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1. ~~Methodist Episcopal Church.~~ - History, 1784-1814.
2. Missions. - Methodist Episcopal Church.
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EXTRACTS
OF THE
JOURNALS
OF THE LATE
REV. THOMAS COKE, L. L. D.;
COMPRISING
SEVERAL VISITS
TO
NORTH-AMERICA
AND THE
WEST-INDIES;
HIS TOUR THROUGH A PART OF
IRELAND,
AND HIS NEARLY FINISHED VOYAGE TO
BOMBAY
IN THE EAST-INDIES:
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
A Life of the Doctor.

In Labours more abundant.—St. PAUL.

DUBLIN:
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TO THE READER.

THE late Rev. Dr. Coke's Journals were heretofore published in small detached pieces, except in one instance, where Extracts of several of his Journals to North-America and the West-India Islands were collected and published in a small volume, (which was dedicated to the Rev. John Wesley,) and well received in Great Britain and Ireland. Since the time of that publication, many interesting Extracts from the Doctor's Journals of a later date were presented to the Public, in the Arminian or Methodist Magazine for the year 1798, which Extracts were never published separately.

The present volume comprises the Collection dedicated to the Rev. John Wesley, the Extracts from the Methodist Magazine already referred to, and the Doctor's last Journal (as far as it has come to hand) of his nearly finished voyage to the island of Bombay in the East: to which is prefixed, a Life of the Doctor, by Mr. Joseph Sutcliffe, Minister of the Gospel.

Dublin, Dec. 23, 1815.

MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

REV. THOMAS COKE, LL.D.*

THE first care of heaven is over the church; it extends to all its members, and numbers the hairs of their head. This assertion is exemplified in the whole scheme of providence. God would not wash away the polluted inhabitants of the ancient world till he had first provided an ark for the faithful family. He refused to indulge Elijah, in his request to die, till he had caused him to throw his mantle on Elisha. And our blessed Lord did not forsake the earth till he had provided a ministry, and thereby ensured the consummation of his work.

God's special care is equally distinguishable not only in calling proper instruments from the treasures of his providence, but in qualifying them for his work. Moses had every endowment as a patriarch, a law-giver, and a prophet. David had a double class of talents to vanquish the enemies of his country, and to re-establish religion. St. Paul, called to convert the Gentiles, though feeble in body, had every endowment of wisdom, of languages, and power, proper to bring over the learned and polished heathen into the church. It was the

B

same

* The Editor has great pleasure in announcing, that Mr. Drew, of St. Austell, is employed, agreeably to the Doctor's request, in writing his life at large; and from the former productions of his pen, it is augured that the expectations of the public will not be disappointed.

same with the reformers. Luther had courage, Melancthon had wisdom, Calvin had diligence, and Erasmus had wit.

The same gracious cares of heaven are equally discoverable in the rise and progress of Methodism. When the spirit of religion was almost lost in this country, as is confessed by Watts, Butler, and Secker; and when God raised up the venerable Wesley, aided by a few other clergymen, he gave him a missionary spirit, a cool judgment, a paternal influence, and crowned the whole with the growing lustre of a hoary age. As the work enlarged, Providence acting on its own and primitive plan, raised up the young converts to supply the lack. When certain dignitaries of the church, mortified to see the rising glory of the work, loaded him in a succession of pamphlets with a mass of reproach, he found leisure to reply with that meekness of wisdom, and confidence of truth, which always added new laurels to his cause.

But in 1771, when a body of ministers, and others, called Calvinistic Methodists, assembled in Bristol to renew the continental controversies on the doctrines of grace, and with a determination either to force Mr. Wesley to retract what he deemed his purest tenets, or expose him, as many of them had already done, to the most illiberal reproach, God raised him up a Herculean advocate in the late Mr. Fletcher. In this gentleman were united the clearest light of the reformation, with the purest habits of continental piety. The avenues of sacred knowledge were accessible to him by a liberal acquaintance with languages. The French and German were to him vernacular. And a clear understanding, a lively fancy, a felicity of genius, and a Christian urbanity, gave a finish to his polished manners. This great casuist, in the time of danger, and by the efforts of seven years, covered Methodism with the shield of faith, and defended her vitals with the breast-plate of righteousness.— He did more; he stayed her wavering members
seduced

seduced by beguiling books, whose theology is very unlike the writings of primitive Christianity; and while he corrected error in his opponents, he held them fast by the hand of brotherly love.

Again: as Methodism enlarged its progress, and increased its cares of discipline; and as hoary age, though attended with few infirmities, stole on Mr. Wesley, providence, ever faithful to its designs, afforded him the requisite aid in the person of Dr. Coke; a gentleman lively in zeal, ingenuous in design, persevering in efforts; but more calculated to follow a father, than take the lead in so great a work.

He was born at Brecon, in South Wales, September the 9th, and baptized at St. Mary's, October the 5th, 1747. His father's name was Bartholomew Coke, an apothecary of Brecon, and of high esteem, who repeatedly served the office of chief magistrate for that borough. His mother's name was Ann, daughter of Thomas Phillips, Esq. of Frostre, after whom the grandson was named. And as he was an only child, and the fond hope of his parents, they were the more liberal in the plan of his education.

At a proper age, he was placed under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Griffiths, master of the college school in Brecon, for whom the pupil ever expressed a grateful esteem. In his seventeenth year, at the Lent term, he was entered as a gentleman commoner at Jesus College, Oxford. To this splendid seat of letters, young Coke went in the simplicity of his heart, and little aware of the temptations to which he would become exposed. The principles of Christianity had never been opened to him in that distinct and collective view so as to command the assent of the mind; and the doctrines most exposed to attack, he had never been instructed to defend. The consequences were, as might have been foreseen, that he became a prey to the profligate free-thinkers of the age.

4

To doubt the divine authority of revealed religion, and combat the moral code, have ever been the bias of reason so far as influenced by latent depravity, and the haughtiness of science: and the garb of hypocrisy or of superstition, in which religion has been too often clad, it must be confessed, has somewhat justified the sneers of infidelity.— The schools at all times have been peculiarly prone to doubt, and even to make a merit of deviating from the creed of the vulgar. Since the revival of letters, the Cartesian philosophy has revived the doubting system: and father Malebranche by mistake, and the French Academy by profession, employing the whole influence of polished literature, have widely diffused it over Europe. This child of error, born to flatter the vanity of man, was so superior and imposing in his airs, and so distinguished in his connexions, that his moral character was less perceived. Almost every man of birth and fashion, was proud to claim either a near or remote affinity with his family. However, since he has attained a full maturity of growth and stature in the French revolution, we now know who he is, and have traced his pedigree back to the origin of evil. The philosopher losing sight of God, is a meteor blazing to his own destruction.

For a student, like Des Cartes, to commence his researches by doubting of every thing, except his own existence, is to abandon the religion and knowledge of the holy patriarchs, and embark alone with the frail guide of reason, beclouded with sinful passions! In tracing nature back to her source, and seeking to discover more and more the being and perfections of God from his works, I should think it soon enough to doubt when my difficulties became insuperable. How the superior sense of gentlemen inclined to doubt, demonstrates that the world is eternal, and that "All things shall continue as they were," 2 Pet. iii. 4. they have no where told us; but common sense demonstrates, that the orbs of heaven revolve in fixed periods, and that no
number

number of periods can be coeval with eternity.— Common sense demonstrates, that had the first parents of men and animals been produced in the helpless state in which they now are, perish they must; and the sure inference is, that they were created by the Author of all nature in perfection of stature. Common sense suggests, that a father would give the best advice in his power to his children on all emergent occasions; so are the laws of paternal affection. Why then should we deny, that the Father of mercies has revealed his pleasure concerning the pardon of sin, the terms of reconciliation, and the certainty of a future state? What then must we think of tutors, paid for believing, who have the delicate art to instil into the minds of youth, a modified atheism, which belies every moral feeling of the heart?

Into such hands, the subject of this memoir had the calamity to fall; and the loss of the religious principle was in some degree connected with the loss of the moral; for how should the frailty of youth, unaided by belief in the presence of an all-surrounding and holy God, support itself against the torrent of incessant temptation? Experience every where determines against the presumption.

One night, this young man accompanied a party of students to a house, which of all others he ought to have shunned. But here the blushing modesty of an unspotted youth, the remains of the law written on the heart, and a God in whom he scarcely believed, shook him on the precipice, and withheld him from sin. This circumstance he has sometimes named to a friend with an indelible sentiment of gratitude.

Consequently, his infidelity was not so rooted, but it would have been removed, if he could have found real Christians. He wavered, and often felt his novel creed repugnant to the feelings of his heart. In this state, he paid a visit to a clergyman of Wales, who was also of the free-thinking school. The gentleman, wishful to display his talents in

the pulpit, and please his Oxonian visitor, looked out one of his best sermons, and delivered it with an unusual degree of animation. His young hearer was absorbed in attention, and powerfully felt the force of divine truth. At dinner, ever ingenuous in character, he did not dissemble the feelings of his heart; but was lavish in praise of the sermon. But, ah! the unworthy pastor, diverted himself with the credence of his friend; assuring him at the same time, that he believed nothing at all of the matter.

However, about the year 1769, having serious thoughts of preferring holy orders to any other profession, he gave a calm review to his creed, and began to study the articles he was about to subscribe. Having a little study to himself, he often sat up till the midnight hour, deeply revolving the doubts and difficulties peculiar to infidelity; and with conflicts common to a mind so prepossessed, that would embrace revealed religion. Bishop Sherlock's dissertations and discourses now falling into his hands, gave a happy turn to his mind, and decided the victory in favour of the Christian faith. But these discourses, being deficient in experimental religion, only excited a belief of the truth.

These mental conflicts were not in vain. They gave him clear ideas of divine truth, fixed the sentiments deep in his heart, and accustomed him to a form of sound words. In faith, he was henceforth highly Christian, and Christian in the minutiae of doctrine. On Deists, and all classes of unbelievers, misguided by books, and seduced by companions, he cast a compassionate regard. But on the sly, the cold, and learned Arian, making allowance for his misguided hearers, he looked with the eyes of an Athanasius, and believed that all such, dying without acknowledgment of the truth, perish everlastingly. This may account to us for the great pains he took in arranging the arguments, and adjusting the proofs, in his sermon on the Godhead of Christ.

7

It may here be named, that at the age of twenty-one, he was chosen common councilman of the borough of Brecon, in place of his father, who died while he was a minor; and at the age of twenty-five, he filled the office of chief magistrate, in which he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of all his friends.

On leaving the university, and looking forward to the hopes of future life, he consulted with his friends as to what reliance he might place on the promises of the great. The prime minister being among the foremost of his patrons, they were all agreed in advising him to *look high*. This advice was no way repugnant to the vanity of an aspiring youth; for at the age of twenty-five, says one of his early companions, "he had not discovered any particular religious zeal." With these ambitious views he continued to graduate, till he took out his degree of Doctor in the Civil Law, on the 17th of June, 1775. But confidence in an arm of flesh, is often rewarded with the blights of disappointment.

Till now, he had preached occasionally for his friends, and at Road, near Frome. But nothing offered of a permanent nature, except the curacy of South Petherton, in Devon, which he accepted, as it afforded him an ample sphere of labours.— Here we trace the commencement of his real religion, though we cannot exactly adjust the dates of the several circumstances.

Entering now on his public functions, we may speak a word of his person. In stature, the Doctor scarcely exceeded five feet and an inch; but his figure was well formed; and few young men in the kingdom possessed a finer face, which accompanied him to the close of life. His eyes and hair were dark, his countenance ruddy, fair, and open. His voice was melodious and engaging; but not strong.— When he raised it above the highest natural pitch, it bordered on the screaming tone. But it was chiefly the purity of his motives, and the ingenuous character

character of his sentiments, which conferred a grandeur on the countenance, affected in vain by vitiated courtiers.

A figure so engaging and accomplished, could not fail to attract at Petherton a concourse of hearers, as his sermons were always delivered with animation and zeal. The church was very much crowded, and the country people often obliged to stand the whole time. The tender heart of the pastor felt for the flock, and applied to the Vestry to build a gallery. They, regarding the influx of hearers as the summer streams, could not see the need of expending so much money in vain, and declined the request. But here the warm affection of the pastor, unable to keep pace with the wary prudence of the farmers, engaged a carpenter, and built it at his own expense.

While the Doctor was exercising his ministry at Petherton, the place to which God had sent him that he might receive spiritual help, he became acquainted with Mr. Thomas Maxfield, the first lay preacher raised up among the young converts in London, but now a clergyman of the establishment in that neighbourhood. This gentleman took notice of the Doctor, and often talked with him of good things.

About the same time, a little book was thrown in his way, entitled, *Alleine's Alarm to the Unconverted*. The author was ejected from the church at Taunton by the Bartholomew Act, and suffered a long imprisonment for preaching abroad. This book describes the nature and marks of conversion in the forcible and happy language of scripture; and it strikes such hard blows at formality and hypocrisy in religion, that no mind, open to conviction, can possibly read it without receiving good impressions: so it proved to the Doctor. Sherlock's Discourses had produced a revolution in his opinions; but Alleine's Alarm produced a revolution in his heart. From this time, we may date his awakening, and commencement to seek the pardon-
ing

ing love of God. Mr. Fletcher's Appeal, and other Tracts, aided him in his progress.

As his views became evangelical, and his religious feelings increased, the stock of moral and pleasing sermons, mostly transcribed from dignified authors, were compelled to undergo a similar change. He intermixed them with such passages as he thought most likely to do the people good. But as yet he only "saw men as trees walking."

As it had been whispered about in Petherton, that the Doctor was getting divine light, and becoming an evangelical preacher, some of the Dissenters were drawn occasionally to hear. Among these was the late Rev. Mr. Hull,* who had studied at Trevecka while Mr. Fletcher was the tutor, and Mr. Benson the usher. This good man perceiving that the Doctor, like Apollos, "needed the way of God to be expounded unto him more perfectly," addressed him in a friendly letter, which led to a correspondence, and ultimately to an interview. But the appointment was at a *farm house*; for the Doctor ingenuously confessed, that a while before, his high church prejudices were so strong, that had Mr. Hull been dying, and needed the offices of devotion, he believed he should have declined the task!

While thus engaged in seeking to know and experience the truth, he paid a visit to a family in Devonshire. Here he found an old man who be-
longed

* This is the good gentleman of whom an anecdote has been much circulated. One Sabbath, he promised his congregation to preach the ensuing Sunday on *Acts x. 34*, and harmonize it with the Calvinistic system; "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." The congregation was unusually large; but after a few sentences, he felt such a confusion of ideas obtrude, system against text, and text against system, accompanied with such an extreme agitation, as obliged him to desist, and dismiss the people. During the week, he made the Lord a promise, if spared to another Sabbath, to preach his love to all mankind, and invite the whole to Christ, by the free and flowing language of the scriptures; and from that time he began to see more fruit of his ministry.

longed to a small class of Methodists, and was a labourer for the family where the Doctor visited. This poor man and he had frequent conversations concerning the knowledge of pardon, the witness of the Spirit, and the whole economy of Methodism. They opened all their heart and experience to each other, became united in spirit, and prayed together. With regard to the way of finding peace and comfort for his soul, the Doctor has affirmed, that he owed to this poor man greater obligations than to any other person.

As the care for his own salvation increased, the care for others increased in proportion. The parish of Petherton was so extensive, that the infirm and aged could not attend the church, and the careless were too idle. The charity of the shepherd compelled him to seek the scattered flock, and preach to them on week evenings, in certain houses of his friends.

In the course of providence, it often happens that an irksome duty faithfully discharged, or a cross borne with patience, is productive of the greatest blessing. So it proved now. After preaching pardon to others for two whole years, and mourning for it himself, with many temptations and fears, he walked one evening to preach in the country, and while unfolding the great truths of redeeming love, the Lord suddenly broke into his soul, and so filled him with "the comforts of the Holy Ghost," that he thought every other person in the room had felt the same. All his doubts and clouds were removed in a moment, and he instantly felt a power to call God his father, by the spirit of adoption, in a manner he had never done before.

The clear and distinguished manner in which it pleased God to set this minister's soul at liberty, may account for his future zeal in asserting the direct witness of the Spirit; for his sermon on 1 John, v. 10. published in America by request, and largely preached at home; and for his manly defence of the doctrine against a methodistical clergyman who had,

had wished to accommodate it a little to the taste of the age. On this subject, which belongs to prayer rather than disputation, whatever may be the sneers of dean Jortin, or the compromises of others, there is assuredly no difference of its illustration in Calvin's comment on Rom. viii. 16.; in Wesley's sermon on the same subject, and in the learned Mede's discourse of the first epistle of John, on knowing Christ. Certainly such a witness is essential for the removal of fear, for sanctification, and for inspiring a minister with the true spirit of his duty.

The happy change which the Doctor had experienced in his heart, presently began to operate in the pulpit. The glowing freedom of his soul did but ill associate with the confinement of the manuscript. It is a pity that the eyes of a minister of heaven should be constantly withdrawn from the people, and cast on the velvet cushion. The homilies of the fathers abound with remarks suggested in the pulpit, which proves, that in the main, they were written after delivery. Why then should the fire of genius, and the power of the spirit, now be hampered with the manuscript?

Hence, in a short time, our young convert, laid it wholly aside; and the first time he did so, three souls were awakened by his word. From that time he began to see fruit, and the work of God revive in the church.

But it was not likely that the enemy should see all this and be idle. The wicked who had hitherto called him a Methodist in jest, now began to call him so in earnest. Some of the neighbouring clergy took offence at his village preaching, and drawing off their hearers; several of the heads of the parish were greatly offended with his new and lively method of preaching. Letters were written against him to Dr. Ross, the then bishop of Exeter. But his lordship's reply was mild and forbearing. He said, that the utmost he could do was to suspend him for three months, and that if he did so, the
Methodists

Methodists would say that they were persecuted for righteousness' sake. Hence, he preferred leaving the Doctor to do the best he could for his people. The issue was, that the vicar, joining the discontented, dismissed his curate, without allowing him time to take leave of the congregation; and his opponents taking advantage of the moment, proclaimed their triumph by causing him to be *chimed* out of the church.

It is not unlikely, that the Doctor had been pressing conversion upon them, with energies and warmth of language, which irritated the revolting heart. Great indulgence, however, should be allowed to a young convert of this description, as future experience will attemperate the first effusions of zeal.

But a pastor so zealous, expelled by a stroke of caprice, cannot but have a number of friends, whose love will rekindle by the blasts of persecution. Mr. Maxfield, in particular, supported and comforted him throughout all his troubles. These friends solicited, and the Doctor felt it a duty to deliver his soul of the wicked, and to comfort his flock before he left the country. Wishful to do this in two sermons, he delivered the latter at noon as the people came out of church. His antagonists still more chafed by his courage, in delivering the first sermon, determined to stone him the next Sabbath; and were open and avowed in their threats. Danger was really feared by his friends.

But a few fields from Petherton there resides an amiable dissenting family of the name of Edmondson. The gentleman had a son and a daughter who were fond of hearing the Doctor. That morning, the parents, prior to their going to the meeting, had cautioned the young folks not to leave home; but affection prevailing over fear, they took their horses and rode to the town; and when the Doctor stood up, braving danger, they took their stand, the one on his right, and the other on his left. There were skulking behind the crowd, certain
base

base fellows, instructed by ingenuous malice, who had provided stones in hampers; but on seeing that they could not hit him, without wounding their benefactors, they desisted from their wicked design. After sermon, the young folks took the Doctor home, and from that time, this house was his constant residence in all his future visits to Petherton.

On a calm review of his situation, during the last month of his stay in this neighbourhood, whatever might have been his inward solace, we see him covered with an impervious cloud, with regard to future life. As to preferment, though he had now waited almost seven years, he found the promises of the great, breathed as the incense of spring, likely to terminate in an east wind. To give effect to those promises by staking his fortune, since his conversion, he did not dare to do. He feared the leprosy of Gehazi, and trembled at the curse inflicted on Simon. To wander and seek another curacy, from which he might again be dismissed at pleasure, was too humiliating for a gentleman who was in no want of bread. In this way was Providence pleased to try and humble a worm, designated to move in a higher sphere of glory and usefulness in the church. It blocked up the avenues of hope, and permitted his foes to rejoice, lest he should, through an ambition to which his heart was prone, reject the humble path, as yet concealed behind the cloud, leading to laurels of eternal fame. Thus God is often pleased to exercise his chosen instruments before they enter on a great work, that they may learn to know themselves; trust in his care, and embrace the openings of his pleasure, which so far in excellence surpass the fond cravings of the human heart.

Meanwhile, the Doctor's opponents had no great comfort in their triumph. The worth of certain characters is not appreciated till we feel their loss. In walking the street, they every where met a mournful countenance. The poor had lost their benefactor, the people their pastor, the sick their comforter, and the wicked the only person that kept them in awe. But on the Doctor's future visit, sober reason having re-

gained the sovereignty, these same opponents were the foremost to chastise their own folly. "Well," said they, "we *chimed* him out, and now we will atone for our error by ringing him in." Such are the issues of bearing adversity with a becoming temper of mind.

While the Doctor remained enveloped in this cloud of darkness and suspense, the morning beams gently opened at the appointed time. He incidentally learned, that Mr. Wesley was to preach at Taunton, at noon, August the 18th, 1776, and take a bed at Mr. Brown's, of Kingston, the same evening. This oppressed minister, moved by a divine impulse, took a horse and rode twenty miles to meet him, that he might ease his heart and ask advice. The interview was interesting, and connected with that union of spirit which language cannot describe. Mr. Wesley frankly unfolded all his work, and the need he had of clerical assistance, (to which he ever gave a double portion of favour,) and the Doctor embraced it with all his heart. The same evening, Mr. Wesley recorded in his journal, that he had formed a friendship with this gentleman, which he believed would be as lasting as his life. The Doctor, after retiring to weigh the nature of his engagements, shook off every fear, trampled on every hope, and passed the Rubicon to look back no more.

London was the first sphere of his itinerant labours. Before his arrival, the people had heard of his conversion, and usefulness in the country; and were so far prepossessed in his favour, that whenever he preached, the chapel was crowded out of doors. Hence, on the Sabbaths, he frequently preached abroad. The five fields, now formed into Tavistock square, and other streets, was to him a favourite spot; and God added many seals to his ministry.

With regard to the talents essential to so great a work, we cannot but admire the wisdom of God in its happy distribution, and in often giving the preference

ference of usefulness to the weaker instrument. In the Methodist connexion of that age, some preachers were remarkable for holiness: as Johnson, Valton, Murlin, Pawson, &c. Others excelled in strength of intellect, as Mather, Hopper, Thompson, &c.— Others were great in the pulpit, as Cownley, Broadbent, and many who yet survive. Among these it was difficult for the Doctor to shine. Yet he had a quickness of penetration, a warm and lively sense of piety, an unwearied activity, besides a certain deference paid to the sacerdotal dignity, which fairly entitled him to the rank he held in the connexion. Whenever he erred through too much haste, he was so prompt and open in acknowledging his fault, as to ensure forgiveness.

As Mr. Wesley could visit the societies of the united kingdom but once in two years, it fell to the Doctor's lot to go the opposite year. He was every where received as an angel of God; in some places he found the doors of the church open for his reception; and as a clergyman, accompanied with friends, he often ventured into new places, where a layman scarcely dared to shew his face.

In 1784, Mr. Wesley having entered into his 81st year, began to think more seriously of giving a government to his societies which might ensure their future prosperity and peace. Some had prompted him to think of an executive government of five or seven persons; and he probably had something of that in view when he appointed seven preachers to succeed him in the chapel at City-road. Biassed, however, as a clergyman, it rather appears from the last seven years of his life, that he preferred a presbytery of one hundred preachers, headed by a qualified episcopacy, or general superintendents. Some, however, contend, that he preferred this plan exclusively for the societies abroad.

Peace being now established with the United States; and Mr. Asbury and the other preachers, having been instrumental of a great revival in the

back settlements during the war, solicited him to send them help. Hence, in February this year, he called Dr. Coke into his chamber, and spoke to him nearly as follows: That as the American brethren wanted a form of discipline, and ministerial aid; and, as he ever wished to keep to the Bible, and as near to primitive Christianity as he could, he had always admired the Alexandrian mode of ordaining bishops. The presbyters of that great and apostolical church, would never allow any foreign bishop to interfere in their ordinations; but on the death of a bishop, for two hundred years, till the time of Dionysius, they ordained one of their own body, and by the imposition of their own hands. Adding withal, that he wished the Doctor to go over and establish that mode among the American Methodists.*

All this was quite new to the Doctor. The idea of an Alexandrian ordination, was at first somewhat revolting to his prejudices. However, being about to set out for Scotland, he weighed the subject for two months, and then wrote his entire approbation of the plan. Accordingly, he was ordained bishop, and brothers Whatcoat and Vasey, presbyters.— They sailed from Bristol, the 18th of September, with the fervent prayers of God's people, and arrived at New York, after a fine passage of forty-six days.

The Doctor now finding himself in a new region, entered on a very extensive ministerial tour for the space of thirty weeks; and found almost in every place the people eager for the word of life. The frequency of his preaching, the extent of his journeys, the multitude of children and adults he baptized, with all the cares he employed to establish the Methodist discipline, give us a grand idea of his assiduity and zeal.

On Christmas-eve, he opened the general Conference at Baltimore, and proceeded to invest Francis

* See the Minutes for 1784 and 1785.

Francis Asbury with the episcopal dignity. This venerable man still survives, to wear laurels far superior to those conferred by human hands. He had been sent out thirteen years before, after travelling four years at home; and in 1772, was appointed the leading preacher of the work in the colonies. He is a character adorned with every virtue that can add reverence to the Ministerial office. Animated with the spirit of St. Paul, and the patriotism of a Cincinnatus, he never would receive more than the allowance of about sixteen pounds a year for clothes, which is given to every preacher.

At this Conference, sixty preachers were present, and twenty-one absent. On opening Mr. Wesley's plan, the brethren, in proceeding to elect presbyters, seemed to be divested of all private considerations, and to make men's piety and usefulness the primary considerations of their choice. Every other preacher in full connexion was ordained a deacon. But though there was a great revival in the States, prior to these ordinations, yet from the continued prosperity and union of the churches, we cannot deny that the step was founded in wisdom, and is happy in operation.

By the peace of 1783, the independence of the United States was established. The loyalists, who had borne arms, being proscribed, took refuge in Nova Scotia, and other parts of British America, and received lands at the head of the Coves on the coasts. Among these, were many religious families who were desirous of a ministry. During the year and a few months which the Doctor was at home, he warmly interested himself in making collections and preparations to go out with a mission to Halifax, and other places. After the conference in 1786, he sailed in company with three brethren, Warrener, Hammet, and Clarke, to visit Halifax, on his way to the United States. Such indeed was his design; but God, whose way is wisdom, saw the more deplorable state of the West-Indians, and was pleased to send help to them by the fury

of the tempests. The captain, after contending with baffling winds for ten weeks, his ship leaky, and short of water, was compelled to bear away for the West-Indies.

During the night of November the 30th, a strong gale from the north-west increased to a hurricane; and continued so tremendous, that the hatchet was laid for a fortnight in readiness to cut away the masts. This night, the ship was on her beam ends, the leak gaining rapidly, and the carpenters only waited the word to cut the masts and rigging away. The poor passengers exhibited a deplorable scene, and called the missionaries out of bed for prayer. They retired into the cabin, and while engaged with God, were favoured with unusual composure and calm. But brother Hammet excelled them all in faith. His first prayer, if it could be called prayer, was little else than a declaration of assurance that God would save the ship; and his second, was a sort of thanksgiving to God, as though the danger had already been past. Suffice it to say, that they arrived safe at Antigua on Christmas-eve.

The Doctor has sometimes related an outrage he received from the captain, during this tempest.— When destruction threatens a ship, it is every one's business to do his utmost to save her, and to recollect his sins with becoming meekness of heart.— But the wicked, ignorant of religion, and ever prone to superstition, are apt to ascribe the cause of their calamities to the faults of others. The captain walked about the deck muttering, "We have a Jonah on board." The idea of the loss of his life, and the terrors of futurity, at length wrought him up to so great a pitch of fury, that he entered the Doctor's cabin, seized his books, and papers, and threw them overboard. His fury rather fed than satiated, he returned and seized the Jonah, gave him two or three rude hugs, and then went off, swearing, that if ever he made another prayer on board his vessel, he surely would throw him after his papers.

As

As the mission landed on Christmas-day, they met a minister, known by his band, going to perform divine service. It proved to be Mr. Baxter, once a class-leader of the Chatham society, but now store-keeper of the English harbour. Nathaniel Gilbert, Esq. speaker to the house of Assembly, had formed a little society in this Island, and after Mr. Gilbert's death, Mr. Baxter had preserved and fed the orphan flock. This gentleman, after conversing with the Doctor, resigned his lucrative office, and gave himself wholly up to missionary labours.

The mission being thus driven to Antigua, instead of Halifax, perceived their call to profit by circumstances, and distribute themselves in the several Islands. From this place they proceeded to St. Vincent's, and left brother Clarke, to whom a fine sphere of usefulness was opened. After scattering some seeds at Dominica, they reached St. Christopher's, where many gladly received the word: here brother Hammet was left in charge of the work. The Doctor next reached St. Eustatius; but the Dutch governor, not allowing him to preach, he spent eighteen days in privately catechising the negroes, and believed that no part of his life was ever more usefully employed. It was no small encouragement, that in most of the Islands, the Doctor found some Methodist families overjoyed to meet him again, and a few pious soldiers in every regiment ready to join in the work. After spending seven weeks in these Islands, and doing all the severest work of a missionary, he reached Charlestown on the last day of February.

Entering now on his second tour, he experienced an unexpected difficulty. Some of the preachers taxed him with a wish to exercise a jurisdiction over them to which he had not been invited. This being disavowed, he comfortably completed his mission, and reached Dublin bay on the 25th of June, in time to meet Mr. Wesley at the Irish Conference.

The

The next fifteen months, this indefatigable man spent in visiting the principal towns of the united kingdom; preaching, and begging for the missions in the daily efforts of an unabating zeal. He sent Mr. Mc. Geary to Newfoundland, and others to other places, as solicited by letters. Several settlements abroad, hearing of our efforts, employed the captains of ships to ask Mr. Wesley for a missionary.

After the Conference in 1788, the Doctor embarked with three brethren, Lumb, Gamble, and Pearce, for the West Indies. But, instructed by past experience, he now sought a religious captain, and found Mr. Sundius, who joined the mission in worship, and had the satisfaction to notice good impressions made on the sailors. On the 4th of December, after a pleasant passage, they arrived safe at Barbadoes. After spending one week in this island, he went to St. Vincent's, and next day set out with Mr. Baxter across the rugged mountain paths to visit the Caribs. They possess a plain seven miles in extent, and three in breadth, with the declivities of the adjacent hills; and are in number about five thousand. Among these the Doctor established three schools, in which Mrs. Baxter took an active part; but for want of perseverance in efforts, failed in producing the desired effects.

February the 19th, he again visited Dominica, and formed the scattered flock into a society of twenty-four members. On the 24th, he reached Antigua, which may be denominated in a comparative view, the religious island. The missionary efforts here have been crowned with happy effects; the Moravians, as well as the Methodists, have very large societies. On going to St. Christopher's, he found that Mr. Hammet, by the Divine blessing, had raised a society of seven hundred members. Thence the Doctor sailed on a visit to St. Eustatius, and returned again. From St. Christopher's he touched at Saba, and made a beginning; and thence proceeded to Tortola, where, after preaching

ing twice, he embarked, and reached Port Royal, in Jamaica, on the 19th of March. After preaching here with much interruption from intoxicated gentlemen, he embarked for Charlestown, and landed on the 24th.

The Methodist connexion in the United States, extending over a surface of about two thousand miles, was at this time divided into about seven conferences, which are held in close succession: this has proved a happy and admired resource, as the whole is wound up by a general conference, composed of representatives. The Doctor presided in each of these, as Mr. Asbury filled the chair the opposite year. To these very exhausting labours were added preaching almost daily; very extensive journies through difficult roads; fording swamps, in one of which, being alone, and far from any house, his horse was borne away with the torrent, and when he again touched the shore, a floating tree which had obstructed his first landing, came on his back, and held him suspended in the water for five minutes. Here was a trial of his faith; here were moments allowed for the mind to recover its wonted calm, before its expected launch into eternity. The unseen hand thus held him, and then causing the timber to give way, he had just strength left to get out of the water, and walk a long way to a cottage in the woods.

During this third tour, the Doctor began to be known; and in some places, where he had before experienced rude behaviour, he found that the principal families in the neighbourhood attended in their carriages. He was, perhaps, at no period more popular than now. Among the many compliments paid to his person and ministry, that of *the flying angel* was not the least handsome.

On the 8th of May, he visited Cokesbury College, twenty-five miles from Baltimore, under the presidency of Dr. Hall, and was very much pleased with the progress of the boys, and young men. A few years afterwards, just as the legislature were about

about to incorporate this college; and allow it officers, under the usual regulations, to confer degrees, it was burnt to the ground. Providence hitherto does not seem to favour Methodism, so similar to primitive Christianity, in becoming spoiled by affinity with worldly grandeur. On the 5th of June he embarked at New York, and arrived at Liverpool in five weeks.

After labouring incessantly at home for sixteen months in the usual way, and sending individual missionaries privately, the Doctor sailed from Falmouth, October 16th, to make his third tour in the West Indies, and his fourth on the Continent. Two missionaries, brother Lyons, and brother Werrill accompanied him. On leaving the islands, he narrowly escaped shipwreck among the Martyrs, a vast range of uninhabited rocks; but arrived safe at Charlestown. During his visit to the Southern States, he was struck with the number of men he found who had been baptized with the Christian name of *Wesley*. The reformed churches abroad, and the puritans at home, have frequently honoured eminent ministers in this way; and no proof can be more indubitable of the high estimation in which the unexampled labours of the two Wesleys are held by that people.

On his way to the North, he made a visit to the Catawba Indians, with a view to establish a school among them; but found them more solicitous of military aid than of sacred instruction. The most remarkable notices which obtruded on the Doctor in this tour were, every where to find an increase of members, with a correspondent increase of hearers, of chapels, and of temporal prosperity. But receiving intelligence of Mr. Wesley's death from the public papers, he hastened home, a month before the usual time.

From this event, as the missions multiplied abroad, the provident cares at home, increased in proportion. But the conference aided his efforts by granting an annual collection in support of the growing and blessed work. Here

Here a just tribute may be paid to the cares of heaven in preserving the lives of the missionaries in the Torrid Zone. Out of fourteen who sailed the first six years, we lost but brother Gamble; and out of fifteen who sailed the next six years, making a total of twenty-nine sent out, though the yellow fever began to rage, we lost but three! Where can we find a parallel case in any regiment, or in any equal number of men who have gone thither for civil employment? Since 1798, it is true, we have lost a somewhat greater proportion, chiefly through fevers; but the constitutions of the young men had not been seasoned at home with the fatigues of the ministry, which, in all cases, is preferable to be done.

Though the Doctor was now fully employed, yet new work of a studious and most laborious kind was assigned him to do. In the stationing committee of 1792, complaint was made, that the Methodists wanted a commentary on the Holy Scriptures; to form a medium between the verbosity of Henry, and the brevity of Wesley, partly critical, to illustrate difficult texts, but mostly practical, to be food for the soul. The eyes of the committee were turned towards the Doctor, as the most eligible man for the work. The conference approved of the plan, and he acceded to their request. The point in which he deviated was, by extending the work to six quarto volumes, instead of three. But elegance being his character, he engaged with the King's printer, and paid a gentleman half-a-guinea per sheet for collations of classical words, and extra corrections. Hence his commentary, in a typographical view, may be regarded as one of the most correct in the English language.

On going to Holland about a year after, to solicit from the states a toleration in Eustatius, he advised with Dr. Maclaine, in order to procure materials for that work. The Doctor's father-in-law having published six volumes quarto, comprising a valuable collection of Biblical notes in French, put the
work

work into his hands. From this treasure he translated very many notes; but found, after a while, that the industrious Dr. W. Dodd had gleaned the field before him. After that, being pressed for time, he mostly followed Dodd. He interspersed the work with quotations from numerous writers; and with pious reflections of his own, which many families delight to read for morning worship.

