was made for Isaac Rollin. On this lot once stood Benson's Chapel—the first house the Methodists of Pennsylvania built to be devoted exclusively to worship. It was put up in 1781. It was a popular place, where large congregations assembled for worship—where the Methodists held their quarterly meetings for Philadelphia Circuit, in the last century; but for an age past it has been deserted, and few of the present race of Methodists have even heard of it.

## CHAPTER LIX.

THE Conference of 1784 began at Ellis's Chapel, in Sussex county, Va., on the last of April, and ended its business in Baltimore, in the last of May. This year, for the first time, the question, "What preachers have died this year?" is found in the Minutes. The names of two were set down, but nothing was said of their character or the manner of their death.

Another question embraced a plan for erecting new chapels, and paying the debts on such as were already built, by directing the assistant preacher to raise a yearly subscription in every circuit.

The eleventh question was intended to prevent superfluity in dress among the Methodists, by obliging the preachers to carefully avoid it in their own clothes, and to speak frequently and faithfully against it in all the societies.

Another question directed the preachers to improve their knowledge of singing by note; and to keep close to Mr. Wesley's tunes and hymns.

The following new circuits appear this year on the face of the Minutes: In North Carolina—Camden, Halifax, and Wilmington. In Virginia—Accomac, on the Eastern Shore, Hampton, Richmond, Amherst, Bedford, and Orange, on

the Western Shore; and Portsmouth substituted Norfolk. In Pennsylvania—Redstone and Juniata. In New Jersey—Trenton appears again as a third charge in this state; and Long Island as a second charge in New York state. The number of circuits was forty-six, on which eighty-three preachers were stationed.

The Redstone Circuit, in Pennsylvania, was the first circuit formed beyond the Allegheny Mountain. General Braddock opened the first road through this wilderness, when he broke up his camp at Fort Cumberland, in Maryland, in 1755, and marched over the Allegheny, at the head of his army, to attack the French and Indians at Fort du Quesne, now Pittsburgh; in which expedition he lost his life. This road, in many places, is yet distinctly visible, and for many miles pursues the same course nearly as that occupied by the present National Road. The first emigrants that settled beyond the Allegheny would, for good reason, avail themselves of this, the only road in this wilderness. Hence the first settlements made by the whites in this region were along this road. What was called the "Redstone Settlement" was, we opine, in Fayette county. Methodism had crossed the Allegheny as early as 1781; and now, three years after, a circuit is formed and appears on the Minutes, with John Cooper and Samuel Breeze stationed on it. The preachers, who had cultivated Allegheny Circuit the last two or three years, had extended their labors into these parts and formed this circuit. They were such men as Francis Poythress, James Haw, and Benjamin Roberts. Methodism was also much strengthened in the mountains of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia by the labors of certain local preachers, whose praise was great among the Methodists of that age: such men as Simon Cochran, William Shaw, Thomas Lakin, and John J. Jacob.

Mr. Simon Cochran was born in Harness Fort, in 1755, and was eight days old on the day of General Braddock's defeat. He enlisted in Dunmore's war, and also served through the Revolutionary war. During the eight years that he was a soldier Almighty power preserved him; and under the first Methodist sermon that he heard he was convicted, and in 1780 was converted and joined the Methodists. In the following year he began to preach. After he had done much good in this section of the country he was ordained by Bishop Asbury, and moved to Kentucky in 1799, and, finally, to Ohio, where, after he had acceptably preached Christ for sixty-four years, he departed this life in his nine-

tieth year, in glorious expectation of immortality and eternal life.

Messrs. Shaw, Lakin, and Jacob, on account of their indefatigable labors, were styled the "Three Bishops." The three were ordained elders by Bishop Asbury on the same day. Mr. Thomas Lakin was a native of Montgomery county, Md., converted and joined the Methodists in 1780. Soon after he settled in Bedford county, Pa., where he was one of the first Methodists. As a local preacher he was very useful in attending the sick and dying, and preaching at funerals as well as on other occasions. He possessed talents as a preacher above mediocrity. He frequently filled the appointments of the travelling preachers around a six weeks' circuit; and attended all the quarterly meetings in his circuit, and many in the adjoining circuits. He ended his life in Ohio, in 1834, in his seventy-first year, leaving the odor of a good name to his many surviving friends.

Mr. John Jeremiah Jacob was born in Anne Arundel county, Md. In his youthful days he seemed to be a subject of special providence, for his life was often preserved amidst the greatest dangers. At the age of twenty he became a lieutenant in the American army, where Almighty power marvellously preserved him to the end of the war; for although he was in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, and Camden, where the soldiers were falling all around him, yet neither ball, bayonet, nor sword ever touched a hair of his head: God preserved him for future usefulness in his cause. The war being over, he settled at Old Town, in Maryland, where he became a Methodist about 1783. He gives this account of his conversion: "One night, while under conviction, after retiring to rest, I gladly and quietly sunk into sweet meditation, when suddenly, just over me, I saw a light about the size of a candle, and, at the same time, I entered into an indescribable ecstasy. My whole frame, and especially my heart, seemed penetrated and wrapped in a flame of fire and love; and I think I felt a little like Peter, James, and John on the mount." Soon after this happy change he began to preach, and was abundant in his labors for the cause of Christ. In the latter part of his life he gave up the world, and yielded his soul entirely to the service of his Saviour. It may be said that his life was full of benevolence, and that he lived only to glorify God. When he was nearing the heavenly country he took tender leave of his wife and children, saying, "I shall soon meet Bishop Asbury and Bishop George. Now, Lord, receive me

to thyself. I have fought a good fight of faith, I have finished my course. All is well—safe—and then expired." Thus died the good John J. Jacob, at his residence in Hampshire county, Va., in the eighty-third year of his life, A. D. 1839.

In 1768 Mr. John Jones emigrated from Maryland and settled on Redstone Creek, in Fayette county, Pa. He had been strictly brought up to the Church of England; but was unacquainted with experimental religion. After he had lived some years in this newly-settled country, the Methodist preachers found their way into it. So far as we know, the Rev. Robert Wooster was the first. This was about the year 1781, or a little later. Hearing that a Methodist preacher would preach in Beesontown, now Uniontown, Mr. Jones went, a distance of ten miles, to hear him; and, for the first time, heard Mr. Wooster, who probably was the first of his order that he heard. Under this first sermon Mr. Jones was awakened to see and feel himself a sinner. He invited the preacher to his house; and while Mr. Wooster was praying with his family, a few weeks after his awakening, he received the witness of the Spirit that he was born of God. As soon as a Methodist society was formed in Beesontown, or Uniontown, he united with it; and, from Sabbath to Sabbath, walked to meet the few brethren and sisters in this town; and, after worshipping the Lord, returned home happy in the love of God. His son, the Rev. Greenberry R. Jones, was a member of the Ohio Conference in the early part of the present century. The Uniontown society appears to be one of the oldest, if it is not in reality the oldest Methodist society in Western Pennsylvania. Here the first Conference, west of the Alleghenies, was held by Bishop Asbury, in 1788. This Conference consisted of seven members and five probationers. The appointments at Doddridge's and Moore's were among the first stands the Methodists had in this country—the latter was on Youghio-gheny river.

Juniata Circuit, with Simon Pyle stationed on it, first appears on the Minutes this year. As emigration follows the streams of water, so, of necessity, did Methodism in the newly-settled parts of this country. Methodism dates back to an early period on the Juniata river. It is asserted that as far back as 1775 a local preacher, by the name of Michael Cryder, settled near Huntingdon, built himself a mill, preached, and raised up a Methodist society. If this account be a verity, Methodism here was only twelve or fifteen years

later than its introduction into the country. From this society Methodism was propagated through the valleys and hills of this part of Pennsylvania. Circuits and stations have been growing up from it for the last seventy-five or eighty years.

North-east of this is Penn's Valley, through which flows Penn's Creek, discharging its waters into the Susquehanna, below Sunbury. In this valley, one of the most famous in the state, Methodism was introduced by the Pennington family. Mr. Robert Pennington was brought to God and joined the Methodists, in the state of Delaware, soon after the Church was organized. Finally, he settled in the upper part of this valley, in Centre county; and it is stated, "he was the first Methodist in this valley." A Methodist society was raised up, and subsequently a log chapel was erected on the side of a mountain, which has since been called, "Father Pennington's Church." From this society and humble temple, almost concealed from public gaze by thick-set shrubbery, Methodism has spread through the whole of Penn's Valley. As Mr. Pennington was the first Methodist in this valley, and probably in Centre county, so his "Church" was the first Methodist chapel in the region.

Peter Shaver, and Catherine his wife, were early Methodists in Huntingdon county. There was a church in their house, and there the ministers preached and were entertained. Of this region were John and Mary Oaks; in their house the gospel was preached, and the Lord's prophets were fed—some of their children, Mrs. Stewart particularly, were of the same spirit. In Perry county, which was in the Juniata Circuit, Jesse Bowman, and Sarah his wife, entertained the preachers, and were old disciples. Sister Bowman, lived eighty-four years. There was James Campbell, and Benjamin and Mary Owen of this county.

Mr. Everett says, "At the Conference of 1784, I was appointed to Fairfax Circuit, where I continued to labor until the Christmas Conference, when the Methodists became a Church. From this Conference I was stationed in Berkley Circuit, where many souls were awakened and converted."

The Conference business being over for this year, Mr. Asbury set out on his annual circuit. Directing his course to the west, he, for the first time crossed the Alleghany Mountains, following Braddock's Road. He came to the Redstone settlement, which was the western margin of Methodism at this time. He remarks, "While I was at prayer, a large limb of a sycamore tree fell in the midst of the congregation

assembled at Strayder's. Some thought it was a trick of the devil; and so indeed it might have been; perhaps he wanted to kill one (this may refer to Mr. Hezekiah Bonham, who was travelling with him), who spoke after me with great power, yet, none received injury from it." As to their accommodations he says, "Three thick on the floor, such is our lodging, but no matter, God is with us." Turning his face to the east, he came through Maryland into Pennsylvania, attending quarterly meeting in the Philadelphia Circuit, at the new stone chapel at the Valley. From here he went into New Jersey. About this time, Methodism began to take root in the upper part of East Jersey.

