

## Chapter Two The European Trip

We embarked about 10 o'clock with a fine breeze. They spread their canvas and were soon under way. Lorenzo came into the cabin and told me to go on deck and bid farewell to my native land. I did so, and the city began to disappear. I could discover the houses to grow smaller and smaller. At last I could see nothing but the chimneys and the tops of the houses, and then all disappeared but the masts of vessels in the harbor. In a short time nothing remained but a boundless ocean opening to view, and I had to depend on the Providence of God. I went down into the cabin and thought that perhaps I should see my native land no more.

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

I continued to be sea-sick for near two weeks. Then I recovered my health better than I had enjoyed it in my life before. We were twenty-seven days out of sight of land, and the vessel was in a very bad situation. We had not been at sea more than five or six days before the rudder began to fail, and they could not have commanded her at all if the wind had been unfavorable. The weather was very rough and stormy, but through the mercy of God the wind was favorable to our course. Eventually we reached safe our place of destination.

When we arrived at the river in Liverpool, we were not permitted to land. We had to send up to London and get returns [i.e., a response] from there, as our vessel came from a port subject to the yellow fever. On that account, we were obliged to stay in the river for ten days before we were permitted to come on shore. I never saw a woman for thirty-seven days, except the one who came along side our vessel to speak to the captain, as he was to be a boarder at her house when he <sup>1</sup> could come on shore.

I strove to pray much to God to give us favor in the eyes of the people. I asked God to open the way for Lorenzo to do the errand that he came for and to give him success in preaching the gospel to poor sinners. The prospect was often gloomy. Lorenzo used to say to me, "Keep up your spirits, for we shall yet see good days before we leave Old England." And so the sequel proved.

We went on shore the twenty-fourth or fifth of December. Lorenzo had a number of letters to the people in Liverpool. Some were letters of recommendation, and others were to persons from their friends in America. We went with the master of the vessel to a boarding-house. I was left there until Lorenzo went to see what the prospect might be and whether he could meet with any that would open the way for him to get access to the people. Having been two or three hours without any particular success, he returned to me after giving out all the letters<sup>1</sup> but one.

The house that I tarried at was a boarding-house for American captains, and the women that were there were wicked enough. My heart was much pained to hear my own sex taking the name of their Maker and Preserver in vain. O, I thought, shall I never meet again with any that love and fear God? Lorenzo intended to go and find the person that the last letter was directed to and told me that I might either stay there or go with him. I chose to go with him, rather than be left with them any longer. It was almost night, and we had not much to depend upon without the openings of Providence.

We started out, but we could not find the person for some time. At last, however, we were walking along and Lorenzo looked up to the corner and happened to espy the name that he was after. We went up to the door and gave a rap and were admitted. He delivered the letter. There was a woman there from Dublin who, seeing that we were strangers and foreigners, began to enquire of Lorenzo for some persons in America. Shortly after this, she asked him if he had ever heard of a man by the name of Lorenzo Dow. Not knowing that any one in that country could have any knowledge of him, I was very surprised. When he told her that was his name, she was as much surprised in her turn. She had seen him in Ireland,<sup>1</sup> when he was there some years before, but she did not know him now. *He had had the small-pox after she had seen him, which had made a great alteration in his appearance.*

The man of the house invited us to tarry all night, but the woman made some objections. They were Friends (i.e., Quakers) and told us there was a Quaker lady just across the street that kept a boarding-house, where we could be accommodated with lodging for the night. As it was then somewhat late in the evening, the man conducted<sup>1</sup> us thither and we obtained permission to stay.

As Lorenzo had little to depend upon except the openings of Providence, he intended to go to Ireland to take me to his friends and leave me there. Having written to that country, he had returns from his old friend Dr. Johnson, with an invitation from him to bring me. He said that I could have a home at his house as long as we chose, while Lorenzo pursued his travels through

Ireland and England. Lorenzo went and procured a passage across the channel in a packet<sup>2</sup> to Dublin. As we did not sail for several days, we had to stay in Liverpool for some time. Our board, which was more than two guineas a week, was bringing Lorenzo very short on money. At last we got on board of the packet, with our little baggage and some provisions for the voyage. The wind proved unfavorable, however, and we were driven back into the port of Liverpool again. That was the case for no less than five times in succession.