This great work employed the Doctor fourteen years. What an idea must we form of his assiduity and labours! Combating a constitution inclined to corpulence, rising pretty early for study, travelling by day to collect for the missions, or answering correspondents, preaching almost every evening, in the heat of very crowded chapels, taking long journeys, crossing the Atlantic eighteen times, with twice that number of smaller passages, besides his final voyage! Surely it was with propriety, that the friends in Manchester have chosen this motto for his escutcheon in the Oldham-street chapel, "IN LABOURS MORE ABUNDANT."

On the 1st of Sept. 1792, in company with brother Graham, he embarked at Gravesend, and reached the Chesapeake on the 28th of October. In this voyage, he was again happy in meeting with a captain, who desired prayers at the stated hours, and entered the times in his log-book. The sea to the Doctor was a period of recess, and the most favourable time he could find for his commentary; though writing at sea is incommoded with a constant exercise of the hands and feet. On the 20th, as he approached the coast, and was about to open his commission anew, he writes thus, "This morning I renewed my covenant with God in a temper of mind as solemn and happy as I ever experienced; my first espousals to God not excepted." The next day he adds, "The comfortable frame of mind I experienced yesterday, still continues,—how kind is the Lord in giving his children such heavenly cordials in the course of their pilgrimage."

After

After holding the general conference at Baltimore, which was now become so large as to continue fifteen days, and making a central tour to the 12th of December, he embarked at New York for the West Indies. But prior to his going on board, he spent twelve days in that city, establishing a book-room for supplying the American societies with the most useful publications. His accommodations in the small brig in which he now sailed, were dirty beyond description; yet he felt that he could live as Hottentots, provided his labours might be blessed in the Lord. On arriving at St. Eustatius, he had the calamity to find Reynolds, the old persecuting Governor, restored to office, and that he had revived his cruel system against the poor negroes for holding *prayer-meetings*. Many of them had been severely flogged; yea, women, merely for being present at those meetings, had been tied to the whipping-post, and deeply cut with the lash of the common executioner!

Unable to do any thing in this island, except the administration of private comfort, the Doctor proceeded to Dominica, and thence to St. Vincent's, where he found brother Lumb in prison, for continuing to preach after the day in which a new act had begun to operate. At this juncture, Mr. Abraham Bishop arrived from the River St. John's, in Nova Scotia. This amiable young gentleman, a native of Jersey, had gone out to preach to the French on that river, having a letter of recommendation from the Right Hon. Mr. Pitt. The Doctor accompanied him to Grenada, where the French is much spoken, that he might take care of the destitute flock gathered by Mr. Owens. But, ah! this very pious and amiable youth caught the fever, and drooped, and died. Here the pious Mr. Dent, rector of St. George's, and faithful friend of the missionaries, accommodated the Doctor with his pulpit.

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Having next proceeded to Tortola and St. Kitt's, he engaged a small sloop on the 9th, and made a circuitous voyage to collect all the missionaries to Antigua, and hold the first conference. They were twelve in number, and in six years their little work had increased to 6,570 members, besides twice that number under instruction. Their difficulties from local depravity were many and great. Concubinage among the whites, and polygamy among the blacks, were among the greatest impediments. The polite professions of willingness in the planters to have their negroes instructed, proved to be compliments to the solicitations of a clergyman, rather than sentiments of the heart.

Mr. Owens has related a case of polygamy, which is very interesting. A planter, having a negro of remarkable strength, had indulged him, for obvious motives, with three wives. This negro was awakened under Mr. Owens' ministry, and after receiving a course of instruction, he applied for a note to meet in class. The three women, having knowledge of his purpose, followed, and stood in the passage, where they could hear every word through a partition of boards. When the missionary told him, that, if he joined the society, he could retain but one wife, the women could no longer retain their patience. They rushed in all at once, and made their defence with great vehemence, and profusion of tears. The first said, "Me got five pickaninnies—five pickaninnies, Massa! If Jim leave me, I cannot live." The second said, "Me got three pickaninnies, Massa; me make Jim a very good wife; me ought not to be forsaken." The third had not the plea of children, but she was equally earnest in her claims. She said, "Massa, me never made Jim a fault; me make Jim a very good wife; me wash Jim's shirt, and do all his work; me ought not to be cast off."

The preacher sat silent, and wept. The decision was not in his power; but the generous negro pressed to unfold his heart, turning to the second said, "You

“You can do better with three than she with five;” and to the third he said, “You have no children, and there is no fear but you will live.” So he received his probationary note, and led home the one with five children as his only wife.

After this conference, the Doctor proceeded to Barbadoes, and thence down the gulph to Jamaica, where he had the pleasure to find the work revived. But in all these wide and extensive efforts, the openness of the good man’s heart, was greater than his resources. By advances on the little West India chapels, he had made great inroads on his private fortune. Men of monied interest would smile at his securities; yet, it is presumed from the prosperity of the work, that he sustained no great loss. He reached England early in June, and narrowly escaped being captured by a French privateer as he entered the channel.

In the course of the next ten years, he made four other voyages to visit the work in America, and having nearly finished his commentary, he had serious thoughts of settling in the United States; but on stating the terms on which he would come, with regard to presiding in the conferences, discipline, &c. it does not appear that the preachers were pressing in their invitation. So he virtually resigned; and Mr. Mc. Kendree, an aged presbyter, was elected general superintendent in his place.

Of the mission to Sierra Leone, the mission in the Irish, and the Welch languages, the last of which is a very great and astonishing work, we say nothing, being wishful not to enlarge on subjects generally known. But in support of the Welch missions, both he, and Mr. Davies, the general superintendent, have made great exertions.

Suffice to say, that the Doctor believing sincerely in his call to these great and extensive efforts, had forborne to enter into the marriage state. But now feeling some slight infirmities of age, to cast a look towards a retreat was very natural, though he never

needed such a retreat. Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Walton had proceeded on the same plan.

It now happened that what had been his greatest cross, brought him the dowry of an ample reward; I would say, begging for the missions. While at the Hot-wells, a lady said to him, "Doctor, have you called on Miss Smith? She is here on a visit, and I am sure she will give you something handsome." He thanked the lady, and took the address of her friend. On calling, and politely stating the cause on which he had stepped forth in this public way, she went to her desk, and presented him with a note of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS! The Doctor was almost confounded at the gift; but was more struck with the disposition of the giver, who in his eyes was all that was excellent; and she really was a disciple of her Lord. The issue was, that in a few months they were married.

This lady was the only child of Joseph Smith, Esq. solicitor of Bradford, Wilts. Through a paternal fondness, and a fear lest she should fall into the hands of some person not agreeable to him, he had kept her almost a prisoner at home. From a child she was inclined to religion, and very much employed her hours of solitude in sacred music, in which she had made some progress. To Methodism she was very much attached; and this was almost the only point in which her father crossed her wishes. She could never openly espouse the cause till after her father's death. Ah! little did he think that he was hoarding up more than twenty thousand pounds for a Methodist clergyman, and for the missions at Ceylon.

After this marriage, the Doctor bought a plain carriage; but did not encumber himself with either horses or servants. He travelled the same route as before; but stayed longer in the towns. He seemed happy in the companion of his age, and accommodated himself as far as possible to all her wishes, charities, and daily efforts of doing good. He was, however, deprived of this valuable woman early in the

the seventh year after marriage. She died in London, and was interred in the family vault of the priory church of Brecon.

The same causes which disposed the Doctor to a first marriage, after the lapse of about a year, disposed him to a second. He formed a connexion with Miss Loxdale, of Liverpool; a lady who had long been eminent for piety, and of a good family, but whose health was too delicate to accompany the Doctor. Hence, the friends of both parties disapproved of the marriage. Of this lady he was deprived in the course of seven months.

This stroke operated on his mind, and he began more seriously to think of embracing the opening of going out with a mission to Ceylon. For many years, a wish to visit India had slumbered in his breast; and he had strove to decipher the swelling impulse which had feasted on every vestige of religious intelligence from the East. Individuals of the company he had often sounded, but without effect. Authorized by a charter successively renewed, they kept the keys of Hindoostan with the same jealous care as the keys of their counting-house. The Company in Lisbon have been the foremost to send out missionaries, and have received the missionary influence in grateful return; but the Company in London act on the opposite principle. The monopoly of an individual we can oppose; but against the monopoly of a Sovereign Company, we have no resource.

The Island of Ceylon not being in the Company's charter, became the object of the Doctor's attention, which, in a missionary view, may be considered as the key of India. The island is about as large as Ireland. Candia, the capital, is situate in the bosom of the mountains, and governed by its own king, who is powerful in the interior. But Candia having been repeatedly burnt by the Portuguese, on gaining the eminences, the court removed to Dilege in 1660. The mountains contain mines of copper and iron. The people subsist chiefly on

rice and fruits ; and the languages they speak are the Tamul, and the Cingalese. The towns, bays and coasts are occupied by Europeans ; and by a confluence of strangers, who speak every language of the adjacent continent. The island was taken from the Dutch in 1795, and ceded to us by the late peace.

The Doctor, after weighing this opening, and finding certain gentlemen, high in office, willing to encourage the gospel in the East, became satisfied of his calling to go, provided he could find six young men of hopeful talents willing to go out, and devote their lives to the work. He waited on Dr. Buchanan, distinguished through India by his efforts of Christian zeal, and largely consulted him on the subject. And when his intention became known at large, five preachers already in the work, viz. James Lynch, William Ault, George Erskine, William Harvard, and Thomas Sqaunce, were willing to go. To these were added, Benjamin Clough, a local preacher. The conference could not but approve of the plan, as Providence obviously opened the way ; and especially as the Doctor, if necessity required, was willing to bear the expense of the out-fit, which amounted to above six thousand pounds.

After the conference of 1813, he assembled the six brethren in London, procured them a Portuguese tutor ; a printing-press and type, as one or two of the missionaries understood that business. Their books, clothes, and smaller articles, were furnished on a state adequate to a permanent residence in India. The mission, followed by the prayers of the faithful, took its departure from Spithead on the 31st of December, and reached Bombay after a fine passage of twenty weeks and three days.

The Doctor was observed to tremble a little as he stepped into the boat at Portsmouth point ; a circumstance, we believe, not very usual with him.— During the voyage, he was cheerful, and quite in the spirit of his mission, often helping the brethren

in their learning, and talking of his future plans.— He seemed not to have the least presentiment of the transition which awaited him. On the 1st of May, he complained of slight indisposition, which continued during the next day; but he walked the deck, and retired at the usual hour. He desired brother Clough to give him from the chest a little aperient medicine, which he did; and offered to sit up; but the Doctor said, there was no need, shook hands, and wished him a good night. Early in the morning he was found dead on the floor, and quite cold. Hence it was concluded, that he was summoned away about midnight, and by a stroke of apoplexy, to which his constitution was disposed. The same day in the evening, his body was committed to the deep, which proved a very affecting time to the whole ship's company.

Thus finished the course of this blessed man, unparalleled in missionary travels. Like Moses, he was not permitted to enter the land, but he breathed the gales wafted from the orient shores. Well!—he died—but his cause lives. He laid the foundation; others survive to finish. We are disposed to hope, from a retrospective view of the whole, that all the actions and efforts of his life, were but a series of introductory openings to the scene of his mission to the East. His conversion from Deism by Sherlock's discourses; his being directed to Petherton, where he found Mr. Maxfield, a man of missionary spirit; the distinguished manner in which he found peace with God; the encouragement which his missions at home and abroad afforded his mind; the indifference with which the American brethren received his offers to settle among them; the additional money which fell into his hands by marriage; the death of his first and second wife; the preservation of his health to the last periods of his life,—all seem to indicate, that Providence designed him to fall in this last and best mission of his Lord and Master. Had he attempted to force his way to India when he first felt the rising

ing impulse, the gentlemen would not have been prepared with light to second his views; his precious work at home and abroad would have sunk into decay; neither his fortune, nor the finances of Methodism, could have borne the expense. But now many of the missions abroad are become so strong, that they can help others; and missionary societies and committees are formed in the principal towns of England to supply the Doctor's lack, and support the work.*

But O! the manner of his death re-echoes with a voice from India to all the preachers who survive; to the myriads who heard him preach, and to all who know his case.—Let us listen to that voice.—Let us hear the harbinger of the Lord. “At midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh. Be ye therefore ready also, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.—Blessed is that servant, whom when his Lord cometh, shall find so doing;” whether active at his post, or meekly stooping under disease, the applaudit of his Master, “Well done, good and faithful servant,” shall wipe away all tears from his eyes.

* There are a few formed in Ireland also, from which much good is expected.—EDITOR.

EXTRACTS
OF THE
JOURNALS
OF THE LATE
REV. DR. THOMAS COKE'S
SEVERAL VISITS
TO
AMERICA,
THE
WEST INDIES,
&c. &c. &c.

TO THE
REV. MR. WESLEY.

HONOURED AND VERY DEAR SIR,

PERMIT me to lay at your feet the first Publication of any magnitude that I have ventured to offer to the public Eye. In you I have for thirteen years found a Father and a Friend, and feel a peculiar happiness on every opportunity afforded me of expressing my obligations to you.

I know you hate Flattery, and therefore I must avoid all panegyric. To say but little of you, would derogate from your due; and to do you justice, would offend you. I must therefore only subscribe myself, with very great respect,

Dear Sir,
Your dutiful, affectionate, and
Most obliged Son,
THOMAS COKE.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE very favourable reception my little Journals have met with, demonstrated by the rapid sale of the former editions, induces me to publish the whole of them collectively; and to add thereto an extract of the Journal of my first visit to America, which was never printed before. Two things only I can venture to mention in their recommendation, They have been written with artless simplicity, and with truth. If the account which I have given, of the infant work of God among the poor Negroes in the West Indies, and of the more established work on the Continent of America, administer not only pleasure but profit to the Readers, the highest ambition of the Writer will be gratified, and to God be all the glory.

City-Road, London,
Jan. 25, 1790.

AN

AN EXTRACT

OF THE LATE

REV. DR. THOMAS COKE'S

FIRST JOURNAL

TO

NORTH-AMERICA.



SEPTEMBER 18, 1784.

AT ten in the morning we sailed from *King-Road* for *New-York*. A breeze soon sprung up, which carried us with the help of the tides, about a hundred leagues from *Bristol* by Monday morning.—*St. Austin's Meditations* were this day made no small blessing to my soul.

Sunday 19.—This day we intended to give two sermons to the company, but all was sickness: we were disabled from doing any thing but casting our care upon God.

Wednesday 22.—I passed a night of trial. The storm was high: the sea frequently washed the deck. My thirst was excessive, and all the sailors were at work upon deck, except a few that were gone to rest: sleep had forsaken me, but my trust was truly in the Lord.

Thursday 23.—This and the three former days we lost several leagues, being now nearer *Bristol* considerably than on Monday morning. The storms were high and frequent, and the ship obliged to tack backwards and forwards every four hours be-

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tween the coasts of England and France. It appeared doubtful some time, whether we should not be obliged to take refuge in the port of *Brest*.—For the five last days, my brethren and myself tasted no flesh, nor hardly any kind of meat or drink that would stay upon our stomachs.

Friday 24.—This morning I was hungry, and breakfasted on water gruel. I now begin to recover my strength, and employ myself in reading the *Life of Francis Xavier*. O for a soul like his! But, glory be to God, there is nothing impossible with him. I seem to want the wings of an eagle, and the voice of a trumpet, that I may proclaim the gospel through the East and the West, and the North and the South.

The wind has veered from North-West to South-West, and our ship sails from three to five miles an hour towards America.

I enjoy one peculiar blessing—a place of retirement, a little secret corner in the ship; which I shall hereafter call my study. It is so small that I have hardly room to roll about, and there is a window in it which opens to the sea, and makes it the most delightful place under deck. Here, God willing, I shall spend the greatest part of my time.

Saturday 25.—We have now sailed one hundred and fifty leagues towards America. My brethren and myself are tolerably recovered. May we improve this time of rest to the profit of our souls and the preparation of them for the work of God. A sailor dangerously ill, affords us an opportunity of visiting the crew in the steerage, and preaching to them through him the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Captain of our ship, I believe, never swears; nor does he suffer any of his men, as far as he can prevent it, to game or get drunk. And though the men are, I find, like the rest of their brethren, profane to the last degree, yet when we are on deck, there is seldom an oath to be heard.

Sunday 26.—This day we performed divine service both morning and afternoon, and the sailors, except

except those on immediate duty, attended. A French ship passed us with her colours hoisted, and of course expecting the same compliment from ours, whilst I was enforcing the history and example of the trembling jailor converted by Paul and Silas; which much interrupted us. The little congregation appeared, indeed, to give close attention to brother *Whatcoat* in the afternoon, while he explained to them, the wages of sin, and the gift of God. But, alas! I am ready to despair of our doing them any essential good.

Tuesday 28.—For the two last days the winds were contrary, and we hardly gained a league; but they are again favourable, and we are come two hundred and fifty leagues from *Bristol*. The sailors now attend us daily at morning-prayer. For these few days past I have been reading the life of *David Brainerd*. O that I may follow him as he followed Christ. His humility, his self-denial, his perseverance, and his flaming zeal for God, were exemplary indeed.

This morning a whale played round the ship for an hour and a half: it was a noble sight! And after him an innumerable company of porpoises. How manifold are thy works, O God!

Friday, Oct. 1.—I devoted the morning to fasting and prayer, and found some degree of refreshment, and a sacred longing after more fervency and activity in the service of my God.

Saturday 2.—Hitherto the wind had not blown from any one of the sixteen eastern points of the compass; but now a brisk gale from the East carries us directly to our point. We are about three hundred and fifty leagues from *Bristol*, but probably have not sailed in all fewer than seven hundred.

I am entering on the works of Virgil. Indeed I can say in a much better sense than the poet,

“Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,
Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus.”*

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Sunday,

* Which may be thus translated: “God has provided for us these sweet hours of retirement: and he shall be my God for ever.”

Sunday 3.—Brother *Vasey* this morning described to the sailors the tremendous transactions of the day of judgment; and in the afternoon I endeavoured to make them sensible of the necessity of being born again. They gave apparent attention, and that is all I can say. We also distributed among them, the Word to a Sailor.

Monday 4.—I have finished the life of *David Brainerd*. The most surprizing circumstance in the whole, I think, is this, That the great work which (by the blessing of God) he wrought among the Indians, was all done through the medium of an interpreter. We are come about four hundred leagues.

Tuesday 5.—I have just finished the Confessional: and believe the author does not speak without reason in his observations concerning National Churches, that the *kingdom of Christ is not of this world*: that in proportion to the degrees of union which subsist between the Church and State, religion is liable to be secularized and made the tool of sinister and ambitious men.

Wednesday 6.—I devoted this morning to fasting and prayer. It was a good time. O that I never may lose any thing I gain in the divine life.

Thursday 7.—In the morning we had a perfect calm, and the Captain spread all his sails; the consequence of which was, that a sudden squall attacking us at dinner time, our main-mast was very near being snapt in two. The mate has been just informing me, that during the squall, and the amazing bustle in which they were, not a single oath was heard among the sailors. So far hath God wrought! We are about five hundred leagues on our voyage.

Friday 8.—I devoted the morning to fasting and prayer, and reading the scriptures, and found it a truly profitable time.

Sunday 10.—Brothers *Whatcoat* and *Vasey* preached to the sailors, and I expounded in the evening; but, alas! I do not perceive that we reach their

their hearts, though they now attend morning and evening on the week days.

Friday 15.—I set apart this morning for fasting and prayer, as I did also last Wednesday, and found it a refreshing season to my soul. For many days we had contrary winds till yesterday; but within these two days we have made a considerable progress.

Sunday 17.—Two dolphins visited our ship, and immediately the sailors brought out their spear and lines. I knew not whether I should oppose them or not on account of the day: but as the difficulty I should have to convince them of the sin would be very great, and as they now consent to have public worship three times on the Lord's day, I forbore for this time, hoping to bring them in gradually. They killed one of them with the spear, and we are to dine upon it to-morrow. It is more like a salmon, than any other fish I know. We have sailed about seven hundred leagues.

Monday 18.—I have waded through Bishop *Hoadley's* Treatises on Conformity and Episcopacy; five hundred and sixty-six pages, octavo. He is a powerful reasoner, but is I believe wrong in his premises. However he is very candid. In one place he allows the truth of *St. Jerom's* account of the Presbyters of *Alexandria*, who, as *Jerom* informs us, elected their own Bishops for two hundred years, from the time of *St. Mark*, to the time of *Dionysius*. In another place he makes this grand concession, viz. "I think not an uninterrupted line of succession of regularly ordained Bishops necessary." page 489. In several other places he grants that there may be cases of necessity, which may justify a Presbyterian ordination. But he really seems to prove one thing, That it was the universal practice of the Church from the latter end of the lives of the Apostles to the time of the Reformation, to invest the power of Ordination in a superior Church Officer to the Presbyters, whom the Church

soon after the death of the Apostles called Bishop by way of eminence.

Thursday 21.—I finished the Pastorals of *Virgil*, which notwithstanding their many exceptionable passages, by a kind of magic power, conveyed me to fields and groves and purling brooks, and painted before my eyes all the feigned beauties of *Arcadia*; and would have almost persuaded me that it is possible to be happy without God. However, they served now and then to unbend the powers of the mind.

Friday 22.—This day being set apart for fasting and prayer, as also Wednesday last, I finished *St. Austin's Meditations*. Certainly he was a good and great man, however false zeal might sometimes have led him astray. We were now visited by a sparrow, which informed us we were not a great way from land. It probably came from *Newfoundland*.

My brethren and I spent two hours or thereabouts in reading together in the evenings. The Captain and his son, and the mate, sometimes listen with great attention.

The Lord has I trust now given us one soul among the sailors; that of *Richard Hare*. His mother lived in *Stepney*, near *London*, and was a member of our Society. I believe he is in a measure awakened, blessed be God, by our ministry.

Saturday 23.—Infidels have objected to that passage in the Psalms, *The Sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the Moon by night*; but *Virgil* has taken a much greater licence where he says,

“ Ne tenuous pluvia, rapidive potentia Solis
Acrior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat.”*

Sunday 24.—I never in my life saw so beautiful a sky as this morning a little before sun-rise—so delightful a mixture of colours, and so fine a fret-work. I do not wonder that the poor Heathens worship the

* May the thin rain, or the stronger power of the rapid Sun, or the penetrating cold of the North East wind, never burn you.

the sun. During our afternoon service, and whilst I preached my farewell sermon, the people listened with great attention; and now, I think, I am free from their blood. This afternoon we spoke a brig bound for *London*.

Sunday 31.—Contrary to our expectation we are still at sea, and brother *Whatcoat* and *Vasey* preached. I have entered again on my Greek Testament. What a precious thing is the word of God!

Wednesday, Nov. 3.—We are safely arrived at *New-York*, praised be God, after a very agreeable voyage. We inquired for the Methodist preaching-house, and a gentleman, who, as I afterwards found, had no sort of connection with us, led us to our friend *Sands*, with whom we make our abode in a most comfortable manner. I have opened Mr. *Wesley's* plan to brother *Dickens*, the travelling Preacher stationed at this place, and he highly approves of it, says that all the Preachers most earnestly long for such a regulation, and that Mr. *Asbury* he is sure will agree to it. He presses me earnestly to make it public, because as he most justly argues, Mr. *Wesley* has determined the point, and therefore it is not to be investigated, but complied with. By the reports of some who lately came from *Europe*, or by some means or other, the whole country has been, as it were, expecting, and Mr. *Asbury* looking out for me for some time. This evening I preached on the kingdom of God within, to a serious, little congregation, the notice being very short.

Thursday 4.—In the morning I preached on, *As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God:* and had very near as many, I think, as on the evening before.

Friday 5.—I enforced on the people in the morning, the example of the *Rechabites*: last night, the necessity of being sealed with the Holy Spirit of Promise. In the afternoon I set off for *Philadelphia*.

Saturday

Saturday 6.—I arrived at *Philadelphia*, and was received most kindly by brother *Baker*, merchant, in *Market-street*.

Sunday 7.—I preached in the morning and afternoon in *St. Paul's Church* at the desire of *Dr. Magaw*, and in the evening to a large congregation in our own Chapel on the necessity of the witness of the Spirit.

Monday 8.—*Dr. Magaw* and *Dr. White*, two of the clergymen of this city made me a visit: *Dr. White* offered me his church on the Sunday following. The honourable *Mr. Reid* undertook to introduce me to the governor of this State: we waited on him according to appointment, but business of State in Council detained him: however I had the honour of spending three hours with his lady and *Mr. Reid* (who is her first cousin). She is a Quaker, a woman who, I doubt not, loves God. I soon felt liberty to talk with her in the freest manner concerning the deep things of God. On Wednesday the 9th, we waited on his Excellency again at the appointed time, and drank coffee, and spent a couple of hours with him. He is a man of excellent sense, and the utmost politeness, and is looked upon by many as the first literary character in *America*. He told me, that he had the pleasure of spending some time with *Mr. Wesley* in the year 1755, at *Mr. Blackwell's*, at *Lewisham*, near *London*, and spoke of him with the highest respect. He has read some of *Mr. Fletcher's Polemical Writings*, and admires them most highly. I brought a volume of *Mr. Wesley's Magazines* to his lady, with which she was much pleased, for *Mr. Reid* had praised them to her, and she had expressed a desire of reading them.

Friday 12.—I preached at the *Cross-Roads* in the State of *Delaware*, to a pleasing, attentive congregation. Brother *Whatcoat* had almost as many to hear him in the morning as I had in the evening. On our journey to this place, we were most sumptuously entertained at an Inn gratis. The landlady has

has certainly some love for the people of God; but, alas! she neglects her own vineyard!

Saturday 13.—I was most kindly received by Mr. *Basset*, one of the Executive-Council for the State of *Delaware*. The place where he lives, is called *Dover*. He is not in society, but is building us a large chapel. Here I met with an excellent young man, *Freeborn Garretson*. He seems to be all meekness and love, and yet all activity. He makes me quite ashamed, for he invariably rises at four in the morning, and not only he, but several others of the preachers: and now blushing I brought back my alarm to four o'clock.

Sunday 14.—Brother *Whatcoat* had a very good congregation in the Court-house at six in the morning. About ten o'clock we arrived at *Barret's-Chapel*, so called from the name of our friend that built it, and who went to heaven a few days ago. In this chapel, in the midst of a forest, I had a noble congregation, to which I endeavoured to set forth our blessed Redeemer, as our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. After the sermon, a plain, robust man came up to me in the pulpit, and kissed me: I thought it could be no other than Mr. *Asbury*, and I was not deceived. I administered the sacrament after preaching, to, I think, five or six hundred communicants, and afterwards we held a love-feast. It was the best season I ever knew, except one in *Charlemont*, in *Ireland*. After dining in company with eleven of our preachers at our sister *Barret's*, about a mile from the chapel, Mr. *Asbury* and I had a private conversation concerning the future management of our affairs in *America*. He informed me that he had received some intimations of my arrival on the Continent; and as he thought it probable I might meet him that day, and might have something of importance to communicate to him from Mr. *Wesley*, he had therefore collected a considerable number of the preachers to form a council; and, if they were of opinion that it would be expedient immediately to call a Conference,

ence, it should be done. They were accordingly sent for, and after debate, were unanimously of that opinion. We therefore sent off *Freeborn Garretson*, lik an arrow, from North to South, directing him to send messengers to the right and left, and to gather all the preachers together at *Baltimore* on Christmas-Eve. Mr. *Asbury* has also drawn up for me a route of about eight hundred or a thousand miles in the mean time. He has given me his black (*Harry* by name,) and borrowed an excellent horse for me. I exceedingly reverence Mr. *Asbury*; he has so much wisdom and consideration, so much meekness and love; and under all this, though hardly to be perceived, so much command and authority. He and I have agreed to use our joint endeavours to establish a School or College on the plan of *Kingswood-School*. I baptized here about thirty or forty infants and seven adults. We had indeed a precious time at the baptism of the adults.

White's Chapel, Kent's County, State of Delaware, Tuesday 16.—I am now at the house of our brother *White*, who is a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and General Steward of the Circuit. I preached to a moderate congregation, and baptized many children.

Brown's Chapel, Sussex County, Thursday 18.—I enforced the necessity of the power of godliness, to a tolerable congregation, in the midst of a forest.

Quantico-Chapel, Somerset County, State of Maryland, Saturday and Sunday 20 and 21.—Near this chapel I was kindly entertained by one Mrs. *Walters*, a widow-lady of considerable fortune, but not in Society. The chapel is most beautifully situated in a forest, and the congregations were very large both Saturday and Sunday. On the Lord's Day, the chapel could not contain the people.

Annamessex-Chapel, Somerset, Monday 22.—I preached to a tolerable congregation in a forest. It is quite romantic to see such numbers of horses fastened to the trees. Being engaged in the most solemn

solemn exercises of religion for three or four hours every day, and that in the middle of the day, I hardly know the day of the week: every one appearing to me like the Lord's-Day.

Tuesday 23.—I preached at a chapel called Lower Chapel, to the first inattentive congregation I have met with in America. There is indeed a little society here, which seemed to be all attention, whilst I pointed out the necessity of being redeemed from all iniquity. In the afternoon I preached at the house of Dr. *Robinson*, a physician, and one of our local Preachers: here they were very attentive.

Accomack-County, State of Virginia, Wednesday 24.—I preached at Captain *Downing's* at noon, and Captain *Burton's* in the afternoon: both of them Justices of the Peace. In this part of the country we have no preaching-houses, the work being of very short standing, from one year to four; but they talked of building, and I encouraged them.

Thursday 25.—We rode to Col. *Paramore's*: his brother is a Member of the Assembly. Here I had a small congregation. The clergy in general in these parts, never stir out to church, even on a Sunday, if it rains.

Northampton-County, Friday 26.—I rode to Col. *Burton's*, and preached in his house: and on Saturday returned back to Col. *Paramore's*, preaching at Mr. *Garretson's* in my way, and at the Colonel's in the afternoon.

Sunday 28.—I read prayers and preached at *Accomack* in the Court-house, and in the afternoon returned to, and preached at Captain *Burton's*, with a great deal of power, blessed be God!

Monday 29.—I preached at one *John Purnell's*. I have now had the pleasure of hearing *Harry* preach several times. I sometimes give notice immediately after preaching, that in a little time *Harry* will preach to the blacks; but the whites always stay to hear him. Sometimes I publish him to preach at candle-light, as the negroes can better attend

tend at that time. I really believe he is one of the best preachers in the world, there is such an amazing power attends his preaching, though he cannot read; and he is one of the humblest creatures I ever saw.

Tuesday 30.—At noon I preached in the Court-house, at a place called Snow-hill, to a small congregation, most of whom, I suppose, were almost as dead as stones; and in the evening to a little lively congregation, at the house of one *Law*.

Wednesday, Dec. 1.—I preached at a chapel of our's in a forest, called *Lane-chapel*. Here I had a large, lively congregation, baptized a great many children, and administered the sacrament to a great many communicants. For a week past I have been in a barren country for the gospel, but am now, blessed be God, got again into the heart of Methodism.

Thursday 2.—I rode through heavy rains and through the forests about thirty miles to Mr. *Airey's*, in Dorset county in the State of Maryland; a most excellent man, and our most valuable friend. There is not one in this county, perhaps, more respected by all ranks of people than he; and he has the highest esteem for our dear father Mr. *Wesley*. Indeed he has entered into the deep things of God. In this place I had a very lively congregation. As I had also at Colonel *Vicker's*, on Saturday 4,—where I administered the sacrament.

Cambridge, Sunday 5.—In this town, which has been remarkable above any other on the Continent for persecution, there arose a great dispute whether I should preach in the church or not. The ladies in general were for it, but the gentlemen against it, and the gentlemen prevailed. Accordingly the church door was locked, though they have had no service in it, I think, for several years; and it has frequently been left open, I am informed, for cows, and dogs, and pigs. However, I read prayers and preached at the door of a cottage, to one of the largest congregations I have had in America. We have

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no regular preaching here, but I trust shall soon have a good Society notwithstanding all the opposition.

Dr. *Allen's*, Monday 6.—I preached at noon at a place called *Bolingbroke*. Our chapel is situated in a forest. Perhaps I have in this little tour baptized more children and adults than I should in my whole life, if stationed in an English parish. I had this morning a great escape in crossing a broad ferry. After setting off, *Harry* persuaded me to return back, and leave our horses behind us, to be sent after me the next day, on account of the violence of the wind. I have hardly a doubt but we should have been drowned if we had not taken that step. We were in great danger as it was; and if my heart did not deceive me, I calmly and sincerely prayed that God would take me to himself, if the peculiar work in which I was engaged, was not for his glory.

Dr. *Allen* is a physician of great eminence in these parts, and a most precious man, of excellent sense, and of the greatest simplicity. One of the ferrymen of that dangerous ferry, (who I suppose owns the boat) is half a Methodist, and therefore supplied us with two horses to *Bolingbroke*, which is about seven miles from the ferry; and one Captain *Frazier* carried me in his carriage from *Bolingbroke* to Dr. *Allen's*. This Captain and his wife have been lately awakened: but said he to me, we have neither of us yet found the blessing. He is a man of large fortune.

Wednesday 8.—I preached to a lively congregation at Tuckaho-Chapel in a forest. These are, I think, the best singers I have met with in America. In the afternoon I went to Colonel *Hopper's*. This gentleman is a man of excellent sense: he is a member of our Society, and in simplicity a little child. He was six years sheriff of a neighbouring county (Caroline) and three years its Representative in the assembly. He has been lately removed into Queen-Ann's county, and therefore has not been chosen for this year; there being a law of this State, that no

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person shall be a Representative for any county, but that in which he resides and has resided for twelve months. In my way to this place, I dined with Colonel *Downs*, one of the present Representatives for Caroline-county, a dear brother of ours, who has lately built us a Synagogue. Some time ago, during the war, when he was sheriff for Caroline-county, and unawakened, one of our Preachers was apprehended in his county, because he would not take the oaths of allegiance; and Mr. *Downs* told the Preacher, he was obliged to imprison him, but that he would turn his own house into his prison; and both the colonel and his lady were awakened by their prisoner. Not far from brother *Hopper's*, is one Colonel *Emery*, whose wife is in our Society. He professes faith, but will not join us. When Mrs. *Emery* received one day at preaching a sense of pardon, and related at home the blessing she had received, Mr. *Emery* who was a candid inquirer after truth, and placed the greatest confidence in his wife, was awakened by the relation, and used to continue on his knees at prayer, till they bled; and never rested till he was clearly justified. I think he will not keep from us long. There is also in this neighbourhood one Mr. *Kent*, a member of our Society, who was for some years a Representative for Caroline-county, but withdrew this year on account of a multiplicity of private business. There is not, perhaps, in the whole assembly a person more respected than he. They offered to chuse him Speaker, but he refused.

Kent-Island, Thursday 9.—Here I was obliged to preach out of doors. The very man who published me in the church, and who is one of the Vestry, and one of the principal men in the Island, shut the doors of the church against me. Many people, I believe, who had no regard for the Methodists, were filled with indignation. But the natural and spiritual Sun, blessed be God, shone upon many of us.

Friday 10.—I preached in Colonel *Hopper's* house; but the house would not hold the people; and many, who

who could not come within hearing, went away. This afternoon I went to visit one Mr. *Chairs*, about two years ago a famous foxhunter, now a leader of a Class, and one of the most zealous men in the country. It is remarkable that his foxhounds, though he took equal care of them, left him one after another in about two months after he gave over hunting.

New-Town, Sunday 12.—I preached to three large congregations. The preaching-house would not hold, I think, above half the people in the afternoon: so after reading prayers in the chapel, I preached at the door.

Near the *Cheasapeak*, Monday 13.—At noon I preached, baptized and administered the sacrament in *Kent-chapel*; and at three preached in *Worton-chapel*, to a large congregation.

Tuesday 14.—We crossed the Bay, and at the other side were met by Mr. *Dallam* in his chariot, to whose house I went. He is brother-in-law to the Governor of the State, and a member of our Society. We have a preaching-house near, where I preached in the evening to a few, there having been little notice given. Mr. *Asbury* met me on this side of the Bay: between us we have got about one thousand pounds sterling subscribed for the college.

Gunpowder-Chapel, Wednesday 15.—I preached to a small congregation; but most of them I believe were genuine christians. We had indeed a refreshing shower at the sacrament. I spent the remainder of the day at our kind brother *Walter's*, well known to brother *Rankin*.