Mr. Asbury continued his journey to New York, where he found about a hundred Methodists, much alive to God. It seems that the war had acted as a fan to purge the floor. They were not now threatening to close the door of Wesley Chapel against the preachers, as it appears they did eleven years before. He says, "To my mind they appear more like Methodists than I have ever seen them." Returning through Jersey, he preached at Penny Hill, New Mills, Cressey's, Godfrey's, and Haddonfield, where he found dearth among the few Methodists. Passing to the Peninsula, he preached for the first time in Wesley Chapel in Dover. Going through Queen Anne's, he preached for the first time on Kent Island, also at Colonel Hopper's. Here he found "The word of God had greatly triumphed over the prejudices of the rich and poor. At Cambridge, he found George, a poor negro, in Methodist society, under sentence of death for theft committed before he was a Methodist. He was much resigned to the will of God,—he was reprieved under the gallows. A merchant who cursed the negro for praying, died in horror. While in Dorset, he paid his first visit to Taylor's Island. Dorset was now in peace, the furies had spent their wrath. Going to the Eastern Shore of Virginia, he says, "Here there is abundance of the productions of the earth and sea. The people are well-featured, good livers, generous, hospitable, social, and polished in their manners; but blind in spiritual matters, and gay in life." Many of them afterwards became light in the Lord. At this time, the Rev. Henry Willis was preaching for them, and there were about a hundred in society. Coming to Snow Hill, the judge of the court, opened the court-house for him, and he preached his first sermon in the place, to a large congregation.

In 1784, Mr. Pedicord received his last appointment to the Baltimore Circuit.

The name of Mr. Thomas Ware appears in the Minutes of 1784, for the first time. Mr. Ware had spent half of the preceding Conference year in the work. This year he was stationed on Kent Circuit, in Maryland. He soon found that Kent, like Dover, was a field of labor where he could be happy and useful. Here he found many in fellowship with the Methodists, who were connected with the first families on the Peninsula. Labor was sweet to him, while he saw the cause of the Redeemer prospering; and especially among the youths of this circuit he was much encouraged to see them coming into the fold.

Towards the latter end of this year he had a very remarkable meeting, in which he proved the truth of that saying, "My strength is made perfect in weakness." He was laboring under bodily affliction; and having heard that Mr. Pedicord, his spiritual father, was dead, he felt a wish, if such were the will of the Lord, that he might follow him to glory. In this state of mind he began to doubt his call to the work, and entertained thoughts of going home. Under the influence of such reasoning he went to an appointment where very few usually attended, with an intention, if any came out, to give them an exhortation, and write to the Conference that he declined taking an appointment for the ensuing year. When he came in sight of the place he saw many carriages, and a large collection of people. It was time to commence; and he felt himself wholly unprepared to meet the people. He concluded that he would open his Testament, and undertake to speak from the first passage that struck his mind; and if he was confounded before the people, he would regard it as an evidence that he had mistaken his calling. His eye resting on these words, "What must I do to be saved?" he began to address the people; and in his embarrassed state of feeling his tears began to flow freely; and the spirit of weeping began to run through the congregation, and it was deeply touched. Many desired to be present in the class-meeting who were not members, and most that stayed in class united with the Methodists. Thus, instead of encouraging his half-formed resolution to retire from the work, the Lord renewed his commission by giving him that day a goodly number of seals.

It was during this year that he first heard the "Divine, exclusive, and unchangeable right of prelacy preached up," by a clergyman direct from England, who, it appears, had more of the learning of this world than of Divine grace. In his discourse he gave great offence to his hearers, and

prevented his being settled in the parish by advocating the tithing system of England, as being more in accordance with the order of God than the voluntary system that generally prevailed in America; and by his severe attack of Mr. Wesley, calling him "The prince of enthusiasts," and his preachers "babblers." There were many Methodists out to hear him; and in the midst of his tirade against enthusiasm, a highly respectable Methodist lady greatly embarrassed him by shouting, "Glory to God! if what I now feel be enthusiasm, let me always be an enthusiast!" (Life of Ware.)

In 1784, Mr. Lee was appointed to Salisbury Circuit. The following extracts will show how much he was in the spirit of the work: "I preached at Hearn's to a large company of solemn hearers. While I was speaking of the love of God, I felt so much of it in my own soul that I burst into a flood of tears, and for some time stood in silence and wept. I then began again; but was so overcome that I had to stop and weep several times before I finished my subject. There were very few dry eyes in the house. The next day I preached with many tears to a weeping congregation at Brother Carter's.

"I preached at John Randall's, who is deaf and dumb, yet can pronounce the name of his wife and the name of his brother; but I could not learn that he ever uttered any other words. He is esteemed a pious man, and by signs will give a good experience of his conviction, conversion, and progress in the service of the Lord, and of his pleasing hope of Heaven when he leaves the world.

"At Ledbetter's, my heart was greatly affected, and my eyes overflowed with tears. The hearers were so much wrought upon, that I had a hope of seeing some of them converted.

"At Cole's the congregation was large. In class, the friends wept greatly while they heard each other tell of the goodness of God to their souls. The comfort I felt that day would make amends for the suffering of a thousand troubles.

"I was sent for by Mrs. Parks, who was very ill, and unprepared to die. She exclaimed against herself, saying, 'I was once near death, and I promised God, that if he would raise me up I would serve him. But as soon as I recovered I was as careless as ever.' To her husband she said; 'Don't grieve for me; we cannot stay always together; don't do as I have done, by putting off repentance for a death-bed.' She then requested a near neighbor of hers to be called in. To her she said, 'I thought there was a coolness between us;

and I want to die in peace with all persons.' She then charged her husband to bring up her children in the fear of the Lord, and keep them from Sabbath-breaking. Her words affected all in the house to tears. I could not bear the thought of her dying unprepared. I therefore knelt down, and prayed for her again, and wept before the Lord, beseeching him to pardon her sins before she left the world. After prayer she looked more lively, and from that hour began to revive.

"I preached at Jersey meeting-house. I was happy in God. After preaching, Col. G.'s wife came to me, and began to cry, and said, 'I am the worst creature in the world; my heart is so hard I don't know what to do;' and begged me to pray for her.

"I preached at Tillman's. There was a gracious move among the people. I wept over my audience for some time; none but God knew how I felt; my heart was ready to break with grief, on account of poor sinners that were perishing in their sins.

"I preached at a new meeting-house to a large company. The people wept greatly, and one woman professed to be converted.

"I preached at Costus's, and held a love-feast. All eyes were bathed in tears. An old man who was seeking the Lord rose up and spoke, while tears were streaming from his eyes, and said, 'I am almost in eternity, and am not prepared to die; and you may judge how I feel!' It was a melting time to all present, and a day of comfort to my soul."

On the 12th December he was officially informed that Dr. Coke had arrived in America, and he was requested to attend the Christmas Conference; but did not get to it on account of the shortness of the notice, the distance, and ill health.

## CHAPTER LX.

THE names of the following preachers are found in the Minutes of 1784, as having been received on trial: John Robertson, John Philips, Richard Smith, David Jefferson, James Riggan, William Lynch, John Fidler, Simon Pyle, Thomas Jackson, Elijah Ellis, John Smith, William Jessup,

Wilson Lee, Isaac Smith, and Thomas Ware. As Mr. Ware had travelled half of the preceding year, and as we have given his labors up to the Christmas Conference, we pass to notice the others.

John Philips supplied a vacancy for one year.

Richard Smith was in the itinerancy but one year.

David Jefferson located, after two years, in 1786.

John Robertson desisted, after three years, in 1787.

John Fidler, most likely from New Jersey, travelled three years, stopping in 1787.

James Riggan, probably from Somerset county, Md., located in 1790.

Elijah Ellis was in the work four years. He was a steady, solid, humble, diligent minister, who spent his energies in the service of God. He died in Lancaster, Va., in 1788.

Simon Pyle located in 1792, making New Jersey his home. In 1806, he was living in Lower Freehold, in Monmouth county, where he entertained Bishop Asbury.

Thomas Jackson was a useful preacher, but located in 1790. It seems that he resumed the work after a few years, and finally stopped in 1804.

William Lynch, of Baltimore county, Md., a good man and a good preacher, was on Kent Circuit, Md., in 1784; he was long and favorably known as an acceptable local preacher; he went to his heavenly reward in 1806.

Mr. William Jessup was a native of Sussex county, Del., near Bridgeville. Mr. Asbury preached the funeral of Mrs. Jessup in 1779.\* About this time he was brought to God. His father was an ungodly man, and opposed his son in becoming a Methodist, and in serving God. He suffered his son to go to meeting on the Sabbath-day in no better clothes than he allowed his negroes: this he did to keep him away from meetings; but, however coarse or ragged his apparel was, he was found worshipping regularly among the Methodists. When he began to itinerate, his father, though a large landholder, refused him a horse, and suitable clothes to appear in public in. His brethren, who believed God had called him to the work, gave him his outfit. He labored as an itinerant from Virginia to Nova Scotia. He was a Christian of great simplicity and sincerity. He finished his course in 1795. His last words were, "My work is done, Glory! Glory! Glory!" and died away. He is interred at

\* Many times have we looked upon the old family burying-ground of the Jessup family, on the farm known by the Indian name, "At-te-wat-ta-co-quim."

Beams's Meeting-house, in Lancaster county, Pa., where, probably, he died. Mr. Asbury preached his funeral in Dover, Del., and says, "I received the last loving request of our dear Brother Jessup, that I should preach his funeral. I had difficulties in speaking, and the people in hearing, of a man so well known and so much beloved. He was always solemn; and few such holy steady men have been found among us."

Mr. Wilson Lee was born in 1761, near Lewistown, in Sussex county, Del. He was some of the first fruits of the labors of Methodist preachers in that part of the country. He served the Church in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Tennessee, and Kentucky.

Mr. Lee was an attractive and interesting preacher wherever he labored. He commenced his itinerant labors on the Allegheny Circuit. In 1787, he went to Kentucky—following Haw and Ogden, the first itinerants in that new country. Here he was followed by crowds of all classes of the people, and his usefulness was equal to the interest he created among the heterogeneous mass of this crude community. While preaching here, those singular events took place which Mr. Cartwright has put down on p. 41 of his *Life*: A poor inebriate went to hear Mr. Lee preach. Having lost his rest the previous night, he was drowsy and fell to nodding under the sermon; a pet lamb of the house that had been taught to butt, regarded his nodding as a banter, and accepting the challenge ran up to him, striking his head, and knocking him from his seat to the floor, which excited the risibilities of the congregation, and well nigh upset the gravity of the preacher.

A Dutchman, less acquainted with the meaning of Scripture than the troubles of Socrates with his Xantippe, had heard him preach on "Denying himself, and taking up his cross and following Christ." Mr. Lee, on his way to his Sabbath afternoon appointment, overtook this man carrying his wife on his back. Unable to imagine why a little man should bear a large woman on his shoulders unless she was sick, he inquired into the cause of the conduct, and was answered, "You told us to-day that we must take up our cross and bear it, if we would go to heaven! My wife is the greatest cross I have, and as I wish to get to heaven, therefore I take her up and bear her." Mr. Lee had to re-explain his text to him on a log by the way-side.

In 1794, he labored in New England. Being invited, he

went to Middle Haddam, and preached in a stone house near the ferry. Under the pungent discourse the people trembled and wept,—some fell to the floor and cried for mercy,—others fled out of the house in affright. Mr. Lee, seeing the effect the sermon had produced, stood and shouted, "Glory to God!" Those who had ran away, went home declaring, "That the devil was among the people in the stone house." (Stevens's "Memorials," pp. 304-5.)