The landlady that we had been boarding with told us we could not stay with her any longer. Her house was full, and we would have to go elsewhere. Before this, our friend that we had met at the Quaker's had introduced us to a family of people who were Methodists and where this woman was a very affectionate friend. This opened the door for acquaintances, and we went there several times.

The last time we went on board the packet and put to sea, we had not been out more than two or three hours before the wind blew a gale. It was so dark that those on deck could not see their hands before them, and we knew not how soon we might be cast on rocks or sand-banks and all sent to eternity. There were some on board who, before the storm came up, had been very profane in taking the name of their Maker in vain. But when they saw and felt the danger they were in, they were as much alarmed as any person could be. I could not but wonder what people would or could be so careless and secure while they saw no danger - but when the waves began to roll and the ship began to toss to and fro, they were struck with astonishment and horror.

My husband and myself lay still in the birth and strove to put our trust in that Hand that could calm the roaring seas, and I felt measurably composed. At daylight the captain made for the port of Liverpool again, and about eight or nine o'clock in the morning we came into the dock. But as we were coming in, under a full sail and a strong tide, there was a ship of the African trade that was lying in the harbor. We ran foul of<sup>3</sup> her, but through mercy we were preserved from much harm. The weather was very rainy, and the streets were muddy. I had walked through the mud for a considerable distance and the prospects were gloomy when Lorenzo cheered my spirits by telling me that the Lord would provide. This I found to be true.

We went to Mr. Forshaw's, the people that we were introduced to by the friend that we saw at the Quaker's on the first night we were in Liverpool. When my good friend Mrs. Forshaw now saw me returning very muddy and fatigued, she was touched with pity for me. She told Lorenzo that she had better leave me with her while

he traveled through the country, until the weather was better, and then take me over to Ireland in the spring. Such an invitation we were very thankful for. O, how the Lord provided for me in a strange land where I had nothing to depend upon but Providence.

My Lorenzo left me at her house and proceeded up to London, where he was gone about two weeks. But previous to this the Lord had opened his way to hold a number of meetings in Liverpool, and one woman had been brought to see herself a sinner and seek the salvation of her soul. I was at this time in a state of melancholy, and my mind was somewhat depressed. But the Lord gave me favor in the eyes of the people, and they were very kind to me while he was gone. I attended class-meetings and preaching, which was very refreshing to me. I found that I ought to bless God that I found the same religion in that country that I had experienced in my own native land. Lorenzo returned to me at the time he had appointed, with news that he had accepted several invitations to hold meetings in other parts of the country.

I left Liverpool with him for Warrington, where he had been invited by a man that came to Liverpool on business. This man had not known that there was such a person as Lorenzo in the country. Feeling, after he had done his business, as though he wanted to go to a meeting, he wandered about for some time until he at last found a meeting-house that belonged to the people called Kilhamites.<sup>4</sup> Here Lorenzo had been invited to preach, and the man found a congregation assembled to hear preaching. After preaching, during which the people were very solemn and attentive, and many were much wrought upon, this man invited Lorenzo to go to Warrington. At that place there was a little society of people called Quaker-Methodists,<sup>5</sup> and the meeting-house would be opened to him. We went, found them a very pious people and stayed there for several weeks. While Lorenzo held meetings two and three times a day, the Lord began a good work in that place and many were brought to rejoice in the Lord. Peter Philips, the man who invited Lorenzo there, and his wife were very friendly to us, and their house was our home ever after whenever we were in Warrington.