Thursday 16.—We returned to brother *Dallam's*, where I preached, and administered the Lord's Supper to an attentive people.

Friday 17.—We set off for our valuable friend's Mr. *G*. His new mansion-house, which he has lately built, is the most elegant in this State. But, alas, it has robbed him I am afraid of a considerable part of his religion. His lady is a precious woman:

man: of fine sense. His daughter, about twelve years old, is of excellent parts, but not awakened. He intends to go to England next spring, to buy furniture for his house, which, I fear, will only still lower him in grace. On these accounts he will only give thirty guineas towards the college, and five guineas for tracts for the poor. Here I have a noble room to myself, where Mr. *Asbury* and I may, in the course of the week, mature every thing for the Conference.

Baltimore, Sunday, Jan. 2, 1785.—On Christmas-Eve we opened our Conference, which has continued ten days. I admire the American Preachers. We had near sixty of them present. The whole number is eighty-one. They are indeed a body of devoted, disinterested men, but most of them young. The spirit in which they conducted themselves in chusing the Elders, was most pleasing. I believe they acted without being at all influenced either by friendship, resentment, or prejudice, both in chusing and rejecting. The Lord was peculiarly present, whilst I was preaching my two Pastoral Sermons. God was indeed pleased to honour me before the people. At six every morning, one of the Preachers gave the people a sermon: the weather was exceedingly cold, and therefore we thought it best to indulge them by preaching one hour later than usual; and our morning congregations held out to the last.

One of the week-days at noon, I made a collection towards assisting our brethren who are going to *Nova-Scotia*: and our friends generously contributed fifty pounds currency, (thirty pounds sterling.)

Monday 3.—I left *Baltimore*, and came to our good friend Mr. *Gough's*, but had the coldest ride I ever rode.

Tuesday 4.—I went with several of my friends to the side of the *Cheasapeak-Bay*, but found it so frozen that we could not pass, Here a hospitable planter

Planter took in and kindly entertained four of us.

Wednesday 5.—I returned to *Abingdon*. Brother *Dallam* had buried his father-in-law that very day, and his house was full of carnal relations; so I set up at good brother *Toy's*, the silversmith: however, I preached a funeral sermon in Mr. *Dallam's* house, and was heard with great attention. I now gave orders that the materials should be procured for the erecting of the college.

Thursday 6.—I crossed the *Susquehanna-River*, with my horse, on the ice; and lay at one of our friends, whose name is *Thompson*, a truly good man.

Friday 7.—We came to one *Burton's* a local Preacher, formerly a Quaker; he is a precious old man, and most fervently loves God.

Philadelphia, Saturday 8—19.—In this city I find myself perfectly at home. One thing worthy of notice happened here—One of our sisters who belonged to the *Dutch Church*, was particularly prejudiced against our Liturgy, but whilst I was reading it, she received one of the greatest manifestations of God's love she had ever enjoyed in her life, and went away as much prejudiced in favour of it, as she was before against it.

New-York, January 22—Feb. 6.—Here I published at the desire of the Conference, my Sermon on the Godhead of Christ. Our friends in *Philadelphia* and *New-York* gave me sixty pounds currency for the Missionaries, so that upon the whole I have not been obliged to advance above three or four pounds on their account.

Monday 7.—I left *New-York*: and on Teusday 8, reached *Trent-Town* (State of *Jersey*.) Here I had but a small congregation, and about twenty hearers in the morning.

Wednesday 9.—I went to *Burlington*. The Vestry opened to me the church, and some of the first men in the State came to hear me: Mr. *S—R—* formerly one of our Travelling Preachers, and

a very zealous man, but now a prophesier of smooth things, has been appointed a reader and preacher in this church by the Convention of the clergy of the church of *England*. He expects to be ordained as soon as they have a Bishop.

Mount-Holly, Thursday 10.—Here is another preacher appointed by the Convention, who was also formerly one of our Travelling-preachers, (Mr. *Sprague*,) a genuine christian.

New-Mills, Friday 11.—My congregation in this chapel, was not large, but very serious. Surely this place will have much to answer for.

Philadelphia, February 12—14.—They are now going in reality to repair our chapel here; the scaffolding is already put up. I have united above a hundred, I think, in band, and they seem to be in good earnest about it, determined to meet. There is certainly a considerable revival in this city.

Wilmington, State of *Delaware*, Tuesday 15.—At noon I preached in *Chester-Town*, in the Court-house, and dined with Mrs. *Withey*, (the kind landlady mentioned above, as having entertained me gratis.) She has subscribed five pounds for the college. In the evening I had a large congregation at *Wilmington*, and also at five in the morning: the work revives in this place. From hence I went to *Duck-Creek*; to *Dover* (Mr. *Bassett's*;) to brother *White's*, the Justice; to *Tuckaho*, (brother *Downs's*;) to Colonel *Hopper's*; to *Sadler's-cross-roads*; to *New-Town*; then over the *Cheasapeak-Bay* to *Abingdon*, (poor Mr. *Dallam's* wife lies dangerously ill, and his fondness for her is such, that he by no means seems prepared for the shock of her death;) from thence to Mr. *Gough's*; and then to *Baltimore*.

Baltimore, February 26, to March 6.—The work of God does indeed prosper in this town. The preaching-house will not contain even my week-day's congregations; and at five in the morning the chapel is about half full. I think I have prevailed on our friends in this place to build a new church. They have already subscribed about five hundred pounds

pounds sterling. I have now formed the believers into bands.

Elcreek, Monday, March 7.—I preached in the church to a tolerable congregation, and in the evening at the house of Mr. D—, a chief man in this neighbourhood, good-natured, but of no religion. His cousin (Colonel D—) fears God. The church of *England* people in *America*, have a vile custom of walking out and in during divine service. I have now no engagements upon my hands for between two and three hundred miles, so I must post on as fast as I can.

Blaidensburg, Tuesday, March 8.—This day I lost my way in the woods, and after riding ten miles out of my road, found out a hospitable tavern-keeper, who entertained me and my horse *gratis*.

Wednesday, March 9.—In my ride this morning to *Alexandria*, (*Virginia*) through the woods, I have had one of the most romantic scenes that ever I beheld. Yesterday there was a very heavy fall of snow, and hail, and sleet. The fall of sleet was so great, that the trees seemed to be trees of ice. So beautiful a sight of the kind I never saw before.

And now I am going to open a solemn scene indeed! May God deeply impress it on my heart. We had this day a very sudden thaw. I had two runs of water (as they are called) to cross between *Alexandria* and *Colchester*, which swell exceedingly on any thaw or fall of rain; but being earnestly desirous to get into the work, I determined to proceed on my journey. My servant, whom I had permitted to make a visit to his wife on the other side of the *Cheasapeak-Bay*, had deceived me, by staying with her beyond his time: and the southern preachers knew not where I was, imagining me to be in the *West-Indies*. A friend who lives in *Alexandria*, came with me over the first run, and every body informed me I could easily cross the second, if I crossed the first. When I came to the second (which was perhaps two hours after I had
crossed

crossed the first) I found that I had two streams to pass. The first I went over without much danger: but in crossing the second, which was very strong and very deep, I did not observe that a tree brought down by the flood, lay across the landing-place. I endeavoured but in vain, to drive my horse against the stream, and go round the tree. I was afraid to turn my horse's head to the stream, and afraid to go back. In this dilemma I thought it most prudent for me to lay hold on the tree, and go over it, the water being shallow on the other side of the tree. But I did not advert to the danger of loosening the tree from its hold. For no sooner did I execute my purpose so far as to lay hold of the tree, (and that instant the horse was carried from under me,) but the motion that I gave it, loosened it, and down the stream it instantly carried me. Some distance off, there grew a tree in the middle of the stream, the root of which had formed a little bank or island, and divided the stream; and here the tree which I held, was stopped. Instantly there came down with the flood a large branch of a tree upon my back, which was so heavy, that I was afraid it would break my back. I was now jammed up for a considerable time (a few minutes appeared long at such a season) expecting that my strength would soon be exhausted, and I should drop between the tree and the branch. Here I pleaded aloud with God in good earnest; one promise which I particularly urged, I remember well, *Lo, I will be with you always, even to the end of the world.* I felt no fear at all of the pain of dying, or of death itself, or of hell, and yet I found an unwillingness to die. All my castles which I had built in the air for the benefit of my fellow-creatures, passed in regular array before my mind, and I could not consent to give them up. It was an awful time! However, through the blessing of my Almighty preserver, (to whom be all the glory,) I at last got my knee, which I long endeavoured at in vain, on the tree which I grasped, and then soon disengaged myself, and

and climbed up the little bank. Here I panted for breath for some time: and when I recovered, perceiving the water between the little island and the shore not to be very deep, or very strong, I ventured through it, and got to land. I was now obliged to walk about a mile, shivering, before I came to a house. The master and mistress were from home, and were not expected to return that night. But the principal negro lent me an old ragged shirt, coat, waistcoat, breeches, &c. and the negroes made a large fire, and hung my clothes up to dry all night. Before bed time, a man, who came to the run on a small horse, and perceived mine near the brook, concluded the rider was drowned, and wanting to cross the stream on urgent business, mounted my horse, and being well acquainted with the run, came over safe; he then perceived the footsteps of a person on the side of the water, and concluded they were made by the person to whom the horse belonged; and following the track, brought horse and bags safe to me. As he seemed to be a poor man, I gave him half-a-guinea. At night I lay on a bed on the ground, and my strength having been so exhausted, slept soundly all the night. Thus was I wonderfully preserved, and I trust shall never forget so awful, but very instructive a scene.

On Thursday I got to *Fredricksburg*, a very wicked, ungodly town. I began now to find that I could say with the apostle, "I know how to want, and how to abound:" for I had advanced so much money to pay for the Minutes of the Conference, the sermon on the Godhead of Christ, and towards the binding of the Prayer-books, that my finances were grown very low, and travelling is very dear in *America*. This evening as I was on the road, I asked a man the way, and whether there was any inn near; he told me there was one on the other side of the wood, and he was the landlord. I found him a decent man, and gave him some little books, and he gave me entertainment for myself and my horse gratis.

Saturday

Saturday 12.—By inquiring at the plantations, I found out an old gentlewoman who formerly received the preachers. But they have left that county (*King William's*) on account of the little good they did there. Here I staid all night, although I had made but two-thirds of a day's journey. I believe it may be well to try the county once more. This morning I called at a plantation to procure intelligence about the road. The mistress of the house perceived something in me, I suppose, of her own spirit, and desired me to alight. I found she was a *real* seeker after salvation.

Sunday 13.—I was obliged to travel the whole Lord's-day in order to reach my appointed engagements. At dinner time I found out another old gentlewoman, who desired me to alight, and gave me and my horse very good entertainment: she is a mourner in Zion. In the evening I reached *Williamsburg*, after hunting in vain for one of our friends who lives within five miles of it. On inquiring of my landlady whether there were any Methodists in the town, she informed me that one of the principal men in the town was a Methodist. I called upon him, but found that he was a good old Presbyterian. However when I apologized for my mistake, and was retiring, he insisted on my staying at his house, and sent for my horse. He loves God.

Monday 14.—I reached *Smithfield*. The innumerable large ferries in this country make travelling very expensive, and they charge three shillings sterling for a night's fodder and corn for a horse. But it is not so dear in the north.

Portsmouth, Virginia, Tuesday 15.—I got into my work, blessed be God, (having only part of a dollar left,) and preached here to an attentive but chiefly unawakened congregation, and baptized.

Wednesday 16.—I arrived at brother *Jolley's*, at whose house I preached to a little congregation, and took up my lodging that night at the house of
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a neighbouring gentleman, of much candour, but no religion.

Thursday 17.—I preached at (what they call) the *Brick-Church*, belonging to the Church of *England*, or rather at present to us, as we perform regular duty there every other Sunday. The people in general in this neighbourhood seem very dead; but our friends, I believe, found it a tolerable good time at the sacrament. After duty I went to sister *Kelsick's*, a widow, and a most excellent woman. She has considerable property. The whole family indeed which is numerous seems all awakened.

Friday 18.—I preached at *Mojock*, to a small congregation. I have now found out a secret. My plan was to cross over from the *West-Indies* to *Portsmouth*, and to take the circuit in which I am now engaged: and this plan was given last Conference to the respective assistants whom it concerned. But brother *Morris* (the only preacher in this circuit) neglected to publish me, so that the people have hardly had any notice; for which reason, I suppose, my congregations will be comparatively small throughout the circuit. Indeed he has committed a much worse neglect than this; for he has not preached in most parts of the circuit these two months, and in some places not these ten weeks, although the people have regularly attended at the accustomed times, and gone away like fools. His wife, it seems, has expected her time these ten weeks, and he cannot leave her till she lies-in. After preaching I went to Colonel *Williams's* who is an excellent christian, and a true friend to the cause. If it had not been for his activity, I suppose nobody would have known of my coming.

Coenjock, Saturday 19.—I preached in a pretty chapel, which, I believe, belongs to the Church of *England*; but we do regular duty in it. The congregation was not large.

Sandy-Hook-Church, Sunday, March 20.—Here we had a tolerable number, owing to our friends riding out of the way to inform the people from place
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to place, but there was no preparation for the Sacrament in any of these places, the notice being so short, and in general, so uncertain. I rode after preaching to one Colonel *Burgess's*. His lady is a truly pious woman.

Pasquatank, Monday 21.—I had not been published here. However I collected about thirty, and gave them a sermon in the court-house. The swearing, drinking landlord would charge me nothing for my entertainment. His wife has good desires. From hence I rode to *Nixon-Town*, where as before I had not been published. They gathered together a tolerable congregation for me, to whom I gave a sermon in the evening. But the people in this country are so scattered, that the notice must be very public, otherwise they cannot attend. So much for Mr. *Morris's* circuit. I lay this night at one Mrs. *Adams's*, a widow-lady of fortune, who has not yet joined the society.

Tuesday 22.—I rode to the Rev. Mr. *Pettigrew's*. He is gone to the *West-Indies* for his health; but Mrs. *Pettigrew* received me very kindly.

Wednesday 23.—I went to *Edington*, a most wicked place. Here Mr. *Pettigrew* preaches; but the church is like a pig-stie. The people in general seemed to prefer the court-house, which is an elegant place; so I went there and preached to a very large congregation. The preachers ought really to take this place into their plan, and there is a person who will receive them. There seemed
 v nothing but dissipation and wickedness in the tavern at which I set up, and yet the landlord would take nothing for my entertainment. In the afternoon I went with brother *Dameron*, one of our preachers who came to meet me, to Mrs. *Boyd's*, a widowlady, who rode to *Edington* to hear me. She lives about seven miles on my way, and has good desires.

Thursday 24.—I arrived at Colonel *Campbel's*, in *North-Carolina*, the gentleman and the christian united. He sat in the Senate of this State as ong

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us he chose, and I have been persuading him to resume his seat. He is the first of our friends in the Upper House, that I have met with. I am vastly pleased with him. On the 25th, I preached in the parish church, in which we do regular duty; but, alas! Religion is at a very low ebb in this neighbourhood.

Saturday 26.—I preached in the house of one Mr. L——, a rich man, but of no religion. We usually preach in the church. But he has the gout, and therefore requested me to preach in his house, which is large. It was really a profitable time.

St. John's Chapel, Sunday 27.—This belongs to the Church of *England*, and we do regular duty in it. I preached here to an attentive people, and administered the Lord's-Supper.

Bridge's Creek Church, Monday 28.—This also belongs to the Church of *England*, and we do duty in it whenever we please. I had a large congregation, but our friends thoughtlessly neglected to provide the elements for the Lord's-Supper. I have been travelling in a very low, wet country for these three weeks, and it is astonishing what a number of frogs there are here.

Tuesday 29.—I preached at the house of *Anthony Moore*, an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile. The Lord has not been, I think, more present with me since I came to *America*, than he was this day.

Roanoak Chapel, Wednesday 30.—I found in this chapel a serious, attentive people. Here I met with Mr. *Jarrat*. After duty he went with me to one brother *Seawards* (in the State of *Virginia*) about eight miles off. We now talked largely on the minutes concerning slavery: but he would not be persuaded. The secret is, he has twenty-four slaves of his own: but I am afraid, he will do infinite hurt by his opposition to our Rules.

Thursday 31.—I came to one *Isham Malone's*, and preached in his dwelling-house, where we had an excellent time, especially at the Sacrament. In

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the afternoon I rode to brother *Jordan's*, who lent me a fresh horse, and will meet me at a place about forty miles off on my return from the South in about three weeks time, which will save my horse about four hundred miles.

Friday, April 1.—I preached in a chapel belonging to *Isaac Johnson*. I now begin to venture to exhort our Societies to emancipate their slaves.

Saturday 2.—At noon I preached in the dwelling-house of brother *Downing*, a man of property, and we had considerable refreshments at the Sacrament. Sister *Downing* is a blessed woman.

Sunday 3.—We crossed a dangerous ford, where a man was lately drowned. The river was rather full, but I followed the foremost, and my company and self got safe over. I preached at noon at the house of brother *Almond*.

Tuesday 5.—I rode to sister *Bedford's*. Here I dared for the first time to bear a public testimony against slavery, and I do not find that more than one was offended. On Wednesday 6, I preached the late Colonel *Bedford's* funeral sermon. But I said nothing good of him, for he was a violent friend of slavery, and his interest being great among the Methodists in these parts, he would have been a dreadful thorn in our sides, if the Lord had not in mercy taken him away.

Thursday 7.—I went some miles to a dying friend, and spent about half the day with him in drawing up his will, in which he emancipates at the times there specified his eight slaves. This is a good beginning. In the evening I crossed over a dangerous run of water, and lay at the house of brother *Ward*.

Friday 8.—According to my plan I was to preach in a church called *Royster's Church* at noon. After riding about twenty-five miles, I got, as I found afterwards, within a furlong of the church; but the church being out of sight in an immense forest, and the path which led to it hardly trodden, and having no guide, (the person who was
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to accompany me, having disappointed me) I rode about eighteen miles more, backwards and forwards, generally on the full stretch, and found it at last by the direction of a planter, whose plantation was the only one I saw for some hours. When I came there, which was two hours after the time, there was nobody to be seen. I returned to the planter's, who gave me and my horse some refreshment, and recommended me to go to one Capt. *Philps*, a Methodist about five miles off. After travelling till nine at night, and expecting frequently I should be obliged to take up my lodging in the woods, with the assistance of two negroes and two shillings I found out the house. I now was informed that I had not been published in *Royster's* Church, or any part of that circuit, the two Preachers not having been at the last Conference, and the neighbouring preachers not having sent them a copy of my plan. However our brother *Philps* and his family and several other friends intended to set off the next morning for a quarterly-meeting about sixteen miles distant. Their quarterly-meetings on this continent are much attended to. The Brethren for twenty miles round; and sometimes for thirty or forty, meet together. The meeting always lasts two days. All the Travelling Preachers in the circuit are present, and they with perhaps a local Preacher or two, give the people a sermon one after another, besides the Love-feast, and (now) the Sacrament. On Saturday 9, I set off with the friends to Brother *Martin's*, in whose barn I preached that day. The next day I administered the Sacrament to a large company, and preached, and after me the two travelling Preachers. We had now been six hours and a half engaged in duty, and I had published myself to preach in the neighbourhood for the three following days, so they deferred the second Love-feast till Wednesday. There were thirty strangers, I think, in Brother *Martin's* house only; which obliged us to lie three in a bed. I had now for the first time a very little persecution. The testimony I bore in this place

against slave-holding, provoked many of the un-awakened to retire out of the barn, and to combine together to flog me (so they expressed it) as soon as I came out. A high-headed lady also went out, and told the rioters (as I was afterwards informed) that she would give fifty pounds, if they would give that little doctor one hundred lashes. When I came out, they surrounded me, but had only power to talk. Brother *Martin* is a justice of the peace, and seized one of them: and Colonel *Taylor*, a fine, strong man, who has lately joined us, but is only half-awakened, was setting himself in a posture of fighting. But God restrained the rage of the multitude. Our Brother *Martin* has done gloriously, for he has fully and immediately emancipated fifteen slaves. And that sermon which made so much noise, has so affected one of our brethren (Brother *Norton*) that he came to Brother *Martin*, and desired him to draw up a proper instrument for the emancipation of his eight slaves. A brother (whose name is *Ragland*) has also emancipated one.

Monday 11.—I preached at Brother *Baker's*. Here a mob came to meet me with staves and clubs. Their plan, I believe, was to fall upon me as soon as I touched on the subject of slavery. I knew nothing of it till I had done preaching; but not seeing it my duty to touch on the subject here, their scheme was defeated, and they suffered me to pass through them without molestation.

Tuesday 12.—I rode to Brother *Kennon's*, preaching a funeral sermon in the way at a planter's house for a little child, and reading our burial service in the wood over the grave. They have a funeral sermon preached in these parts for every human creature that dies, except the Blacks. Brother *Kennon* has emancipated twenty-two slaves. These are great sacrifices: for the slaves are worth, I suppose, upon an average, thirty or forty pounds sterling each, and perhaps more.

Wednesday 13.—I had a good time at the Love-feast

feast after preaching at Brother *Kennon's*. Brother *Martin's* wife is an excellent saint.

Thursday 14.—We rode about forty miles to a Brother of Mr. *Kennon*. There are nine of the family in Society. I have now done with my testimony against slavery for a time, being got into *North-Carolina* again, the laws of this State forbidding any to emancipate their negroes. Friday 15, I preached here to a small congregation.

Saturday 16.—I rode to a Dissenting Meeting-house, in which the pious minister (Mr. *Patillo*) gave our friends leave to hold their Quarterly-Meeting. Mr. *Patillo* and I preached that day and Sunday, and one of our preachers also on the Sunday.

Monday 18.—I rode to Colonel *Taylor's*, a sincere friend and brother, who is overjoyed at our late regulations. They got a little company together in the evening.

Tuesday 19.—We came to Brother *Greenhill's*, where we held our Conference. There were about twenty Preachers, or more, in one house, and by laying beds on the floors, there was room for all. We spent three days from Wednesday to Friday inclusive, in Conference, and a comfortable time we had together. In this division we have had an increase of nine hundred and ninety one this year: and have stretched our borders into *Georgia*. *Beverly Allen* has all *Georgia* to range in. We also sent an Elder and a Preacher to *South-Carolina*. Mr. *Asbury* has met with great encouragement in his visit to *Charles-Town*; a merchant, (Mr. *Wells*) opened his house to him, and was convinced and justified before he went away. We have now one hundred and ten Members in that State by the assiduity of a local Preacher, who lately settled there. We have also drawn up a petition to the General Assembly of *North-Carolina* signed by the Conference, intreating them to pass an act to authorize those who are so disposed, to emancipate their slaves. Mr. *Asbury* has

has visited the Governor, and has gained him over.

Mecklenburg County, Virginia, Saturday 23.—We rode about forty-five miles to brother *Tignel Jones's*, to a Quarterly Meeting which we held on the Sunday and Monday. Here I bore a public testimony against slavery, and have found out a method of delivering it without much offence, or at least without causing a tumult : and that is, by first addressing the negroes in a very pathetic manner on the duty of servants to masters ; and then the whites will receive quietly what I have to say to them. Sister *Jones* is a very precious woman. I had a fine congregation at five on Monday morning. The people in general in this part of the country, and also in the back parts of *North-Carolina*, eat only two meals a day ; the first about nine in the morning, and the second about four or five in the afternoon. They eat flesh at both meals. Our people in general drink coffee with the first meal, and water with the second. The people of the world drink either coffee or cyder with the first meal, and grog or cyder with the second. Their animal food is almost entirely pig-meat, with sometimes shad-fish. I have hardly eat any thing these ten weeks of the flesh kind, except swine's-flesh and shad-fish. Blessed be God, I have been enabled to set apart Friday as a day of fasting or abstinence ever since Christmas, except one day when I forgot, and one day when I travelled fifty-two miles. In the morning I eat a little bread, and drink some milk, and in the afternoon eat some greens, (the only garden-stuff they have got in this part of the country) and some fruit-pie. They have a great variety of fruit-pies, peach, apple, pear, and cranbury, and puddings very often. I esteem it one great blessing, that I prefer the Indian corn to the wheat. Besides, they do not in general manage their wheat properly in the South, so that the wheat-bread is but very indifferent. The people in general, and more especially our own friends, go to

to bed very early (about nine o'clock) and rise early, about five, or day-break.

Tuesday 26.—I again visited kind brother *Downing*, and preached that day, and the next morning at five. On Wednesday I set off for the Quarterly-Meeting at brother *Rogers's* in *Brunswick-County*, and had a very refreshing time: in the way I preached an awakening discourse, which, I have some reason to think, did good.

Saturday 30.—I set off with a company of Preachers, who by this time had met me, for the *Virginia Conference*. In the morning I preached and administered the Sacrament at brother *Merri's*.

Sunday, May 1—4.—About twenty Preachers met Mr. *Asbury* and me at brother *Mason's*. One night we all slept at the same house: but it was so inconvenient to some of the Preachers, that they afterwards divided themselves through the neighbouring plantations, by which we lost about an hour in the mornings. A great many principal friends met us here to insist on a Repeal of the Slave-Rules; but when they found that we had thoughts of withdrawing ourselves entirely from the Circuit on account of the violent spirit of some leading men, they drew in their horns, and sent us a very humble letter, intreating that Preachers might be appointed for their Circuit. We have increased about two hundred in this division in the course of the last year. After mature consideration we formed a petition, a copy of which was given to every Preacher, intreating the General Assembly of *Virginia*, to pass a law for the immediate or gradual emancipation of all the slaves. It is to be signed by all the freeholders we can procure, and those I believe will not be few. There have been many debates already on the subject in the Assembly. Many of our friends and some of the great men of the States, have been inciting us to apply Acts of Incorporation, but I have discouraged it, and have prevailed. We have a better staff to
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lean upon, than any this world can afford. We can truly say, "The harvest is great, but the labourers are few."

Thursday 6.—I took an affectionate farewell of my Brethren: and on the 7th passed by the house of Mr. *Jarrat*, that violent asserter of the propriety and justice of negro-slavery. At noon I preached at *White Oak Chapel*, and lodged that night at the house of brother *Rees*, one of our local Preachers, a friend of God and man. He lives just by Mr. *Jarrat*, and is the great bar in the hands of God to that fallen man's ruining our whole work in that neighbourhood. For his influence among those who are both within and without, is I believe three times as great as that of Mr. *Jarrat*.

On the 8th I preached at ten in the morning at brother *Spain's*, and at six in the evening at brother *Mann's*. On Sunday the 9th, I preached at brother *Grange's* and brother *Finney's*. Brother *Finney* is one of our Committee, whom we have appointed to conduct our business relative to our petition to the General Assembly. He is a good local Preacher, and a man of fortune and family; an honor to our connexion. On Monday the 9th, I preached at brother *Briscoe's* and *Johnson's*: and on Tuesday the 10th at brother *Ogee's* and *Bransford's*.

On Wednesday 11.—I rode through the heavy rains to a Church in a forest, where I was engaged to preach. Every body told me that no one would come—that no one would imagine I would attend on such a day. And I found it true: so after being wetted to the skin, and the very linen in my saddle bags drenched with rain, we rode (brother *Bowen*, the Preacher who travelled with me through this Circuit, and myself) to the house of a kind Physician, who gave us a very hospitable reception. On Thursday the 12th, I preached in a Church about fifteen miles from the place where I had lodged, to a considerable and attentive congregation.

Friday

Friday 13.—I preached at *Bent-Chapel*, belonging to the Church of *England*. At night I lodged at the house of Captain *Dillard*, a most hospitable man, and as kind to his negroes as if they were white servants. It was quite pleasing to see them so decently and comfortably clothed. And yet I could not beat into the head of that poor man the evil of keeping them in slavery, although he has read Mr. *Wesley's* Thoughts on Slavery, (I think he said) *three times over*: but his good wife is strongly on our side.

Saturday and Sunday 14, and 15.—I preached in a handsome Church. On the Sunday I had a very large congregation. During the sermon, after I had spoken very pointedly concerning the impropriety of going in and out during divine service; two dressy girls walked out with such an impudent air; that I rebuked them keenly. After the public service, whilst I was administering the Sacrament, baptizing, and meeting the Society, their father, who is a colonel, raged at the outside of the church, declaring that as soon as I came out, he would horse-whip me for the indignity shewn to his family. But his two brothers (all unawakened) took my part, and insisted that I had done my duty, and the young ladies deserved it. However, finding that our preaching in that Church, which we do regularly, chiefly depends upon him, I wrote a letter of apology to him as far as the truth would permit, when I came to my lodging. We had a good time during the sermon and the Sacrament. But when I enlarged to the Society on *Negro-Slavery*, the principal leader raged like a lion, and desired to withdraw from the Society. I took him at his word, and appointed that excellent man (brother *Skelton*) leader in his stead. When the Society came out of the Church, they surrounded brother *Skelton*, "And will you," said they, "Set your slaves at liberty?" (He has many slaves) "Yes," says he, "I believe I shall." I lodged that night with dear brother *Skelton*.

Monday

Monday 16.—I preached to a most polite congregation at *New-Glasgow*; and lodged at Colonel *M——*'s. They gave me great attention. Colonel *M——* is a very sensible and polite man. He acknowledged the force of my arguments concerning the negroes, but (I evidently saw) did not chuse to take any active part for fear of losing his popularity. His son is a member of the House of Delegates, and he wants himself to get into the Senate. His lady wishes to be religious. On Tuesday the 17th, I preached in a court-house at noon, but in a very wicked neighbourhood. However the congregation gave me their ear, while I endeavoured to shew them the necessity of the New-birth. At four in the afternoon, I preached at one Mr. *L——*'s, a drunkard. The Preachers find this a convenient half-way house; so they take it in their way out of a kind of necessity. How strange it is that so many will do any thing for the cause of religion, but part with their besetting sin. I now was met by our dear valuable friend Dr. *Hopkins*. He brought me that evening to his house, though it was dark before we reached it. Here I found myself locked up in the midst of mountains. So romantic a scene, I think I never beheld. The wolves, I find, frequently come out to our friend's fences at night, howling in an awful manner; and sometimes they seize upon a straying sheep. At a distance was the *Blue-Ridge*, an amazing chain of mountains. I have been for a considerable time climbing up and descending the mountains. I prefer this country to any other part of *America*: it is so like *Wales*, my native country. And it is far more populous than I expected. On Wednesday the 18th, I preached at the Doctor's to a little, loving congregation, and administered the Sacrament; and the Lord was with us.

Thursday 19.—I preached to a quiet, unawakened congregation, at brother *Tandy Kay's*, who is lately come into that neighbourhood. He told me, as we rode together, that he was determined to emancipate

emancipate his slaves (about twenty) although his miserable father, I suppose, will never give him any further assistance, if he does. I pushed on in the evening, with an intention of reaching his father's, Mr. *Martin Key's*: but at nine o'clock at night was glad to take up my lodgings at a tavern, in a little town called *Charleville*, more especially as I had a dangerous river to cross before I could get to Mr. *Key's*. Nor am I sorry that I did not go thither; for when I called the next morning, I found that he had shut his door against the Preachers, because he has eighty slaves. For some years, I think, we preached at his house. His youngest son is a local Preacher, and I believe, soon will take a larger field. His eldest son is a child of Satan, and therefore, I suppose, will have all his possessions when he dies. I drank a little milk here, (it being Friday,) and before I went away, cleared myself of the blood of the old man, which, I evidently perceived, not a little pleased his pious wife.

Friday 20.—I preached at brother *Grimes's*, where I had many dressy people to hear me: and at five the next morning had a very good congregation.

Saturday 21.—I preached at a chapel in a forest, which we call the *New-chapel*, and administered the Sacrament, and was here met by our valuable friend (brother *Harry Fry*) one of the members for *Culpepper-County*. Our society is not numerous in that county, and they long, but in vain, solicited him to become a candidate. At last, a little before the election, he consented, and he and his colleague out-poll'd the other candidates, though supported by most of the principal gentry in the county; which enraged them to that degree, that they were almost mad. One of them cried out at the poll booth, "These Methodists and Baptists will never rest, till they get their knives into our bellies." On Sunday 22, I read prayers, preached, and administered the Sacrament in Mr. *Fry's* great room, which he had built for a *Ball-room*. But, I think, before he had used

used it for one ball, the Lord caught hold of his heart, and he turned it into a preaching-room. He is a precious man, and, I trust, will be eloquent in the House of Delegates for the emancipation of the slaves. He is to present our petition.

Monday 23.—After the falling of heavy rains, I set off with one of the Preachers for *Alexandria*. This day I met with many difficulties. In crossing the water in one place, that I might reach the bridge under which the main stream ran, the water was above the top of my boot. In another place, where we endeavoured to drive our horses over the run, (the bridge being broke,) we were likely to lose our beasts, the stream being too strong for them, and carrying them down. At last we got them out, and with great labour and some danger, patched up the broken bridge with the loose boards, and got over with our horses safe. After riding about forty miles, it grew so dark, and our horses and selves were so fatigued, that we lay at an inn upon the road, though we were within five miles of our friend's house where we intended to lodge.

Tuesday 24.—We were locked up by the waters, so much rain having fallen the night before. We arrived, however, at brother *Watson's*, a local Preacher, and he procured for me a little congregation.

On Wednesday the 25th, I set off again: and after many doubts, and I confess, with trembling, was prevailed upon to walk over a long pine-tree, which lay across a strong and deep stream of water, in which I must have been inevitably drowned, if my foot had slipped. A man went before, leading me by the hand. But here as every where, the Lord was at my right hand, that I should not fall. On this day I crossed the very same run of water in the afternoon, where *the awful scene* happened, which, I trust through the blessing of God, I shall never forget. We dined at a friend's house by the way, and reached brother *Bushby's* at *Alexandria*, about seven in the evening. Here I met according to
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to appointment, that dear, valuable man, Mr. *Asbury*. He had informed the people that when I arrived, the court-house bell should ring, and about eight o'clock, I had a very large congregation in the Dissenting Meeting-house, to whom I insisted on the necessity of the *witness of the Spirit*.

Thursday 26.—Mr. *Asbury* and I set off for General *Washington's*. We were engaged to dine there the day before. The general's seat is very elegant, built upon the great river *Potomawk*; for the improvement of the navigation of which, he is carrying on jointly with the State some amazing plans. He received us very politely, and was very open to access. He is quite the plain country gentleman. After dinner we desired a private interview, and opened to him the grand business on which we came, presenting to him our petition for the emancipation of the negroes, and intreating his signature, if the eminence of his station did not render it inexpedient for him to sign any petition. He informed us that he was of our sentiments, and had signified his thoughts on the subject to most of the great men of the State: that he did not see it proper to sign the petition, but if the Assembly took it into consideration, would signify his sentiments to the Assembly by a letter. He asked us to spend the evening and lodge at his house, but our engagement at *Annapolis* the following day, would not admit of it. We returned that evening to *Alexandria*, where at eight o'clock, after the bell was rung, I had a very considerable congregation.

Friday 27.—Mr. *Asbury* and I rode to *Annapolis*, in the State of *Maryland*, where the general Court (the supreme Court of Judicature of the State) was sitting. This prevented my preaching in the court-house. However I had a noble congregation in the play-house, and most of the great lawyers to hear me. And surprising! the fine ladies and gentlemen attended at five the next morning, so that I had one of the largest morning congregations that I have had in *America*. We have no regular preaching

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here yet, but I trust shall soon see good days. One lady was so desirous of my coming, that she sent word to Mr. *Asbury* that she would advance two guineas for a carriage to bring me there from *Alexandria*: but *that* I did not accept of.

On the 28th, we reached our kind friend Mr. *Gough's*, having spent a few hours in *Baltimore*, and travelled about fifty miles.

Sunday 29.—I preached and administered the Sacrament at the *Falls*, as it is called, our church being built near a great fall of water. It was the quarterly-meeting. We returned to Mr. *Gough's*, where I preached in the evening.

Monday 30.—We rode to *Abingdon*, where we agreed to give Mr. *Dallam* sixty pounds sterling for four acres of ground, which we had fixed upon as the site of our college, and had proper bonds drawn up. We returned in the evening to Mr. *Gough's*.

Tuesday 31.—We rode to *Baltimore*, where I endeavoured in the evening to shew the people the necessity of union with Christ.