When Mr. Lee was about to leave New London, in Connecticut, to go to New York, a special Providence directed him to Southold, on Long Island, where he introduced Methodism. He had put his trunk on board a vessel to sail to his appointment in New York, but contrary winds prevented his going for a night. A Mrs. Moore, who had become happy in religion, through Methodist preaching, had moved to Southold, where, as yet, no Methodist preaching had been. Finding two females in Southold of her own spirit, they agreed to meet every Monday evening, to pray that God would send such ministers among them as would prove a blessing to them and others. For two evenings they met for prayer at the house of P. Vail. On the third Monday evening of their meeting, Mr. Vail's circumstances made it inconvenient for them to have their prayers in his house,—this was the very evening Mr. Lee's trunk was on board the vessel. On this evening the three women agreed to return to their individual homes, and press the matter before God in prayer; on which occasion they had uncommon freedom in prayer, especially Mrs. Moore, who continued in the exercise until near midnight; and she felt an assurance that God had heard them, and would answer their prayer speedily, and began to praise God for what she felt He would do. The same night, Mr. Lee, in New London, felt an unusual struggle in his soul, attended with a continued impression to cross the Sound to Long Island, until he resolved if there were an opportunity he would follow this impression. On going to the wharf next morning, he found a sloop ready to sail to Southold, and went on board. When he landed he inquired for praying people, and was directed to Mrs. Moore's house. Soon as she saw him she knew he was a Methodist minister, and hailed him as "the blessed of the Lord." A congregation was convened,—a sermon was preached,—and soon a class was formed, and Methodism has been in the place ever since. (See Garrettsen's *Life*, pp. 183-4.)

As a minister of Christianity, he went to the grave without



a blot or stain upon his unsullied character. His Presiding Elder, afterwards Bishop George, preached and published his funeral discourse.

He stood high as a Christian, and as a minister of the gospel. His slender constitution yielded to his toils, and while praying with a sick friend he began to discharge blood; and it was thought, that a large blood-vessel broke, and he was suffocated with his blood, and died suddenly at the house of Walter Worthington, in Anne Arundel county, Md., in 1804. He will, we doubt not, receive a kingdom and a crown.

Mr. John Smith was a native of Kent county, Md., born in 1758, and was converted to God in 1780. He travelled and preached ten or twelve years, and then became supernumerary, and afterwards superannuated, until his death in 1812. His dying language was, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, take my enraptured soul away. I am not afraid to die. I long to be dissolved, and see my Saviour without a dimming veil between,—death has lost his sting." He died in Chestertown, after a long and severe illness, in his fifty-fifth year; and his dust sleeps at Hinson's Chapel, near the great and good William Gill's.

Although Kent was the first county on the Eastern Shore of Maryland that was favored with Methodist preaching (having, as is believed, been visited by Mr. Strawbridge), it has not furnished many Methodist preachers. Brother Smith, it seems, was among the first from this county.

Mr. Isaac Smith was a native of Virginia. This year he was with the Rev. Jesse Lee, on Salisbury Circuit, N. C. In 1786 he formed Edisto Circuit. In this region the name Methodist was scarcely known until he visited it. The new name, and his heart-searching preaching, caused much stir among the people, as they had heard but little preaching before, and knew nothing of experimental religion. Many were convicted and converted, and a number of societies were formed. It was no uncommon event for persons to fall under his pungent preaching, as suddenly as if they had been shot; and after they had lain for some time on the ground, or floor, to rise and praise God, for giving them the evidence of pardon. This caused gainsayers to declare that the people were run mad; and the Methodists were the deceivers spoken of in the New Testament. The doctrine of the new birth was no better understood by the people then, than it was by Nicodemus, until they were enlightened by his preaching. The pioneer of Methodism not only has to take people as he finds

them, but the gold has to be worked out of the ore. When Mr. Smith was forming Edisto Circuit, a gentleman who was not a professor of religion, invited him to his house. He visited him; and while at his house, the gentleman observed that he frequently retired into the woods. Thinking that he thus went into secret places for mischief or wickedness, he, on one occasion, followed him as a spy; when, to his great astonishment, he found him on his knees, engaged in fervent prayer! This struck the gentleman under conviction; and was the cause of his embracing religion soon after. The happy mixture of dignity, pleasantness, and meekness in his countenance was calculated to win the good opinion of such as beheld him, with the exception of such as were determined to dislike any one called a Methodist. His appearance and his manners qualified him for the missionary work; and many of those whom he found dead in sin, and their tongues defiled with most profane language, he soon rejoiced to hear their redeemed tongues praising God. He, like most of his brethren that were engaged in planting Methodism, did not weary his congregations with dry and tedious discourses; but their sermons were short and energetic: enforcing their preaching with the most sedate and consistent deportment in the families where they sojourned, always praying with and for them, if permitted so to do; and speaking to each individual of the family on the great matter of his or her salvation. Such were our fathers! Those that embraced religion under these servants of God were taught to cast off all needless ornaments, and lay aside costly apparel; and become imitators of their spiritual guides in plainness and neatness of dress. The principles of Christianity were so deeply fixed in them, that they seemed to have no desire to exemplify the principles of a wicked world, or show off the pride of life. Having worn himself down in the work, he located and entered into the mercantile business, in Camden, S. C. While engaged in this calling, some of his professed friends advised him to keep ardent spirits for sale, as a means of increasing his business. His reply was, "If I cannot get people to go to heaven, I will not be the means of carrying them to hell."

In 1820, he re-entered the work; but had to retire from effective service again in 1827. In the last of his days, he was regarded as the father of the South Carolina Conference—most beloved, and most honored by the preachers. Full of faith and of the comfort of the Holy Ghost—meek beyond the reach of provocation, breathing the spirit of devotion—

he was a saint indeed. He died of a cancer, July 20, 1834, in his seventy-sixth year; having been a minister of the gospel for more than fifty years.

During this year, Dr. Coke and Messrs. Whatcoat and Vasey came to America; and the result was the forming of the Methodists into a Church, and receiving what they had much and long wanted, namely, the ordinances of Christianity.

Mr. Thomas Vasey, of England, became an orphan while young, and was educated under the care of an uncle. He was brought up in the Church of England, and his religious training was so strict as to preserve him from gross immorality. It seems that it was the intention of his childless uncle to make him his heir, in sole, or in part, of his estate, which was considerable. But as Mr. Vasey united with the Methodists as he sprung into manhood, his uncle required him to renounce his connection with them, or be disinherited by him. Both remained firm in their purpose: young Vasey kept to the Methodists, and his uncle bestowed his property on others. Mr. Vasey, having been received by Mr. Wesley as a travelling preacher, was during this year ordained by Mr. Wesley, assisted by Dr. Coke and Mr. Creighton—all presbyters of the Church of England—both deacon and elder. He did not remain long in America. The few years that he was here, he acted as elder at the head of a district. Before he returned to England he was ordained, or re-ordained, by Bishop White of Pennsylvania. When he reached England, he was allowed by Mr. Wesley to accept an English curacy; but, in 1789, he returned to the itinerant work, in which he continued as a zealous and successful laborer, until 1811. From this year until his death, he continued to perform the liturgical services in the City-Road Chapel, London.

When age and infirmity obliged him to be supernumerary, he made Leeds his residence, on account of superior advantages from the means of grace in which his soul delighted, which he expected to enjoy there. He lived but a few months after he made Leeds his home: he died suddenly in 1826, in his eighty-first year. "His Christian simplicity, pious conversation, his fervency and diligence in prayer, were highly observable and exemplary: for some time previous to his death, nearly one-third of his time appeared to be spent in prayer."

Mr. Richard Whatcoat, son of Charles and Mary Whatcoat, was born in the parish of Quinton, Gloucestershire,

England, February 23, 1736. The Rev. Samuel Taylor, the parish minister, was a converted man; and under his ministry the Whatcoat family became pious: the parents left the children, at death, a hope that they had gone to rest with Jesus. The children were all brought under a wonderful work of grace about the same time of life. Mr. Whatcoat had so much of the fear of God before him from the days of his childhood, as to keep him from gross sin. In 1758 he began to attend Methodist preaching regularly. He was soon convinced that he needed the witness of the Spirit to make him a scriptural Christian. In the light of truth he soon became so miserable, that he scarcely had an hour's sound sleep in a night. As he was reading the Scriptures, he read, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God." In a moment his darkness was removed, and he was filled with peace and joy; and the Spirit did bear witness with his spirit that he was a child of God. In 1761, he was filled with perfect love, "rejoicing evermore, and in everything giving thanks." For about eight years he was a class-leader, band-leader, and steward of the society in Wednesbury. This was the mother society of Staffordshire—and it was a model society—the original society had been purified in the fire of persecution. In 1767 he began to hold religious meetings. The encouragement he met with in this exercise, led him to give himself up wholly to the work of the ministry; and in 1769, he was received as a travelling preacher.

For fifteen years he continued in this work under the eye of Mr. Wesley. In some of the circuits his labor and sufferings were great. While travelling the Inniskillen Circuit, in Ireland, it took him eight weeks to go round it, preaching two and three times a day, besides meeting the societies, and visiting the sick. This year's labor greatly exhausted him, but he was cheered by a blessed revival, in which about three hundred were added to the societies. The following year, while travelling through Armagh Circuit, he was brought to the gate of death, by bleeding at the nose, night-sweats, and loss of appetite. His flesh consumed away, his sight failed him, and in this condition he lay twelve weeks. When sent to travel the Lynn Circuit, in England, he sold his horse and walked the circuit. His last year in England he had the Rev. Adam Clark for a colleague.

In 1784, Mr. Shadford expressed a desire that he should come to America. While he was meditating on the matter, the power of God came upon him, and his heart was melted

with love to God and man. He was ordained deacon and elder at the same time with Mr. Vasey, and by the same presbytery, namely, Messrs. Wesley, Coke, and Creighton. Embarking at Bristol, Eng., after a passage of six weeks, he landed in New York, but hastened on to Philadelphia, which he pronounced one of the best constructed cities he ever saw. On a borrowed horse he rode to Wilmington, thence to Duck Creek Cross Roads, now Smyrna, housing with John Cole. From here to Dover, where he received a hearty welcome from Mr. Bassett. His next stage brought him to Barratt's Chapel.

Mr. Thomas Coke was born at Brecon, in South Wales, in 1747. His father, Bartholomew Coke, Esq., was an eminent surgeon, and a much respected gentleman. Several times he filled the office of chief magistrate of the town. His mother's name was Ann Phillips, daughter of Thomas Phillips, Esq. As Thomas was their only child, and as they were in affluent circumstances, they designed to give him a liberal education; but his father dying while he was young, it was left to his mother to attend to his education. She lived to see her son connected with the Methodists, and she also died a member of the same religious society in the city of Bristol, England.