A widow lady who lived there had three daughters, one of whom lived in London and the others with her. She came out to hear Lorenzo preach. One day after meeting she came to Peter Philips' to see us and was very friendly. Lorenzo asked her if she had any children. She told him she had three, and that two were with her. He inquired if they professed religion. She told him that one of them had made a profession, but she feared that she had lost it, and that the youngest never had. He requested her to tell them to come and see him, but the mother insisted that he should come and

see them -- to converse with them at home. He did so, and they both became serious and came to his meetings. Although they had been very gay young women, they would come up to be prayed for in the public congregation. The result was that they both got religion (*and the youngest has since died happy in the Lord*). When the eldest came down from London on a visit to her mother, my Lorenzo saw her and was made an instrument in the hand of God of her conversion to Him. She was one of the most affectionate girls I ever saw.

We stayed in and about Warrington until May [1806]. By then Lorenzo had openings to preach in different places, more than he could attend, and the Lord blessed his labors abundantly to precious souls. In May we returned to Liverpool and prepared to cross the channel to Ireland. We had a very pleasant voyage and arrived in safety. We found our kind friend Dr. Johnson and his family well, and we were received with affection by many. The preachers that were in Dublin were very friendly, and I felt much united to them. We were invited to breakfast, dine and sup almost every day. But my situation being a delicate one,<sup>6</sup> it made it somewhat awkward to me. The friends were as attentive to me as I could have wished, for the which may the Lord fill my heart with gratitude.

Lorenzo stayed with me for some time. Then he went into the country and held many meetings, and the Lord was with him. After this, he returned to Dublin and, with the doctor, he went over again to England. I stayed with Mrs. Johnson until his return, where I elected to continue until I should get through my approaching conflict, if it was the will of the Lord to bring me through. I felt in tolerable good spirits. Although I was many hundred miles from my native land, yet the Lord gave me favor in the eyes of his people. My wants were supplied,<sup>7</sup> as it related to my present situation, abundantly.

Lorenzo stayed in England for six or eight weeks and then returned to be with me in my approaching conflict. He was very weak in body, but continued to preach two and three times in the day. He got some books printed, which enabled him to prosecute [i.e., go forward with] his travels through England and Ireland.

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

The time arrived that I must pass through the trial, and my Lorenzo was at the doctor's -- but those that attended on me would not suffer him to come into the room where I was, which gave him much pain. (*I did not know at the time how much he was hurt.*) After my child was born, however, which was between three and four o'clock on the 16th of September [1806], he was permitted to come in. He had a white handkerchief on his head, and his face was as white as the handkerchief. He came to the bed and took the child, observing to me that we had got an additional charge which, if spared to us, would prove to be a blessing or else one of the greatest trials that possibly we could have to meet up with. I expect Lorenzo passed through as great a conflict in his mind as he had almost ever met with. The Lord was my support at that time and brought me safely through.

The friends were very kind to me and supplied my wants with everything that was needful. In about two weeks, I was able to leave my room. My heart was glad when I was able to view my little daughter; she was a sweet infant. But O how short-lived are earthly joys. We stayed in Dublin until she was five weeks old, and then Lorenzo with myself and our little one embarked on board a packet for Liverpool. The weather was rainy and tolerably cold, and there was no fire in the cabin. There were a number of passengers, men and women, who thought themselves rather above the middle class, who were very civil to us. But I was so much afraid that my little infant would be too much exposed, that I neglected myself and probably took cold. We were two nights and one day on board the packet.

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

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

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

My little Letitia Johnson,<sup>7</sup> for so was my child called, grew and was a very fine, attracting little thing. I found my heart was too much set upon it, so that I often feared I should love her too well -- but I strove to give myself, and all that I had, to my God.

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

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

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

I had continued to nurse my child for more than a week after I was taken sick, and this was very injurious to her. The doctor forbade my suckling her any longer, and that gave me much pain. They were obliged to take her from me and feed her with a bottle. My fever increased and rose to such a height that it was thought I could not survive many days. The doctor stayed with me and payed

every attention in his power for twenty days and nights. Lorenzo was not undressed to go to bed for near three weeks, nor the doctor for nearly the same length of time.

My kind friends gave me every assistance in their power. They came from the country, for many miles distant, to see if we were in want of any thing that they could help us to. May the Lord reward them for their kindness to me in the day of adversity. Our dear friend Mary Barford came every day two or three times to see me and to administer to my necessities. She was a precious girl and, although she had been raised in the first circle, would go into the houses of the poor to supply their wants, nurse and do for them like she had been a servant. ↑Many others came also.