Wednesday, June 1.—We opened our conference. As I expected to sail the next day, my brethren were so kind as to sit in the Conference till midnight. I endeavoured to shew them at noon the necessity of being faithful in the ministry of the word. We thought it prudent to suspend the minute concerning slavery, on account of the great opposition that had been given it, our work being in too infantile a state to push things to extremity. However, we were agreeably informed that several of our friends in *Maryland* had already emancipated their slaves.

Thursday 2.—I met my brethren early in the morning, and at eleven o'clock endeavoured to enforce St. *Paul's* awful exhortation to the elders of the church of *Ephesus*, *Acts xx*.

And now I took my leave of my friends, and set out in a boat for the ship *Olive-Branch*, which had sailed down the river the day before, and of which
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I got on board in the evening. In my younger days, one of the greatest afflictions in life to me during the time it lasted, was to be torn away from my friends whom I dearly loved. This through the extensiveness of my acquaintance, and the constant change of my place of abode, and partly perhaps through the grace of God, has for late years considerably worn away. But I think for many years I have not felt myself so effeminate (shall I call it?) as I did on parting with my *American* brethren, the Preachers: and the sensation continued very painful for a considerable time after I left them.

From Friday, June 3, to Sunday 12.—All this time we have been sailing about seventy leagues, having been locked up for five days in a place called *Moxat-Bay*. However this delay gave me an opportunity of writing forty or fifty letters to my friends on the continent. There is no other passenger in the ship, so that I have the state-room always to myself, and the cabin most part of the day. It is a blessed opportunity for fellowship with God and the improvement of my mind. O that I may husband it accordingly! That I may return to *England* in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.

EXTRACTS
OF THE
JOURNALS
OF THE LATE
REV. DR. THOMAS COKE'S
SECOND VISIT
TO
NORTH-AMERICA,
AND FIRST TO THE
WEST INDIES.

SECTION I.

Antigua, Jan. 2, 1787.

BY the powerful hand of God we have been brought to this island, as you will see by the following journal :

On Sunday the 24th of September, we sailed from *Gravesend*, and the next day were opposite the *Isle of Wight*. The wind then turning against us, we did nothing for five days and nights but sail, for four hours, in the midst of blustering winds and surging waves, from the *Isle of Wight*, towards the South of *France*, and the next four hours back again; and so alternately. We were most part of this time sick. How surprizing it is that any would think of riding this great monster, except for the service of God.

But, for Him
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet.

On Thursday the 28th at night, we had a very providential deliverance from being run down by a large

large coal-ship, about three times as large as our brig. It was with great difficulty that we slipped on one side of her, after receiving from deck a general alarm of our danger; but the Lord was with us. On the day before, the Lord was extraordinarily present with me in my little bed-chamber: he did indeed pour out the consolations of his Spirit largely: and streams of filial, penitential tears did, in an unusual manner, flow from my eyes.

I esteem my little bed-chamber (or state-room) a peculiar gift of God. It is taken out of the steerage; and is so far, on the one hand, from the common sailors, and, on the other, from the cabin-passengers, that all is still and quiet, and here I can be with God: and, blessed be his name, he does make it my *sanctum sanctorum*, the Holy of Holies, filling it (my soul at least) with light and glory. Here is no one to disturb me but the two cabin-boys, who are separated from me by a partition, and whom I am able to keep in good order.

On Saturday the 30th, we were obliged to take shelter in *St. Helen's*, and the next day got up to *Spithead*, which gave me an opportunity, with my brethren, of visiting our friends in *Portsmouth*. Brother *Warrenner* preached in the town in the afternoon, and I gave our friends a sermon on the necessity of the New-birth in the evening on the common. On Monday evening my congregation was larger than on the day before, when I endeavoured to lead the people to Christ, by the star which the wise men saw in the east. On Tuesday evening I took my leave of that kind people, shewing them the necessity of a death unto sin, and of having their lives hid with Christ in God, after preaching we concluded with the Lord's Supper: and our Lord did assuredly condescend to acknowledge his own sacred ordinance. It was a precious time.

About midnight, the tide being a little in our favour, I set off for our ship, being engaged to return every night. I had seven miles to sail, viz. to the

Mother-Bank, near the *Isle of Wight*; and the wind was so boisterous, that my kind pilot (who is master of the Commissioners' yacht) after rowing me about two miles, advised me to return to his yacht, which lay in the harbour. He and his men accordingly rowed me there, where, after some refreshment, I lay down on a couch (there being no bed) and slept for about three hours. How much better off was I than my most honoured Master, who had not where to lay his head! — Early in the morning they brought me to the brig; and for eight days more we were detained by the winds.

On Thursday the 5th of October, we had the highest storm that has been remembered on that coast for these six years, according to the accounts of the neighbouring inhabitants. A small sloop got entangled in the cable of one of our anchors, which was likely to do us much damage, and to ruin the sloop; but what small things are these, to those whose anchor is cast within the veil. On Sunday the 8th, we read prayers and gave a sermon to the cabin passengers, the sailors not appearing.

On Wednesday the 11th, we removed to *Yarmouth Harbour*, in the *Isle of Wight*, and the next day were in great danger of being run down by a frigate, which by mercifully endeavouring to avoid us, run on shore; but the shore consisting chiefly of mud, the frigate received no damage. On Thursday the 12th, we sailed into the Channel, and got to the *Land's End* on the 14th.

Sunday the 15th, brother *Warrenner* read prayers and preached, endeavouring to explain the nature of our christian calling, the necessity of walking worthy of it, and the way thereto, with a close application of the whole: the sailors for the first time were present.

Sunday the 22d, I went on deck about half an hour before sunrise, and had the pleasure of seeing the most glorious sight I ever beheld, except once on my former voyage to *America*. The eastern sky was covered with a most beautiful canopy of purple,

ple, which was all over decorated with spangles of gold. The heavens did indeed declare the glory of God. I would, I think, at any time go ten miles to see so noble a display of the handy work of my Maker. And this God is *my* God: what a ravishing consideration!—Twice this day we read the prayers of our Liturgy. In the morning I enlarged on the nature of Repentance and Justification; and brother *Clarke* in the afternoon gave a rousing sermon on those impudent words of *Pharaoh*, “Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice?” But; alas! they are all like the deaf adder, that refuses to hearken to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

Tuesday the 24th.—We have had little else but storms and squalls since we sailed. But this morning a most alarming circumstance called forth all our attention. A leak was observed in that part of our ship which lies under the cabin; and we are now about half way between the two continents. However, after long examination, it was found that the leak was above the surface of the water, and that the water came in only when the ship *heeled* (as they term it.) It was the opinion both of the captain and mate, that nothing could be done to stop the breach; but that our pumps could easily command it, if it did not increase.

Last night they were obliged to shut up all the hatches, and for some time past they have shut all the windows in the cabin. This is indeed a time for the exercise of resignation. May I duly improve it, whether it end in life or death. The sailors, this night, for the first time, joined us in family prayer.

Friday the 27th.—Last night was the most tempestuous I ever knew at sea. The captain says that he has not known such a night these ten years. Though we lay to, they were very apprehensive that the wind would break the main-mast, and about midnight sent down for two hatchets, that they might cut it away if necessary. But our Lord sit-
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teeth above the water-floods. This morning we found that the leak lets in more water than it did yesterday. I retired in the morning to meditate seriously on that circumstance. I considered, What reason have I to desire to live? I have really forsaken all for Christ, and have neither motive nor desire to live but for the Church of Christ. And why should my desires be so strong on that account? With what perfect ease can the Lord fill up my province with one that is infinitely better qualified? I am therefore willing to die. I do love my God, and have an indubitable assurance that whatever is wanting he will fully supply, before he takes me into the world of spirits.

Sunday the 29th.—During divine service, most of the sailors being present, I delivered my soul: insomuch that one of the passengers, a gay, irreligious young man, retired after the service, and wrote me a letter, informing me that I was not his pastor, and insisted on receiving the usage which as a passenger and a gentleman he had a claim to. A few fair words brought him into good humour.

Tuesday the 31st.—We find that our leak has not increased. I seem now to be sea-proof, and can devote my whole day to reading, writing, and religious exercises. A considerable part of the time I spend in studying the French language, particularly the Grammar and the French Exercises. Three or four hours I employ daily in conversing in French with our ever blessed Lord and the inspired Writers. Sometimes, for a little variety, I read Virgil; and every day a Canto out of the works of *Edmund Spenser*, the English Virgil. I am astonished the writings of *Spenser* are not more read. His genius and strength of imagination were amazing; and from his allegories may be extracted some of the most instructive lessons of religion: indeed I grudge not the twenty shillings I gave for his works. With such company as the above, I think, I could live contentedly in a tub.

Wednesday,

Wednesday, Nov. 1.—We are likely to have a long passage : but this single consideration—that I am in the very place where God would have me to be, and am going on the very business which God has allotted for me—is a sufficient support under every trial : and this assurance, blessed be God, I do possess fully and satisfactorily.

Nov. 5.—I endeavoured to enforce the necessity of believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, after explaining the nature of Faith, and the Salvation which proceeds therefrom. O that the Lord would open their dull ears!

Nov. 7.—Brother *Hammet* was taken ill with a fit of the ague ; but by administering to him an emetic on the next day, and a purge on the following, I trust it is gone, through the blessing of God.

Sunday 25.—This day one of the main-stays of the main-mast broke, but it has been tolerably repaired.

Monday 26.—The other main-stay has also given way, but is now repaired. Our tackling has received great injury from the severe gales of wind which we have met with, with hardly any interruption from the time we sailed. Brother *Clarke's* hair falls off wonderfully ; but he bears himself up with great courage, as do the other brethren.

Thursday 30.—A dreadful gale blew from the north-west. At ten at night, I heard the captain's wife crying out in the most dreadful fright, and presently Mr. *Hilditch*, (one of the passengers) came running and crying, "Pray for us, Doctor, pray for us, for we are just gone!" I came out of my state-room, and found that a dreadful hurricane (I assuredly may call it) had just arisen. The ship was on her beam-ends. They had not time to take down the foresail, and were just going to cut away the main-mast as the last remedy, expecting every moment that the ship would be filled with water and sink. My brethren and myself at this awful moment retired into a corner to pray, and I think I may say we all felt a perfect resignation

nation to the will of God. Through grace, I think I may assert, that I was entirely delivered from the fear of death. But brother *Hammet* was superior to us all in faith for the occasion. His first prayer (if it could be called by that name) was little else than a declaration of the full assurance he possessed that God would deliver us: and his second address to God was a thanksgiving for our deliverance. It was not till after this, and after we had sung a hymn together, that the fore-sail was shivered in pieces, and by that means the masts were saved, and probably the ship itself. It is awful to hear the captain and one of the passengers who was on deck during this tremendous tempest, give a relation of it. It appeared to them as if the clouds, the air, and the water, were all mixed together. After the immediate danger was over, we drove with the wind, which carried us with nothing but the bare poles, at the rate of six miles an hour for eight hours and a half.

Monday, Dec. 4.—This night was most dreadful. The sailors were just like the messengers of *Job*, coming one after another with dismal tidings, that now one rope was broke, and now another. All the hatches were closed, as they had been twice before. And now the whole ship began to ooze at every joint. The next morning we held a little council. The captain being convinced of the impossibility of reaching the port of *Halifax* this winter, it was the unanimous opinion of all, that no other refuge was left us, under God, but to sail with all possible expedition for the *West-Indies*. At present our sails appear like wafers. Our ropes are quite white, all the tar being washed off; in short, the ship may already be said to be half a wreck. We have this day agreed to enter upon an allowance of water and several other things: but the greatest trial of all to me is, the having hardly any candles remaining: but to the glory of God I can say, That to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. It is very remarkable, that since we came
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near the Banks of *Newfoundland*, I have had a strong persuasion, and I believe, a divine one, that we shall be driven to the *West-Indies*. For about three weeks past, we have gained upon the whole but one hundred and twenty miles; doing nothing in the general but lying at the mercy of the waves.

Dec. 15.—This day we had the pleasure of seeing one of the tropic birds with a most beautiful plumage. Several of the clouds also in the morning appeared in columns in a manner I had never seen before.

A remarkable phenomenon appeared a few nights ago. The Captain and all on deck saw a light, like the light which a ship holds out when it passes by another ship. They all said they could swear that they saw it. It seemed quite near to them. The Captain called for his trumpet to speak to the people of the ship: but before the trumpet came, the light was gone, and we knew no more of it.

Dec. 25.—This day we landed in *Antigua*, and in going up the town of *St. John's* we met brother *Baxter* in his band, going to perform divine service. After a little refreshment I went to our Chapel, and read prayers, preached, and administered the sacrament. I had one of the cleanest audiences I ever saw. All the negro women were dressed in white linen gowns, petticoats, handkerchiefs and caps: and I did not see the least spot on any of them. The men were also dressed as neatly. In the afternoon and evening I had very large congregations.

Jan. 5, 1788.—I have preached in this town twice a day. The house used to be filled in the evenings about an hour before the time of preaching; and I have made it a rule to begin about half an hour before the time. Our Society in this island is near two thousand: but the ladies and gentlemen of the town have so filled the house, that the poor, dear negroes who built it, have been almost entirely shut out, except in the mornings: and yet they bear

bear this, not only with patience, but with joy. Two or three times I have preached in the country. Our friends who invite us to their houses, entertain us rather like princes than subjects: herein, perhaps, lies part of our danger in this country. The country is very romantic. The cocoa-tree is very magnificent; and the milk which the nuts yield, is most cooling and delicious. Every thing is new, and therefore the more pleasing. Last week my Brethren with myself were invited to dine with Prince *William Henry* by the company of merchants, and, (though I do not like those great feasts, yet) lest we should seem disloyal, which would be one of the farthest things from my heart, I consented to do myself the honour of going, with my Brethren. This day a gentleman with whom I dined, intimated that if five hundred a year would detain me in this island, I should not leave it. God be praised, five hundred thousand a year would be to me a feather, when opposed to my usefulness in the Church of Christ.

We have held an Infant-Conference. A pressing invitation has been sent us to visit *St. Vincent's*; and this evening we are to sail for that island. Brother *Warrenner* is to remain here. We have about twenty recommendatory letters. There is, as far as we can at present judge, a fair opening in *St. Eustatius*. A little while ago brother *Baxter* received two warm letters of recommendation for that island: and brother *Hammet* has just received one for *St. Kitt's*. We are all in remarkable good health. All is of God. I have no doubt but it would be an open resistance to the clear providences of the Almighty, to remove any one of the Missionaries at present from this country.

SECTION II.

Dominica, Jan. 15, 1788.

ON Friday the 5th inst. I sailed with brothers *Baxter*, *Hammet*, and *Clarke*, from *Antigua*. On Sunday the 7th, we landed at this island. The night before we stopt on the coast, and brother *Baxter* and I landed, being informed by our Captain of one Mr. *Burn*, a planter, a generous young man, who lives within half a mile of the sea, and who probably would be very glad to encourage a Mission in the island. After walking a quarter of a mile we came to a little river which we waded through, and on calling up Mr. *Burn*, who was gone to bed, he received us, and entertained us courteously, and gave us every encouragement we could expect from an unawakened man; assured us he should be glad to entertain the minister whenever he should visit his estate; that there were about four hundred negroes in the neighbourhood, and that he had no doubt but the few neighbouring planters would give us the same encouragement. Here we met with two old negroes, who, I apprehend, had been formerly among the Moravians at *Antigua*, who exceedingly rejoiced at the thought that they were likely to have the gospel preached to them again.

When we came to *Roseau* (*Dominica*) on Sunday, we went to the house of a Mrs. *Webley*, a Mulatto-gentlewoman of some property, with whom brother *Baxter* had some acquaintance at *Antigua*. She received us with great joy and kindness, and gave notice I should preach in her house at four in the afternoon. The congregation was considerably larger than the house could contain, and heard in general with deep attention, whilst I endeavoured to display to them the elect, precious Corner-Stone, and the way of being built upon Him. I would have taken the street, if the brethren

thren had not thought it best for me not to be too bold, till I had waited on the Governor, which I intended doing on my return. We also visited the barracks, and there found two soldiers who had been in our Society in Ireland, and expressed very earnest desires that a Mission might be fixed in this island. In the evening we got into our schooner, and after sailing by *Martinico* and *St. Lucia*, we landed at *Kingston, St. Vincent's*, on Tuesday the ninth.

Here we have a very fair prospect. Brother *Baxter* introduced us to one *Mr. Claxton*, a man of property. He was awakened by the ministry of *Mr. Gilbert*, and met in class at *Antigua* for some time, but had never heard brother *Baxter*. He has much of the spirit of a Methodist: his wife also fears God. The evening after we landed, I preached in his house to a large congregation. On Wednesday the 10th, we set off for the plantation of *Mr. Clapham*, a gentleman of fortune, nearly related by law to sister *Baxter*. He was previously informed of our intentions to wait upon him, and sent horses for us. He lives about nine or ten miles from *Kingston*. We were received with very great kindness. In the evening I preached in his large parlour; and on informing him that brother *Clarke* was to remain in the island, he gave him a pressing, general invitation; observed, it was possible he might have accidentally some company who would look upon a sermon as an intrusion, but in that case *Mr. Clarke* at the proper time might convene the negroes into a large boarded room which was separate from the house: and that he would speak to *Mr. Jackson*, a neighbouring gentleman, who, he did not doubt, would readily enter on the same plan. In my way to *Mr. Clapham's*, I called at the house of one *Mr. Morgan*, a gentleman of large property, whose lady (he not being at home) informed us that *Mr. Clarke* would be always welcome to instruct and preach to their negroes at proper hours.

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On my return to *Kingston*, I found that our friend *Claxton* had fitted up with seats a large warehouse or cellar for a preaching-house; and also two small rooms for the Preacher, one for his bed-chamber, and the other for his study. We also waited on the President of the Council, who acts as Governor, the late Governor being dead, and the vacancy not yet filled up. He also received us with great courtesy, wished us success, and gave permission to brother *Clarke* to preach in the Court-house on Sundays. A gentleman of fortune in *Kingston*, Mr. *Steward*, who keeps a very large shop or warehouse, and with whom we dined, is rejoiced above measure at our visit. He made me a present of a large cocoa-nut shell very curiously engraved and set in silver. To brother *Hammet* he gave a seal, worth, I suppose, three or four guineas; and to brother *Baxter* a pocket dressing-table for shaving, &c. worth, I suppose, two guineas. To brother *Clarke*, he said, he would make no present then; for, says he, I shall have him near me when you are gone, and he shall never want. He was many years ago in our society in *London*, and through various vicissitudes is become a very rich man, though once poor. He and Mr. *Claxton* are beginning already to talk about ground for a preaching-house. I formed a class of six whites as an introduction. Besides these, there are six or seven of the soldiers in the barracks who are deeply serious; one of them exhorts. They have built a hut for their public and private meetings within their barracks, and constantly meet together at five in the morning, except when military duties interfere, and then they meet at half past four in the morning. Their ill-natured commander in chief will not suffer brother *Clarke* to preach within the barracks, but the poor soldiers were to meet him in class at Mr. *Claxton's*, on the day after I left *St. Vincent's*.

On Friday the 10th, we dined, by invitation, at Mr. *Otley's*, a member of the Council, and one of the principal men, perhaps the second in the island:

he lives about seven miles from *Kingston*. He is a very agreeable man, and his lady has something serious in her. Notwithstanding there were two thoughtless officers at dinner with us, he gave brother *Clarke* a general invitation to make his house his home. Sir *William Young*, on whom I waited at *Antigua*, and who received me with very great courtesy, has a large estate just by Mr. *Otley's*. In short there is a little circuit opened to us already in this island: nor shall I be surprised if brother *Clarke* has, in a few weeks, five hundred *Catechumens* under his care. In *Kingston* it is surprising, with what eyes of affection the poor negroes look upon us, when we pass by them: and one of them was overheard telling his companions, "These men were imported for us." There is a member of the assembly, to whom I had strong letters of recommendation, on whom I had not time to call. There is also another gentleman who is personally known to brother *Baxter*, and who has six of our pious *Antigua* negroes on his plantation, on whom also we had not time to wait. It is impossible to have any doubt concerning the will of God, in respect to the appointment of a Missionary for this island: in respect to *Antigua* and *St. Vincent's*, all is as clear as if it was written with a sun-beam.

The Island of *St. Vincent's* is romantic beyond any thing I ever saw before. The hanging rocks, sugar-canes, cotton and coffee plantations, &c. make such a beautifully—variegated scene, that I was delighted with it: but, I trust, did not lose sight of the great Author of the whole.

Monday, January 15, we landed again at *Roseau* (*Dominica*.) We intended being here yesterday, but were prevented by a calm. After breakfast we waited on the Governor, who received us very politely, and signified his approbation of our plan of establishing Missions among the negroes. Afterwards we came to the plantation of Mr. *Charrurier* brother to Mr. *Charrurier*, one of the leaders of
our

our Society in *Dublin*. He expresses his great desire of having a Missionary fixed in the island, assuring us that he will readily contribute to his support, and encourage his usefulness. I think the Lord will soon have mercy on this island.

This evening we examined minutely that wonderful little insect, the Fire-fly. It appears as if he had a real spark of fire continually burning in his belly. We could see what a clock it was in a dark room with the help of one of them.

Tuesday the 16th, we set off for *St. Christopher's*; where we arrived on Thursday. On our arrival, we found that intelligence had been sent here from *Antigua*, of our intention of visiting this island: and a house was provided for us to lodge and preach in. Mr. *Cable*, a Mulatto gentleman, a printer, has shewn us the utmost kindness and attention. A Mrs. *Seaton* also, a Mulatto gentlewoman, has been very kind. The two last mentioned, deeply fear God. One Mr. *Bertie*, a Jeweller, is likely to become a sincere friend. On Thursday evening I had a good congregation, considering the notice given.

On Friday the 19th, we went with some recommendatory letters to the island of *Nevis*, which is very near *St. Christopher's*: but it proved to all appearance the most useless as well as the most expensive journey that we have taken. We were received politely, but every door seemed shut against our ministry.

On our return to *St. Christopher's* we received an invitation to preach in the Court-house. Brother *Hammet* preached on Sunday afternoon, and I in the evening. The crowd was prodigious in the evening. Six or seven principal gentlemen of the town have invited us to their houses, to some of which we have gone. Among the rest, was the parson of the parish. Our friends have rented a convenient house for brother *Hammet*.

A gentleman in the island of *Nevis*, (Mr. *Brazier*, a member of the assembly) has sent an invitation

to brother *Hammet* to come over to preach to the negroes. An illegitimate son of the President of the Council of *Nevis*, has also given brother *Hammet* an invitation to preach in his house at *Charleston*, the principal town in the island of *Nevis*. So that our journey to that island has not been so fruitless as we imagined. We have lately seen a curious fish exactly like a land hedge-hog, but when dressed, it eats as well as a turtle.

On Wednesday the 24th, we sailed from *Basse-Terre*, *St. Kitt's*, and stopped at *Sandy-Point*, a town in the same island; where we called on one Mr. *Sommersal*, a gentleman of property, at whose house Mr. *Tunnel*, one of our American Elders, who took a voyage to *St. Kitt's* for his health, once preached. He promised that he would consult with some of his friends in the neighbourhood, and with them endeavour to procure a proper place for Mr. *Hammet* to preach in.

In the afternoon we landed at *St. Eustatius*, and were met by two black men, who asked us whether we were not some of the brethren (I thought they meant the Moravians, but afterwards found they meant the Methodists,) I told them we were of the same kind: then, said they, if you will come with us, we will shew you your home. I told them that we wanted to see Captain *de Lion*; the Captain of the Blacks, to whom we had recommendatory letters. You had better, said they, go home first. And accordingly they brought us to a very comfortable house belonging to a family of free Blacks, where we have been most hospitably entertained. Some serious free Blacks had received intelligence, I find, from *St. Kitt's* of our intention to visit them, and had joined together to bear the expense of supporting us. In the evening a pretty congregation, without any regular notice, was gathered together: but being now in the dominions of a foreign power (*Eustatius* belonging to the *Dutch*) I thought it prudent to inform the people that I should not preach that evening, as I had not waited

waited on the Governor: and yet, notwithstanding, we were obliged to pray three times, and sing twice, before they would go away. The Lord raised up lately a negro-slave whose name is *Harry* (who was brought here from the continent, and who was formerly a member of our Society) to prepare our way. *Harry* did so grieve in spirit at the wickedness of the people around him, that at last the fire broke forth, and he bore a public testimony for Jesus. The Governor came to hear him, and approved of what he said: but in a little time the poor slaves were so affected under the word, that many of them fell down as if they were dead, and some of them would remain in a state of stupor for some hours. One night sixteen of them fell down in this manner. Then the Governor sent for *Harry*, and forbade him to preach any more under severe penalties. He would have ordered him to be whipped; if the Fiscal or supreme Judge, who was present at the same time, had not observed that he had done nothing worthy of corporal punishment. *Harry* has awakened about twenty souls, who are willing immediately to be put into Class. There is also a black woman here who came from *America*, who loves God. The day after *Harry's* mouth was stopped, we landed, to the joy of his poor little flock; and on the day we landed, the Governor was taken ill.

Thursday the 25th, we waited on the captain of the island, who now represents the governor, and on the Fiscal or Judge. The Fiscal told us that we must be private, till the court had considered whether our religion should be tolerated or not. The captain also ordered us to prepare our Confession of Faith and Credentials, and to present them to the court on Saturday; with all which we complied. We have been since informed that they were highly satisfied with our confession: but they ordered us to wait till the next court for an answer, which will be held on Wednesday in the next week. They could all speak English, except the Fiscal,
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and yet they would converse with us only through an interpreter: this is, I suppose, the custom. Indeed, there is much more English than Dutch spoken in this island.

Sunday the 28th, a private message was sent me that the captain and council would be glad to meet me in the afternoon in a private house, to which the captain of the blacks would bring me; and hear me preach. I met them accordingly at the time appointed, and preached before them on 1 John v. 12. *He that hath the Son, hath life.* Our friend Captain De Lion tells me they were highly pleased, and in the evening the interpreter of the court sent us one of his black maid-servants to be instructed and prepared for baptism: she really seems, in some measure, to feel herself a sinner.

We have seen here a most curious fish. It is small, but has two horns on the top of its head, two horns behind, and a tail like a paddle; its head and eyes are exactly like those of a hog. When dressed it eats like the flesh of chicken.

Tuesday the 30th, I waited on the captain again, to resolve two questions: 1. Why do you call yourselves Methodists? 2. How are your ministers supported?

SECTION III.

ON Saturday, Feb. 10, I set sail from *St. Eustatius* in a large Dutch ship, and after an agreeable voyage of eighteen days arrived at *Charleston* harbour. On taking leave of my poor black friends, they heaped upon me such a quantity of seed cakes, sweet biscuits, oranges, bottles of jelly, &c. that we had not consumed above one-half of them on our voyage, although there were seven in the cabin to partake of them. Before I left *St. Eustatius*, I formed six regular classes; and I have no doubt but they are all (one person only, perhaps, excepted)

ed) at least deeply awakened: and *that one* has evidently good desires. If I had staid there one day more, I think I should have formed a seventh class. Three of them I gave to the care of *Harry*, which, I expect, will soon multiply; two to our North American sister, and one to a black named *Samuel*.

The captain of our ship read some prayers and a portion of sacred writ to his people every morning and evening, and a sermon on the Lord's-day; and though, I fear, there was no vital religion among them, there was the greatest decency and propriety of conduct I ever saw in a ship; and this, I have been informed, is the case with most of the ships of *Holland*. During this voyage we were very successful in catching dolphins.

On the first of March I landed at *Charleston*, and spent a comfortable month with the infant society in this city. Soon after I came here, I had the pleasure of opening a new church, which will contain about fifteen hundred people. From that time my congregations were very large. At five in the morning, about three hundred used to attend. Since my visit to the islands, I have found a peculiar gift for speaking to the blacks. It seems to be almost irresistible. Who knows but the Lord is preparing me for a visit in some future time to the coast of *Africa*?

About a week before my departure from this city, Mr. *Asbury* gave me the meeting. Our interview at first was rather cool, but soon the spirit of peace and love came upon us, and all jealousies were immediately removed. The preachers who labour in this State and *Georgia*, also met us here, according to the direction of Mr. *Asbury*: and in our Conference which we held together, the spirit of concord and love did eminently preside. All was peace and harmony. And at the public ordination of two deacons, the Lord was pleased to pour out his Spirit largely upon us. As there are no more than forty whites here in society, the build-
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ing of a church worth a thousand pounds sterling, has filled the people in general with amazement. Great has been the work of God both in this State and that of *Georgia*, for the little time we have laboured in them. While my soul is exulting in the prosperity of Zion, I feel an additional pleasure in the thought that *Georgia* was the residence and sphere of Mr. *Wesley's* usefulness for some years; every thing that is likely to give him pleasure, administering a proportionable pleasure to me.

Mr. *Asbury* (who is assuredly a great man of God) has treated me with much respect; for he has not only provided me a good horse with its proper attire, but (as there is no time to procure a regular publication of me at the places through which I am to pass) has delivered up to me his own plan, and intends to accompany me to *New-York*.

Much of the glory and of the hand of God have I seen in riding through the circuit called *Pee-Dee*, in *South Carolina*. When I was in *America* before, there were but twenty in society in this circuit; and it was much doubted at the Conference, whether it would be to the glory of God to send even one preacher to this part of the country. But now, chiefly by the means of two young men, *Hope Hull*, and *Jeremiah Maston*, the societies consist of eight hundred and twenty-three members; and no less than two and twenty preaching-houses have been erected in this single circuit in the course of the last year. The preachers here ride about one hundred miles a week on an average; but the swamps and morasses they have to pass through in the winter, it is tremendous to relate! Though it is now in the month of April, I was above my knees in water on horse-back, in passing through a deep morass, and that very late in the evening, when it was almost dark, in order to reach the house of Mr. *De-Busse* (one of our friends), in whose neighbourhood I was to preach the next day; but we had with us a faithful guide.

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In the course of our journey through *North Carolina*, I preached (among other places) at the house of Mr. *Hodgins*, near the town of *Salisbury*. He was formerly a dancing-master, and has amassed a considerable fortune, with which he has purchased a large estate: and is now a friend of the gospel, and some of his family are indeed friends of God. He has the finest prospect from his dwelling-house of open lands, woods, and water, that, I think, I have seen in *America*. We have in this State got up to the *Cherokee-Indians*, who are in general a peaceable people. Trust, the grace of God will in time get into some of their hearts.

In travelling through *Virginia*, our rides were so long that we were frequently on horse-back till midnight, after preaching in the middle of the day. Since I left *Charleston*, I have got into my old romantic way of life, of preaching in the midst of great forests, with scores, and sometimes hundreds of horses tied to the trees, which adds much solemnity to the scene.

In the course of my journey through this State, I visited the county of *Halifax*, where I met with a little persecution on my former visit to this continent, on account of the public testimony I bore against negro-slavery. I am now informed that soon after I left the county on my former tour, a bill was presented against me as a seditious person before the grand jury, and was found by the jury: and ninety persons had engaged to pursue me, and bring me back again; but their hearts failed them. Another bill was also presented in one of the neighbouring counties, but was thrown out. Many of the people, I find, imagined that I would not venture amongst them again. However, when I came, they all received me with perfect peace and quietness; and my visit, I have reason to believe, was made a blessing to many. Indeed I now acknowledge that however just my sentiments may be concerning slavery, it was ill-judged of me to deliver them from the pulpit. A man who pursued me
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with a gun in order to shoot me when I was in this neighbourhood before (but this circumstance was then secreted from me) is now converted to God, and become a member of our society.

In *Mecklenburg* County in this State, where the Lord is not only increasing but deepening his work in a very glorious manner, we held our second Conference. After some little jealousies were removed, we renewed our love more closely than ever, and our whole business was conducted with great dispatch and most perfect unanimity. On the Lord's-day I had the largest congregation I ever saw in *America*, although there was no town within a great many miles of the place: I think there were about four thousand hearers. We here ordained five deacons in public, and it was a very solemn and profitable time, I believe, to very many.

One circumstance at this Conference gave me very great pleasure. Brother *Hawes*, one of our elders, who last year was sent with a preacher to *Kentucky*, on the banks of the *Ohio*, near the *Mississippi*, wrote to us a most enlivening account of the prospect in his district, and earnestly implored some further assistance. "But, observe!" added he, "No one must be appointed for this country, that is afraid to die! For there is now war with the Indians, who frequently lurk behind the trees, shoot the travellers, and then scalp them: and we have one society on the very frontiers of the Indian country." After this letter was read, a blessed young man (brother *Williamson*) offered himself as a volunteer for this dangerous work. What can we not do or suffer, when the love of Christ constrains!

In a few days after this, we arrived at *Richmond*. Many of the inhabitants, I was informed, had said that I would not dare to venture into that town (which is the seat of government in *Virginia*) on account of a petition for the abolition of negro-slavery which had been presented to the General Assembly, and had been subscribed by a very respectable

spectable body of freeholders, the origin of which was attributed to me. But they did not know me; for I am a plain blunt man, that goes directly on. However, instead of opposition, the governor of the State who resides there, ordered the courthouse to be opened to me, and a very respectable and very attentive congregation I was favoured with.

From *Richmond* to *Alexandria*, which is a hundred and twenty miles or thereabouts, we have no societies. At one of the inns we joined a company of agreeable men, who were not unacquainted with the Methodists, though they were unacquainted with God. These gentry laid a plot for us, I have reason to believe. For in our first dish of tea there was a little taste of rum; in our second a little more; but the third was so strong, that on our complaining of a conspiracy, it seemed as if the rum had sprung into our tea of itself, for both company and waiters solemnly protested they were innocent.

On the last day of April, Mr. *Asbury* and I arrived at *Baltimore*; and on the next day our third and last Conference began; when, behold! Satan exerted his utmost subtilty.

Never surely was more external peace and liberty enjoyed by the church of God or any part of it, since the fall of man, than we enjoy in *America*: and every thing seems to be falling before the power of the word. What then remained for the infernal serpent, but to sow the seeds of schism and division among ourselves. But, glory be to God, yea, glory for ever be ascribed to his sacred name, the devil was completely defeated. Our painful contests, I trust, have produced the most indissoluble union between my brethren and me. We thoroughly perceived the mutual purity of each other's intentions in respect to the points in dispute. We mutually yielded, and mutually submitted; and the silken cords of love and affection were tied to the horns of the altar for ever and ever.

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The Lord has done marvellous things in this land in the course of the last year. No less than six thousand six hundred, have been added to the society on the balance in the United States alone. And, praise be the Lord, the work is deep, as well as wide. O that I myself may be watered under this glorious shower, and lose nothing of my share in the blessings which the heavens are pouring down.

At this Conference another young man offered himself as a volunteer for *Kentucky*: and the two preachers are to be sent off as soon as possible, breathing the true spirit of Missionaries.

I felt much of the power of God in all my public administrations at *Baltimore*; and I have no doubt but many of my hearers felt it too. The divine Comforter was also very graciously present at the ordination of two elders and eleven deacons.

On Tuesday, the 8th of May, Mr. *Asbury* and I paid a visit to our new college, which will be opened (we expect) between this and Christmas; and we trust, will unite together those two great ornaments of human nature—*Genuine Religion* and *Extensive Learning*. The situation pleases me more and more. Our object is (not to raise Gospel-ministers, but) to serve our pious friends and our married preachers in the proper education of their sons.

We now visited our affectionate societies in *Philadelphia* and *New-York*. In each of these cities we want a second church, and I believe, the Lord will soon enable them to bring this to effect.

Not meeting with a suitable ship in the port of *New-York*, (and after taking an affectionate leave of my dear friend Mr. *Asbury*) I returned to *Philadelphia*. On the road I waited on Mr. *Ogden*, of *Elizabeth-Town, New-Jersey*, a minister of the church of *England*, and a minister also of Jesus Christ. He is the only regular minister I have met with, that enforces the Methodist discipline among

among his people. He has many classes under his care: and much of the life of God, I doubt not, is among them. In the evening I preached in his church.

On Sunday, the 27th of May, after preaching a farewell-sermon to our friends in *Philadelphia*, I embarked on board a merchant ship for *Dublin*. The captain, his wife, and another gentlewoman, who are my company, manifest as much decency, courtesy, and respect, as can be expected from unawakened persons. But God is with me, his weak, sinful worm, glory be to his blessed name.