Having received a preparatory education, her son entered Jesus College, Oxford, in his seventeenth year. As many of the students of the institution were infidel in principle, and licentious in practice, Thomas, though a believer in the Bible, found himself unprepared to meet the attacks of his fellow-students on the Scriptures, as he had not, as yet, acquainted himself with the evidence of their divine authority. The result was, that he became sceptical and more corrupt in his morals. In seeking happiness in dissipation, he found disappointment: he had to endure the rebukes of his conscience while pursuing his most pleasing amusements. While halting between infidelity and Christianity, he resolved to visit a distinguished clergyman in Wales, to whom he listened, on the following Sabbath, with much attention. As the subject was presented in a pleasing and masterly manner, by the minister, young Coke began to feel his infidelity shaken. But, on his return from church, how great was his surprise and disgust, while complimenting the sermon, and hinting at his state of mind, and the effect the discourse had produced on it, on hearing the clergyman declare that he did not believe what he had that day preached.

On returning to Oxford, he resolved to be either a con-

firmed believer in the Bible, or an open infidel. Providentially he read, with close attention, Bishop Sherlock's sermons, which scattered the mist of infidelity from his mind, and made him a true believer in Christianity, so far as its theory was concerned. Soon after he read a treatise on regeneration, which convinced him that he lacked the religion of the heart. Leaving his infidel companions and practices, he turned his energies to the acquirement of such knowledge as would make him a useful minister of the gospel of Christ.

At the age of twenty-one, he was chosen a common council-man for the borough of Brecon; and at the age of twenty-five, he was elected chief magistrate of the same borough, and filled the office with great reputation. In 1775, he took out his degree of Doctor of Civil Laws.

Having received ordination from the Church of England, he was prepared to enter upon the work of a clergyman. After waiting a few years, he obtained the curacy of South Petherton, in Somersetshire. On entering upon the discharge of the new duties of his work, although still destitute of the religion of the heart, the animated manner in which he presented the great truth of Christianity, soon attracted more than ordinary congregations. His sense of his need of divine light and grace led him to pray earnestly for aid from on high, and he fully felt the necessity of being born of God. The state of his soul was visible in his conversation and sermons. His hearers were often deeply affected under his preaching, and the church became too small to accommodate them. Unable to have it enlarged at public expense, he used his own funds, and had a gallery put in it.

As things were taking this direction, some of the knowing ones of his parish began to whisper to others, that their new curate was tainted with Methodism; and although, up to this time, he had no intercourse with the Methodists, they soon bestowed the epithet upon him. Soon after this Dr. Coke was visited by Mr. Thomas Maxfield, one of Mr. Wesley's earliest lay-preachers, who, through Mr. Wesley's influence, had been ordained by the Bishop of Londonderry, soon after which he withdrew from the Methodists, and now resided as an independent minister, near South Petherton. Their conversation was on the important subject of the new birth, as the source of a godly life. By this and subsequent conversations, Dr. Coke became much enlightened as to true religion. About this time he read "Alien's Alarm to the Unconverted," and from this time he was an earnest

seeker of a change of heart, until he was made to rejoice in the love of God.

Mr. Fletcher's "Appeal," and his "Checks to Antinomianism," having been put into his hand by a pious minister of the Established Church, gave him a bias in favor of the system of doctrine taught by Mr. Wesley. About the same time he visited a respectable family in Devonshire, where he found a poor, but pious laboring man, who was a Methodist class-leader. With this rustic, Dr. Coke had several conversations on the manner in which a sinner must come to God,—the nature of pardon, and the evidence accompanying it by the witness of the Spirit. They also joined in prayer. Here was a "Master in Israel," gladly receiving instruction from a peasant, who gave him such an account of the Methodists, as brought him to the resolve to disregard the strange reports that he had heard about them, and become better acquainted with them. He not only preached in the church, but lectured on weekday evenings for the benefit of the aged and infirm, who could not attend at church. It was while preaching to his little flock in the country whither he had walked, that God was pleased to speak peace to his soul, dispel his fears, and fill his heart with joy unspeakable. He announced from his pulpit the blessing he had received, laid aside his written discourses, and began to preach extemporaneously, and under his first extemporary discourse three souls were awakened.

Three years he had been laboring in his parish, before he received the blessing of pardon. The course he was now pursuing, preaching without a book; his earnest manner, his plain reproofs, and his evening lectures in the village; gave offence, and the parish was in a ferment. He had also introduced into the church, the practice of singing hymns. To put an end to these irregularities, a charge was made out against him and laid before the Bishop, who did not even notify the Doctor of the charge, and it slept in silence. A second application to the Bishop of Bath and Wells met with no better success. His enemies next applied to the rector of the parish, who promised to dismiss him. The matter was secretly consummated, the Doctor was abruptly dismissed before the people, he not having received an intimation of it, and to complete his disgrace; the parish bells chimed him out of doors.

The greatest trouble that this caused him to feel, arose from the fact that the precipitancy of the measure had not allowed him the opportunity of preaching a farewell sermon,

to a people whom he might never address again. His friends advised him to attend the church on the following Sabbaths, and address the people as they were leaving the church. This advice was followed, and he was permitted to conclude his discourse in peace. On announcing to preach there the next Sabbath, his enemies declared they would stone him. At the time, the Doctor and his friends were on the spot. They found magazines of stones collected to pelt him with. Among his friends were a Mr. Edmons and his sister, of a highly respectable family near Petherton. These stood on either side of him, other friends surrounded them, and he was permitted to finish his discourse in peace; after which he was kindly invited to go home with Mr. and Miss Edmons, though they belonged to a dissenting family. In the course of a few years a great change was effected in the minds of his enemies, for in the year 1780 he came to Petherton, and met a very different reception. Some of his former adversaries said, "Well, we *chimed* him out, and now we will atone for our error by *ringing* him in."

Dr. Coke connected himself with Mr. Wesley about the year 1777. The following year he was stationed in London, where his congregations were large, and his success was very encouraging: the Methodists of the metropolis having heard of his conversion,—his ill treatment at Petherton,—his energetic preaching,—were prepared to expect much from him, and, it seems, they were not disappointed.

After he had labored with Mr. Wesley for about seven years, he was made acquainted with Mr. Wesley's wish that he should come to America. After the Doctor had considered the proposition, and yielded assent to it, he met Mr. Wesley at Bristol, where he was set apart, by Mr. Wesley, assisted by Mr. Creighton, for the office of superintendent or bishop over the Methodists, in the United States of America. In September, 1784, he set sail, and landed in New York on the 3d day of November, and was kindly entertained by Brother Sands. Reaching Philadelphia, he was taken to the house of Brother Jacob Baker, a merchant. Here he spent his first Sabbath in America, preaching for Dr. M'Gaw at St. Paul's, and at St. George's. Going down to the Peninsula, he was entertained by Mrs. Whitney at Old Chester. Thence to Wilmington, to Duck Creek Cross Roads, to Mr. Bassett's, and to Barratt's Chapel.

## CHAPTER LXI.

THE quarterly meeting which Messrs. Coke, Whatcoat, and Vasey attended at Barratt's Chapel, at this time, was the fifth regular fall quarterly meeting held in the chapel, at which the semi-annual change took place among the preachers laboring on the Peninsula. Most of the preachers were present, and a large attendance of the laity. Dr. Coke preached on "Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

We left Mr. Asbury at Snow Hill, where he preached the previous Sabbath. The first knowledge that he had of Dr. Coke and Messrs. Whatcoat and Vasey's being in America, was, when he arrived at the chapel. The doctor had scarcely finished his discourse, when Mr. Asbury came into the congregation. They were personally unknown to each other. "At the close of the sermon a solemn pause and a deep silence ensued, as an interval for introduction and salutation. Mr. Asbury ascended the pulpit, and, without making himself known by words, clasped the doctor in his arms, and accosted him with the holy salutation of primitive Christianity. The other preachers participating in the tender sensibilities of these salutations, were melted into tears. The congregation caught the glowing emotion, and the whole assembly, as if struck with a shock of heavenly electricity, burst into a flood of tears." (Cooper on Asbury.)

The sacrament was administered at this meeting, and when Mr. Asbury saw Mr. Whatcoat take the cup to the communicants, not knowing that he had been ordained in England, he was shocked. The doctor and eleven preachers dined at the widow Barratt's. The object of his visit was made known. The preachers conferred together, and it was agreed upon to call all the preachers together in Baltimore, on the following Christmas, to carry out Mr. Wesley's plan. Mr. Garrettson was sent off to call the preachers together. In about six weeks he travelled twelve hundred miles, and brought about sixty of them together.

Before Dr. Coke left Barratt's Chapel, he baptized sixteen people. As it was Mr. Asbury's wish that the doctor should go upon the route which he had just been over, he provided him with the means of conveyance, and "Harry" to accompany him. He had one or two services each day. The morning

meeting began at twelve of the clock, or at noon, and lasted from three to six hours. Every day seemed like a Sabbath day, on account of the large number of people that came together to hear preaching, but more especially to receive baptism and the eucharist, which he administered each day where there was a Methodist society. The scenery of America had its effect upon him. He observed that most of the chapels were in groves. Coming to them he saw many horses hitched to the trees, and vast multitudes of people assembled in the woods. To his mind such scenes were invested with solemn grandeur. His first appointment was at Judge White's Chapel. His second, at White Brown's Meeting-house, in North West Fork. Next at Moore's Chapel in Broad Creek. Saturday and Sunday, at Quantico Chapel; here he was entertained by a widow Walters, of wealth, though no Methodist. Next at Annessex Chapel. Then down to the Lower Chapel. Thence to Downing's, Burton's, Paramore's, Burton's, Garrettson's, Accomac Court-house, John Purnell's, in Worcester county, Snow Hill Court-house, Elijah Laws, in Indiantown, Line Chapel, Mr. Airey's in Dorchester county, Colonel Vickar's; Sunday, at Cambridge; here the ladies wanted the church opened for him, but the gentlemen locked it, and took the key away. Next, at Bolingbroke, in Talbot, housing with Dr. Allen, "a precious man." Thence to the Bay-side, in a large church. Then to Tuckeyhoe Chapel, Col. Hopper's, and Kent Island—here the man who invited him, shut the church upon him. Next, at Brother Chair's. Thence to Church Hill, where, by invitation of the vestry, he preached in the church. Sunday, 12th of December, at Chestertown Chapel. Next, at Kent and Werton Chapels. From here to Gunpowder Chapel. Next, at J. Dallam's, at Abingdon. And on the 17th of December, at Henry Dorsey Gough's elegant mansion.