Although Lorenzo was so broke of his rest and fatigued at night, yet he held meetings almost every day. Some of the meetings were a considerable distance from town and, as Lorenzo was weak in body, our friend M.B. frequently hired a hack to convey him to his appointments and back. In that way, he was with me the greatest part of the time. I was very much reduced, so that I was almost as helpless as an infant.

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

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

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

*to get well and return to America, but little did I know what awaited me on my native shore. My disorder affected my mind very much. Likewise I was very desirous to see once more in time my sister that raised me. She was as near to me as a mother. We had heard that they had arrived safe in the Mississippi territory, and were like to do well.*

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

As I was surrounded with noise, the doctor thought it would be better for me to be removed to a friend's house in the country, about four miles from where I was. Accordingly, they hired a long coach and put a bed in it. A man took me in his arms and put me in the bed. The doctor and Lorenzo got into the coach with me. They carried me four miles into the country, to the friend's house. There I had every attention paid to me that I could wish for, and from that time I began to mend and recover. This was about Christmas [1806].

Lorenzo felt a desire to visit Ireland once more before he returned to America. As he wished to make arrangements to return in the spring, if he did not go to Ireland for a short time now, he could not go at all. I was at that time so low that I could not get up, or assist myself so much as to get a drink of water. It was doubtful whether I should recover again or not. He told me what he felt a desire to do, but he added that he would not go unless I felt quite willing. I told him the same merciful God presided over us when separated as when we were together. *I knew God would provide for me, as he had done in a strange land through my present illness, and I wished Lorenzo to go and do his duty.* Accordingly, he hired a young woman to come and stay with me night and day.

He had to preach at night at a place about two miles from where I was. He told me that perhaps he would not return that night, and that if he did not, he should not return to see me again before he left that part for Ireland. I thought that he would return to me again before he left for Ireland, but he, to save me the pain of parting, did not return as I had expected. He took the coach for Chester, and so on to Holyhead, in Wales, to embark for Dublin from there. He left the doctor to stay with me until his return, which he did. He was like a father<sup>ly</sup> and a friend to me in Lorenzo's absence.

Although I felt willing for him to go and blow the gospel trumpet, yet my heart shrank at the thought of being left in a

strange land in my present situation -- being so weak that I could not put on my clothes without help, and my sweet little babe at a considerable distance from me and among strangers. But the Lord was my support. He gave me strength to be, in some considerable degree, resigned to the will of God.

Lorenzo went on the outside of the coach, exposed to the inclement weather and to the rude insults of the passengers, until he got to Holyhead. There, when both wet and cold, he went on board a packet for Dublin and was for four and twenty hours with food. But when he got to Mrs. Johnson's, he found her, as ever, a friend indeed. He stayed there until he got recruited [i.e., recovered]. Then he commenced his travels whilst I was left behind to encounter the most trying scene that I had ever met with.

My strength gradually increased, so that I was in a few weeks able to sit up and walk about the room. The people that I was with were as kind and attentive as they could be -- *may the Lord reward them*. But the doctor thought it would be best for me to go to another neighborhood, as a change of air and new objects might contribute to my health. Also, I could be nearer my child, which was a pleasing thought to me. We got into a carriage and went eight or ten miles to a friend's house, where I had been invited and sent for. We stayed a week or more and then went to another place, within two miles of my child. I expected to see her and clasp her to my bosom. *O how short-lived are all earthly enjoyments*.

I did see my sweet little babe once more. The woman that had her brought her to see me, and my heart leaped with joy at the sight. The innocent smile that adorned her face -- *O how pleasing*. I wished very much to keep her, but the doctor would not consent that I should undertake to care for her. He said that I had not recovered my strength sufficient to go through the fatigue of caring. But He that gave it provided for it better than I could, and saw it best to transplant it into a happier soil than this -- for in two or three days the flower that began to bloom was nipped by the cold hand of death. After a short illness of perhaps two or three days, my tender babe was a lifeless lump of clay, and her happy spirit landed on the peaceful shore of a blessed eternity.