On Monday, the 25th of June, by the mercy of God, I arrived safe in *Dublin-bay* after a passage of twenty-nine days: and was received in much love by our Irish brethren.

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EXTRACT

EXTRACT
OF THE
JOURNALS
OF THE LATE
REV. DR. THOMAS COKE'S
THIRD VISIT
TO
NORTH-AMERICA,
AND SECOND TO THE
WEST INDIES.

SECTION I.

Bridge-Town, Barbadoes, Dec. 9, 1788.

ON the 4th instant we landed on this island after a voyage of five weeks and four days.

Our voyage, all things considered, was perhaps as pleasant a one as was ever sailed. In the turbulent Bay of *Biscay*, my brethren were very sick. From Cape *Finisterre* to this island, the wind was favourable all the way.

And here I must not omit to bear the most unfeigned testimony of gratitude in behalf of the captain of our ship. Our accommodations in every respect were very excellent: and he left nothing unprovided, which he thought might be necessary, or in any wise commodious for us; and his whole treatment of us from the beginning to the end was affectionate and generous to the last degree.

Captain

Captain *Sundius* being a man who sincerely fears God, we had full liberty to sing and pray as often as we pleased, and he never neglected to join us. In all my voyages till this, I do not recollect that we were serviceable to any sailor except one: but the first time I preached in the *Hankey*, (on those words of our Lord, *Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God:*) the whole crew seemed deeply affected, and the consequent labours of my brethren and myself, deepened the impressions they had received. They were eager to read any books we gave them. Instead of the loose songs they sung among themselves at the beginning of the voyage, they delighted in meeting together to read our books. When we parted, the tears trickled down many of their cheeks: they shewed the greatest earnestness to squeeze us by the hand: and when our boat dropped astern, they gave us three as hearty cheers (which is one of their ways of expressing affection) as, I believe, ever were given by a company of sailors.

As we knew no one in the island, and the expenses in this country at the inns are enormous, I embraced the opportunity, as soon as we landed, of sending Messrs. *Lumb* and *Gamble* to our friends on the island of *St. Vincent*, by a merchant-ship, which sailed that very evening. As Mr. *Pearce* (who remained with me) informed me that a company of soldiers who resided some time ago at *Kinsale*, in *Ireland*, and among whom there were several pious persons, were now, he believed, in *Barbadoes*, I desired him to go in search of them. In two hours he brought back with him one of the soldiers; and soon afterwards we were joined by a serjeant, who on seeing Mr. *Pearce*, and recollecting him, seized him in his arms in the most kind and affectionate manner.

Our friends the soldiers soon informed us, that the love of Christ had constrained them to bear a public testimony for God; and that a Mr. *Button*,

a merchant of the town, had provided for them a large room which he formerly used as a warehouse, in which they exhorted. We immediately determined to make a visit to this kind merchant the next morning; but he prevented us by an invitation to breakfast with him, being previously informed by the soldiers of our arrival.

To my great surprise I found that Mr. *Button* knew me well; and though I had no personal acquaintance with him, he had frequently heard me preach at *Baltimore*, in *Maryland*. Four of his black servants had been baptized by me at that time, and one of them (a woman) is truly alive to God. His lady is a native of this island. His house, his heart, his *all* seemed to be at our service. We discharged our bill at the inn, and found an asylum indeed with this our benevolent friend. After breakfast, Mr. *Pearce* and I paid our respects to the governor of the island, who received us with great politeness. In the evening I preached at Mr. *Button's* house to about three hundred persons, about twice as many being obliged to go away for want of room. The next evening I had as large a congregation as on the former. Many heard with deep attention, whilst I endeavoured to shew them how the Comforter convinces of sin, righteousness and judgment. In the morning I rode into the country to visit a gentleman, (*Henry Trotman*, Esq.) for whom my kind friend Mr. *Dornford*, of *London*, had procured for me a letter of recommendation, in order to open a way for Mr. *Pearce* into the country: but very providentially there were two gentlemen of the same christian and surname in the island, and I was led to the house of the gentleman of that name, for whom my letter was not intended. He received me with the utmost politeness, and after I had breakfasted and dined with him, and laid before him our plan of operations, he informed me that his house should be always open to my friend Mr. *Pearce*, and his slaves

slaves at his command at all proper hours. He has about two hundred.

On Sunday morning, after Mr. *Pearce* had preached at seven o'clock, we breakfasted according to invitation with the curate of the parish, who received us with great civility. After dinner a note was sent me by the master of a free-school, offering me his great school-room for my evening's duty; where I had a very large and attentive congregation, many of the principal gentry of the town attending. In the evening Mr. *Errington*, one of the magistrates and post-master-general of the island, made us a visit and supped with us. Between thirty and forty years ago he had frequently heard Mr. *Wesley* and his brother preach in our chapel in *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. He expressed the greatest satisfaction and approbation of our designs, warmly invited Mr. *Pearce* to visit him frequently, and told us he should be happy on all occasions to yield us any service in his power.

On Monday morning, I visited the Mr. *Trotman* whom I had in vain sought on Saturday. He is a plain country gentleman, has about two hundred and fifty negroes on his plantations, and after dinner informed me that he would himself take the first opportunity of waiting on Mr. *Pearce*, and should be happy in having any of his slaves instructed by him.

Having thus finished the business which lay before me in this island, I took a place in a vessel bound for *St. Vincent's*, and expecting to sail in the evening, desired Mr. *Pearce* to preach: as the violent heat into which preaching throws us in this climate, would have rendered it very hazardous to have gone on the water: and I had the pleasure to find that he gave universal satisfaction to a large congregation.

At Mr. *Button's* there were three ladies on a visit who have a plantation and many negroes, and have, I trust, in some degree received divine impressions by our means. Their house will be opened to Mr. *Pearce*

Pearce whenever he pleases: and our soldiers have engaged to hold prayer-meetings in different parts of the town three or four times a week.

Thus by a series of remarkable providences a wide door seems to be opened for us in Barbadoes. This island is most favourably circumstanced for the increase of the work of God. It is twenty-two miles long, and fifteen broad. It is said to contain about seventy thousand blacks, and from twenty-five to thirty thousand whites. The island is also in general divided into very small farms or plantations, so that even among the whites, there are thousands whose incomes are very small, and many who are very poor, and who cannot therefore indulge themselves in all the extremes of sensuality, in the manner too many do in this luxuriant country.

SECTION II.

ON the 11th instant, I landed at *St. Vincent's*, and in a few hours after set off with *Mr. Baxter* for the *Caribb* country, preaching in the evening to a lovely company of negroes in a little town called *Caliaqua*. The next day we were joined by Messrs. *Gamble* and *Clark*, and reached the house of our hospitable friend, *Dr. Davidson*; who set off with us in the morning to visit the *Caribbs*. The roads, or rather narrow paths over the mountains which form the boundaries between the *English* and the *Caribbs*, are the worst and the most tremendous I ever rode. Some time ago *Mr. Baxter* nearly lost his life in crossing them. His horse fell down a precipice of thirty feet perpendicular, and the hind legs of the horse were just over the precipice before he was alarmed, when he immediately threw himself off. In one place we could not even lead our horses, till a company of *Caribbs* who were passing by, lent us their cutlasses, with which we
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at last cut open a way. When we had descended the great mountain, we came into one of the most beautiful plains I ever saw in my life, it is but seven miles long, and three board, but I think it is as beautiful as uncultivated nature can make it. It forms a bow, the string of which is washed by the Atlantic ocean, and the bow itself surrounded by lofty mountains. Here the *Caribbs* chiefly dwell. As we passed by their villages, they stood at their doors in ranks, crying out, "*Bou jou, bou jou :*" (a corruption of *Bon Jour*, a good day :) others cried out, "*How dee, how dee :*" and many of them on being asked, delivered their cutlasses into our hands, which is the highest proof of confidence they can give. We had with us at this time one of the sons of the grand chief of the *Caribbs* (*Chateaway*.) He has been under the tuition of Mr. and Mrs. *Baxter* for some time, and speaks a good deal of English. His name is *John Dimmey*, a fine young man, and of a princely carriage. His father the grand chief was gone from home; if I could have seen the father, I believe I should have obtained his consent to take his son with me to *England*. His sentiments are highly refined for a savage. "Teach me your language, *Dimmey*," said Mr. *Baxter* to him one day, "and I will give you my watch." "I will teach you my language," replied the young chief, "but I will not have your watch."

When we entered into the house of one of the chiefs whose name is *De Valley*, Mr. *Dimmey* whispered to Mr. *Baxter*, that the family would not be satisfied, if we did not take some refreshment, to which we consented: and they soon brought a large dishful of eggs and cassada-bread, and a bowl of punch. Mr. *Dimmey* alone could be with difficulty persuaded to sit down with us at table, the rest would serve. A little son of the chief also, (a very beautiful boy for his colour; who had been under the instruction of Mr. *Baxter*, and had been already taught to spell) gave us high entertainment by
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the convincing proof he afforded us of an infant genius.

But in the midst of all this kindness there was some degree of jealousy : for I perceived that *Mr. Baxter* several times informed them that I received no pay from the King. *Mr. Baxter* seemed to live in their affections ; and he has already made a considerable progress in their language, I could not help entreating him to spend two years among them, and give them a full trial. Great as the cross was to that good man who expected to return to his beloved *Antigua*, he immediately consented. On our return from the *Caribb* country, I visited our new school-house, and found it much larger than I expected, and far too large for one family. I therefore ordered the workmen to divide it : one half of which I appropriated to the use of *Mr. and Mrs. Baxter*, and the other half to that of *Mr. and Mrs. Joice*. As *Mrs. Baxter* intends to educate some of the *Caribb* girls, we shall now have three teachers among them. The conduct of *Mrs. Baxter* in this instance is not to be overlooked. Though born of a considerable family in *Antigua*, and brought up in all the softness and luxury of the country, she readily consented some years ago, that her husband should sacrifice a place of four hundred a year currency which he held under government ; that he might devote his whole time and strength to the work of God ; and now was perfectly willing to go with him among savages, and spend her time in forming their totally uncultivated minds.

I was very uneasy when I found that little had yet been done by *Mr. Joice* in the education of the children ; but when all the difficulties were laid open, in the proper settlement of the land on which the house was built, in bringing the materials for building to the proper spot, the illness of *Mrs. Joice*, and some other particulars, my mind was satisfied, and I trust every thing will soon have the most favourable appearance through the blessing of God.

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I feel myself much attached to these poor savages. The sweet simplicity and cheerfulness they manifested on every side, soon wore off every unfavourable impression my mind had imbibed from the accounts I had received of their cruelties—cruelties originating probably with ourselves rather than with them. They are a handsomer people than the negroes, but have undoubtedly a warlike appearance, as their very women frequently carry cutlasses in their hands, and always knives by their naked sides.

We now returned to *Kingston*, preaching by the way, and received by the planters with every mark of kindness and respect. Indeed the whole body of the people seemed to wish us success. Many were the proofs of affection shewn us at our departure, especially by one whose delicacy will not admit of my mentioning his name.

Having appointed Messrs. *Gamble* and *Clark* to labour in the English division of the island (Mr. *Baxter* now and then making them a visit) I hired a vessel for *Dominica*; and with Mr. and Mrs. *Baxter* (who were desirous of making one visit to their old friends in *Antigua* before they settled among the *Caribbs*) and Mr. *Lumb*, set sail on Tuesday the 16th for *Dominica*.

It may not be improper in this place to add a short account of the *Caribbs*.

SECTION III.

*A short account of the CARIBBS in the Island of St. Vincent.**

BY the best accounts which I have been able to collect, the *black Caribbs* originally sprung from the cargo

* I was furnished with the materials for the following account, by Dr. *Davidson*, a physician, who resides on the borders of the *Caribb-country*.

cargo of a *Guinea* ship, which was wrecked on one of the *Grenadilloes*. They were brought over to this island by the *Yellow Caribbs*, who were the *Aborigines* or native inhabitants, with many of whom they were soon connected, forming a motley mixture, such as we now see; but in which the negro-colour and features chiefly prevail. They continued in this interchange of good offices, till such time as the *Black Caribbs* perceived their superiority to the others in number and strength, who then drove the *Yellow Caribbs* to the leeward part of the island, where a few of them only now remain. The greater part of the latter went to the islands of *Tobago* and *Trinidad*, in both of which islands their posterity are to be seen at present.

It is unnecessary to follow them through the detail of their wars, and of their treaties with the *French*, who at length formed a settlement in the island. At the treaty of peace in 1763, the *Caribbs* possessed the most valuable part of this island. By the treaty which was made with them in 1773, they gave up an extent of country, comprehending about fourteen miles in length, and from three to four in breadth; only part of which was settled in 1779, when the *French* invaded the island. Their jealousies and hatred of the *English*, which had been industriously kept up by the *French*, joined with some private causes of dissatisfaction, led them to take an active part against us: and the dread of their barbarities had no small effect in inducing the inhabitants so soon to capitulate. The settlements on the ceded lands were almost totally abandoned, after the most shocking cruelties had been exercised by the *Caribbs* on the wretched victims of their rage. The *French*, during the time that the island belonged to them, left the *Caribbs* in the quiet and peaceable possession of their lands. Since the island has been restored to us, we have once more attempted a settlement on the ceded lands, and hitherto without interruption; and we sincerely
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hope that the present good disposition of the *Caribbs* will long continue.

It is a very difficult matter to fix precisely on their numbers, for reasons which are too obvious to need being mentioned. The best informed on the subject speak with uncertainty. However, few have fixed their numbers below five thousand: I would rather suppose even that calculation to be short. From their temperance; their being unaccustomed to hard labour, the healthiness of the climate, their early marriages, and the fruitfulness of their women, we may easily account for their rapid increase.—We may add to these considerations, the fruitfulness of the soil, and the ease with which the few necessaries of life are procured.

It is a difficult matter to say what ideas they have of a Supreme Being. The *French* took but little pains to instruct them in Religion. They have some faint ideas of a Supreme Cause which created all things, but they conceive that God commits the government of the world to subordinate Spirits. They make use of several incantations against Evil Spirits to prevent their malignant influence.

The black *Caribbs*, differing so little from the negroes whom they saw employed in the occupations of the field, soon perceived the necessity of a discrimination founded on more obvious marks than that of complexion; and therefore adopted a plan of flattening their children's foreheads, which is done by applying to the forehead a small board defended by soft cotton and tied behind. The child, the moment it is born, is submitted to this operation, which is continued for two or three months. Some exceptions are, however, to be made to this general rule. Twins, from a supposition of their being weakly, and children who are sickly at their birth, are exempted. The operation is also longer continued upon the male, than on the female child. Horrid distortions of the countenance,

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squinting,

squinting, &c. occasioned by the board's being unequally or ill applied, are frequently observable.

The marriages of the *Caribbs* take place at an early age, and are generally made by the parents of both parties without consulting the inclinations of the female; a house is erected for them, and the little furniture which they require, is provided. The wife is soon made acquainted with the labour of the field; she plants the cassada, the yams, potatoes, &c. and prepares and dresses them for the indolent male, whose sole occupation is either shooting wild pigeons, Indian rabbits, and manna-rous, (the *Opossa*,) or fishing. When the husband finds himself in the situation of taking more wives, he obtains them from their parents: many of them have four or five. On that event, they build separate houses for each wife, spending their time alternately with them. So entirely, however, are the wives devoted to the despotism of their husbands, that quarrels among them are never known. Adultery is punished with death. In no part of the world are the women more chaste, owing, possibly to the severity with which incontinence is punished.

When a husband leaves any of his wives, they are not at liberty to marry again till his death: in that case only is it in their power to make an election. No slavery can be conceived more wretched than that of the women, the whole labour without and within doors devolving on them. Nor is this all: whenever frequent childbearing, or any other cause, has made them look old or ugly, their husbands leave them for other wives; for whom, and their children, they are likewise obliged to do all the most laborious offices. Their husbands frequently, in their scenes of drunkenness and debauchery, wound and maim them with their cutlasses, and even shoot them.

Nor is there among them the smallest traces of policy or natural justice. The *Lex Talionis* is their only rule, provided the party has the power or abilities to redress himself. A little time ago an instance

stance happened shocking to humanity.——
Manuel, a *Caribb*, had a sister remarked by her
 sable lovers, for her beauty and handsome person,
 of whom she had not a few. She could, however,
 be only the lot of one; and he to whose lot she
 fell, was the friend and intimate acquaintance of
Manuel. Her husband and she lived for some time
 peaceably and comfortably together, till a quarrel
 happened between his sister and his wife; they pro-
 ceeded to blows, when the husband interposed be-
 tween them with his cutlass, made a push at his
 wife, and wounded her under the eye, of which
 wound she immediately expired. The only redress
 which *Manuel* required for the loss of his sister,
 was——that the husband should put to death
 his own sister; which he did by carrying her down
 to the River *Colonorie* in the forenoon, and mur-
 dering her with the greatest barbarity.

The *Caribbs* are naturally temperate in their
 meals, their food chiefly consisting of roots and
 other vegetables, here produced by the indulgent
 hand of Providence in the utmost profusion. *Cas-
 sada*, however, furnishes them with the greatest
 supply, which they bake into cakes on thin plates
 of iron, procured from the *Europeans*. They make
 but little or no use of salt; sometimes only they in-
 dulge themselves with a kind of soup called *Tumal-
 len*, which is prepared in a singular manner. They
 take equal parts of the juice of the *Cassada* (which
 by the by, without this preparation is poisonous)
 and sea water, with crabs or cray fish bruised, and
 a large proportion of pepper. The whole is well
 boiled, and used as sauce to their otherwise insipid
Cassada. At their feasts they use a fermented
 liquor prepared from *Cassada*, Pines, &c. called
Vicou or *Ouicou*; the preparation of which is suffi-
 ciently disgusting to the sight of an *European*;
 the *Cassada* being sometimes previously chewed
 before infusion. The saliva occasions a quicker
 fermentation of the drink, which is soon fit for use,

Since their acquaintance with the *Europeans*, the means of intoxication are more common.

Their houses were originally built of long pliant boughs bent in a semicircular form, and fixed in the ground at each end, about fourteen feet in length, and twelve feet in breadth; and they are very neatly thatched with the leaves of the *Roseau*. Since their acquaintance with us, they have improved in the structure of their houses, which are now formed of hard wood posts fixed in the ground, plates and rafters; and are still thatched with the *Roseau* or *Reed*. The sides of them are wattled, and closely covered in, so as to exclude the wind. The doors are rudely formed out of the *White-Cedar*, and move upon little pivots; for they employ very little iron in the fabric.

The whole furniture of the house consists of seats formed out of logs, their hammocks, the calabash formed into cups and spoons, a cassada-grater, a serpentine press, a wooden trough and a cassada-iron-plate, and sometimes a few articles of earthen-ware.

The whole labour of the field, as formerly mentioned, is performed by the women. The cassada-sticks are planted in little hillocks which they raise at two feet distance. At the end of nine or twelve months they are pulled up, clean washed, scraped with a blunt knife, and rubbed on a grater, which is formed of a piece of board, into which small pebbles are stuck. One end of the grater leans against their breast, the other end declines into a large wooden trough, into which the grated cassada falls: it is then put into a press, which is very ingeniously made of the fibres of a plant resembling the wild plantain, and formed into the shape of a snake, about the thickness of a man's thigh. The press being filled with the grated cassada, they suspend it from the house or from a tree, and affix weights to the other end, whereby the poisonous juice is strongly expressed: the cassada is then passed

passed through a sieve which they likewise make very ingeniously, on a plate of iron put over a fire; and being strongly pressed with a wooden spatula, it forms itself into a cake, which, when sufficiently toasted on one side, is turned, and toasted on the other.—This makes the constant food of the *Caribbs*, except when the men can procure an *agouty* (an Indian rabbit,) or a wild pigeon, or sometimes the crab or the cray-fish, and at other times the sea-fish, which they are very dextrous in catching. But their principal dependence in respect to fish, is on those which they procure by poisoning the rivers: for this purpose the men of the whole district are summoned; part of whom are employed in procuring the plants which are used for that purpose, viz. the *dogwood-bark* or *erythrina lina*, and the *sigesbeckia*: others divert the course of the river, if it is too large, leaving no more water than they conveniently can poison. The weeds are then strongly beat, and their juices expressed and mixed with the water, and presently communicate their inebriating effects to the finny inhabitants, which soon swim with their bellies on the surface of the water, and allow themselves to be easily taken.—It is observable, that though thousands of the young fry are destroyed, no ill effects ever happen from the use of the fish. This is a practice, however, which should be particularly discouraged, as it almost entirely destroys the fry.

Another practice they observe, which is very destructive: the river-fish in these parts commence spawning about the end of July, when they drop their ova at the mouths of the rivers, which are then crowded with innumerable shoals of sea-fish, such as snappers, groupers, king-fish, &c. The young fry instantly attempt to force their passage up the rivers, and are in such numbers as to blacken the waters. A single person may in a few hours catch a bushel of them. Hundreds of *Caribbs* may be then seen repairing to the rivers, and loading themselves with the *tritrices* (so the *French*

name them after the *Caribbs*.)—They are very delicious, and by drying them in the sun will keep for some time.

The *Caribbs* in general, both men and women, go naked, with the exception of a piece of cloth a yard in length and about a foot broad, which they wear round their middle, open to the left side: this is always dyed of an orange colour with the *rocou*. The women also wear a garter below each knee, bound pretty tight. The unmarried women and the widows omit the right garter. Both sexes paint their bodies with streaks of *rocou*: the men only colour their faces black on certain occasions. But on all occasions the men carry with them a sabre or cutlass, and in general a loaded musket, which is ever on the cock. Quarrels are so frequent among them, that they are ever in dread of meeting with some one with whom they are at enmity. Murders and assassinations are therefore very frequent, and their animosities perpetually kept up. Every district of two or three miles in length, has its peculiar chief, who, however, has not the smallest shadow of authority except in time of war.

They are very ingenious in making baskets, hammocks, and fishing-lines of the silk-grass; but the principal article of their commerce is the tobacco, with which they chiefly supply the *Martinico* market, where it is manufactured into a snuff called *Macouba*, from a district in *Martinico*, which formerly raised the best tobacco in the *West-Indies*. From *Martinico* they import muskets, gun-powder, flints, ball, and cutlasses, some wine, and an inferior kind of rum called *Taffia*.

They carry on their intercourse in canoes of their own making; some of which are large enough to contain fifty of them. Nothing can equal their skill in managing them in the most tempestuous seas.

Their intercourse with *Martinique* certainly tends to debauch their morals, and to increase that prejudice

judice and aversion, which they have always had against the *English* government. As many of them speak the same language with the inhabitants of *Martinique*, and have been long acquainted with them, they have no jealousy or suspicion of any designs which they can entertain against their liberty, and therefore are the more ready to listen to their suggestions. It is at *Martinique* also where their wants are best supplied; and it is only there where they can vend their tobacco. The comparison of the *French* island with ours, in respect to wealth, population, shipping, grandeur, &c. is by no means in our favour.

But we cannot expect to have much intercourse with these people till public schools are established to teach their children the English language, reading, and writing, and they are afterwards brought up to husbandry, or some trade or occupation.—The girls may likewise be brought up, and taught by school-mistresses in sewing and knitting stockings. In the *Spanish* island of *Trinidad*, the *Indians* have been brought up and instructed in the principles of the Roman Catholic religion with amazing assiduity and success. There is a remarkable manufacture of stockings carried on by the *Spanish Indians*, which sell from three to six dollars per pair.

They have already got among them the *rocow*, which the manufacture and carry to *Martinique*.—This also should be encouraged. The *la pitte*, or silk-grass, affords the strongest cords in nature, and the threads are so fine as to be employed in sewing cambrick. With it they form fishing-lines.

Their language is by no means difficult to be acquired. The number of words are but few, sufficient to express the ideas of their savage life. Their language, like their nature, is harsh and dissonant. They speak with the utmost impetuosity, as if they were constantly in a passion; but the *French* language is very much spoken by them.

SECTION

SECTION IV.

Jamaica, Feb. 3, 1789.

ON Friday the 19th; we landed at *Roseau*, in *Dominica*, and found our former kind friend *Mrs. Webley* ready to receive us. She had been informed by one of our local Preachers of *St. Kitt's*, who had lately made a visit to this island, of my intention to visit her soon; and accordingly with some other friends hired a large room for a preaching-place. After waiting on Governor *Orde*, who, I think, is as polite a man as ever I was in company with, I preached in the evening, and on the Sunday following: *Mr. Baxter* also preached two sermons, whilst I made a visit to my old friend *Mr. Charrurier*, and opened a door or two among the blacks in his neighbourhood. Before we left the island, we formed a little society of twenty-four desiring souls, some of whom had been members of our connexion in *Antigua* and *St. Kitt's*; and determined that *Mr. M'Cornock* should take the care of this island.

On the 24th, we landed at *Antigua*. Surely this island is the favourite of Heaven. It is supposed that it contains 7,000 whites and 30,000 blacks; and out of these 2,800 are in our society; and I believe, the Moravians have not fewer than 2000 in theirs. So great a leaven is not known perhaps in so small a country throughout the world. My congregation in *St. John's*, and one more in the country, would not have disgraced even those parts of *England*, where we have met with the greatest success.

I should not forget to acknowledge the usefulness of *Mr. Warrenner* in this religious island: though *Mr. Baxter* has been indeed the father, under God, of this blessed work. *Mr. Warrenner* has added not less than a thousand worthy members. (I have reason to believe) to this society.

Nor

Nor should the beautiful proof of love which our society in this island give to their sick members, be overlooked. They attend them in their respective neighbourhoods with the greatest diligence and patience; and where it is wanting, provide every kind of medical help for them, without regarding the expense.

Till lately the island was annually governed by martial-law on Christmas-day and the two days following, the negroes always being allowed those three days for themselves, on which many tumults and even robberies had been committed: but religion has now rendered this custom needless, and the declaration of martial-law is become a mere matter of form.

On the 27th of December, we set sail for the island of *St. Christopher*. In our way we touched at *Montserrat*; but our only friend in that island, one of the most respectable characters in it, not being at home, we resumed our voyage.

On the 29th, we landed at *Basse-Terre*, the principal town of *St. Kitt's*. And here justice obliges me to bear a testimony of the good which has been wrought by Mr. *Hammet*, who has been the instrument of one of the greatest works of God I have known in the circle of my labours, considering the time he has been employed in it, and the nature of the work in which he has been engaged. In two years he has raised in this island, which was barren of all religion at the commencement of his labours, a society of seven hundred members, a great part of whom, I have reason to believe, are members of Christ. Here the Lord has poured out the spirit of prophecy; two preachers being raised in this society, who are capable and willing to devote themselves entirely to the work of the ministry in this part of the world.

The second morning after my arrival, we were visited with a tremendous earthquake. The beds, the rooms, the whole house in which we were,
shook.

shook most terribly for several seconds. The shock was felt in other islands.

From *St. Kitt's* we visited *St. Eustatius*. On Wednesday the 31st of December we landed there, and were received by Mr. *Lindsey*, one of our friends, with every mark of kindness. We soon found that poor *Harry* was banished from the island. When he stood before the Governor and Council, to answer for the unpardonable crime of praying with the people, one of the council observed to him, "*Harry* you must be flogged:" to which he calmly replied, "Christ was flogged, and why should not I?" Soon after which they condemned him to be publicly whipped, imprisoned and banished. The whipping was executed in a most unmerciful manner under the direction of one *Isaac de Lion*,* a black man, and an enemy to all righteousness—such a picture of Satan for subtilty and barbarity, never, I think, before did I behold. He is the great executioner of all the cruel edicts of the court for the persecution of the children of God.

The most famous, or rather most infamous edict which the rulers of this island have published, is as follows:—

"That if any white person should be found praying with his brethren—for the first offence he should be fined fifty pieces of eight: for the second, one hundred pieces: and for the third, he should be whipped, his goods be confiscated, and he should then be banished the island. That if a coloured man should be found praying—for the first offence he should receive thirty-nine lashes; and for the second, if free, he should be whipped and banished; but if a slave, be whipped every time."

This, I think, is the first instance known among mankind, of a persecution openly avowed against religion itself. The persecutions among the Heathens were supported under the pretence that the
christians

* The very same man who received me with so much kindness on my former visit.

Christians brought in strange Gods. Those among the Roman Catholics were under the pretext of the Protestants introducing heresies into the church. But this is openly and avowedly against *prayer*, the great key to every blessing. How such a diabolical persecution can be suffered in this liberal and tolerating age, is really surprising!

However, we ventured to baptize about one hundred and forty of our society. And even under this heavy cross and hot persecution, our numbers amount to two hundred and fifty-eight; and of those, we have reason to believe, that one hundred and thirty-nine have tasted that the Lord is gracious.

On Thursday the 1st of January, we hired a sloop to carry us back to *St. Christopher's*. But, behold! as soon as we began to sail, we found that all the sailors were entirely drunk, the captain excepted. In a little time they drove the sloop against a large ship and damaged the boom and the yards of the mainmast. Soon afterwards, when we came to the end of the island, instead of crossing the channel to *St. Kitt's*, the sloop was carrying us into the open sea in its shattered condition. We then determined to return; but there was no one to turn the sloop about, till with great difficulty my friends, the Missionaries, unacquainted with such business, brought it round: and after running against another ship, by which the rudder was broke, and the stern much damaged: and after bribing the captain with ten dollars, to save his own life as well as ours; we were landed again on the island of *St. Eustatius*.

This series of misfortunes which obliged us to return, appeared a loud call of Providence, for me to bear a public testimony for Jesus Christ: and, therefore, lest any of our friends should suffer whipping, confiscation of goods, or banishment, by admitting me to preach in their houses, I hired a large room for a month, and the next day preached to a quiet and attentive congregation, and published myself

myself for the Lord's-day following.—All was peace till late in the evening, when the governor sent for Mr. *Lindsey* at whose house I was, and threatened him with terrible punishments.

In the morning, while we were at breakfast, the marshal of the court entered with great form, and delivered us a message from the Governor and Fiscal, which was, that they required us to promise, that we would not, publicly or privately, by day or by night, preach either to whites or to blacks during our stay in that island, under the penalty, on default, of prosecution, *arbitrary punishment*, (that was the very expression,) and banishment from the Island. We withdrew to consult; and after considering that we were favoured by Providence with an open door in other islands for as many Missionaries as we could spare, and that God was carrying on his blessed work even in this island by the means of secret Class-meetings, and that Divine Providence may in future redress these grievances by a change of the Governor, or by the interference of the superior powers in *Holland* in some other way, we gave for answer, "That we would obey the government;" and having nothing more at present to do in this place of tyranny, oppression and wrong, we returned to *St. Kitt's*, blessing God for a British constitution and a British government.

But let me entreat, let me implore, all those who read or hear this Journal, to remember that dear persecuted people in their daily prayers, that the God who heareth prayer, may be graciously inclined, either to turn the hearts of the rulers of *St. Eustatius* to mercy and truth, or the hearts of their superiors in *Holland* to disarm them of their so much abused power.

From *St. Kitt's* we also made two visits to the island of *Nevis*. Here we were obliged to lie on the floor for two nights upon our hammocks, but God has opened in this island a wide door for the Gospel. And the kindness of two or three gentlemen, particularly the Judge of the Admiralty, to whom

whom we are highly obliged, rendered our situation tolerably comfortable. We formed here a Class of twenty-one Catechumens, and left the care of the island to Mr. *Owens*.

On Wednesday evening, the 14th of January, we set off for the island of *Saba*, which belongs to *Holland*. We had left at *St. Eustatius*, Mr. *Brazier* one of our Missionaries, who had been raised under Mr. *Hammet*; and who had not been included in the wonderful message sent to us by the Governot and *Fischal*, there having been only three mentioned, Mr. *Hammet*, Mr. *Meredith* and myself. However, the Governor of *St. Eustatius*, all on fire to persecute, soon found him out, and by his threatenings dislodged him. Mr. *Brazier*, by the advice of a gentleman of the island, a man in power, but a *Nicodemus*, removed to the island of *Saba*.

When we landed, we were obliged to walk up a rock of a mile in length, which was in several places nearly perpendicular. Being informed that Mr. *Brazier* was at the house of the Governor, we immediately went there, and were received with the utmost kindness and hospitality by him, his family, and the inhabitants in general.

The little island of *Saba* contains about one thousand whites and about two thousand blacks, men, women, and children included. For seventeen years that simple-hearted people have been without a regular minister. The Governor, Council, and people petitioned that Mr. *Brazier*, who had preached three times in the church, (which is no contemptible building) might remain among them. I informed them of our economy, and particularly of our grand and indispensable custom of changing our ministers. They were willing to comply with every thing, to grant to our minister the parsonage-house, and to allow him a sufficient maintenance. What could I do? Mr. *Brazier* was appointed to labour under Mr. *Hammet*, at *Jamaica*: but I could not bear that this delightful people should perish for lack of knowledge. I left therefore Mr. *Brazier*

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behind

behind me, having spent two pleasing days with these inhabitants of the rock: May they all be built on the Rock of Ages!

My heart is too much engaged in the interests of this plain, honest colony, for me to omit transcribing the sentiments of a celebrated *French* writer, concerning them and their island.

“ This is a steep rock, on the summit of which is a little ground, very proper for gardening.*— Frequent rains which do not lie any time on the soil, give growth to plants of an exquisite flavour, and cabbages of an extraordinary size. Throughout *America* there is no blood so pure as that of *Saba*; the women there preserve a freshness of complexion, which is not to be found in any other of the *Carribbee* islands. Happy colony! Elevated on the top of a rock, between the sky and the sea, it enjoys the benefit of both elements without dreading their storms. The inhabitants breathe a pure air, live upon vegetables, cultivate a simple commodity, from which they derive ease without the temptation of riches; are employed in labours less troublesome than useful; and possess in peace all the blessings of moderation, health, beauty and liberty.

“ This is the temple of peace, from whence the philosopher may contemplate at leisure the errors and passions of men, who come like the sea, to strike and dash themselves on the rich coast of *America*, the spoils and possession of which they are perpetually contending for and wresting from each other. Hence may he view at a distance the nations of *Europe*, bearing thunder in the midst of the ocean, and burning with the flames of ambition and avarice under the Tropics, devouring gold without ever being satisfied, wading through seas of blood to amass those metals, those pearls, those diamonds which are used to adorn the oppressors of mankind; loading innumerable ships with those
precious

* This little island is about fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference.

precious casks, which furnish luxury with purple, and from which flow pleasures, effeminacy, cruelty and debauchery. The tranquil inhabitant of *Saba* views this mass of follies, and spins in peace the cotton which constitutes all his finery and wealth.*

On the 17th, we landed at *Tortola*. This island which contains about 1,000 whites and 8,000 blacks, is indeed ripe for the Gospel. It seems to be the general cry of the negroes throughout the island, "Let us have, if possible, a Methodist minister."

After giving the inhabitants of *Road-Town*, (the principal town of this island) two sermons, we sailed for *Santa Cruz*, an island belonging to *Denmark*.— This last mentioned island is supposed to contain about 30,000 inhabitants, who in general speak the *English* language. It is highly cultivated; and the town of *Basse-End*, its capital, is far the most beautiful I have seen in the *Caribbee* islands. The Governor-general, through the warm recommendation of a worthy and respectable friend in *London*, received us with great courtesy, and promised us all the protection and encouragement in his power.

Two gentlemen in the town shewed us many marks of respect, and an old Quaker-lady permitted me to preach in her house, and afterwards informed me that it should be always at our service.

And now I found myself in the utmost doubt, and knew not which way to turn. Mr. *Hammet* was appointed for *Jamaica*; and there was no other Missionary to secure the advantages which the Lord had given us in these two islands. At last we determined that Mr. *Hammet* should divide his labours between *Tortola* and *Santa Cruz*, till two Missionaries are sent from *England* to prosecute the openings which Divine Providence has afforded

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* Soon after I left the *West-Indies*, the Governor of *St. Eustatius*, who is Governor-general of all the *Dutch Caribbee* islands, with the most implacable spirit of persecution, forced the Governor and Council of *Saba* to part with Mr. *Brazier*, though they did it with sorrow and reluctance, as they afterwards assured me by letter.

forded us, and, which, I doubt not, Mr. *Hammet*, in the mean time will greatly improve. I shall also, God willing, visit *Jamaica*, to prepare his way in that populous and important island.