From Barratt's Chapel, Mr. Whatcoat, in company with Mr. Asbury, moved for the Western Shore of Maryland, visiting Dover and Bohemia Manor, where they fell in with Mr. Vasey. During this week they attended a quarterly meeting at Deer Creek. He visited and preached at Messrs. Dallam's, Grover's, Watters's, Cromwell's, Hunt's Chapel, Baltimore, and Abingdon, where he received a pleasing account of the work of God in Nova Scotia, from the Rev. William Black, whom he met here; and on the 19th of December, met the preachers at Mr. Gough's.

Mr. Asbury attended quarterly meetings on Frederick and Calvert Circuits. That he might know the will of God,

as to the matter that was soon to come before the Conference, he kept a day of fasting and prayer. He says: "The preachers and people seem to be much pleased with the projected plan. I am led to think that it is of the Lord. I am not tickled with the honor to be gained; I see danger in the way; my soul waits on God; O that He may lead us in the way He would have us go."

The week before Conference, Dr. Coke, Messrs. Asbury, Whatcoat, Vasey, and a few more of the senior preachers, spent at Mr. Gough's, considering some of the rules and minutes of Methodism, as necessary to the furthering of the work of the Lord in America. Friday, 24th of December, they left Perry Hall, and rode through a severe frost to Baltimore, where they met a few preachers; and at ten of the clock Conference began in the Lovely-lane Chapel. The preachers arrived from day to day, and before Conference ended there were about sixty, out of eighty-one, present. Dr. Coke being in the chair, presented Mr. Wesley's letter to the Conference, in which he gave the reasons of the course he had taken, in giving orders to the Methodists of this country, leaving them to follow the Scriptures and the primitive Church, in carrying out the details of his plan. This letter was considered, and Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury, who had been appointed, by Mr. Wesley, joint superintendents, were unanimously elected to that office by the preachers present. They agreed and resolved to form a Methodist Episcopal Church, in which the Liturgy, as presented by Mr. Wesley, should be read, the sacraments administered by superintendents, elders, and deacons, who shall be ordained by a presbytery, using the episcopal form, as found in Mr. Wesley's prayer-book. The persons to be ordained, to be nominated by the superintendents, and elected by the Conference; and ordained by imposition of the hands of the superintendents and elders; the superintendents had a negative voice. This power to nominate for orders, and negative, was soon taken away from the superintendents.

On Saturday, 25th, being the second day of Conference, Mr. Asbury was ordained deacon by Dr. Coke, assisted by Messrs. Whatcoat and Vasey. On the 26th, being Sunday, he was ordained elder by the same Presbytery; and on Monday, 27th, he was ordained superintendent, the Rev. P. W. Otterbine, of the German church, assisting the above-named Presbytery in setting him apart. On Tuesday, 28th, and two following days, the Conference was engaged in considering rules of discipline, and electing to orders. On

Friday, 31st, several deacons were ordained. Saturday, January 1st, 1785, the contemplated college at Abingdon was under consideration; and on Sunday, 2d, one deacon and ten elders were ordained, and the Conference ended in peace and love. Dr. Coke preached every day, at noon, while the Conference lasted, and some one of the other preachers, morning and night. The preaching was in the chapels in town, and Point, and in Mr. Otterbine's church.

Mr. Freeborn Garrettsen and James O. Cromwell were ordained elders for Nova Scotia. Jeremiah Lambert for Antigua. To serve the Methodists in the United States, John Tunnell, William Gill, Le Roy Cole, Nelson Reed, John Hagarty, Reuben Ellis, Richard Ivy, Henry Willis, James O'Kelley, and Beverly Allen, ten elders. Messrs. Tunnell, Willis, and Allen, were not present, and received ordination afterwards. John Dickins, Ignatius Pigman, and Caleb Boyer, were elected deacons. Mr. Dickins was ordained at this time, and Messrs. Boyer and Pigman in June following, at the Conference in Baltimore.

As the Christmas Conference was fraught with issues the most important of any Conference ever held by the Methodists in America, it has been looked back to with peculiar emotions; and it may not be amiss to make an attempt to throw together the names of the Methodist preachers who composed this assembly. The following ministers were certainly in attendance:—Thomas Coke, LL.D., Francis Asbury, Richard Whatcoat, Thomas Vasey, Freeborn Garrettsen, William Gill, Reuben Ellis, Le Roy Cole, Richard Ivy, James O'Kelley, John Hagarty, Nelson Reed, James O. Cromwell, Jeremiah Lambert, John Dickins, William Glendenning, Francis Poythress, Joseph Everett, William Black, of N. S., William Phœbus, and Thomas Ware. There is reason to suppose that the following preachers, from their *standing*, and the *place* of their labor, were also there:—Edward Drumgole, Caleb B. Pedicord, Thomas S. Chew, Joseph Cromwell, John Major, Philip Cox, Samuel Rowe, William Partridge, Thomas Foster, George Mair, Samuel Dudley, Adam Cloud, Michael Ellis, James White, Jonathan Forrest, Joseph Wyatt, Philip Bruce, John Magary, William Thomas, John Baldwin, Woolman Hickson, Thomas Haskins, Ira Ellis, John Easter, Peter Moriarty, Enoch Matson, Lemuel Green, Thomas Curtis, William Jessup, Wilson Lee, Thomas Jackson, James Riggin, William Ringold, Isaac Smith, Matthew Greentree, William Lynch, Thomas Bowen, Moses Park, William Cannon, and Richard Swift. Some

of the preachers who were in remote parts of the work, did not receive notice, and some that were notified were unable to attend, and about one-fourth of them were absent. All matters that came before the Conference were freely debated, and decided by a majority of votes. There was much business transacted, and a number of new rules were made. The rule bearing on slave-holders produced such excitement, that it was suspended, six months afterwards, at the Baltimore Conference, and never afterwards became operative. While it was in force, it worked two ways; several in Maryland manumitted their slaves at once; also, in Virginia: in this state, a dying brother, whose will Dr. Coke wrote, freed his eight slaves. Brother Martin emancipated fifteen; Brother Norton eight; Brother Ragland one. Brother Kennon freed twenty-two, each worth forty pounds, or, in the aggregate, eight hundred and eighty pounds. Brother Tandy Keys resolved to set his twenty slaves free, while his father, Martin Keys, who had eighty slaves, and who had, for several years past, had Methodist preaching in his house, now shut his doors against the preachers, on account of the late rule.

The Methodists were now constituted a church, and had obtained, as they believed, what they had long wanted, namely, ordained ministers, to administer the ordinances of the gospel; this had been their *great* want; they could help themselves to almost anything else. But, unfortunately, they received from Mr. Wesley more than they thought they had any need of—a *Liturgy, to be used in the churches by ministers, in black gowns, bands, and cassocks*. As the Methodists of this country had generally learned to pray without a book, and felt that they could pray with more devotion with their eyes shut, than they could with their eyes open, after a few years the prayer-book was laid aside, and has never since come into use among them. To many, it seems almost unaccountable, when they hear professing Christians say they cannot pray unless they have a form of prayer before them; thereby acknowledging themselves to be in arrears of their little ones, who can make their parents understand their wants. Why, then, should adult persons represent that they cannot frame their wishes into words, expressive of the things they desire to receive of their Heavenly Father?\*

\* As to sentiment and language, better written prayers are not to be desired, than those of the prayer-book used by Mr. Wesley, and recommended by him to the Methodists, at the time of Dr. Coke's first visit

The opposition of many of the preachers and people was not less manifest toward the custom introduced by the superintendents and some of the elders, of wearing gowns and bands. It made two parties in many places; at St. George's there was a gown party and an anti-gown party. The first time the Rev. Jesse Lee saw Mr. Asbury, after his ordination, was at Colonel Hindorn's, in North Carolina, when the bishop appeared in gown, cassock, and band, to begin the service. Mr. Lee was grieved, as it seemed to him an innovation of the plain simplicity exhibited by the Methodists of this country heretofore. Did the gown originate with Jesus of Nazareth? When He delivered His great sermon on the mount, did He come out of a vestry thus attired? When He made Peter's fishing-boat His pulpit, had He on a flowing gown, rustling in the breeze? Who can prove that either Christ or His apostles ever officiated in clerical vestments? The gown and the prayer-book were looked upon, by the great body of American Methodists, as

to this country. We believe in all manner of prayer, except the implorings of the wicked heart for vengeance on the objects of its hate. We doubt not of the general moral benefit of the prayer-book, especially before extempore prayer came into use, in modern times; and, since extempore prayer has been in use, there may be persons who are more benefited by reading prayers, than by the extempore mode; such should use the prayer-book. Ministers of the gospel should not, however, be absolutely dependent on written prayers, as cases have occurred that have called for prayer, when no written prayer was adapted to the case. Many have heard the anecdote of the unfortunate man whose leg was broken. In his pain, he sent for his minister to pray for him. The minister came with his prayer-book, and looking through it, could find no prayer for a broken leg; and went away without offering up prayer for the suffering man.

It is related of the eccentric Daniel Isaac, a Wesleyan preacher, that he had to officiate in a chapel that had been furnished with a fine large prayer-book that was to be used, to gratify some of the head men of the congregation. On his first visit to this chapel, he did not use the prayer-book. A complaint was made about this omission, and he was requested to read the liturgy. He told them to come out, and on his next visit to that place, he would read prayers for them. When the hour came, the friends of the liturgy were there. He began with the first prayer that he found in the book, and read prayer after prayer, as they came, in regular order, not omitting any—not even the prayer for parturition; (and had there been a prayer for a broken leg it would have received the same attention.) After spending more than an hour in this exercise, he stopped and inquired—"Ha! have you enough of hearing prayers read?" (The friends of the liturgy were *more* than satisfied with *his* way of reading prayers.) He folded the big prayer-book and laid it aside, saying, "This is an accommodation wagon, and I will not ride in it," and the friends of the prayer-book were well satisfied that he should not open it for use any more in the chapel.

twin non-essentials. They came into use in a few places, for a short time, and then were laid aside, for want of general sanction by the preachers and people; and the great body of Methodists, at this day, scarcely know that they were ever adopted by the fathers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Having followed the operations of the Methodists, from the time that Mr. Strawbridge began to astonish the people of Frederick county, to the arrival of Dr. Coke, we will sum up. During this period, the Methodists were a religious society, directed by Mr. Wesley to receive the ordinances from the ministers of the Church of England. Some of the Methodists had been reared in this church, and were satisfied with this state of things; but there were many who deplored it; and hence, the Conference in Virginia, in 1779, undertook to help themselves and the societies to the ordinances. Whether it were better or worse for the Methodists, to have been in that state during that period, is as difficult to determine, as it is to be certain which of two measures would be best when only one of them has been tried; as to untried measures, we cannot rise above conjecture. No doubt there had been those who had been blessed under their ministry, who did not unite with them, because they were not invested with what were considered full ministerial powers. On the other hand, as they were considered a branch of the Church of England, and many of them went to that church to receive the ordinances, and cultivated friendship with her pious ministers and members—this gave them great influence with them; and many serious Church people, that desired spiritual religion, fell into the ranks of the Methodists. Many of this description might not have been Methodists but for the relation they sustained to each other, and the friendship that subsisted between them.