They kept me in ignorance of her sickness, until she was dead. I could not tell why my mind was so much distressed on the account of my child. I enquired of everyone from the place where she was that I could see, but they would not tell me of her danger until she was dead. I was then about four miles from her, where I had gone the day that she died. A kind sister walked that distance to let me know that my little Letitia was no more, lest

someone else should too abruptly communicate the heavy tidings. As my health was not yet restored, it was feared that such news would be attended with some disagreeable consequences. I was much surprised to see sister Wade come, as I had left her house only the day before. The first question I asked her was, "How is my child?" When she made no reply, it struck my mind very forcibly that she was no more. I requested her to tell me the worst, for I was prepared for it. My mind had been impressed with a forboding for some time.

She told me my child was gone, to return no more to me. I felt it went to my heart, in sensations I cannot express. It was a sorrow, but not without hope. I felt my babe was torn from my bosom by the cruel hand of death. But the summons was sent by Him who has a right to give and to take away. He had removed my innocent infant from a world of grief and sin -- perhaps for my good, for I often felt my heart too much attached to it, so much that I feared it would draw my heart from my duty to my God. *O the danger of loving any creature in preference to our Saviour.* I felt as one alone: my Lorenzo was in Ireland, my child was gone to a happier clime. I strove to sink into the will of God. Even though the struggle was very severe, I thought I could say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."<sup>8</sup>

The day that my child was carried to Warrington to be interred in the burying-ground of the Quaker-Methodists, about ten miles from where she died, I felt as though I must see her before she was consigned to the dust to be food for worms. They had to carry the corpse by the house that I was at. My friends opposed it so warmly, urging my present state of health as a reason, that I thought perhaps it would be best to acquiesce. I strove to compose myself, and use my reason, and resign my all into the hands of the Lord. It was a severe struggle, but the Friend of sinners supported me under all my afflictions. They carried my sweet little Letitia and consigned her to the tomb, there to rest until the last trump shall sound and the body and spirit be reunited again. Then we shall see how glorious is immortality.

I wrote to my Lorenzo the day that our child died. He did not get it, but wrote to me and mentioned that he wished to see me and the child. That opened afresh the wound which had been received. Lorenzo finally received the news by way of Mrs. Johnson. He wrote me that he intended to return to America in the spring, for which I was very anxious. My health began to get better, so that I was able to walk two miles at a time, as walking was very customary among the people in that country. I felt a desire to return to Warrington, which I did so in a canal boat.

I was kindly received by my good friends and benefactors Peter and Hannah Philips, and by many others that had contributed to my comfort while I was afflicted with sickness and distress. I stayed with my friends in the town of Warrington for several weeks and was frequently at the little chapel where my sweet little infant's remains were deposited. I often felt a pleasure of the sweetest kind in contemplating that my child had escaped all the vanities and dangers of this treacherous and uncertain world for the never-fading glories of paradise. There I hope, when life should end, I should meet her to part no more. Notwithstanding, I felt the loss very sensibly.

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

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

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

We left Warrington for Lymm, where Lorenzo preached and bid the people farewell. They were much affected. We parted with the hope of meeting in a better and happier world. From thence we went to Preston-Brook, where Lorenzo preached again another farewell. It was a precious time to many. From thence we traveled to Fordsham, where the people flocked around him with the

greatest affection. There the Lord had blessed his labors in a peculiar manner to the souls of many. He preached to them for the last time and bid them an affectionate farewell. They were bathed in tears, seemingly as much pained as though they were parting with a parent.

From thence he went to Chester, which is perhaps, except for London, the most ancient city in that country. He left me behind in Fordsham, to follow in the coach a few days after, whilst he visited the adjacent country. Accordingly, I met him on the day appointed, and we stayed some time in Chester. It was a great curiosity, as it was built of the most ancient construction. It was walled in all the way around, and the outside of the wall rose from a trench and was very high. The top of the wall was wide enough for a carriage to pass and had breast-work on either side that was sufficiently high to keep anything from falling over. The antiquity of the houses and the nobleness of the public buildings struck me with a solemnity that I cannot express. My thoughts ran to times that had gone by, when those who had laid the foundation of these walls were animated with life and activity. Where are they now? They have gone to a world of spirits, and we must shortly follow them. Those that take our place will wonder in like manner at the works of our hands. The country is truly delightful that surrounds the city of Chester. It was spring and everything was wearing a pleasing appearance.