After my return from *Santa Cruz* to *Tortola*, I had a very providential escape, in going late in the evening from the quay to the ship, in which I was to sail the next morning for *Jamaica*. In the midway between the shore and the ship, about the distance of a mile from each, a young man who sat behind me, observed with some surprise, that the water came over the stern of the boat.—I put my hand over the side, and found that the edge of the boat was within an inch of the water. Immediately I observed, that the boat, the bottom of which was very deep and leaky, had let in so much water, and had sunk so low, that on every motion the water came in over the stern, as well as from below; so that in a few minutes we should probably have sunk, if our awful situation had not been just discovered: but after using proper means to throw out the water, we got safe to the ship through the blessing and interference of our never-failing Friend.

We have now through the blessing of God on our endeavours, a prospect of much good in ten of the islands, which unitedly contain about two hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, near four-fifths of whom are covered with heathenish darkness.

SECTION V.

ON the 19th of January, I landed at *Port-Royal*, in *Jamaica*. When I landed, Mr. *Fishley*, master-calker of the harbour, to whom I brought a letter of recommendation, received me with every mark of kindness and respect, and introduced me the next day to Mr. *Bull* and Mr. *Treble*, of *Kingston*, who proved my very valuable friends. In Mr. *Treble's*

Treble's house I preached four times, to small, but increasing congregations. At last, a gentleman of great benevolence (*Mr. Burn*, a Roman Catholic,) observing the inconveniences the congregation was put to, in *Mr. Treble's* small, though neat house (which would have been large enough, I doubt not, for all the inhabitants of *Kingston*, if it had been as large as his heart) most generously offered me the use of a very large room in one of his houses, which room has been frequently used as a public Concert-room, and is the largest but one in the whole town.

The first evening I preached there, the congregation was considerable, and received the word with great decency, and great attention. Whilst I was pointing out to the unregenerate, the fallaciousness of all their hopes, and the impossibility of reversing the decree, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God," and seriously inquiring of them, "Whether they had found out some new gospel as their Directory, a poor negro-woman cried out, "I am sure you are a new Priest." The second evening the great room and all the piazzas around it were crowded with people. I believe there were four hundred whites present, the largest number of whites I ever preached to at one time in the *West-Indies*, and about two hundred negroes, there being no room, I think, for more. After I had preached about ten minutes, a company of gentlemen, inflamed with liquor, began to be very noisy: till at last, the noise still increasing, they cried out, "Down with him, down with him."—They then pressed forwards through the crowd in order to seize me, crying out again, "Who seconds that fellow?" On which my new, but gallant friend *Mr. Bull*, stepped forth between the rioters and me, saying, "I second him against men and devils." A lady also of great worth, who in her younger years had been a member of our Society in *London*, but through the various vicissitudes of life was now a resident of *Jamaica*, who had lately been danger-

ously ill, and during her illness, when all her former religious impressions returned with all their weight to her mind, had received a clear manifestation of the pardoning love of God—notwithstanding all the delicacy of her sex, and her own peculiar amiableness of disposition, stood up, and reasoned with the rioters on the impropriety of their conduct. They now, I believe, were convinced that nine out of ten of the congregation disapproved of their behaviour, and gave up the contest, still crying as they descended the stair-case, “Down with him, down with him.”

The spirits of the congregation were so deranged by this unhappy incident, that I gave out a hymn, and then chose a new text, and preached a sermon, with some degree of liberty, I bless God, to a serious, attentive audience.

Having now received a message from the captain of the brig in which I had taken passage for *Charleston*, desiring me to repair to *St. Royal* in order to go on board, I returned to my little town, where I preached three sermons, which many of the white people attended, the blacks in that place not seeming to regard the gospel.

I am fully satisfied that great good might be done in this island, if the gospel was regularly preached here with power. A small Society of awakened persons might even at present be formed both among the whites and blacks in *Kingston*.

Indeed this valuable and populous island demands and deserves much of our attention and exertions, as it probably contains above 300,000 inhabitants, the slaves alone, in the year 1768, amounting to 217,000; and in *Kingston* only they have been nearly doubled since that time.

This I must add in honour of the island, that I never visited any place either in *Europe* or *America*, in which the gospel was not preached, where I received so many civilities as I did in *Jamaica*, four or five families of property having opened to me their houses, and, very evidently, their hearts, also.
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and assured me that any Missionaries we shall in future send to that island, shall be welcome to beds and every thing their houses afford.

On the 24th of February, I landed at *Charleston*. Mr. *Asbury* had arrived there several days before from the North in order to meet me; but set off three hours before I landed to be present at the Conference in *Georgia*. The next day I followed, and riding in two days as much as he had in three, overtook him. The first day we rode forty-seven miles, for about two miles of which our horses were up to their bellies in water, with two great invisible ditches on the right and left. Our Elder stationed at *Charleston*, accompanied me.

One of the grandest objects to be seen in this country, is the fires in the woods in the spring.— The inhabitants set fire to the grass and little shrubs, in order to burn up the dry leaves which cover the ground, that the grass which grows up afterwards may be accessible to the cattle. Late one evening I saw the most astonishing illumination, I think, I ever beheld in my life, whilst I was travelling through the woods. I seemed surrounded with great, extensive fires: and question whether the King of *France's* stag-hunt in his forest by night, which he sometimes has given to his nobility, would be more wonderful or entertaining to a philosophic eye. Sometimes the fire catches the oozing turpentine of the pine-trees, and blazes to the very top. I have seen old, rotten pine-trees all on fire: the trunks, and the branches (which look like so many arms,) were full of visible fire and made a most grotesque appearance.

The weather was as cold, as it had been, according to the information of the people, in any part of the winter, and was felt by me just come from the torrid zone, with peculiar severity. Although I clothed myself almost from top to toe with flannel, I could but just bear the cold. We had congregations all the way, after I met Mr. *Asbury*; but our journey in the back parts of *South Carolina* and *Georgia*

Georgia were frequently very trying. Sometimes we lost our way. In one instance we lost twenty-one miles. A great part of the way we had nothing in the houses of the planters but bacon and eggs, and Indian corn bread. Mr. *Asbury* brought with him tea and sugar, without which we should have been badly off indeed. In several places we were obliged to lie on the floor, which, indeed, I regarded not, though my bones were a little sore in the morning. The Preachers in Europe know but little, in the present state of Methodism, of the trials of two-thirds of the Preachers on this Continent. And yet in (what I believe to be) a proper view of things, the people in this country enjoy greater plenty and abundance of the mere necessities of life, than those of any country I ever knew, perhaps any country in the world. For I have not in my three visits to this Continent, in all of which I have rode about 5,600 miles, either met with, or heard of, any white men, women, or children, that have not had as much bacon, Indian corn, and fuel for fire, as they wanted, and an abundance to spare: nor are they badly off for clothing.

The great revival however, and the great rapidity of the work of God, the peculiar consolations of God's Spirit which he has favoured me with, and the retirement I met with in these vast Forests, far overbalanced every trial. Many other circumstances also amply compensated for the disagreeable parts of my journey. Sometimes a most noble Vista of half a mile or a mile in length, would open between the lofty Pines. Sometimes the tender fawns and hinds would suddenly appear, and on seeing or hearing us, would glance through the woods, and vanish away. Frequently indeed we were obliged to lodge in houses built with round logs, and open to every blast of wind, and sometimes were under the necessity of sleeping three in a bed. Often we rode sixteen or eighteen miles without seeing a house, or human creature but ourselves,

selves, and often were obliged to ford very deep and dangerous rivers, or creeks (as they are here called.) Many times we ate nothing from seven in the morning till six in the evening; though sometimes we carried refreshments with us, and partook of our temperate repast on stumps of trees in the woods near some spring or stream of water.

On the 9th of March we began our Conference in *Georgia*. Here we agreed (as we have ever since, in each of the Conferences) that Mr. Wesley's name should be inserted at the head of our small annual Minutes, and also in the form of discipline: in the small Minutes as the fountain of our Episcopal office, and in the form of discipline, as the father of the whole work under the divine guidance. To this all the Conferences have cheerfully and unanimously agreed. We have 2,012 in Society in the state of *Georgia*; the increase in the last year has been 784. At this Conference we agreed to build a College in *Georgia*; and our principal friends in this state have engaged to purchase at least 2,000 acres of good land for its support: for this purpose there was 12,500 pounds weight of Tobacco subscribed in one congregation, which will produce, clear of all expenses, about 100*l.* sterling. We have engaged to erect it, God willing, within five years, and do most humbly intreat Mr. Wesley to permit us to name it Wesley-College, as a memorial of his affection for poor *Georgia*, and of our great respect for him.

On the 17th we opened our Conference in *Charleston*, for the state of *South Carolina*. My congregations were very large in this city, as well as Mr. *Asbury's*, and great liberty the Lord was pleased to give me. We were bitterly attacked in the public papers, but our mild answer, I believe, did us more service, than the illiberal attempts of our persecutors did us hurt. In this state we have 3,377 in Society; the increase is 907. In my way from this city I preached three sermons in a small town called *George-Town*, in the Court-house, where

where most of the principal people of the neighbourhood attended every time, and heard with deep attention, though we never had any Society or regular preaching there. As the pious master and mistress of the house where I was most hospitably entertained, with their truly religious daughter (though but young,) were desirous on partaking of the Lord's Supper, I administered it in their dwelling-house, and gave permission to any serious persons of the congregation who desired it, to communicate with us: in consequence of which, near twenty well-dressed persons (chiefly women, and some of them, as I was afterwards informed, women of property) all of whom had seriousness engraved on their countenances, joined us in that holy ordinance. In this part of the country I met with a sweet potatoe, which, when roasted, eats exactly like a roasted apple, and can hardly be distinguished from mellow apples in pies or puddings: how bountiful is Providence! I am daily filled with surprise, in meeting with such large congregations as I am favoured with in the midst of vast wildernesses; and wonder from whence they come. O that God may grant me the only hire I desire for my labours—the salvation of souls!

On the 12th of April we opened our Conference for the state of *North Carolina* at the house of a planter in the country (brother *M'Knight*) on the borders of a fine river called the *Yeadkin*. Nineteen Preachers met us there, some of whom came from the other side of the *Alleghany-Mountains*. The numbers in this State are 6,779; the increase 741. We here received most reviving letters concerning the progress of the work in *Kentucky*, the new Western World (as we call it.) In these letters, our friends in that country earnestly entreat to have a College built for the education of their youth, offering to give or purchase three or four thousand acres of good land for its support. We debated the point, and sent them word, that if they will provide five thousand acres of fertile ground, and settle it

it on such Trustees as we shall mention under the direction of the Conference, we will undertake to complete a College for that part of our Connexion within ten years.

In travelling from this Conference to *Virginia*, we were favoured with one of the most beautiful prospects I ever beheld. The country, as far as we could see from the top of a hill, was ornamented with a great number of Peach orchards, the Peach-trees being all in full blossom, and displaying a diversity of the most pleasing colours, blue, purple and violet. On the opposite side of a beautiful vale which lay at the foot of the hill, ran the river Yeadkin, reflecting the rays of the sun from its broad, placid stream: and the mountains which bounded the view, formed a very fine back ground for the completing of the prospect. The two days following we rode on the ridge of a long hill, with a large vale on each side, and mountains rising above mountains for twenty, and sometimes, I suppose, forty miles on each hand.

In *Halifax-County (Virginia)* where I met with much persecution four years ago, almost all the great people of the county came in their chariots and other carriages to hear me, and behaved with great propriety: there were not less than five Colonels in the congregation. On the 18th we opened our first Conference for the state of *Virginia* in the town of *Petersburgh*, and both in the public and private meetings the Lord was very present with us. Thirteen Preachers were received on trial, all well recommended: In the former Conferences there was not a sufficient number of new Preachers to answer all our calls, but in this Conference every deficiency was supplied.

From *Petersburgh* we set off for our second *Virginia* Conference, which we held in the town of *Leesburgh*, visiting *Richmond* by the way. At this Conference also we had a very comfortable time.

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The numbers in Society in *Virginia* this year, are 14,226: the increase 2,023.

From *Leesburgh* we set off through *Alexandria* and *Annapolis* for *Baltimore*. At *Alexandria* I preached in the great Presbyterian Meeting-house which has been built in that town, and, praised be God, gave huge offence to the unregenerate rich, and great joy to the pious poor, by the testimony I then bore against sin.

At *Annapolis* in *Maryland*, after my last prayer on Sunday the 3rd of May, the congregation began to pray and praise aloud in a most astonishing manner. At first I felt some reluctance to enter into the business; but soon the tears began to flow, and I think I have seldom found a more comforting or strengthening time. This praying and praising aloud is a common thing throughout *Virginia* and *Maryland*. What shall we say? Souls are awakened and converted by multitudes; and the work is surely a genuine work, if there be a genuine work of God upon earth. Whether there be wild-fire in it or not, I do most ardently wish, that there was such a work at this present time in *England*. In one Meeting in this State we have reason to believe that twenty souls received full sanctification; and it is common to have from twenty to fifty souls justified in a day, in one place.

Our first Conference for the state of *Maryland*, begun in *Baltimore* on Tuesday the 4th, in which we were all unanimous and truly affectionate. On the Wednesday evening after I had preached, and Mr. *Asbury* exhorted, the congregation began to pray and praise aloud, and continued so to do till two o'clock in the morning. Out of a congregation of two thousand people, I suppose two or three hundred were engaged at the same time in praising God, praying for the conviction and conversion of sinners, or exhorting those around them with the utmost vehemence: and hundreds more were engaged in wrestling Prayer either for their own conversion

version of sanctification. The great noise of the people soon brought a multitude to see what was going on, for whom there was no room in the Church, which has been lately built, and will hold a larger congregation than any other of our Churches in the States. One of our Elders was the means that night of the conversion of seven poor penitents within his little circle in less than fifteen minutes. Such was the zeal of many, that a tolerable company attended the preaching at five the next morning, notwithstanding the late hour at which they parted. Next evening Mr. *Asbury* preached, and again the congregation began as before, and continued as loud and as long as the former evening. This praying and praising aloud has been common in *Baltimore* for a considerable time; notwithstanding our congregation in this town was for many years before, one of the calmest and most critical upon the Continent. Many also of our Elders who were the softest, most connected, and most sedate of our Preachers, have entered with all their hearts into this work. And it must be allowed, that gracious and wonderful has been the change, our greatest enemies themselves being the judges, that has been wrought on multitudes, on whom this work begun at those wonderful seasons.

On Friday the 8th, we set off for our College, which is about twenty-eight miles from *Baltimore*. I was highly pleased with the progress they have made towards the completing of the building; the situation delights me more than ever. There is not, I believe, a point of it, from whence the eye has not a view of at least twenty miles: and in some parts the prospect extends even to fifty miles in length. The water-part forms one of the most beautiful views in the United States: the *Cheasapeake-Bay* in all its grandeur, with a fine navigable river (the *Susquehanna*) which empties itself into it, lying exposed to the view through a great extent of country.

During my stay at the College, I had several
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long conversations with Dr. *Hall*, our President, and am satisfied beyond a doubt, that he is both the Scholar, the Philosopher, and the Gentleman: he truly fears God, and pays a most exact and delicate attention to all the rules of the institution. Our Classic Tutor is a very promising person: he is not yet the polished Scholar, like the President; but his manifest strength of understanding, and persevering diligence, will soon, I doubt not, perfect every thing that is wanting. And our English and Mathematical Master gives us considerable satisfaction.

On Saturday morning the 9th, I examined all the Classes in private: and in the afternoon we had a public exhibition of the different abilities and improvements of our young students. Two young men displayed great strength of memory, and great propriety of pronunciation, in the repetition of two chapters of *Sheridan* on Elocution, and were rewarded by Mr. *Asbury*, as a small testimony of our approbation, with a dollar apiece. One little boy, a son of Mr. *Dallam's*, a neighbouring gentleman, delivered Memoriter, a fine speech out of *Livy*, with such an heroic spirit, and with such great propriety, that I presented him with a little piece of gold. Three other boys also so excelled in gardening, that Mr. *Asbury* rewarded them with a dollar each. But what is best of all, many of them are truly awakened. However, we were obliged to undertake the painful task, in the presence of the Trustees, Masters, and Students, of solemnly expelling a young lad of fifteen years of age, to whose learning we had no objection, but whose trifling, irreligious conduct, and open ridicule, among the Students, of experimental religion, we could not pass over: as we are determined to have a College, in which religion and learning shall go hand in hand together, or to have none at all. But nothing relating to this institution perhaps has given me greater pleasure, than to find we are already enabled to support four students fully, and

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two in part, (Preachers' sons and orphans) on the charitable foundation.

On Wednesday the 14th, we opened our second Conference for the State of *Maryland* in *Chester-Town*, where also we had nothing but love and unanimity. The numbers in Society in *Maryland* are 11,117; the increase 1,107. On both the first and second days of the Conference, there was much praying and praising aloud in the congregation.— The second day they began at three in the afternoon, immediately after the Sacrament, so that we could not hold a Love-feast, as we intended, and continued till eight in the evening; when brother *Everitt*, one of our Elders, preached. After preaching, while he was giving out his last hymn, they began again, and continued till eleven at night. A lawyer who came there out of curiosity, and who is eminent for his good sense, and great abilities in his profession, was constrained in the midst of this work to acknowledge, to some who were near him, that he believed it proceeded from the interference of a Divine Power.

On the 18th, we began our Conference in *Philadelphia* for the State of *Pennsylvania*, in which, as usual, we had perfect unanimity. The numbers in this State and the little State of *Delaware*, in which two States the circuits are so mixed that the numbers cannot easily be separated, are 2,000. There has been in these districts a decrease on the whole of 56 members. On the third evening we were favoured with some breathings of the Spirit, which, I hope, will prove the beginning of better days in this city.

There is a custom peculiar to the *American* Preachers, which is this: If there be more Preachers than one in a congregation, the Preachers that have not preached, give each of them a warm exhortation. And as far as I can judge by external effects wrought on the congregations, and by consequent inquiry and information, more good has been done in most instances by the exhortations than by the sermon:

more souls have been awakened and converted to God.

In our Conference which began in *Trenton*, on the 23d, for the State of *New Jersey*, all the Preachers seemed full of love. The few friends we have in this town, did every thing, I believe, that they could conceive, to make us comfortable: but, alas! the work is, and ever has been, at a very low ebb in this place. The numbers in *Jersey*, are 1,751: here also there has been a decrease of 295. This will necessarily happen sometimes in so extensive a work; yea, where the ministers have been most faithful. Rotten members, be they ever so numerous, must be lopped off, or we should soon become like other men. We have three Indians in this district: and who knows but they are the first fruits of a glorious harvest among that people.

On the 28th, we opened our last Conference in *New-York*, for that State—a Conference, like the others, all peace and concord, Glory, glory be to God! In this city we have a great revival, and a great increase; in consequence of which we are going to build a second church. In the country parts of this State, *Freeborn Garrettsen*, one of our Presiding-Elders, has been greatly blessed; and is endued with an uncommon talent for opening new places. With a set of inexperienced but zealous youths, he has not only carried our work in this State as high as *Lake Champlain*, but has raised congregations in most of the States of *New-England*, and also in the little State of *Vermount*, within about a hundred miles of *Montreal*. The numbers in the State of *New-York*, are 2,004; the increase 900. The whole number in the United States, is 43,265: the whole increase 6,111; which is very great, considering that not more than eight months, or thereabouts, have elapsed, since the last Conference. Of the above-mentioned number, 35,021 are whites; 8,241 are blacks, and three are Indians.

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We have now settled our printing business, I trust, on an advantageous footing, both for the people individually, and the connexion at large; as it is fixed on a secure basis, and on a very enlarged scale. The people will thereby be amply supplied with books of pure divinity for their reading, which is of the next importance to preaching: and the profits of the books are to be applied, partly to finish, and pay off the debt of our college; and, partly, to establish Missions and schools among the Indians.

And through the blessing of God we are now determined to use our efforts to introduce the gospel among the Indians: in consequence of which, my indefatigable brother, Mr. *Asbury*, is to set off soon for *Fort-Pitt*, where we are in the first instance to build a church and a school, as the grand chief of a nation or tribe of Indians who lives not far from that Fort, and who are at peace with the States, has expressed an earnest desire of having christian ministers among his people. O that the day of God's visitation to those poor outcasts of men, may now be arrived!

On the 5th of June, I took my leave of Mr. *Asbury*, the Preachers of the *New-York* district, and my other kind friends of *New-York*; and set off in the ship *Union*, for *Liverpool*, at which Port we landed on the 10th of July. The captain and crew were, at least in my presence, decent and well-behaved, and the Captain himself very kind and attentive to please. Most of them had been brought up in the Presbyterian church, and very cheerfully admitted morning and evening family-service, as well as a sermon every Lord's-day, and attended very regularly. Many of them joined us in singing hymns at the several services. But not one of them, I am afraid, is truly awakened, though I observed some of them reading the little books which I gave them, with great attention; and a solemn spirit rested on the whole company, the last time I prayed with them.

Divine Providence has favoured us with a quiet and pleasant voyage on the whole. My books, my papers, and, above all, fellowship with God, have made the whole way agreeable. Captain Cook's Voyages to the Pacific Ocean, and Captain Carver's Travels among the Indian nations in *North-America*, afforded me great entertainment. But what an awful observation is that of Mr. Foster's, who published a Journal of his Voyage with Captain Cook, the second time the Captain sailed round the World! "It is," says he, "unhappy enough, that the unavoidable consequence of all our Voyages of Discovery, has always been the loss of a number of innocent lives: but this heavy injury done to the little uncivilized communities which Europeans have visited, is trifling when compared to the irretrievable harm entailed upon them by corrupting their morals." "If these evils," adds the benevolent writer, "were in some measure compensated by the introduction of some benefit in these countries, we might at least comfort ourselves, that what they lost on one hand, they gained on the other; but I fear that hitherto our intercourse has been wholly disadvantageous to the inhabitants of the South Seas."

What a pity it is, that the pure intentions of one of the best of Sovereigns, the great patron of the Arts and Sciences; as well as all the expense of the different voyages; should thus be unaccompanied with any beneficial effect. But if the salvation of many souls was to be the glorious consequence, his Majesty and every person concerned that loves our Redeemer, would have a compensation indeed.— And I might add, in respect to any temporal benefits that might arise either to the islands of the Pacific Ocean, or to our own country, such an intercourse would necessarily be opened between them and us, if Missions for the establishment of the gospel among them were set on foot, and through the blessing of God succeeded, as would probably
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make any benevolent scheme of a civil or political kind, not only feasible, but easy.

On Saturday, July 4, some time before sun-set, I was indulged with one of the most delicious entertainments of the kind, I was ever favoured with; which was a set of the most grand and beautiful calm-clouds, as the sailors term them, I ever beheld, rising up on the edge of the horizon on the north. No pencil can describe, or tongue express their beauty. Being not far distant from the coast of Ireland, I apprehended for a moment that I discerned the most beautiful land-prospect, gilded over by the horizontal beams of the setting sun. The colours and appearances were so strong, and all the tints so very lively, that the imagination could with the utmost ease realize sloping hills, perpendicular rocks, magnificent turrets seated on beautiful eminences, and here and there an opening glade or lawn, and sometimes even a town or village. Those who are not acquainted with the seas, or have never minutely attended to the beauty and grandeur of these calm-clouds, have no conception of the pleasure I felt on the occasion; especially as my mind was enabled in some measure to ascend up to the celestial limner, whose glory and handy-work were so visibly displayed before me. "But they were mere clouds," says the phlegmatic scorner. And what is the work of a Raphael, but canvas and paint? All is cloud and vapour, but the enjoyment of God! In about half an hour the delightful scenery disappeared.

On the 8th, in the morning, the captain informed me that we had been in imminent danger the night before, from a very sudden and violent squall of wind on the Devonshire coast, the ship having run in the night time, through a mistake of the captain, too far to the south, instead of sailing along the Irish coast. Great as, it seems, the noise and alarm was on the occasion, I was fast asleep the whole time; but the Keeper of Israel neither slumbered nor slept.

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On the 9th, we passed by the awful rock in the Irish channel, called the *Middle-Mouse*, where two years ago, Mr. *Wesley* and myself with about ten of the preachers, were nearly lost, our ship striking against the rock about forty times in an hour and five minutes, and our deliverance appearing to have been a very extraordinary answer to prayer. O that the solemn providences of God, which have brought me many a time to the very jaws of a watery grave, and then stepped in with saving powers, may perfectly unfetter my soul from earth, and bring it, through divine grace, into the closest union with my God.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS
OF THE
JOURNALS
OF THE LATE
REV. DR. THOMAS COKE'S
FOURTH VISIT
TO THE
WEST INDIES.

SECTION I.

Grenada, Nov. 28, 1790.

ON the 16th of October, we sailed from *Falmouth*. Sir *John Orde*, Governor of *Dominica*, the captain, master, surgeon, Mr. *Lyons*, Mr. *Werrill*, and myself, were the company in the cabin. The captain was very kind and attentive to us, and we had an abundance of every thing we could desire to make the voyage comfortable. Every Friday we observed as a real fast: and every evening we had family-prayer with the sailors, but could not prevail to have prayer in the morning. The sailors excused themselves by saying they had not time. On each Lord's day I read prayers on deck, and one of us preached. The boatswain, we have no doubt, was under genuine conviction long before we arrived at *Barbadoes*; and on a mature and minute examination

mination before we landed, we have great reason to hope that two more were awakened. On the 22d inst. we landed on the island of *Barbadoes*, having been five weeks and two days on our voyage. The pleasing prospect of *Bridgtown* and the plantations around it, with the ships and harbour, which forms one of the most beautiful prospects of the kind in the West Indies, had a very pleasing effect on the minds of the two Missionaries, Messrs. *Lyons* and *Werrill*.

I preached three times in *Bridgtown*, and was favoured, particularly the last evening, with large congregations. The Preaching-house will hold about seven hundred people, is very airy, and in every respect commodious. Mr. *Pearce*, our Missionary in this island for the two last years, has undergone very great persecutions; but the Lord at last inclined the heart of one of the Magistrates towards him, who defended him with spirit, and reduced all to peace. A very extraordinary name has been fixed on the Methodists in this island—“*Hallelujah*.” Even the little negroes in the streets call them by the name of *Hallelujah*, as they pass along. On the morning after I landed, I paid a visit to Governor *Parry*, who received me with much courtesy. A foundation for a great work, I am persuaded, has been laid here, though the society at present is very small.

Having left Mr. *Lyons* behind me with directions to meet me at St. *Christopher's*, I sailed on the 23d after preaching in the evening, with Mr. *Werrill* for *Kingston*, St. *Vincent's*, where I arrived on the day following, time enough to preach in the evening to a full house. Our chapel in *Kingston* formerly belonged to the Roman Catholics, but has been lately purchased by us. It will hold about two hundred and twenty. The next day I set off with Mr. *Baxter* and Mr. *Werrill* to visit the Societies on the windward side of the island. The country is very hilly, and singularly full of picturesque scenes. The steep mountains with their sharp peaks, the cocoa-trees

trees and plantains, the grew-grew whose trunk is smaller at the bottom than the top, and which is frequently quite covered (branches, leaves and all) by a plant like the ivy, the sugar-canes planted on the gentle declivities of the mountains, (vales there are none in this island, except in the *Caribb-Country*) the coffee and cotton plantations, the *Atlantic Ocean* constantly in view, the milk-white foam of the sea between the rocks and promontories, sometimes covering a great expanse of water, and the burning sun exulting in his strength and gilding the strong perpetual verdure of the whole vegetable creation—form such scenes as persons unacquainted with the torrid zone have hardly any conception of. Mr. *Werrill* was so charmed with the prospects, that he confessed he felt himself perfectly reconciled to the *West-Indies*.

We rode to the borders of the *Caribb-Land*.—Poor people! When Mrs. *Baxter* took her leave of some of them, she wept bitterly, and prayed they might have another call, and might accept and not reject it as they did the late one. As we returned, a negro-woman ran up to us out of a field to shake us by the hand. “Dou you love God,” said Mr. *Werrill* to her. “Yes,” said she, “I do, otherwise I would not have come to you. I have felt the Redeemer’s life and death in my soul.” The answer of an old negro to his Leader in *Kingston* a short time past, contained in it all the religion of the celebrated conversation between Dr. *Tauler* and the beggar. “If your driver should lay you down and flog you, what would you do?” said the Leader: “Me should love him still,” said he. “But if you should get no meat, what would you do then?” added the Leader: “Me eat,” replied he, “Me tank me fader; me no eat, me tank me fader: me live, me tank me fader; me die, me tank me fader.” I find the converted negroes in these islands generally speak of God under the denomination of father. There is certainly a prospect of a great flame throughout the island. Even many of the Roman Catholics

Catholics themselves, of whom there are several families here, prefer our Missionaries to their own Priests, and have sent for Mr. *Baxter* to baptize their children. Mr. *Lumb* has also laboured very faithfully and successfully in this circuit.

SECTION II.

ON the 27th of Nov. 1790, I sailed with Mr. *Baxter* for the island of *Grenada*, where we arrived on the next day about eleven o'clock. We first called on Mr. *Lynch* of the town of *St. George*, who formerly lived in *Antigua*, and was then an acquaintance of Mr. *Baxter*. At his house we found a very comfortable lodging. Being the Lord's-day, we went to church as soon as we had dressed ourselves. The minister, Mr. *Dent*, was in the midst of his sermon. After the sermon was over, we waited on him in the Vestry-room, where he received us with true christian kindness, and introduced us to several serious coloured people, who were then with him in the Vestry-room.

Mr. *Dent* was curate of *Bridgtown*, in *Barbadoes*, when I visited that island two years ago. He is the only clergyman in these islands that has shewn any regard for the Methodists. He defended us in every company, till he himself began to fall into reproach: when that amiable, that admirable man, General *Matthews*, the Governor of *Grenada* and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in the *Caribbee-Islands*, singled him out, and gave him the Living of *St. Georg's, Grenada*.

Soon after we left Mr. *Dent*, we waited on the General. He honoured us with about an hour's conversation concerning the design of our visit, and begged we would send Missionaries to the island; "For," said he, "I wish that the negroes may be fully instructed, and there will be work enough for you and the clergy of the island." I thought

thought I could not but promise him a *Missionary*, which I accordingly did. We dined with him. Among the company at dinner, were the President of the Council, the Speaker of the Assembly, &c. The Speaker, during the conversation, expressed a strong desire that I would visit him at his seat in the country, offered to supply me and my friend with horses, to ride with us through the Island, and to introduce me to most of the gentlemen in it: but my plan would not admit of it. In the evening I preached in a large room to a numerous and deeply attentive congregation. About the middle of the discourse two or three young men at the door were very noisy for a minute or two; but on my observing to them that there were Magistrates in that Island who would do us justice, they thought proper to withdraw. After preaching I found that a Society of about twenty seeking souls had been formed by one *Painter*, a free *Mulatto*, and some time a member of our Society in *Antigua*. The following morning at six o'clock *Mr. Baxter* preached, and the room was nearly filled. In preaching he found his soul so moved towards the people, that he promised them he would himself return as their Pastor, if no one else could be nominated at the Conference.

A negro called on me to inform me that *Mr. Baxter* had nearly finished his discourse (as I staid at home to write, but was desirous of taking my leave of the people) and the poor man observed to me, that a little time ago he dreamed that two Ministers came to the Island for the benefit of the Blacks; he added, that as soon as he saw *Mr. Baxter* and me enter the Church, he knew us immediately to be the very same persons who had been represented to him in his dream. I went and gave the people a short exhortation, after which a very genteel black woman, who was free and of some property, came up, and taking brother *Painter* by the hand said, "Sir, this good man has kindled a spark among us, and I hope you will send us assistance

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ance that it may be preserved and increased." We breakfasted with Mr. *Dent*; and afterwards made a visit to Mr. *Williams*, Comptroller of the Customs, and Member for the town of *St. George*. Mr. *Williams* has heard the Gospel in *England*, and, I believe, loves it. He gave us great encouragement, expressed his desire that we would visit him at his country-house, and assured us that he would be glad to open the way of any Missionary we should send, as far as he could.

About eleven in the morning we set off on a journey of about thirty miles over the highest hills in the Island. On the top of the highest we could wear our great coats buttoned. On this hill there is one of the best Inns I have met with in the *West-Indies*, for the kindness of the people, and the reasonableness of their charges: it is also very commodious. It is called *Grand Etang* from a great Lake which is near it. This Lake is very deep, and supplies (I am informed) by subterraneous passages the twelve rivers (*brooks* we should call them) which water the Island. The lake is surrounded by large Peaks covered with wood. If I was to turn hermit, I think I should fix on this place, where I would make circular walks, and fix an observatory on one of the Peaks, and spend my time in communion with God, and in the study of Astronomy and Botany. At the tavern we met with a servant of the gentleman (*John Rae, Esq;*) whom we were going to visit, who brought us by the nearest but a wretched way to his master's house, about nine at night. The gentleman of the house, who is the Agent of two principal *West-India* merchants in *London*, from one of whom I brought him a recommendatory letter, treated us with every attention and kindness, and informed us that he had nine hundred negroes under his direction; and that they were (as far as his influence went) open to the instruction, and his house to the entertainment of any Missionary I should recommend. We shall have some difficulty with those
negroes,

negroes, as the Romish Priests have too great a footing among them.

The next day we rode to a town called *Guave*, where we took shipping again; and after touching at *St. Vincent's* and taking up *Mr. Lumb* and *Mr. Werrill*, arrived in *Antigua* on the 5th of December.

Here I indeed found myself at home; and spent four comfortable days in this Island. At the baptism of three adults we had a memorable time. One of them was so overcome, that she fell into a swoon, and all she said for some time, but with an enraptured countenance, was, "Heaven! Heaven! Come! Come!" On the last evening, after I had preached, three drunken gentlemen (so called) attacked *Mr. Baxter* in a most rude manner at the door of the chapel. He made some reply, on which they seized him: and one of them cried out, "I'll murder thee, *Baxter*, I'll murder thee." *Mrs. Baxter* hearing the horrid expressions, seemed to be almost distracted: and many of the negroes cried, "Mr. *Baxter*, our own Mr. *Baxter* is murdered." Many who were in their own houses, and did not distinctly understand the cry, apprehended there was a fire: so that soon the whole town was in an uproar. Two Magistrates however with great spirit and discretion, at last reduced every thing to order; and sent to *Mr. Baxter* to inform him that if he would lodge an information in the morning, the rioters should be severely punished. We returned our thanks by letter in the most courteous and grateful manner we were able; but informed them that we took greater pleasure in forgiving than in prosecuting, and therefore begged leave to drop our information.

The work of God deepens in this Island; and the converted negroes give a more pointed and more scriptural account of their experience than they used to do. On Wednesday the eighth, at eleven at night we set sail for *St. Christopher's*, and after

touching at *Montserrat* (where I trust we shall soon have a mission) we landed on *St. Kitt's* on the ninth at ten at night.

Three of the Preachers being not yet arrived I set off with Mr. *Baxter* to visit *St. Eustatius* on the tenth. Landing late in the evening we delayed our visit to the new Governor (who has been lately sent out from *Holland*) till the morning. When we waited on him, he received us with very great rudeness indeed. Finding from inquiry that the truly-serious had liberty to meet together without molestation, we judged it best to leave the Island as quietly as possible. However, we called on our kind friend Mr. *Lindsay*, who had received me and my brethren with so much love and hospitality two years ago: but alas! we found him and left him in the depth of despair. The only reason he gave us for his deplorable situation was, that the Lord had very powerfully called him time after time to preach, and that he had as often resisted the call; till at last he entirely lost a sense of the favour of God. He seemed to have no hope left. We endeavoured to raise his drooping head, but all in vain. By this time our arrival on the Island was well known: and while we were at breakfast in the Inn, one of the brethren, a white man of the name of *Ryley*, called on us, and informed us that upwards of two hundred met regularly in Class under their respective Leaders,—that the Lord had raised eight exhorters among them, of whom he was one; that they all looked on themselves as Methodists; —and that if I would correspond with them from time to time by the way of *St. Kitt's*, they would punctually perform all the directions that should be given them, concerning the management of the Society. He also informed me that a considerable number of the brethren and sisters that were free negroes, intended being at *St. Kitt's* on Christmas-day, in order to enjoy the ordinances with one of our Ministers. I promised to correspond with them, and desired them to refer all their difficulties

difficulties to the advice and decision of our Assistant-Minister in *St. Christopher's*. The above-mentioned brother *Ryley* was awakened about four years ago by poor black *Harry*, of whom I can hear no tidings. We afterwards set sail for the Island of *Nevis*, where we arrived in the evening.