Whatever disadvantages the Methodists of this country had labored under for want of church organization, ordination, and ordinances, it is manifest that much had been accomplished in spreading "Scriptural holiness" in this land,—in opening the eyes of the blind; and in preparing a people to serve God in the beauty of holiness; and to worship him in the Upper Temple. The standard of Methodism had been set up in New York, Long Island, Staten Island, New Rochelle, and Ashgrove. There were Methodist societies in all the counties in West Jersey, and in several of the counties of East Jersey. They were found in Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, Bucks, Montgomery, Chester,

Lancaster, Berks, York,—and in the southern tier of counties as far as Bedford, and the Redstone settlement beyond the Allegheny; they had formed a circuit on the Juniata river, also. They had established themselves in every county in Delaware and Maryland. They were to be found in nearly all the counties of Virginia, east of the Allegheny Mountains. They were also on the head waters of the Holston river in the south-west corner of the state. They had spread over North Carolina, with the exception of some of the south-eastern counties, and some few of the south-western; and were bearing down on South Carolina, and Georgia, into both of which states preachers were sent the following year. Such was the territory of country over which they had spread in the course of twenty-five years. They had founded a number of chapels, such as Wesley Chapel in New York, one in New Jersey in 1773, supposed to be Trenton, in Mercer county,—the New Mills House,—and a third in Salem, Salem county. In Pennsylvania, they had bought St. George's, were using Bethel in Montgomery; also, Old Forrest, in Berks,—had erected Benson's, and the Valley, or Grove, in Chester county. In Delaware state, Forrest, or Thomas's, Barratt's, White's Chapel, Bethel and Moore's, in Sussex county; Cloud's, Blackiston's, Friendship, in Thoroughfare Neck; and Wesley Chapel, in Dover. In Maryland, the Pipe or Sam's Creek, Bush Forrest, Gunpowder, Back River Neck, Middle River Neck, Fell's Point, one in Baltimoretown, Kent Meeting-house, Mountain Meeting-house, Bennett's, Hunt's, Deer Creek, Dudley's, Tuckahoe, Quantico, Annamessex Chapel, and one still lower in Somerset county, Line Chapel, Bolingbroke Chapel, Newtown-Chester, or Chestertown Chapel, and Werton Chapel. In Virginia, Yeargin's, Lane's, Boisseau's, Mabry's, Merritt's, Easlin's, White's, Stony Hill, Mumpin's, Rose Creek, Adams's, Ellis's, Mason's, Howel's, Nansemond, and some sort of houses in Norfolk and Portsmouth. In North Carolina, Nutbush, Cypress, Pope's, Taylor's, Henley's, Lee's, Watson's, Parish's, and Jones's. Here were more than sixty houses of worship claimed and occupied by the Methodists. True, they were humble temples, none of them were stuccoed, or frescoed; and yet the *mystic shekina, the glory*, was manifested in them.

It is manifest to every one who reads the account of the spread of Methodism in this country, that it took more rapidly in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Delaware, than it did in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New



York. The cause of this cannot be found in the preachers, nor in the doctrines taught, which were the same north and south. A minor cause may, possibly, be found in the difference of temperament; but the major cause, undoubtedly, was in the different religious trainings which the people had received. In the South the religion of the Church of England prevailed; and as the Methodists preached the same doctrine, and, to a considerable extent, fellowshipped this religious community, they had much success among them; in some regions nearly every serious Churchman became a Methodist. The Calvinistic sects of the North had stubborn prejudices; the doctrine taught by the Methodists was denounced by them as monstrous. In some regions, the language in which they preached, was but little understood by the German population. In the beginning the Quakers came in considerable numbers to hear them preach, seeing in them plainness of dress, and that spirituality which was part of their system; yet it was not long before they denounced them as hirelings, and used their influence to keep their people from hearing, and more especially from uniting with them. These causes, backed by general phlegmatic character, disputed every inch of the way with Methodism in the North.

After the Christmas Conference ended, Dr. Coke went to New York, to make arrangements for Messrs. Garretson and Cromwell, the missionaries for Nova Scotia, to sail thither. Returning through New Jersey, he preached, for the first time, in Burlington, in the church, by invitation of the vestry; at the same time he paid his first visit to New Mills. From here he went to the Peninsula. He noted in his Journal that there was a revival among the Methodists in Wilmington, Del. After visiting Duck Creek, Dover, Judge White's, Henry Downs's, Colonel Hopper's, Dudley's, Chestertown, Abingdon, and Mr. Gough's, he came to Baltimore, where there was another revival of religion in progress. At this time he prevailed on the Methodists of Baltimore to build a new church; the Lovely-lane Chapel was sold, and the original Light Street House was built. From here he started on a tour through the South. At Elkridge he had service in the old church, and was entertained by Mr. Dorsey. Going from here to Alexandria, he saw what to him was a novel sight,—the trees hung in icicles, resembling trees of ice. Between Alexandria and Colchester, he was near being drowned while crossing a swollen stream of water. He reached Portsmouth by the middle of March. While in the South he often officiated in the churches of other denomi-

nations, especially those of the old Church of England. This was the case at the Brick Church, Coenjoek, Sandy Hook, St. John's, Bridges, Roanoke, Bent, and some other places. Sometimes in court-houses, as at Edenton, and Pasquotank; but most commonly he preached in Methodist houses. This was the case at Jolly's, Williams's, Campbell's, Moore's, Malone's, Johnson's, Dawsing's, Almond's, Bedford's, Martin's, Baker's, Kennon's, Taylor's, Hill's, Jones's, Merritt's, Mason's, Spain's, Granger's, Finney's, Briscoe's, Agee's, Bransford's, Hopkins's, Key's, Grimes's, Fry's, and Watson's. Some, who made no profession of religion, and were ranked among the rich, not only kindly entertained him, but had him to preach at their houses,—such were Messrs. Outlaw and Lovings. In passing through some parts of North Carolina, he noticed that it was very remarkable for water, and frogs, and sickness, and there had been much mortality just about this time. As Dr. Coke was strongly opposed to slavery, he did not cultivate Mr. Jarratt's friendship as Mr. Asbury and some others had done. Mr. Jarratt was the owner of twenty-four slaves, and a strenuous asserter of the justice of slavery. While the Doctor was in Virginia, he began to exhort the Methodists to free their slaves. At a quarterly meeting at Brother Martin's, he preached directly against slaveholding, which caused much excitement; one lady flew out of the house and offered fifty pounds to any one who would give that little doctor one hundred lashes. At his next appointment many came out prepared to beat him if he said anything on the subject; but, as he was silent on the matter, he escaped. At another place, while holding quarterly meeting in a fine church, two gay young ladies, daughters of the principal owner of the church, went out of the house with airs of disrespect; the doctor reproved them, whereupon their father resolved to horsewhip him, but, as the colonel's brother sided with the doctor, who made some apology, he escaped this time also. Some of his religious services lasted six and a half hours, which time was spent in worship, teaching, and administering the ordinances. In some sections, he observes, "the people eat but two meals in the day, taking breakfast at 9 o'clock A.M., and dinner at 4 or 5 P.M." When the doctor came near the Blue Ridge it reminded him of his native country, and he remarked, "That it was more like Wales, in its mountainous aspect, than any part of America he had seen."

In Alexandria, Dr. Coke and Bishop Asbury met, and proceeded to General Roberdeau's, who was a great friend

to the Methodists, and who was to introduce them to General Washington. On the 27th of May they arrived at Mount Vernon, and received a very polite reception. General Washington gave them his views on slavery, which were adverse to it. Dr. Coke remarked, "I greatly loved him. Surely we are kindred spirits. O that my God would give him the witness of His Spirit." At Annapolis, in the play-house, most of the great lawyers came out to hear the doctor preach; also, next morning at 5 o'clock, most of the fine ladies, as well as the gentlemen, attended again.

In this tour through the South, Dr. Coke had attended two Conferences: one at Brother Green Hill's, in North Carolina, where twenty preachers met. The increase in this southern district was 991. At this Conference, Beverly Allen was ordained elder. The other Conference was at Brother Mason's in Virginia. Here the people were much agitated with the late rule on slavery, and the petition to the Virginia Assembly for emancipation. To make matters worse, Mr. O'Kelley preached against slavery, and they were angry enough. Some intimations were given that the preachers had a mind to withdraw their labors from slaveholders; but, at the Conference held in Baltimore, June 1st, the obnoxious rule ceased to operate. At this Conference, the Rev. Le Roy Cole, one of the elders ordained six months before, was suspended; and Messrs. John Tunnell, Caleb Boyer, Ignatius Pigman, Thomas Foster, and John Baxter of Antigua, were raised to the office of elders; and Michael Ellis, and William Ringold, were made deacons. After this, Dr. Coke sailed for England.

In the Minutes of 1785, the death of two valuable itinerants is noted—Pedicord and Mair; the former died in the beginning of 1785, the latter soon after: of Caleb B. Pedicord, the Rev. Thomas Ware says, he was the first that fell after the Methodist Church was organized. It is said that he was a man of tears, and often wept while holding up to the view of his congregations a crucified Redeemer. He was dead to the world, and alive to God, and lives—and ever shall live with God.

Mr. Pedicord was a ready scribe, and acted as such for Mr. Asbury on several occasions. He wrote an elegant hand, as may be seen in the Bible which he used while he preached, which is in possession of George Sparks, Esq., ex-Mayor of Wilmington, Delaware.

In 1798, when Mr. Asbury was so broken down with affliction as to be obliged to give up travelling, for a while

the British bombarded the city, a cannon-ball went through the parsonage, to the dismay of Robert and his family.

Mr. Duncan was regarded as one of the most pious and honest of the New York Methodists. During the war, the Methodists intrusted their valuable things to him. That they might be in the safest spot, he put them in the vaults among the dead, under Wesley Chapel. No one sought or found them there.

About the midst of the war, in 1778, he died in triumph, and was buried in Trinity grave-yard, Broadway; and has a tombstone to mark the place.

His widow married a Mr. Carr, a Methodist: they went to Nova Scotia, and ended their days "in the hope of glory."

Elizabeth Duncan, daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Duncan, married Abraham Wilson, of New York, a man of considerable pecuniary prospects: he died in Norwalk, Conn. His widow died, victorious, aged eighty-six years; she was buried in Quakertown, N. J.

Abraham and Elizabeth Wilson's oldest daughter, Elizabeth, married Jonathan Griffith: they were useful Methodists in Elizabethtown, N. J. They had twelve children; one of them, the Rev. Edward M. Griffith, is a member of the Newark Conference. Mary Griffith is the wife of the Rev. Francis A. Morrell, of the same Conference—these are lineal descendants of the pious Robert Duncan and his wife Elizabeth. ("Lost Chapters," pp. 430-6.)