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

The first ship that he engaged to transport us to our native soil sprang a leak as she was coming out of dock. She got injured by some means and had to unlade to get repaired. This would delay the sailing for some long time. But as we were in readiness to leave the country, Lorenzo met concerning another ship, where he could obtain accommodations at a better rate. Accordingly, he made a bargain with the captain for a passage in her. Everything being prepared for our voyage, we hoisted sail and weighed for America on the sixth of May [1807]. This gave me a very pleasant sensation. We had been in England and Ireland about eighteen months, experiencing many kindnesses and favors from the people, and seeing Lorenzo made an instrument in the hand of a gracious God in bringing many precious souls to the knowledge of the truth.

The morning of the first day we had a pleasant breeze, but then a fog sprang up and it was something gloomy for several days. But by that means we avoided the ships of war that were very numerous on the coast of England. Lorenzo and I had no legal passport from that country. The law of that kingdom made travel there difficult for aliens, particularly those in Lorenzo's capacity as a preacher. They must first take the oath of allegiance to the king of England and get a license to preach, or they were subject to a fine of twenty pounds each for every sermon they should preach.<sup>9</sup> Every house must be licensed also, or the man that owned it was subject to a fine of twenty pounds. And every person that heard the preaching there was likewise liable to pay five shillings. But Lorenzo, in the first place, could not take the oath that was requested to obtain that license. He thought as he had left his native land not to gain worldly honors or applause, he could still trust that Providence who had guided his course through the great deep and brought him through so many dangers and difficulties in his own country. And so he strove to do his duty, and leave the event to God.

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

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

### **Notes for Chapter Two**

1. Lorenzo's previous preaching tour in Ireland extended from the fall of 1799 to the spring of 1801. During that time many were converted and, as happened so often in America, he both established solid friendships and made formidable enemies. He left the circuit assigned him by the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal denomination to undertake such a mission because he felt called of God to save Ireland from Roman Catholicism.
2. A packet boat is one that travels a regular route carrying<sup>l</sup> passengers, freight and mail.

3. For vessels, to run foul of is to collide with. The ship "of the African trade" is assumed to be a slave ship.
4. The Kilhamites take their name from Alexander Kilham (1762-1798). Received by John Wesley into the regular itinerant ministry in 1785, Kilham was an outspoken advocate of the separation of Methodism from the Church of England. After Wesley's death, the 1796 London Conference affirmed its intentions not to break from the established church, and Kilham was formally expelled. Officially named the New Connection of Wesleyan Methodists, his followers were more commonly known as Kilhamites. At this time in England there were three major <sup>L</sup>Methodist fellowships: the first division, or Old Connection Methodists, who represented the traditional majority; the second division, or Kilhamites; the third division, also called Christian Revivalists or Free Gospellers, that eventually evolved into the Primitive Methodists.
5. The Quaker-Methodists were a minor group who, while similar in doctrine and practice to the Christian Revivalists, maintained the plain dress and language.
6. Peggy's "delicate situation" here and her "approaching conflict" in the paragraph following refer to her pregnancy.
7. The infant was named for Mrs. Letitia Johnson, wife of the Dr. Paul Johnson.
8. Job 1:21
9. Lorenzo's diary gives more information about such details that had to be settled before he could preach in various locations. Because he was unregistered with the government and because of his reputation, most fellowships would vote on whether to let Lorenzo preach. More often than not, the local official Methodist group would deny him permission, while the quasi-Methodist groups (e.g., the Kilhamites), Baptists and Quakers were more open to his preaching. At any rate, it appears that the letter of the law about fining unregistered preachers and their audiences was not rigorously enforced.