My old hospitable friend Mr. *Ward*, the Judge of the Admiralty, received me with every kindness and civility. On Sunday the 12th, I preached twice, and Mr. *Baxter* once in our Chapel in *Charlestown*, the only town in this island. In the course of the day we held a love-feast, where I enjoyed much satisfaction in the accounts given by some of our brethren concerning their experience. One young black man particularly, who spoke better English than the rest, gave us a very pleasing detail of the circumstances of his conviction and conversion—how he was drawn (to use his own words) out of the dark shades, and from the power of Satan, into glorious liberty. The next day we paid short visits to several of our friends in the country, particularly Mr. *Richard Nesbitt*, the most pious white man I believe I have ever met with in the *West-Indies*, the Missionaries themselves perhaps excepted. He has met with many misfortunes in life, but he is truly crucified to the world, and the world to him. He is not ashamed to assist us in instructing and exhorting the numerous bodies of negroes on the several estates of his first cousin Mr. *Walter Nesbitt*, on one of which he resides. From his house, and with him, we went to dine with *Walter Nesbitt*, Esq; who has, concentered in him, every thing that can constitute the man of honour and the gentleman. I never knew, till my present visit to this island, that the sensitive plant is a native of the *West-Indies*. And now, for the first instance, I found time to examine the whole process of sugar-making.

In the evening I preached and lodged in the house of Mr. *Kane*, a planter and a friend, where
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that dear man Mr. *Richard Nesbitt* concluded the day with us, and promised to make us a visit at *St. Kitt's*, which he accordingly performed. The next morning we returned to *St. Christopher's*, and our absent brethren soon after arriving, we began our Conference on Wednesday the fiftieth of December. It continued for two days and part of a third, and was conducted and concluded in great peace.

SECTION III.

At Sea, near Cape Florida, Jan. 4, 1791.

ON the 18th of December I sailed for the island of *St. Vincent*, as I could hear of no vessel bound for *Jamaica*, in any island leeward. The time would not allow me to visit any of the *Virgin-Islands*. I was obliged to overlook even *Tortola* itself, though our testimony for the Lord Jesus has been more blessed for the time in that island than in any other. A remarkable circumstance which lately happened in this place deserves to be noticed. Mrs. *Lilly*, a Quaker-Lady, in whose house at *Santa Cruz* I preached about two years ago, came over to *Tortola* on a visit. At that time the Missionaries were under a warm persecution. And Mrs. *Lilly*, who is well known and respected in the island, went from house to house among the principal inhabitants of *Roadtown*, testifying against their conduct, and declaring her full persuasion that the Missionaries were men of God. "But are not you a Quaker, Mrs. *Lilly*," said several of them? "I am" said she, "both a Quaker and a Methodist; and I tell you, you are injuring both yourselves and your community by your opposition to those holy men." Her testimony had a very good effect on many.

I spent my Christmas very comfortably and profitably to myself, and I trust to others in that romantic

mantic island, *St. Vincent's*. On Monday the 27th, I went with Mr. *Werrill* on board the ship *Jamaica* bound for *Montego-Bay*, the third town in the island of *Jamaica*. Our company were Captain *Sherry* and his agreeable wife, (who is my country-woman, from *Wales*) and three other agreeable ladies. The ship was lately built in *Bristol*, is very large, and has the best accommodations of any ship I ever sailed in. After a very agreeable passage we landed at *Montego-Bay* on the 5th of January.

This town probably contains about five thousand inhabitants : and the trees and plantations are so interspersed, as to give it the most rural appearance of any town, I think, I ever saw. But we were without a friend or single acquaintance : and to those who are endued with the tenderest social feelings, this is no small trial : though I do know in the general, to the glory of the grace of God be it acknowledged, that the Lord is a sufficient consolation in every place. I had however a strong persuasion that there was work for us to do in this town : we therefore went to a lodging-house, where we were very kindly treated. A recommendatory letter which I brought with me from a friend in *Cork*, to a principal gentleman in the neighbourhood, procured for us an elegant dinner, but no advice or help as to our main design. I walked about the streets, peeping and inquiring, but could hear of no place in which I could preach ; and to preach out of doors is almost impracticable in this burning clime : besides, the negroes in general are not able to attend till the evening, when the heavy dews would render it in a high degree imprudent and dangerous to preach abroad. In this dilemma we should have set off as soon as possible for *Kingston*, if I could have got our boxes out of the ship, and sent off my heaviest things to *Charleston* before me ; but this we could not bring to bear for three or four days.

While we were dining on the following day at an ordinary, I simply told the company of the business

✓ siness on which I was come, and complained of my hard lot in being prevented of the opportunity of preaching to the inhabitants of the town for want of a place. One of them observed that the large Assembly-room which was frequently used as a Play-house, and was formerly the Church where divine service was performed on Sundays, would be very commodious. Immediately after dinner we waited on the proprietor of the Assembly-room, whose name is *Brown*, a private gentleman, who has a large family and small property, but whom I shall ever remember with gratitude and esteem. He very generously gave me the use of the room, which has two small galleries, and will contain about five or six hundred people, gratis, and also lighted it at his own expense. The first evening I had most of the principal people of the town to hear me; who attended invariably during the four evenings I preached there: but hardly any of the coloured people attended that evening, the man whom I sent round the town calling only at the houses of the whites. But every evening afterwards the blacks attended, and their numbers increased beyond expectation. Each evening the congregation in general heard with deep attention. A few rakes only clapped their hands, and cried out, "encore, encore," the first and second evenings after I had concluded; but were from that time prevented by the interference of two or three gentlemen. On the Sunday morning we went to Church: but a little rain falling, the congregation consisted only of half a dozen or thereabouts at the exact time of beginning, on which the Minister walked out: if he had condescended to have waited ten minutes longer, we should have been I believe, about twenty. The Sunday before also there had been no service. In some of the parishes of this island there is no Church, nor any divine service performed, except the burial of the dead, and christenings, and weddings in private houses, though the livings are very lucrative. But I will write no more on this subject,

subject, lest I should grow indignant. The Church in this town is small, but peculiarly elegant. It has been newly built at the expense of about twelve thousand pounds sterling.

In the evening I had about five hundred hearers. After as faithful a sermon as I was able to give them on the necessity of the new-birth, I informed them that Mr. *Hammet*, I believed, would soon visit them, whom I strongly recommended; nor did they seem displeased. Two or three poor blacks embraced an opportunity of squeezing my hand, and dropt some words which convinced me they had been much affected with what they had heard.

Having now settled all matters in respect to my boxes; and opened, I trust, a little door for the gospel at *Montego-Bay*, I set off with Mr. *Werrill* for *Kingston* on the 10th of January. Finding that we could not hire horses for this journey under 18*l.* sterling or thereabouts, I purchased two poor, weak horses to carry us and our saddle-bags. It is so extraordinary, so perfectly new in this country for any one to ride with saddle-bags, that we were stared at, while we jogged along on our poor little creatures, as two phenomena in nature. O how sweet it is to drink of the cup of Christ! The distance from *Montego-Bay* to *Kingston* is one hundred and twenty-six miles, which is a very long journey in that burning climate, especially as the roads were very deep in the plains, through the vast quantity of rain which had lately fallen; and we had two mountains to cross.

In the course of the first day we met two negroes; one of whom was crying for the loss of his hat, which a sailor had stolen from him a little before. I proposed to Mr. *Werrill* to return and overtake the sailor, which we accordingly did. He had a companion with him: and both of them were very strong, and might soon have conquered us and our pitiful horses; but Providence restrained them, though I spoke many keen things to the thief. At last a gentleman came up in his carriage, to whom
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I applied for help ; but he drove away unconcerned, I then was obliged to keep the sailors at bay, till two gentlemen came up on horseback, with whose assistance I recovered the hat to the great joy of the poor sufferer and his black companion : but they wist not how much I had their spiritual interests at heart. We lay the first night in a little town called *Martha-Bray*. A company adjoining the room in which we sat, were uncommonly rude. One of them sung as obscene and blasphemous a song as language, perhaps, could afford. I imagine it was full as bad as the *Essay on Woman*. O what a wicked country is this !

The next day we rode through the parish of *St. Anne*, which exhibits a delightful prospect. Though not so picturesque as some of the prospects in *St. Vincent's*, it was incomparably more noble. The high mountains on the right, the placid ocean on the left, and the fine plain betwixt them, crowded with rich, green plantations of sugar-canes, yielded a grandeur of appearance superior to any thing I had before seen in this Archipelago. The plain is more like the vale of *Glamorgan*, in *Wales*, than any other place I can recollect.

At the tavern where we dined, we met with a poor negro-woman who was brought here from *South Carolina*, and evidently possessed the fear of God. She seemed to seek for opportunities to wait upon us, and drank in every word concerning religion with the utmost greediness.

We began to ascend the mountains on the 12th, upon the top of one of them we found an abundance of orange-trees, of the species which we call *Seville*. They looked exceedingly beautiful, and their beneficent Creator seemed to say to us in the trees, "Come, ye weary travellers, and quench your thirst."

About four in the afternoon, we arrived at the foot of a great mountain called by no other name than *Mount-Diable*, of which we had received from various persons most dreadful accounts. The land-lord

lord of the tavern at the foot of the mountain where we dined, told us of the dreadful precipices, and of the fall of many over them who were never after heard of, &c. After dining, and resting our wearied horses for a couple of hours, we set off by the light of the moon in order to conquer this tremendous hill at the earnest importunity of my companion, though I acknowledge my great imprudence in yielding to him. The precipices far exceeded my expectations in the awfulness, and horror of their appearance. Nor is it at all improbable that many have been lost through intoxication, or unruly horses. Even my miserable poney wanted much to crop a fine tuft of grass on the very edge of one of them. However, with much labour and patience, and the aid of a gracious Providence, we arrived at a tavern on the other side of the mountain about eleven at night. In the last day's journey we saw an abundance of very fine pasturage, and a great quantity of cattle. The Guinea-grass, (a native of *Africa*,) which grows in the long days to six feet in height, and in manured ground, will seed six or eight times in the year, (if cut down to the ground each time after feeding,) is the chief food of the cattle in the hilly parts.

We had the solemn pleasure on the next day of riding through a part of the country which contains the greatest curiosity in *Jamaica*, within about thirteen miles of *Spanish-Town*. Of a sudden, one seems to be locked up among the hills without any passage forwards: till in a moment, a narrow, crooked pass, between two immense rocks, hid from the view of the traveller, till he comes fully upon it, opens to him. Between these two vast rocks we rode about a mile or two with a beautiful purling river on our right. I think *Dover cliffs* are inferior to these rocks in height. *Penmanmawr* in *North-Wales* is higher. But the scene has superior advantages here, from the rocks being on each hand, and almost equally high, and perfectly perpendicular.

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In the afternoon as we drew near *Spanish-Town*, the seat of government and the second town in the island, our horses could hardly move through fatigue ; so that Mr. *Werrill* was obliged to lead his beast for three miles ; and to keep up his spirits, which I thought began to droop, I dismounted and walked with him. From the violent flush I observed in his countenance, I was very apprehensive he would be attacked with a fever.

Soon after our arrival in *Spanish-Town* we waited on Dr. *Tittford* of that place, whose brother I have the pleasure of being acquainted with in *London*. I brought to the Doctor a gold medal from the Society of Arts and Commerce, for his improvements in the preparing and exporting of Cashew-gum. The Doctor did indeed both that day and on my return, shew me and my friends many marks of kindness and attention. I now found a strong desire of opening a work of God, with the divine blessing in this place ; and for that purpose made various applications in vain, for a room to preach in, till at last a Tavern-keeper told me that his long room was at my service. It was now too late to send notice round the town, so I deferred my attempt till another opportunity.

The next morning, (Jan. 14th,) we set off for *Kingston*, which is distant thirteen miles from *Spanish-Town* ; to which place our poor weary horses, after being rested once at a Tavern, and twice on the road, where there happened to be a large spot of grass, brought us with great difficulty about dinner time.

Notwithstanding our various trials—the novelty, beauty and grandeur of the different prospects we met with on the way, and perhaps a peculiar turn of mind which the Lord has blessed me with, of extracting out of these innocent, transitory things all the sweetness they are capable of yielding, together with the approving smile of heaven, made the journey very agreeable. In this Island the rivers are comparatively large. In the other Islands there
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were hardly any singing-birds: but here we had many. Their notes indeed are far from being so melodious as those of our birds at home, though their plumage is far more beautiful.

I might enter into a description of the many very curious trees of different species and wonderful make, which we met with on our way;— a subject which would, I believe, be very entertaining and profitable to some, but tedious to others.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thy Self how wondrous
then!

Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r-divine.

The most valuable of all the trees is the Plantain, which answers to the bread-tree of the Islands in the Pacific Ocean, so celebrated by Captain *Cook*. The fruit is cylindrical, from eight to eighteen inches long, and an inch and a half or two inches in diameter. When drawn before they are ripe, split and roasted, they are, I think to my taste, equal to bread: and I am certain I should soon be able to bring myself to prefer them to any bread. The negroes in general give them the preference. When buttered they eat very well with tea and coffee. The ripe fruit is exactly like mellow apples, and would answer the same end in pies. I think the Planters in this Island are not sufficiently attentive to the raising of this blessed Tree, which I believe will grow almost in every soil, but best in the little gullies between the mountains; and would secure the negroes from any danger of a famine, unless after a violent hurricane, which these trees are not able to withstand. The Island of *St. Vincent* abounds with plantations of these Trees,

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which make the year smile with the abundance of plenty.

Our Chapel in *Kingston* is situated on a very beautiful spot, called the parade. It commands from the Balcony a prospect of part of the town, of the harbour, and of the fields, which I could have admired for an hour.* But the persecution which has been experienced in this place, far, very far exceeds all the persecutions we have met with in the other Islands unitedly considered. Mr. *Hammett's* life has been frequently endangered. Mr. *Bull*, whom I have mentioned in a former journal, and who continues our steady friend, has several times narrowly escaped being stoned to death: particularly one night, when he eluded the vigilance of the rioters by being disguised in a suit of regimentals. Often our most active friends were obliged to guard the Chapel, lest the outrageous mob might pull it down to the ground. The refraining from preaching by candle light, which perhaps was a measure necessary for the occasion, was a means of abating the persecution. At last, the rioters rose one night between eleven and twelve o'clock, and broke down the gates of the court leading to the Chapel: on which four of the Magistrates interfered, through the strong remonstrances of a gentleman of influence in *Kingston*, who esteems us, though he is not in our Society. They

* It is eighty feet in length, and forty in breadth, and will contain about one thousand five hundred people. It has galleries on three sides, and is built exactly on the plan of our Chapel at *Halifax* in *Yorkshire*, known to and admired by numbers of our friends in *England*. The only difference is, that our Chapel in *Kingston* is above stairs, the other on the ground. Underneath we have a hall, (which is absolutely necessary in this very hot country) four chambers, and a large School-room, where one of our friends, brother *Fosbrook*, whose mother is a member of our Society near *Castle-Dunnington*, *Leicestershire*, keeps school, under this condition that the resident Preacher shall nominate one child out of ten, who shall be instructed gratis.

They accordingly published an advertisement, which kept the rioters from that time within tolerable bounds. But the News-papers were full for several months of letters for and against us. Many stood up in our defence under feigned signatures, two of whom were masterly writers. Every thing that was bad, was said of Mr. *Hammett*; every name that was disgraceful was given to him. In respect to me they published an anecdote of my being tried in *England* for horse-stealing, and flying to *America* to escape justice. Some of the rioters were prosecuted, and the Jury acquitted them against the clearest evidences. Nay, the Grand Jury gave it as their public opinion that both Mr. *Hammett* and the Chapel ought to be prosecuted as nuisances. Some of the persecutors were going one night to beat, if not murder a young man, whom they met in one of the streets, and took for Mr. *Hammett*, but happily the mistake was discovered in time.

On the first evening of my arrival I ventured to open the Chapel again for preaching by candle-light, and had a numerous audience: but some of them were very rude; however I thought it most prudent to pass them by unnoticed. My dear friend Mr. *Hammett* lay dangerously ill of a fever and ague, and a violent inflammation in one of his eyes, and was worn almost to a skeleton with opposition and fatigue. He had not been able to preach for near a month. His enemies had often killed him in report, and even insinuated that he had been buried by his friends in a clandestine manner. They were now waiting for the joyful moment when they might triumph in his decease, and, as they apprehended, the extinction of the work. I had a private interview with his Physician, Dr. *Harris*, a man of great honour as well as great skill, who assured me that there was not the least hope of his recovery, but by his removal for some time to a colder climate. As I was persuaded nothing should be omitted that might any way contribute to save

so valuable a life, I determined to take him with me through *North America*; after which he might, if restored, return to *Jamaica*, and settle a Mission in *Montego-Bay* and its neighbourhood; through the blessing of God. He has been employed in the most arduous undertakings during the time he has been in these Islands. The two most flourishing Societies in the *West-Indies*, (*Antigua* excepted)—those of *St. Kitt's* and *Tortola*, were raised by the means of his indefatigable labours in the midst of much opposition: and there are but few in the world with whom I have been acquainted, that possess the proper apostolic spirit in an equal degree with him. This testimony I feel myself obliged to bear concerning him, because he is worthy of it.

Mr. *Brazier*, our other Missionary appointed for the *Kingston* Circuit, arriving there a few days before me, I took him with me to *Spanish-Town* on Monday the 17th, leaving Mr. *Werrill* to preach in *Kingston*. In the evening I appeared in the long room of the Tavern according to the before-mentioned permission, having previously sent notice round the town. When I entered the room I found it nearly filled by the young Bucks and Bloods of the town, (as we used to term the debauchees at *Oxford*,) and not a single Lady was present. Soon afterwards many of the coloured people of both sexes came and filled the vacant places. During my sermon the Bucks behaved so rude, that I observed before I concluded, that if any House-keeper would lend me a hall, I would preach again the next evening, otherwise I should probably be obliged to leave the place. "Farewell, Sir," said one; "Good luck to you, Sir," says another; and thus they went on till I withdrew.

When Mr. *Brazier* and I consulted together on the subject, we were fully persuaded from the countenances and behaviour of the coloured people, that the Redeemer's kingdom might be enlarged by the preaching of the gospel in this place

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to them: and that we ought not to give up the point. Before bed-time two Gentlemen came to me at my lodgings, and offered me their halls to preach in: but alas! when I called on them the next morning, they had been, I suppose, frightened by their friends, and both of them retracted their promises. We were then determined to move on the true gospel-plan, "from the least unto the greatest." Accordingly we hired a poor cheap house (if it might be called by so lofty a name) in the outskirts of the town, of a Mulatto, from month to month. Here I preached in the evening to a considerable number of coloured people; and notwithstanding the poverty of the place, some of the Bucks attended and were ruder if possible than the night before. During the height of the noise I felt a spirit which I think I never felt before, at least in the same manner. I believe it was a spark of the proper spirit of Martyrdom. At the conclusion therefore of a pointed, though short address to the rioters, I told them I was willing, yea, desirous to suffer Martyrdom: and my words seemed to have a considerable effect on their minds. I then published myself for the Thursday evening following: and in the morning, after giving directions about the making of some wooden candlesticks to be fastened against the wooden walls, we returned to *Kingston*.

In the evening I had a large congregation, and, I believe, a considerable part of our enemies present. My sermon was partly addressed to the Deists, partly to the Socinians, and partly to the Arians. At first they began according to their custom to be noisy; but I was happy enough to command their deep attention during at least three-fourths of the discourse. On the next day (Thursday) I returned to *Spanish-Town*, and had a considerable number of the coloured people to hear me in the evening, and some of the Bucks, whose attendance I could have excused. They were not near so noisy as they had been before. After sermon I

plainly told them of our full determination of going forward, and of applying for justice to the legal powers of the country, if perseveringly insulted and abused. I also observed, that if no justice was to be found in *Jamaica*, we were sure of obtaining it completely at home. Early in the morning after preaching, I enlarged on the nature of our discipline as far as I thought it prudent to speak of it in so early a stage of the work, to about thirty attentive coloured people. Afterwards I bought some boards to be made into benches for the preaching-house, and leaving Mr. *Werrill* behind me for the three following days, I returned to *Kingston*, my poor horse falling down with me on the way out of mere weakness. When I arrived, I desired that the two horses might run in some pasture for a month or two, and then be sold, the money to be applied for the supporting of the work in *Spanish-Town*.

On Sunday the 23rd, I held a Love-feast in *Kingston*, after morning-preaching; and was highly satisfied with the testimony which many bore to the glory of the grace of God. The number in Society in this town is about one hundred and fifty: in the whole Circuit two hundred and thirty four: which is an increase of eighty-four since the last accounts I received before my arrival.

A little occurrence may perhaps be of use to some, if it be noted here. I tried an experiment on a poor negro, servant of my friend Mr. *Bull*, who was nearly blind, and had been declared incurable by two physicians. I got his hair shaved off on the crown of his head, about the bigness of a crown-piece or more; and applied a poultice made of the yolk (only) of an egg, beat up with salt to a proper consistence, to the part that was shaved; on the second day another poultice was made in the same manner, and applied over the first: on the third day a third poultice was made as before, and applied over the other two: on the fourth day the whole was taken off, and the part dressed after the manner

manner of a blister. And from this remedy in a few days, under the blessing of God, the negro recovered his sight.

Mr. *Hammett* had two or three interviews before his illness, with a young *African* Prince, a son of the King of *Mundingo*. This is the second tour which the young Prince has voluntarily taken with the Captain of the ship in which he sailed from *Africa*. He had lost a sister many years ago, who, as the family supposed, was stolen away: and to his great surprise he found her in *Kingston*.— She had been stolen as her family conjectured, and is now a member of our Society, as is her husband, who is a free Black, and also a Leader of a Class, and an exhorter. The prince promised Mr. *Hammett* that he would send two Slaves from home, as the purchase of his sister, that she might return to her native country, and bring her husband along with her.

On the Sunday afternoon I went to *Port-Royal*, to be ready for the Brig, in which I had taken a passage for myself and Mr. *Hammett* to *Charleston*, and preached in the evening to a considerable congregation in the house of Mr. *Fishly*, the first friend I met with in *Jamaica*, on my former visit two years ago, who has been raised to the office of Master-Shipwright, the second in the harbour, from that of Master-Calker. There had been some persecution in this place, many of the outrageous in *Kingston* having agreed to assassinate Mr. *Hammett* here; but the Magistrates behaved with such spirit and intrepidity, that the persecutors were glad to hide their heads.

On Tuesday evening, the 25th of January, we went on board the Brig *Success*, *John Maziere*, Master, and sailed the next morning. Our Captain was at *St. Vincent's* when I was there, and for some time after I left it. He informed me that soon after my sailing for *Jamaica*, some rioters broke into our Chapel by night, injured the benches and other things, and afterwards seized on the Bible,
took

took it to the public gallows, and hanged it on the gallows; where it was found hanging the next morning. The Magistrates of *St. Vincent's* very nobly advertised a hundred pounds reward for the discovery of any of the perpetrators of this audacious villainy. What a comfort it is, that Jesus Christ, the God of heaven and earth, is the King of the Church!

The day before I sailed, Mr. *Werrill* came from *Spanish-Town* to take leave of me; and brought me the reviving tidings, that for the three days he successively preached there, he had peaceable, attentive congregations of coloured people; and had begun to form a Class of Catechumens among them.

EXTRACTS
OF THE
JOURNALS
OF THE LATE
REV. DR. THOMAS COKE'S
FOURTH VISIT
TO
NORTH-AMERICA.

SECTION I.

ON the 27th of January, 1791, Mr. *Hammett* and myself sailed in a Brig from *Port-Royal* in *Jamaica* for *Charleston* in *South-Carolina*. In this voyage the hand of the Most High was wonderfully revealed in our behalf. O what an ample compensation for any danger is it to behold the gracious interference of our Almighty Friend!

Soon after we had doubled the Cape of *St. Anthony*, which is the most western point of the Island of *Cuba*, we ran in the night-time among a crowd of little Islands called the *Martyrs*, from the number of shipwrecks that have been made upon them. They lie *South* of *Florida*, the most northern of them being very near the Continent. They are very small: mostly, if not entirely uninhabited, and the whole group are about one hundred and forty miles

miles in length, and about forty in breadth. A few months before, four or five vessels had been wrecked among these Islands.

In two days, or thereabouts, we were delivered from this imminent danger, and immediately ran into another. On the morning after we left the *Martyrs*, about day-light, the watch discovered that we were almost close to a steep rocky Coast on the Island of *Cuba*, not far from the *Havannah*. If the night had continued for about half an hour longer, we must, without a miracle, have been inevitably lost. When Mr. *Hammitt* went on deck, he overheard a sailor saying to another concerning the ship, "I don't know what was the matter last night; she would not go through the water in the manner we might expect from the wind which blew."

The gulph of *Florida* in which we then were, is in one part contracted into a very narrow Channel, of fifteen leagues in breadth, by the *Martyrs* on one side and the *Bahama Islands* on the other. Immediately after we passed this strait, a violent gale sprung up, which obliged us to lie in a great measure at the mercy of the winds and waves for forty-eight hours. If this gale had blown, whilst we were in the narrow part of the gulph, we should have been in a very hazardous situation.

But, Sunday, the twenty-first of February, was our most tremendous day. We knew we could not be very far from *Charleston*, and yet were perfectly ignorant of our exact situation: indeed the Captain was totally unacquainted with the Coast. The morning was very foggy; and the Captain brought the Brig into four fathom water in order, he said, to discover the land, and find out our situation. About nine o'clock the vessel struck against a sand-bank, but was got off. In half an hour more she struck three times against another bank, but was again cleared off. About ten she struck again, and fastened. From this time till noon she continued striking with such force, that we could hardly stand
on

on the deck; and great pieces were broke off: from the false keel, and seen awfully floating on the water. Now the land was clearly in view, about three miles from our Brig: and we heard with joy the command given that the boats should be hoisted out.

The small boat was first ready. But when the long-boat was let down, it was so very leaky, that they were soon obliged to draw it up again in order to calk it: which, as we were afterwards informed, employed them for several hours. However, to our great satisfaction the Captain ordered that four of the men should go on shore in the small boat to look for assistance; and my friend and myself gladly improved the opportunity.

As soon as we came to shore, Mr. *William Eding*, a gentleman for whom I shall ever retain a deep sense of gratitude, and who was taking a ride on the Beach, stood ready to receive us, as if sent there by Providence, (and no doubt but he was,) and brought us to his mother's house, (which was nearer to us than his own,) where we dined. The sailors being informed that the land which we had reached was called *Edisto-Island*, about fifty miles South of *Charleston*, and that no assistance could be given that day to the Brig, were obliged to return.

My friend *Hammett* lodged at the house of the benevolent Mr. *Eding*, and I at the house of Major *Jenkins* in the same neighbourhood. The Captain and crew left the Brig in the evening: and Mr. *Eding*, and his mother provided them all with lodging and every comfort, except the Captain, who could not be persuaded to leave the shore, but lay on the ground within sight of his vessel during the whole of the night.

It was but five or six days before, that a Brig was wrecked on the same bank; and another also in the course of the past year.

The *Methodists* never had visited *Edisto-Island*: nor had the inhabitants, though amounting to
about

about five thousand (Whites and Blacks,) at that time any minister of any kind. But more hospitality, kindness and attention could not, I think have been shewn to any in like circumstances, than were shewn to us by some of the courteous, compassionate inhabitants of that little Island.

Our dear friend Mr. *Eding* furnished us the next day after dinner, with horses and a guide : and after crossing a ferry of a league in breadth, we lodged at the house of an old Gentleman who treated us with great hospitality. Soon after we entered his house, and told him our situation, he swore several times : but when we had reproved him with all possible softness, and he found we were Ministers, he almost tired us with apologies. On Tuesday night we lodged at the house of a Mr. *Grigg*, a great Indigo-Planter, where we met with most polite entertainment ; and on the next day were conveyed in a large, half-covered boat, to *Charleston*, which was twenty-five miles from Mr. *Grigg's*.

The next week, my kind host *Major Jenkins*, brought in his boat to *Charleston*, all our things which we had left behind us in the Brig, a little towel only excepted. We were then informed that a violent gale of wind which rose the night after the Brig was deserted, instead of breaking her in pieces as was expected, drove her off the bank to sea : and in a day or two afterwards she was boarded by the crew of a small vessel, and brought by them into a safe place, which entitles them, by the Laws of the States, to a third part of the cargo.

Thus were we wonderfully delivered from impending danger. O none can conceive the awfulness of the situation in which we were on the sand-bank, but those who have been in similar circumstances. And yet I must add to the glory of the grace of God, that I felt on this occasion an entire resignation to the Divine Will, whether it was for Life or Death.

“ O that

“ O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men ! That they would offer to him the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and tell out his works with gladness.”

We had been a whole month coming from *Jamaica* to *Charleston*, which was double the common time. In consequence of this, the Conference for *South-Carolina* had finished all their business when we arrived : but the Preachers had agreed to stay one day longer in the city in hopes of seeing me. I therefore had the pleasure of spending that day with them in many solemn and useful conversations.

I now had the great pleasure of finding out a very able Missionary for *Edisto-Island*, Brother *Beverly Allen*. If I can be the means of sending the gospel with power to the dear people of that Island, it will be a glorious compensation, and the only one I can make, for their many kindnesses to me, when I was a stranger and pilgrim among them.

During my stay at *Charleston*, a striking proof was given of the regard which is paid in this country to religious liberty. We employ a poor negro, a member of the society, to snuff the candles in our Chapel : and a stranger from *North-Carolina* beat him unmercifully with a stick, because the poor black only desired him not to talk whilst the minister was preaching. The next day we applied for justice to the chief Magistrate, and got the rioter safely locked up in prison, where he remained when I left the city, as he was not able to give sufficient bail.

I had here the pleasure of performing a cure on one of our sister's eyes, which were exceedingly weak, by the recipe which is mentioned in the *Journal* of my late visit to *Jamaica*. Before I left the city, her eyes were quite recovered.

On the eighth of March I set off for *Giveham's Ferry* in my way to the *Georgia* Conference ; Mr. *Asbury* and his company taking the road which leads to *Savannah*, and I and mine that which leads

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to

to *Augusta*. In the afternoon we lost our way, by consenting to follow one of our Preachers, who undertook to guide us through the woods a much shorter way than that which is commonly taken. Nine o'clock came, and we knew not where we were, except that we were in the midst of large Morasses. About ten the moon would set : and we agreed to make our abode for the night on some dry spot, if we could not before that time find out a hospitable shelter. But under the blessing and guidance of Providence we came again unexpectedly into the great road, and found ourselves near the house of our friend Mr. *Giveham*, the light of which soon glistened delightfully in our eyes. When we entered the house, we found that our kind host had provided for us a roasted turkey, which was just taken off the spit. A congregation had waited for me a long time, and had broke up in despair of our coming. This is the fourth congregation I have disappointed, but not intentionally, in my life. O it grieves me much when hurt is done though undesignedly : for I am loth to deduct out of the very little good I have done in my life. But I want more faith : Lord help my unbelief,

March 9th. I have again entered into my romantic way of life. For there is something exceedingly pleasing in preaching daily to large congregations in immense forests. O what pains the people take to hear the gospel ! But it is worthy of all pains. 11th. I am now come among the peach trees, and they are in full bloom. Truly they assist a little, under the Supreme Source of Happiness, to make the heart gay.

It is one of my most delicate entertainments, to embrace every opportunity of ingulphing myself (if I may so express it) in the woods. I seem then to be detached from every thing but the quiet vegetable creation, and MY GOD. The Ticks indeed, which are innumerable, are a little troublesome : they burrow in the flesh, and raise pimples, which sometimes are quite alarming, and look like the

the effects of a very disagreeable disorder. But they are nothing when opposed to my affection for my Lord. Yea,

I'll carve thy passion on the bark :
 And every wounded Tree
 Shall drop, and bear some mystic mark
 That Jesus died for me.
 The Swains shall wonder, when they read
 Inscrib'd on all the Grove,
 That Heaven itself came down and bled
 To win a mortal's Love. *

On the 16th, our Conference for the State of *Georgia* begun. On the Saturday evening, after the Sermon, whilst the Preachers were successively praying, a man fell down in a swoon. For some time he lifted up his hands, then his fingers only, and afterwards became perfectly senseless. But on a sudden he awoke and cried out "Where art thou, Sinner: turn, turn, turn." Then he burst out in a flood of praises and thanksgiving.

On the Sunday afternoon, having spent about three hours with the congregation, we left them almost universally employed in praying, praising, or exhorting.

A few days after I left *Georgia*, I preached in the *Court-house* in a town called *Ninety-Six*. Here I expected to find, from the information I had received, hardly any but scoffers and scorners. I enforced upon them those words of the Prophet *Jeremiah* (xlviii. 11.) *Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity: therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed.* Instead of scorn I met with the deepest attention; and in the course of the Sermon almost every face was suffused with tears.

It is remarkable how many children have been baptized in this country by the Christian name of

* Dr. Watts.

Wesley. I question whether there have not been some hundreds of instances in all the States.

On the 23d. of March we had three large rivers to cross. But through the kind assistance of friends, who procured boats or canoes, we had but one to ford, which was very steep and rocky.

We now made a visit to the *Catawba-Indians*. Their nation is reduced to a very small number, and chiefly live in a little town, which in *England* would be only called a village. They possess a quantity of land, fifteen miles square, on the river *Catawba*. A very small part of this land they cultivate themselves: a much larger part they let out in long leases to the white people. They raised for us a little rude tent in one of their fields, where we preached. Most of them, I believe attended, though we had many more whites than *Indians*. Our plan is to erect a school among them, which we think the most probable way of doing them good in the first instance, as the generality of them understand nothing of the *English* language.

Their *General*, who is a tall, grave, old man, walked with a mighty staff in his hand. Round his neck he wore a narrow piece (I think) of leather, which hung down before, and was adorned with a great variety of bits of silver. He also had a silver breast-plate. Almost all the men and women wore silver nose-rings, hanging from the middle gristle of the nose; and some of them had little silver hearts hanging from the rings.

In general they dressed like the white people. But a few of the men were quite luxurious in their dress, even wearing ruffles, and very showy suits of clothes made of cotton. The little money they save by their small plantations (for they are not fond of labour) they lay out, I suppose, in purchasing these things of the whites. Their houses are not uncomfortable—far superior to the mud-houses in which the poorest of the people in *Ireland* dwell; though we could not procure a single table from one of their habitations

habitations, to stand upon whilst we were preaching: but chairs they had in abundance.

One of their chief men, who spoke the *English* language, came to Mr. *Asbury* and me, before we began to preach, desiring us in the name of his Nation to intreat the Whites to assist them against some *Indians*, who, they had reason to believe, were at that time lurking in the neighbouring woods in order to destroy them.

We found on inquiry that parties of *Indians* from a distant nation, whose inveteracy against this little handful of people is not to be erased, have made frequent incursions upon them, and have been too successful in their devastations. We therefore spoke in behalf of this poor little nation, as far as prudence would justify on so delicate a subject.

A little time ago (we were informed,) one of the *Indian* girls of this little town with whom a gentleman not far distant had been criminally intimate, carried her child to him, informing him he was the father. The gentleman would by no means allow he had ever seen her: on which she took her child by the heels, and dashed its brains out before his face, and left it on the ground. O that the Lord would look down with pity on that miserable people, and open a Gospel-door among them!

On the 30th of March I met a Preacher whose name is *Cowles*. Six years ago he lived with his mother near *Williamsburg* in *Virginia*. None of the family were converted, or acquainted with the *Methodists* at that time. In the course of my Tour through the States in the year 1785, I called at their house for some reasons which I have forgot. Before I parted with them, I made them a present of the extract of Mr. *Law's* treatise on the nature and design of *Christianity*, which is printed among us. By means of this little tract they were so stirred up to seek the Lord, that now the mother, the Preacher, six children who are married, and their husbands and wives, fourteen in all, are converted, and have joined our society. Indeed, the young Preacher is a flame of fire. How blessed an

employment it is to be sowing the divine seed every where—to be instant in season and out of season! O how willing the Lord is to be gracious!

Alas; What a feeble mortal am I! The little Ticks have quite overcome me. They have bit my body in such a manner, that I am afraid to walk out into the woods, notwithstanding my almost excessive love of retirement.