Abraham Russel was born in Shrewsbury, N. J., in 1746. While young he made New York his home; and frequently heard Captain Webb and Philip Embury preach at the "Rigging Loft," in 1767 and in 1768. He married Hilah Elseworth, by whom he had twelve children. They lived opposite to the "Sugar House," where the British confined and punished the American prisoners, among whom was a brother of Mrs. Russel. She secretly ministered to them by feeding them.

Mr. Russel was raised in the Church of England, but united with the Methodists in 1782. In the following year he was made a trustee of Wesley Chapel: he continued in the office to the end of his life; and was among the most useful that filled the office in New York; he was also a class-leader.

His son, John Russel, was a preacher: he died in 1813. His daughter, Hester Russel, married the Rev. Daniel Smith, who itinerated for a while, and then settled in New York. Mr. Smith was born in Philadelphia, the same year that

Messrs. Boardman and Pilmoor came to this city—in 1769. He died in New York, in 1815.

Abraham Russel, after a long, useful, and honorable life, died in 1833, in his eighty-eighth year. His wife, who was nine years younger, survived him nine years, and died in 1842, in her eighty-eighth year. Their son Theophilus, the only one of the twelve children now living, resides in New York.

Andrew Mercein, whose parents were Huguenots, was born 1763. When sixteen years old, in 1779, he was pressed and put aboard of a British man of war in the Hudson river. He resolved not to be found in arms against his country. Amidst the darkness of the night, he stripped himself, tying his clothes on his back, he dropped into the Hudson, and swam for the shore, which he reached in safety, though several shots were fired at him. He was bound to a baker who made bread for the army. Provision was scarce and dear: flour was twenty dollars per hundred pounds,—four hundred per cent. higher than before the war,—butter went up from two to seven shillings per pound.

Mr. Mercein was awakened in the Reformed Dutch Church, under Dr. Livingston, but joined the Methodists in 1786, through the influence of Israel Disosway and Robert Barry. Mr. Barry married the sister of the Rev. William Jessup, who was raised in Sussex county, Delaware, near Bridgeville.

Mr. Mercein was class-leader and trustee in New York for many years. Removing to Brooklyn, he joined Sands Street Church. After exemplifying the shining graces of Christianity for more than fifty years, he made a happy exit from time, in 1835: he sleeps in Sands Street burying ground, in company with the Rev. William Ross, and the beloved Summerfield.

His grandson, the Rev. T. F. R. Mercein, is a member of the New York Conference. (Extracted from "Lost Chapters," pp. 558-561.)

George Suckley was a Methodist in England, where he saw and heard the Wesleys preach. He came to New York with Dr. Coke. He was a leading merchant in New York, where he held offices both civil and ecclesiastical.

Mr. Suckley married Miss Catherine Rutson of Rhinebeck, an intimate friend of Mrs. Catherine Garrettson. She was born in 1768, and died in peace with God, in 1826, aged fifty-eight years. Mr. Suckley lived to serve God and the Church until 1845. He was born in 1764, and was in his eighty-first year when called to the upper sphere.

Stephen Dando was born in 1767, in England. He came

to America in 1785, and joined the Wesley Chapel Methodists in New York, under John Dickins. He, like Mr. Suckley, had sat under the ministry of the Wesleys. He was religiously united with the first congregation of New York Methodists for sixty-five years or more: he died, in view of heaven, in 1851, aged eighty-five years.

Mary Dando was born in England, in 1752, came to this country in 1783, and joined the Methodists in 1786. She was aunt to Stephen Dando, and never married, but made herself useful by taking care of orphan children, and raising them to piety and usefulness. In the days of five o'clock morning preaching, she quitted her bed to attend at Wesley Chapel to early morning means of grace. At the age of seventy-three years, she went to receive her reward from her Lord, in 1825. (Extracted from "Lost Chapters," pp. 562-3, and 566-7.)

Philip J. Arcularius came from Germany when young; he was raised in the Lutheran Church, but in 1787 he united with the Methodists, at Wesley Chapel. He built up a very fine reputation in New York as a business man, and acquired a respectable estate. He filled the offices of trustee and class-leader among the Methodists; and, as a citizen, was honored with a seat in the legislature of the state of New York.

Losing his first companion, he married, for his second wife, the widow of the Rev. Francis Ward. Mr. Ward was a preacher of considerable standing among the Methodists; he was sent to Charleston, S. C., in 1812, where his health gave way, and he died the following year on Long Island. In 1804 he was stationed on Long Island, and attended the first Methodist camp-meeting which was held at Carmel, Dutchess county, N. Y., that was ever held north of the Susquehanna river. Mr. Ward took notes of this meeting, which have since been read with much interest, and which we could here give, if it were the proper time and place. This camp-meeting had been gotten up through the influence of the Rev. Nicholas Sneathen, who had caught the inspiration of camp-meetings in the South. He, with many others, attended it, and it was attended with great power and good.

Mr. Arcularius died in 1825, aged seventy-eight years. Messrs. James and Samuel Harper married two sisters, daughters of Mr. Arcularius: the name of Harper has America-wide, if not world-wide fame. (Extracted in part from "Lost Chapters," pp. 544-6.)

Gilbert Coutant, a descendant of the Huguenots, who

settled at New Rochelle, was born in 1766, the epoch of New York Methodism. While young, he came to New York to live. He was led to the Methodists by hearing Robert Cloud preaching in Wesley Chapel, in 1786. Under this discourse he was awakened to the duties of religion. In 1788 he was married to Mary Varian, with whom he lived for fifty-seven years. In 1789, while Thomas Morrall and Robert Cloud were laboring in New York, he was converted, and joined Wesley Chapel society. In 1798 he was put into the board of trustees, with William Cooper, Philip J. Arcularius, Paul Heck, Abraham Russel, and Israel Disosway. For forty years he led a class. He was the great patron of the Two Mile Stone Church. He died at Sing Sing, N. Y., in 1845, in his eighty-first year. He was regarded as a most valuable citizen and Christian, in the community of New York. (Extracted from "Lost Chapters," pp. 564-5.)

Thomas Carpenter was born on Long Island, 1757. When twenty-five years old he embraced religion, and joined the Methodists soon after. After a long and useful life, he died in 1825, being sixty-eight years old. His excellent companion died the same year, aged seventy-two years. Mr. Carpenter's son, the late Rev. Charles W. Carpenter, of the New York Conference, was an exemplification of true Christianity in life, and of its triumphs in death.

Peter Williams, son of George and Diana Williams, who were natives of Africa, and slaves in America to the Boorite family, was born in Beekman street, N. Y., in a stable. He became a Methodist under Embury and Webb, while the Rigging Loft was their church. Peter was a great admirer of Captain Webb, as well as the great John Adams. The Rev. Solomon Sharp once remarked, "Well, I would have some one converted, if it was a negro." Such a preacher was the captain—he would have some one converted, "if it was a negro."

At Wesley Chapel Peter became acquainted with a superior woman, called Mary Durham, a native of St. Christopher, who came with the Durham family to New York, whom he married; it was a happy match. After Peter ceased to belong to Aymar, the tobacconist, he was in the employment of the father of the late Dr. Milledollar, who was a tobacconist. When Peter became free, he set up the tobacco business in Liberty street; he and his tobacco were both popular; and he was soon worth his dwelling-house, his store, and other property.

In 1783, William Lupton, Richard Sause, and Charles

White, bought Peter Williams, the colored sexton of Wesley Chapel, paying forty pounds for him to James Aymar, a tobacconist of New York. Aymar being a loyalist, had to leave the country, and the trustees wishing to retain Peter, bought him. Peter and his wife were both pious, honorable people, who did much to make the preachers comfortable. They stood high in the esteem of the Methodists and their acquaintances, and went to their graves honored and beloved. (Extracted from "Lost Chapters," pp. 440, 470.)

## CHAPTER LXIII.

### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCHES IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE church which has long been known as Saint George's was founded in 1763, and was purchased by the Methodists in 1770; within its walls they still worship.

About 1789, Mr. Petherbridge, father of the Rev. Richard Whatecoat Petherbridge, of the New Jersey Conference, secured ground on Second street near Queen street, on which Ebenezer Church was erected in 1790. After this place of worship had been used by the Methodists twenty-eight years, another edifice, bearing the same name, was built in Christian street, between Third and Fourth streets, in 1818. This building was rebuilt in 1851, according to modern arrangement. In the cemetery of this church reposes the dust of eight, who, in their day, were itinerants in the Philadelphia Conference. In the order of time, Joseph Jewell was the first. This minister, who, in his supernumerary days, was steward in the house of the Hon. Richard Bassett, on Bohemia Manor, was laid to rest in this ground in May, 1814, aged forty-eight years. Brother Bell, the present sexton of the church, watched him in his dying hours, forty-five years since.

The next was William Penn Chandler, who, at the age of fifty-eight, was buried in front of the church, in 1822. Were we called upon to give an opinion on Methodist-preacher-efficiency, we should say, that in his palmy days, he wielded more moral, ministerial, and religious influence, than any preacher that ever belonged to the Philadelphia Conference.

In 1826, at the age of thirty-three, the amiable, sweet-spirited John Creamer was interred in this ground. He may be pretty well estimated, when it is stated that the exclusive Friends consented for him to preach in their meeting-house, in Salem, N. J., when he preached on Salem Circuit—a manifestation of liberality we never heard of in reference to any other Methodist preacher.

In 1828, Thomas Everhard, an aged man, and an aged minister, was buried at Ebenezer.

In 1837, John Potts, twenty-five years in the ministry, at the age of fifty-five, was committed to this ground.

In 1849, John Woolson, aged seventy-four, who had been forty years in the work, was laid to rest here.

James Allen, at the age of thirty-nine, while officiating as preacher and pastor of this Church, fell, much lamented, in 1850. His tablet, as also Dr. Chandler's, is in front of the church.

In 1852, James Smith, a preacher forty-two years, at the age of sixty-three, was buried in this ground.

Four local preachers also are sleeping here:—The good Samuel Hanse, who died in 1828; the high-minded Andrew Mecaskey, who fell asleep in 1842; the zealous and useful David Kollock passed away in 1855; and the innocent John Caldwell, in 1857.

The next place of worship erected by the Methodists in this city was for the use of the colored people, and was called "Bethel." It was opened for worship about 1794. For several years the society connected with this house was subject to the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the preacher in charge of the St. George's station having charge of it. But a plan was devised among them by which they became independent, with Richard Allen at their head; who subsequently was ordained bishop, by the Rev. Bishop White, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this city.

In 1796, another place of worship was opened for the people of color up town, in Brown street, called "Zoar;" this was the third house built by the Methodists in Philadelphia and its Liberties; and now they had four places of worship—two for white people, and two for colored people. When Zoar was built its site was called "Campingtown." The regularly built town did not extend to it by a considerable space. This society maintained its allegiance to the M. E. Church with good faith.

In 1800, there was considerable dissatisfaction in the St. George's society, which resulted in a secession of some fifty

members, who rented the north end of Mr. Whitefield's Academy to worship in; and in 1801 they bought the south end, which became their church for more than thirty years. At first, the Academy was a little on the Independent plan; several local preachers—such names as John Hood, Thomas Haskins, Samuel Harvey, and others, belonged to it, and preached to the congregation. In 1802, the Rev. George Roberts was received, by Bishop Asbury's appointment, and it was recognised as a member of the Methodist family. This "dividing of the body of Christ," as Bishop Asbury called it, gave him much grief. Hitherto he had supposed that Methodism could grow only from the seed of truth sown in the people by the Spirit's influence on the gospel. The subsequent prosperity of the Academy convinced him that Methodism could also grow from a slip, or a sprout taken from the main stem.

In 1833, the era of modern church arrangement, with basement for weekly lectures, prayer and class meetings, Sunday schools, &c., was inaugurated in Philadelphia by the Methodists, when the old Academy or Union gave place to the "Union M. E. Church." As epic poetry attained its perfection in Homer, its father, so modern church symmetry in Philadelphia M. E. Churches seems to have attained its perfection in the audience-chamber of the Union Church,—the "inexpressible quality," as Mr. Wesley calls it, which we take to be nothing else than proportion. We have yet to see a Methodist Church that presents more beautiful simplicity than the Union when filled with people.

In this notice of M. E. Churches in Philadelphia, we think it proper to comprehend all the churches in the consolidated city. Probably the next in the order of time is Germantown. We shall not be able to give many dates of this Church with certainty. We cannot say with certainty which Methodist preacher was in Germantown first. Mr. Asbury preached in the German Reformed Church of the place in May, 1773. One of the first discourses delivered by this order, in the town, was under an apple-tree. It is not probable that the Methodists had a society here until after the war. Mrs. Steel and her son-in-law, Dr. Lusby, were some of the early friends and Methodists of this town; also, the Harmer and Keyser families.

Some time between 1790 and 1800, they had a place of worship; the house still stands, it is said, and has long been used as a school-house. The Methodists of this town erected a larger building of stone about the beginning of the present

century; this was subsequently enlarged, and, in 1858, torn down, and a new building put up to suit the times: it is a plain, neat, convenient church. The Methodists of Germantown have had their place of worship on Haines street.

In 1804, the original Kensington M. E. Church was founded, and long known as the "Old Brick." It was a small edifice, but subsequently enlarged; and, in 1855, it was pulled down, and the largest Church owned by the Methodists in this city stands on the old site.

About the year 1811, the heads of the Academy society engaged in building a church in Tenth street, between Market and Chestnut streets, which they called St. Thomas's. This was much the best church edifice that the Methodists then had in the nation, and it was called by Mr. Asbury, who first preached in it in 1812, by way of eminence, "The City Road," after Mr. Wesley's London chapel.

A number of the Academy members entertaining the notion that this fine church, as they called it, was built to accommodate a few of the most wealthy Methodist families, refused to worship in it; and, as we have been informed, started a prayer-meeting at the same hour that the preaching was at St. Thomas's, in the region of Thirteenth and Vine, which was the germ of Nazareth Church. As a congregation could not be raised for St. Thomas's to sustain it with free seats, and as the time for pews (which might have saved it) in a Methodist church in this city was not yet, the church was sold, and the Episcopalians bought it, and called it St. Stephen's.

St. John's sprang from St. George's, and was built in St. John's street, near Cohocksink Creek, about 1816. In 1850, it was sold, and New St. John's M. E. Church was erected in Third street, near Beaver street.

In 1818, St. James's, in Olney, was built. It is in one of the rural districts of the consolidated city, about five miles from the State-house, in Chestnut street. The society at St. James's are about to put up a new church in the place of the old one.

About 1819, the Methodist Episcopal Meeting-house in Holmesburg was built.

The Salem Church, like most others, began in a prayer-meeting in the south-west part of the city. Afterwards, they had a small place of worship near Old Salem, on Thirteenth street. The brick building now called Old Salem was erected about 1819, and New Salem in 1841. It was dedicated by the Rev. John N. Maffit.

Nazareth commenced in a prayer-meeting, established about 1814, near Thirteenth and Vine streets. Afterwards, a wooden building in Perry street, south of Vine, was the place of worship for a number of years. In 1827, a brick building, called Nazareth, was erected on Thirteenth street; this house was enlarged and improved in 1835. The Rev. Samuel Mervin laid the corner stone of the church in 1827.

Asbury M. E. Church was opened for worship, in West Philadelphia, about 1830. In 1850, it was enlarged and improved.

Fifth Street Church was built by the Presbyterians, and bought by a number of the St. John's Methodists, with the Rev. Joseph Rusling at their head; it first appears on the Minutes as a station in 1832.

St. Paul's is a slip from Ebenezer, about 1833. The Methodists, who founded it, built a small brick church in Fifth, near Catherine street. About 1837, Paul Beck, Esq., a pious Episcopalian, caused a large church to be erected, in modern style, on a fine lot which he had set apart for this purpose. The gift of Mr. Beck, including the cost of the church and the value of the ground, was equal to fifteen thousand dollars; this church has the finest front yard of all the M. E. churches in Philadelphia.

In 1831, the Rev. Edward T. Taylor, the far-famed mariners' preacher, in Boston, came to Philadelphia to collect money to establish a Sailor's Boarding House, in Boston. While in this city, his preaching in the churches and on the decks of vessels had its effects, one of which was to incite in some of the Methodists a desire to do something for watermen. There were a few young men, such as Jacob Walters, William Wright, William Farson, William Hanley, William W. Barnes, David H. Bowen, and John M. Hines, who were members of Ebenezer M. E. Church, who first moved in this enterprise: they were soon joined by C. F. Mansfield, Joseph Mason, and others. Of the above-named nine, Messrs. Mason and Hanley are in the itinerancy, and Messrs. Walter and Bowen are in the local preachers' ranks. At this time the Rev. George G. Cookman was in charge of St. George's. At the request of the above-named brethren, an appointment was made for a Sunday afternoon sermon on the wharf in Southwark. The spot chosen was south of South street, the retreat of inebriates on Sunday. Some stones and a pair of scales formed the pulpit. The people coming from Jersey in ferry-boats to South street, seeing the people assembling about the drunkard's rendezvous, supposed there

was a regular row and hastened to swell the congregation. Isaiah, lv. 1 was discoursed upon by Mr. Cookman, and this was the initiatory sermon of the Methodist Episcopal Mariners' Bethel.

In fitting up a place of worship for sailors by this band of young men, a spirit of sacrifice was shown in a high degree: they had raised a fund to charter a boat for a Fourth of July excursion on the Delaware river; some one of them mooted that the money would be better applied in fitting up a place for religious worship; it was argued successfully; and when the Fourth of July came, these young men, instead of gliding on the Delaware, were seen using saws, planes, hammers, and nails, making benches for a congregation to use in worshipping the Lord, and receiving religious instruction.

This meeting was kept alive for nearly three years by those who founded it, assisted by local preachers, and occasional visits from the preachers stationed at St. George's. In 1834 the Rev. D. W. Bartine was sent, who served it efficiently. In 1844 a brick church was erected, and finished off since very neatly. This meeting has as much, if not more, of the primitive spirit of Methodism, as any one to be found in this city. It has sent out some preachers of the first order of mind, such as Dr. Wythe, and the Rev. W. H. Brisbane.

In 1832, the alarming scourge, the Asiatic cholera, first visited Philadelphia. A deep sensation was produced by it. A number of those who were engaged in brick-making, in the western part of the city, assembled in the open air, on the commons, among the brick yards, in the evening, and held prayer-meetings for those whose alarmed fears led them to cry for mercy. This state of things stirred up Christian sympathy, and a number of the wealthy Methodists moved a subscription to build a church for them, which was opened for worship in 1834. Its chartered name is "Western Methodist Episcopal Church;" but many called it the "Brick-Makers' Church."

As our information is not complete, as to the year in which some of the following churches were erected, we say "about such a year."

The M. E. Church of Frankford was erected about 1833.

The first church in Manayunk was built about the same year.

Pretty much of the same date is the M. E. Church in Bustleton.

Also the Haddington Chapel. Also Summerton, following Haddington.

Near the same time the Milestown Church was put up.

In 1836 Harmony Mission appears on the Minutes: in 1843 this was called New Market Street—and a wooden church was erected; and in 1857, the wooden church was superseded by a brick church called "Front Street."

The Fairmount Mission appears on the Minutes first in 1836. About 1843, this society had a brick church in Cal-lowhill street, called "Bethlehem;" and in 1852 a new brick church was erected called "Emory."

In 1837, a church which had been erected by the German Reformed brethren, was bought by the Methodists, and appeared on the Minutes as Eighth Street Station. In 1854, it was superseded by "Green Street Church."

In 1837, the Rising Sun Church was built, when the Rev. Caleb Lippincott was on the City Circuit.

About 1840, the Cohocksink wooden church was built: in 1857, the new brick church was erected.

In 1841, Trinity Church was built by a number of members belonging to the Union—it is the only pew-church the Methodists have in Philadelphia.

Sanctuary Church was erected in 1841, by Mr. Wesley Stockton, who sold it to the society worshipping in it.

In 1842 Wharton Street Church was founded: it absorbed the Bethesda Mission: Wharton Street was a colony from Ebenezer.

About the same time, Mount Zion, in Manayunk, was built.

Twelfth Street Church was built by a number of Methodists of other churches, in 1844.

Of about the same date is the small Methodist Chapel in the village of Kingsessing.

Chestnut Hill M. E. Church was built in 1844.

Port Richmond Church was erected about 1847.

Ebenezer, the second M. E. Church at Manayunk, was built in 1847.

Bridesburg Church founded about 1850.

Belmont M. E. Church built about the same year, 1850.

Summerfield Church erected about 1851.

Mantua Church was built about 1854.

Hedding M. E. Church erected in 1855.

Broad Street M. E. Church built in 1855.

Eleventh Street founded in 1855.

In 1855, the Tabernacle M. E. Church was built.

About the same year Pitman Chapel was bought.

In 1855, the Central Church was founded by a secession from St. George's. In 1857, its members bought a church.

In 1856 St. Stephen's founded in Germantown, on Germantown Avenue. Of about the same date is M'Kendree.

About the same year Hancock Street Church was bought.

Of about the same date is the M. E. Church at the Falls of Schuylkill.

Scott Church, built in 1857.

Of the same date is the Second Street Church.

Calvary was founded about the same time.

Manship, in 1858.

Mount Vernon, following Manship.