April 2. We began our Conference for *North-Carolina* at the house of Brother *M'Knight* on the river *Yeadkin*. There were in all about thirty Preachers, several of whom came from the other side of the *Apalachian* mountains.

At this Conference, a remarkable spirit of prayer was poured forth on the Preachers. Every night, before we concluded, Heaven itself seemed to be opened to our believing souls. One of the Preachers was so blessed in the course of our prayers that he was constrained to cry, "O I never was so happy in all my life before! O what a heaven of heavens I feel."

At each of our Conferences, before we parted, every Preacher gave an account of his experience from the first strivings of the Spirit of God, as far as he could remember; and also of his call to preach, and the success the Lord had given to his labours. It was quite new, but was made a blessing I am persuaded, to us all.

On Monday, the 11th of April, we arrived at *Dicke's Ferry* in *Virginia*. Our ride on that day was remarkably pleasing. The variety arising from the intermixture of woods and plantations along the sides of the broad, rocky river *Dan*, near which we rode most part of the time, could not but be a source of great pleasure to an admirer of the beauties of nature. Indeed, all was delightful, except the sight of a great, cruel hawk, who was devouring a little squirrel on a rock.

April 15th. Hitherto I might be said to have travelled with the spring. As I moved from South to North, the spring was, I think, as far advanced when

when I was in *Georgia*, as when I came into *Virginia*. But now it has evidently got the start of me. The oaks have spread out their leaves: and the *dogwood*, whose bark is very medicinal, and whose innumerable white flowers form one of the finest ornaments of the forests, is in full blossom. The *deep-green* of the pines, the bright *transparent-green* of the oaks, and the *fine white* of the flowers of the *dogwood*, with other trees and shrubs, form such a complication of beauties, as are indescribable to those who have only lived in countries that are almost entirely cultivated.

For about eight hundred miles which I have rode since I landed in *South Carolina*, we have had hardly any rain. But this day, the 16th, we were wetted to the skin. However, we at last happily found our way to the house of a friend by the Preacher's mark—the *split bush*.

This circumstance may appear to many immaterial: however as it may convey some idea of the made in which the Preachers are obliged to travel in this country, I will just enlarge upon it.—When a new Circuit is formed in these immense forests, the Preacher, whenever he comes in the first instance to a junction of several roads or paths, splits two or three of the bushes that lie on the side of the right path, that the Preachers who follow him may find out their way with ease. In one of the Circuits the wicked discovered the secret, and split bushes in wrong places on purpose to deceive the Preachers.

On the 20th of April we opened our Conference at *Petersburg* in *Virginia*, at which about thirty Preachers were present. Whilst I was preaching one day during the Conference on 1 *John* v. 12. *He that hath the Son, hath life*. A refreshing shower of grace did indeed descend on the congregation. It was a time much to be remembered.

At this Conference, a zealous lively young man (*Samuel Rudder*) offered himself as a Missionary for the *West-Indies*, and was accepted.

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On the Lord's-day, April 24th. I preached in *Richmond*, in the *Capitol* where the Assembly sits, to the most dressy congregation I ever saw in *America*. However they gave great attention whilst I spoke for an hour to the *Deists*, *Socinians*, and *Arians*.

In the afternoon I rode to Colonel *Clayton's*, about twenty-five miles from *Richmond*, where we held another Conference with seventeen Preachers. The *York-river*, and the large plantations, woods, &c. round the Colonel's house, form a very beautiful situation. Nor was that of *Dr. Shore*, with whom I dined, after preaching on the 26th, less beautiful or romantic.

April 27th. I lay at the house of brother *Pope* after preaching in the neighbourhood. A little before bed-time some *Phenomena* in the heavens attracted our attention for a considerable time. Three great lights were observed at the same time at the edge of the horizon, one in the East, another in the South, and another in the North. Each of them appeared as if several houses were on fire. That in the South, was abundantly the largest and brightest.

April 20th. I am now come among the *Cedar-trees*. They are not large, but their spreading boughs, and their conical appearance are very grand.

This evening we arrived at *Port-royal* in *Virginia*, where a numerous and very dressy congregation had been waiting for us about two hours with wonderful patience. The Preachers had overloaded us this day with labour. The congregations, to which we preached, were situated too far from each other. Besides, we were not fully acquainted with the distance, otherwise *Mr. Asbury* and I might have separated, and taken each of us singly a congregation in due time.

However, the congregation at *Port-royal*, notwithstanding they had waited so long, were as still as night, whilst I preached to them on *Col. iii. 3, 4. Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.*

God. When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory. The people by this time had been so long in the preaching-house, that we thought it best they should be discharged. Otherwise, we generally gave the congregation two sermons, and perhaps an exhortation or two besides, if we did not administer the Lord's supper.

After preaching I received messages from two or three of the Ladies, intreating they might have a sermon in the morning. But when we considered we were engaged to preach about ten or twelve miles off at ten o'clock, and had a broad *Ferry* to cross, where we might be detained for an hour or two, we thought it our duty courteously to refuse. But alas! alas! here ended all my plans for the good of the people during my present visit on the *Continent*.

A gentleman of the name of *Hiplins*, a capital merchant in the town, sent us a genteel invitation to sup with him, and lodge at his house. I accepted of it. Soon after I came in, he observed that the *Philadelphia Paper* had informed the public of the death of *Mr. Wesley*. I gave no credit to the account, but, however, intreated the favour of seeing the paper. He sent immediately to a neighbouring merchant who took in that paper; and about ten o'clock the melancholy record arrived. I evidently saw by the account, that it was too true—that I had lost my friend, and that the world had lost a burning and a shining light.

The next morning I set off for *New-York*, in order to be in time for the *British Packet*. I rode by day and by night. At *Alexandria* the news was confirmed by a letter from *London*. For near a day I was not able to weep; but afterwards some refreshing tears gave me almost inexpressible ease.

On the 29th. I crossed the run of water called *Akatinke*, down which I was carried by the flood on the awful never to be forgotten, ninth of March,

1785.

1785.* How did my heart rise up in gratitude to my God! O how often and how wonderfully has he preserved his sinful child!

This day I passed over the noble river *Potomawk*. The *Locust-tree* grows in great abundance in this part of the country. The blossoms, I think, are a little similar to what is sometimes called in *England* the *Golden-Chain*: only they are white. The fruit grows in the shape of pods from twelve to eighteen inches long, and an inch and a half broad, and is very sweet. It probably is the same as that which is mentioned in scripture as the food of *John the Baptist*.

We were now come into a country abounding with singing-birds. But alas! I could take but little pleasure in them. I felt indeed much communion with God: and yet, the death of my venerable Friend had cast such a shade of melancholy over my mind, and consequently in appearance over every thing else, that I could find very little pleasure in the contemplation of the works of nature.

The night being very dark, it was with great difficulty that my friend *Cox* who travelled with me, and myself, found our way through the woods from *Alexandria* to *Blaidensburg*.

Arriving in the town of *Blaidensburg* very late, we did not chuse to disturb our friends, and therefore set up at an Inn, where the kind landlady did every thing that true benevolence could suggest for our comfort and convenience, gratis.

On Sunday, the first of May, we arrived in *Baltimore* in the afternoon, time enough to send to the Preacher, who was then engaged in divine service, to publish me to preach in the evening. The congregation was very large: and I had but one subject, and I may almost say, but one text, *And Elisha saw it, and he cried, my Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.* (2 Kings ii. 12.)

* See the Dactor's first Journal.

As the Packet was not to sail from *New-York* till Thursday, I felt some confidence that I should be there in time, having the opportunity of travelling in the mail stages all the way. (The business of the Post-office is conducted in this country on a plan similar to that in *England*.) But such was not the will of Providence!

At four on Monday morning we set off in the stage. During the whole day I felt some rheumatic pains, probably from having rode so much in the damps of the night. At the head of the *Elke* where we lay, I was called at two o'clock on Tuesday-morning to prepare for the coach: but, behold, I was almost immoveable. I was struck with a sciatic, and lay fixed, as it were to my bed. After many struggles to rise, I let the stage depart without me.

About ten in the morning a Physician was sent for, who gave me a purge and an ointment, and in the afternoon I found myself well.

Still I was within the possibility of reaching *New-York*, time enough for the Packet. And hearing that there was one carriage in the town, a Phaeton, the property of a gentleman; I wrote to him the best letter I was able to draw up, intreating him to lend me his carriage as far as *Wilmington*, which was twenty-two miles distant.

The gentleman soon afterwards called upon me, and told me I should have been perfectly welcome to his carriage, but one of the horses (I think he said) was ill. The other, he observed, was a very fine pacer, and was at my service either to *Wilmington*, or a stage beyond it. I mounted as soon as possible, without hesitation; and arrived at the house of a friend in *Wilmington* about an hour after night.

By this time I began to feel my rheumatic pain returning, and went to bed as soon as the family could provide one for me.

In the morning I was almost as stiff as the day before

before. A physician was again sent for, who laid his commands upon me, not to move from that town for one day at least. I now clearly saw that the Packet would sail without me.

On Wednesday, the 4th. I set off in the stage for *Philadelphia*. When I arrived there, I found that no ship would sail from thence for any of the three kingdoms for several days, or from *New-York* for a longer time. I therefore rested myself contentedly in *Philadelphia* for nine days, and did what little good was in my power under the grace of God in that populous city, preaching almost every evening, and sometimes in the morning, and three times on the Lord's day. Our society in this place paid a pleasing mark of respect to the memory of our deceased Father in the gospel, by covering the pulpits of the two Chapels with black cloth. The same proof of regard for our much beloved friend had already been given by our society in *New-York*.

On Saturday, the 14th of May, I set off for *Newcastle* in the state of *Delaware*, accompanied by several of my friends, to take shipping in the *William-Penn* bound for *London*. That night we slept at *Chester*. The next day I preached at *Wilmington* in the afternoon, and at *Newcastle* in the evening; and lodged at the house of my kind friends Mr. and Mrs. *Bond*, late of *Lambeth* in *Westminster*.

The next morning Mr. *Asbury* and some of the Preachers who were on their way to *Philadelphia*, and who had received a letter from me informing them of my route, came round to *Newcastle* to take their leave of me: and in the afternoon I embarked.

EXTRACT

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JOURNALS
OF THE LATE
REV. DR. THOMAS COKE'S
FIFTH VISIT
TO
NORTH-AMERICA,
AND THE
WEST INDIES.

SECTION I.

ON the first of September, 1792, we went on board at *Gravesend*, and next day set sail. Our company in the cabin were, the Captain, who is an amiable man, and I believe fears God; the Mate, an agreeable, sensible man; my friend Mr. *Graham*, the Missionary for the *West-Indies*, and a few others. About nineteen sailors with sixteen steerage-passengers, made up the rest of the ship's company. One pleasing circumstance was, that the Captain *first* desired to have prayers in the ship. My birth, (as they call it) or state-room, is large and convenient: here, I trust, I shall hold much sweet communion with God during the voyage.

We have been long delayed (thirteen days) in
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the Channel, I now doubt whether the chief end of my voyage, viz. to be at the general Conference in *Baltimore*, on the 1st of November, will not be defeated. But the Lord knows what is best. O that my will may be swallowed up in his!

About the time of our leaving the *English* channel, the Captain of a *French* Brig from the *West-Indies* took great pains to come up with us, in order to inquire what longitude we were in. After receiving the information he wanted he left us. But while he was still within hearing, our Mate cried out in *French*, "The King is a prisoner; and all the *Swiss* Guards are killed!" The *Frenchman* turned his ship about, and made after us with all expedition. Our Captain seeing this, backed his sails, and gave opportunity to the vessel to overtake us; when the *French* Captain received full information concerning the state of *France*, which he heard with all the eagerness that can well be conceived. He then began to leave us, but as if recollecting something he had forgot, turned again to our surprise, and asked us with all the courtesy of a *Frenchman*, "Whether he could be so happy as to supply us with any thing his ship afforded;" though he had been at sea about seven weeks, and we only a fortnight.

Sept. 23. My poor dear friend Mr. *Graham* is exceedingly ill, as indeed he has been ever since we first sailed. But now he looks just like a corpse; and complains of excruciating pains in his bowels: he can hardly sit or lie down, and he stands and walks almost double. I am afraid he will die during the voyage. Lord, save his life, if it be only on account of the poor negroes! I find a ship a most convenient place for study: though it is sometimes great exercise to my feet, legs and arms, to keep myself steady to write. From the time I rise till bed-time, except during meals, I have the cabin-table to myself, and work at it incessantly. I never was accustomed to dream much till now; but I seem to be at my pleasing work even whilst I sleep. I have

six Canary-birds over my head, which sing most delightfully. Surely they have been brought here by the kind hand of Providence, in order to entertain me whilst I am labouring for my Lord.

Sept. 28. Brother *Graham*, blessed be God, is now recovered. I really was afraid we should have lost him. He had quite given himself up, and thought of nothing but going to heaven immediately. One particular pleases me much: I have observed that the Captain enters into his private log-book (or account-book) our several times of holding public worship: I am therefore in hopes that the owners of his ship are pious men. For some time past I had given up all hopes of being at the general Conference; and found much profit in the exercise of resignation. But now an easterly breeze springs up, which affords me some glimmering hope.

Oct. 6. We had this evening the most beautiful sun-set I ever saw, such as a land-view I apprehend could not possibly give. A great cloud, like a mountain of flaming fire, stood apparently upon and above the sun. Just above this cloud, or mountain of fire, was a smaller one, equally splendid, exactly in the shape of a crown; and the horizon to the right and left, for an immense way seemed all on fire. Some of the common men came to the head of the ship to view this singular phenomenon, and confessed, that as many years as they had been at sea, they never saw such a setting sun. But when we can view God in all things, these scenes are very pleasing.

Oct. 8. One of the Canary-birds, through the neglect of the steward, died for want of food. I was really sorry, that the innocent creature, which had often entertained me, should suffer so miserable a death, for want of sacrificing three minutes in the day, to examine the cages. For though none of the birds are mine, I possess as much property in their music as any one. The little creature sung almost incessantly the morning preceding its death,

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hoping, I suppose, to gain our attention, and induce us to fill its seed-box. A misfortune of this kind may seem ridiculous to many on land: but to those who are surrounded with an immense ocean, the loss of a favourite bird is great; and their feelings will, at least, be excused by ingenious minds.

Oct. 9. On a sudden the weather is changed from very fair, to rainy, dark and gloomy. What a comfort it is to be able to retire into God at all times, in all places, and in all weathers! This is my birth-day. I am now forty-five. Let me take a view of my past life. What is the sum of all? What have I done? And what am I? I have done nothing; no, nothing; and I am a sinner! God be merciful to me!

Oct. 13. Now there is a change of wind in our favour; and a possibility that I shall gain the desired port in time; but nevertheless, Father, not my will, but thine be done.

Oct. 20. I renewed my Covenant with God this morning, in as solemn and happy a temper as ever I experienced; my first espousals to God not excepted.

Oct. 21. The comfortable frame of mind I experienced yesterday still continues. How kind is our Lord, in giving his children such heavenly cordials in the course of their pilgrimage.

Oct. 28. I am afraid we have done but little good to our congregation. One of the steerage passengers has been a member of our society in *Sheffield*, and all the ship's crew say, that man is certainly a Christian! The mate also is under some degree of conviction, and will even shed tears when he is sometimes conversing with Mr. *Graham* on religious subjects. Another of the steerage passengers, whose name is *Flint*, has written me a very pleasing letter of thanks for my ministerial labours, and expresses himself as truly concerned for his soul.

A pilot is just come on board, and in all probability, I shall be in *Baltimore* in time! The Lord does

does all things well : glory, and honour, be ascribed to him for ever !

SECTION II.

ON Tuesday, October 30th, 1792, I landed at *Newcastle*, in the State of *Delaware*, leaving my friend *Mr. Graham* to go up to *Philadelphia* in the ship, as he was desirous of visiting his brother, who had resided in *Lancaster-county, Pennsylvania*, for many years. I immediately proceeded to visit *Mr. and Mrs. Bond*, formerly of our society in *Lambeth-Marsh, London*, but now residing on a large plantation within half a mile of *Newcastle*. I had seventy miles to ride in the space of a day and a few hours, in order to be in time for the general Conference in *Baltimore*. *Mr. Lee*, however, son-in-law to *Mrs. Bond*, most kindly relieved me in my distress, by lending me his one-horse-chaise, and one of his servants to drive me. I am quite astonished at the never-failing and complete provision, which the Lord makes for me under every difficulty. O why is not my soul filled with gratitude : O why do I not rejoice continually with joy unspeakable and full of glory, when I have such an almighty Friend always to accompany me, always to assist me !

In the evening I lay at a town called the *Head-of-Elk*, sixteen miles from *Newcastle*, and the next morning set off by moon-light for *Baltimore*. About noon our chaise-horse began to fail : but stopping to dine at a little village called *the Bush*, I providentially met with an old acquaintance, *Mr. Richard Dallam*, who with the utmost readiness changed chaise-horses with me, which placed us in a condition, with the help of God, to reach *Baltimore* by night. About seven in the evening, it being quite dark, our carriage was overturned by the stump of a tree. I received very little injury, but the servant hurt his collar-bone, and head. We

were not able to raise up the chaise and horse, but Providence brought a person to the spot at the very time, with whose assistance we set the carriage right. How astonishing is the loving kindness of my God; how innumerable are the dangers seen and unseen, from which he is continually delivering me.

O how shall words with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart :
But thou canst read it there.

About nine o'clock, Wednesday night, Oct. 31. I arrived at the house of my friend Mr. *Philip Rogers* of *Baltimore*; just time enough to take some refreshment, and a little sleep, before the General Conference commenced. Mr. *Asbury* and the Preachers who were at Mr. *Rogers*'s, were surprized to see me at that critical moment. They had almost given me up, but intended to spend ten days in debating matters of the smallest importance, in prayer, and in declaring their experiences, before they entered on the weightier business, if I did not sooner arrive.

We continued our conference for fifteen days. I had always entertained very high ideas of the piety and zeal of the American Preachers, and of the considerable abilities of many: but I had no expectation, I confess, that the debates would be carried on in so very masterly a manner; so that on every question of importance, the subject seemed to be considered in every possible light.

Throughout the whole of the debates, they considered themselves as the servants of the people, and therefore never lost sight of them on any question. Indeed, the single eye, and spirit of humility, which were manifested by the Preachers throughout the whole of the Conference, were extremely pleasing, and afforded a comfortable prospect of the increase of the work of God throughout the Continent.

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They determined that the next General Conference shall be held on the 1st. of November, 1796: and that in the mean time the Districts respectively shall hold annual Conferences.

On Thursday the 15th, after the Conference finally broke up, I preached on James i. 27. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." A solemn awe rested upon the congregation; the meeting was continued till about midnight, and twelve persons, we have reason to believe, were then adopted into the family of God. This was a glorious conclusion: a gracious seal from heaven to our proceedings.

Next day I set off for our College, which is about twenty-five miles from *Baltimore*. Here I spent three days in examining the students, &c. and the progress of many of them pleased me much, especially those who studied the different branches of the Mathematics. Dr. *Hall*, our President, and the three Tutors, do honour to the Institution. We have now upwards of seventy Students, great and small, fourteen of whom are upon the foundation. Many from the Southern States are sending their young men there, to finish their education. Some principal persons of the State of *Maryland* have informed us, that the Legislature is willing to incorporate the College, and to authorize us to confer degrees under due limitations. But perhaps it may be best for us to go on in our present little way. The Students are divided into Classes, and are regularly met by our Elders in their course; and such inquiries are made, and advices given, as are most likely to profit them. Indeed, the fear of God seems to pervade the whole College.

On Tuesday the 20th, I arrived in *Philadelphia*, and spent eight days with that loving people. They are but a small Society for so large a city. The whole

whole amount of the number does not, I think, exceed 300: but they are in general a solid and established people in the grace of God. Here I prepared a new Edition of our form of Discipline, with all the regulations, made at the Conference.

On Thursday, the 29th, I preached in the Church of Mr. Ogden of Newark, New Jersey, a truly pious Clergyman of the Church of England, whom I have spoken of in my former Journals; and on the next day reached New-York. In the afternoon I had a deliverance never to be forgotten. I went to the Wharfs, to look out for a convenient vessel to carry me to the *West-Indies*, and in ascending the side of a Brig, my foot slipt. I alighted on something at the edge of the water, which supported me; and with the assistance of those who were near, was raised on board. But when I looked back on the situation in which I had been a few moments before, it was most awful. A pole had been tied to the side of the Brig, to preserve it from being damaged by striking against the Wharf. This pole received me in my fall, otherwise in a second or two I must unavoidably have been crushed between the Brig and the Wharf. Six times, I have been in the very jaws of death, upon or near the water, and yet am still preserved *a monument of mercy in every respect!*

Being detained in this City for twelve days, I was able to perform my engagement to the General Conference, by preparing for the Press a Sermon, which I had preached before them, on Rom. viii. 16. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." In the course of near twenty Sermons which I preached here, my ministry was much blessed in the establishment of believers. How the Lord delights to use the foolish things of the world for his glory! Some also were awakened: and some, I believe, were justified. In meeting the Select Society, I was much satisfied indeed. But I had one doubt
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on my mind, which I was very desirous of having resolved. The Society in this City, before the war, consisted of about 200 members: it now consists of about 600; and very few of the present Society, were members of the former. I was therefore very desirous to know in which of the two Societies religion flourished most. Mr. *Staples*, a native of *Germany*, who has been a Leader in our Society at *New York* for about twenty years, and is one of the most excellent men upon earth, gave me full satisfaction. He assured me, that he had not the shadow of a doubt, but *in proportion to the numbers*, there is incomparably more genuine religion in the present Society, than there was in that which subsisted before the war: and every one that knows Mr. *Staples*, will acknowledge him a proper judge. There are few things more delightful me, than satisfactory proofs of the increase of Religion.

On the 12th of December, we sailed from *New-York* in the Brig *Friendship*, and on the 31st arrived at *St. Eustatius* in the *West Indies*. Never before was I so long a time in the midst of dirt and filth. My situation was exceedingly nasty: but by the force of custom, I felt myself tempted to become a contented *Hottentot*. Mr. *Black*, our Presiding-Elder in the Provinces of *Nova-Scotia* and *New-Brunswick*, accompanied me, which was some consolation to me in my voyage: but what was infinitely more, the consolations of God did sometimes superabound. Several times, when lying upon my bed, I felt such extraordinary assurances of the love of God, and his care for me, as enabled me to rejoice and triumph in him, and sweetly to retire into him as my blessed Asylum and my only Home. At the same time I saw and felt such infinite defects in myself, such want of entire purity, and such a sweet kind of sorrowing before God, as far exceeded any thing of the kind I had ever experienced. Filthy as the place was, the captain, supercargo, mate, and a passenger going to *Santa Cruz*,

Cruz, were very good-natured, and hardly ever swore. Besides, I had my papers, and pen and ink, and was enabled to collect a large quantity of materials for the Magazine.

Immediately on our arrival at *St. Eustatius*, we waited on the Governor (*Mr. Rennolds*,) who filled that place during the former persecutions. He received us with his usual acrimony, and seemed, and spoke, as if he was determined to pull down the work of God. The Island belongs to the *West-India Company of Holland*. During a vacancy in the Government, the Burgesses of the Island have a right to elect a Governor *ad interim* (during the interval.) *Mr. Rennolds* was formerly Governor, and is so now, in this capacity. The Governor sent from *Holland*, who was mentioned in my last *West-India Journal*, was a rough, rude man, and would not suffer us to preach: however the little society had peace. But as soon as this man was re-elected on the removal of the other, the flames of persecution were kindled afresh. The poor slaves, from one end of the Island to the other, who met together to sing and pray, and converse of the things of God, (the only method they had, in which to hold Divine worship) were cart-whipped, and many of them imprisoned. The consequence has been, that the precious Society we had here, is almost dispersed. About half a dozen little classes meet in corners: and, yet, there is not a single Minister of *any kind* in the Island! What a mystery! that the Great Governor of the Church should suffer it! my grieved, bleeding heart says (I fear with some reluctance) "thy will be done." But it also says, with all its powers, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not avenge our blood!" And he will avenge it! He will turn the world upside down, before he will not avenge it! And his church shall have peace, yea, even in this persecuting Island!

I would just add a few remarks on the heroic conduct of two negro women, who were ordered
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among others to the whipping-post, for being PRESENT at a METHODIST PRAYER-MEETING. Whilst they remained under the severe lashes of the common executioner, and great furrows were made in their bleeding backs, and for some time afterwards, they triumphed in persecution, and in the honour they received by suffering in their Redeemer's cause, in a manner which astonished the numerous spectators. They assured the multitude, in their negro dialect, that they prized the torments which they then endured above all the gold and silver in the world: in short, they gave such indubitable proofs of the genuine power of Religion, of patient suffering, and triumphant faith, that some principal Gentlemen of the Island who were present on the occasion, acknowledged it was a thousand pities that those two negroes should suffer at all. But nothing could touch the heart of Governor *Renolds*. I am persuaded, that there is nothing but the power and the opportunity wanting, to make him as cruel a persecutor as any in the primitive times of Christianity.

On Wednesday the 2nd. of January, I sailed for the Island of *St. Christopher's*, in a most miserable Schooner, and arrived there the next day; when I was immediately informed by Mr. *Warrenner*, that a dreadful persecution had arisen in *St. Vincent's*, and that Mr. *Lumb* was at that time in the common prison of the Island, for preaching the Gospel. I set off therefore in a Sloop (a passage boat) which sailed in the afternoon for *St. Vincent's*, in order to comfort my suffering brother, and to inquire into the cause of this extraordinary event.

About ten at night, we arrived in the Bay of *Charleston*, near the Island of *Nevis*. As we came to anchor my disagreeable company and situation induced me to go on shore. But my kind friend Mr. *Ward*, the Judge of the Court of Admiralty, being gone to bed, I lay at an Inn, in a room adjoining a Billiard-table; where the blaspheming,
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dissolute, reprobate Billiard-players, kept me awake till about two in the morning. What a comfort it is to be removed out of the reach of all connexion with such wretched beings! What a Blessing to be closely united with the children of God! Their horrid blasphemies tempted me to get beyond the bounds of charity: they almost made me thankful, that the irregular lives of those pests of Society must necessarily in this torrid clime, soon root them out of the land of the living. After spending a little time in private conversation with Mr. *Pattison*, our Missionary in the Island of *Nevis*, who was then in *Charleston*, and breakfasting at Mr. *Ward's*, I again set off for *St. Vincent's*.

The next day we touched at *Roseau* in *Dominica*. I embraced the opportunity, and spent four hours on shore in order to see whether I could find out any of the flock of my dear deceased friend *William Mc. Cornock*. On calling upon a coloured friend whose name I just recollected, the report of my arrival soon circulated; and about twenty of the fruits of that holy man's labours soon assembled. If I could have staid another hour, I should have had a congregation. However, we sung and prayed together; and the power and presence of God were assuredly in the midst of us. The dear man, in a few months, was the means of awakening about 150 souls; and then he left them for a better place. The sword was too sharp for the scabbard. What a pity it is, that now for three years, they should have been left as sheep without a shepherd. The fields are ripe for harvest, but, alas! alas! there are none to reap it.

From *Dominica* we again proceeded on our voyage. But such a wretched crew, and such an infamous set of passengers, I never sailed with before. My friends had furnished me with a few bottles of excellent old rum for my voyage; but after I was in bed, these poor creatures got hold of it, and intoxicated

toxicated themselves ; they sat just under my bed, and sung the most filthy songs I ever heard. I scarce thought it possible that language could have afforded such obscenity.

On the 6th, We landed at *St. Vincent's* ; and I hastened immediately to visit my imprisoned brother. I found him in the common jail, and a malefactor with him ; afterwards another malefactor was added. Our kind friends supplied him with provisions sufficient for himself and his fellow-prisoners. Soldiers guarded him : and because he spoke of the things of God, through the grates to the poor negroes, who continually flocked around the prison, orders were given that he should be *closely* confined. However, the white people were suffered to visit him : but the guards took care that no coloured person should speak to him even through the grates. And the poor negroes would come up close to the grates, and while they stood silently glancing at him in the prison, the tears would trickle abundantly down their cheeks.

And all this was done, because Mr *Lumb* had preached the GOSPEL TO THE NEGROES IN OUR OWN CHAPEL, built with our own Money, on our own ground ! The Legislature were so determined to prevent the possibility of their negroes being instructed, that they enacted, that no person, the Rectors of the parishes excepted, should preach without a licence ; and this licence should not be granted to any that had not previously resided for twelve months on the Island. This, they knew, militated against our Itinerant Plan. They knew also, that our Preachers would never consent to sit for twelve months with their hands before them, and have their mouths shut, that they might afterwards have the liberty of preaching for a couple of years in the Island of *St. Vincent*. The Act therefore was completely adequate to answer all its infernal purposes.

But we have good reason to believe, that the
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majority of the white Inhabitants reprobate the Act. Indeed it was hurried through the Assembly at the very close of the Session. They sat a day extraordinary to complete the business: and though the house was very thin, they were by no means unanimous. No Missionary that had ever visited the Island, was more respected than Mr. *Lamb*. They did not attempt even to invent any charge against him, except "*He broke the Law.*" It is true, the very Sunday after the act was passed, he broke the Law; i. e. he preached the GOSPEL of JESUS CHRIST to the poor negroes; and on the Thursday following was committed to prison.

This infamous Law is exactly parallel to the edicts of the ancient Roman Emperors. They first gently pinched; and proceeded from step to step, till they concluded with Death. And here, for the first offence, the punishment is a fine of ten Johannes, or imprisonment for not more than ninety days, and not less than thirty. For the second, such corporal punishment as the Court shall think proper to inflict, and banishment. And, lastly, on return from banishment, DEATH! How unparalleled a Law in these modern times, and under a government called Protestant; and which boasts of the liberty of its subjects.

No Island, for the time, afforded a more pleasing prospect of the prosperity of religion, than that of *St. Vincent's*. About a thousand of the poor Slaves were stretching forth their hands unto God: and many more of them constantly attended the preaching of the word. Indeed the Negroes of that Island in general, seem ripe for the Gospel. And shall hell and its emissaries be suffered to prevail? Will God Almighty suffer it? Can we find no relief?

Our present gracious Sovereign, (as well as his royal Grand-father before him,) has ever been a Friend of religious Liberty. He, with the advice of his Council, may give us complete relief; and his tender heart will not refuse it to so large a body of his

his loyal subjects as the Methodists are. He cannot have a wish in his soul, to support a persecution against us in all his dominions; and if not in all, then in none. For the Government which would persecute us in the extremes of its Empire, would undoubtedly persecute us to its centre, as soon as means and opportunity were afforded.

Still, then, I have hope that the great door which the Lord opened for the propagation of the Gospel in *St. Vincent's*, will be opened again: that he who can turn the hearts of men like the rivers of the South, will so interfere by the mighty Power whereby he subdueth all things to himself, as to give us access to the hundreds of Israel, who are now suffering a famine of the Word.

I had given up all thoughts of visiting the Island of *Grenada*, when *Mr. Abraham Bishop*, one of our late Missionaries in *Nova-Scotia*, who came at my request to the *West-Indies*, arrived here. I therefore set sail with him for *Grenada* in order to introduce him, where we landed the next day. The kind reception I met with during this visit, as well as the last, from all ranks of persons, gives me, I confess, a peculiar predeliction for this Island. We found that *Mr. Dent*, the truly pious and worthy Rector of *St. George*, whom I mentioned in my former Journals had already provided, with the assistance of the little Society which *Mr. Owens* had left behind him, a house for *Mr. Bishop*; as I had previously informed *Mr. Dent* by Letter that he might soon expect a Missionary.

Mr. Dent intreated me to make his house my home, during my residence in the Island. He has lately built it on the side of a hill, which affords a delightful view of the town, harbour and shipping.

I preached once in *Mr. Dent's* Church on a Sunday morning, and two or three times in *Mr. Bishop's* house. When I met the Society (about thirty in number) they delighted me much. The experience of many was clear; most of them enjoyed a strong

evidence of their interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. *Bishop*, who is a native of *Jersey*, (one of our Islands on the Coast of *France*.) preached both in *English* and *French*, with all that fervour and zeal for the conversion of sinners, which almost eats up his soul.

A little circumstance happened at this time, which so closely touched my feelings, that I cannot forbear relating it. Mr. *D.* who with his amiable Lady, lives quite a retired life, thought his family stood in need of another servant girl. He therefore, one day, went to a sale of Negroes, and fixing his eye on a girl of about ten years of age, said to her, "Will you come with me?" The poor child, who was totally unacquainted with the *English* language, seemed, nevertheless, to understand him, and nodded her head. He then conversed with the Proprietor about some other Negroes, but afterwards, recollecting himself, turned round again to the girl, and said to her, "Well, will you come with me?" The little naked child immediately threw her arms around him and burst into tears. His heart was exceedingly touched, and he purchased her, and brought her home. She was immediately well clothed; and, before I left the Island, could speak several words of *English*, and began to sew.

Indeed the gentlemen of *Grenada*, be it spoken to their honour, do, I believe, treat their Negroes better than those of any other Island in the *West-Indies*. Their law, which provides Guardians in every parish, who are upon oath, to oversee and protect the Negroes from injurious treatment, and are invested with great powers and privileges for the purpose, is a demonstrative proof of their wisdom and humanity. This merciful law was first enacted about three years ago; and very soon afterwards, a lady was fined 500*l.* for cruelty to her negro; an act of justice which did honour to the guardians, the judges, the jury, and the whole Island.

On the monday after I landed, I took Mr. *Bishop* with

with me to visit the Hon. Mr. *Smith*, one of the members of the council, who lives near the town of *Guaave*. With this hospitable gentleman I spent a day, and was highly delighted with the sweet retirement which the woods, with a fine rivulet running through them, formed round his house. He has allotted a large out-house to Mr. *Bishop's* use, in which he is to preach, and instruct the negroes from time to time. From Mr. *Smith's* we went to the Rev. Mr. *Carew's*, the rector of *Guaave*, who received us with great courtesy, and informed us that Mr. *Bishop* should always be welcome to his house; and his negroes (about two hundred) would be collected to receive instruction, whenever Mr. *Bishop* visited him. The view of land and sea from Mr. *Carew's* house, forms one of those grand prospects which are so common in the West Indies.

But I must not pass over the noble sacrifice, which Mr. *Owens*, one of the Missionaries, lately made in this island. He was highly esteemed by General *Matthews*, the Governor of the island: and the living of *Cariacou*, one of the *Granada Islands*, being then vacant, the General offered Mr. *Owens* the living, if he would go to England (under the General's recommendation,) and be ordained by the bishop of *London*. The living is worth 400*l.* currency, per annum, which is regularly paid out of the treasury of the island of *Grenada*; and the surplice fees, which are very large, make nearly as much again. But our brother, with all the fortitude of a man of God, and with the deepest sense of the great generosity of the General, declined the offer, and continued a poor dependant Methodist preacher!

After remaining about a week in *Grenada*, I set off in the *Dashwood* packet for the island of *Tortola*. In our way we spent about twenty-four hours at *Nevis*, during which time I waited on my constant friend Mr. *Ward*, and two of the principal planters

planters of the island, who are very kind to the missionaries.

On Saturday, Jan. 26, we landed at St. Kitt's, and continued at that island forty-eight hours; during our stay I visited Dr. *Bull*, a physician, and one of the members of the assembly, who lives on the side of a burning mountain. This gentleman's garden is the best I have seen in the *West-Indies*. The situation is sufficiently cool for raising all the esculents of England; and yet a part of the mountain, near the summit, is so hot, that one can hardly bear to walk over it; but there is no danger of living near it, as the mountain has never thrown up any lava since the Europeans have been acquainted with the island. The manner in which two streams have been brought from the burning mountain to the garden, might employ the attention of the philosopher, and afford him much delight for a considerable time. While I was walking in the garden, I more than once forgot myself, and, for a second or two, imagined I was in my native country. The elegant bath was also very refreshing. At dinner, out of many dishes, I preferred the rarest I had ever eat under the torrid zone, viz, beans and bacon. The doctor made me a present of green peas, which I carried to the packet, and which I think, were as good as any I ever met with in *England*.

Sunday the 27th was indeed a refreshing day to my soul and the souls of many. I had great liberty in preaching, and every hearer seemed to be watered from on high. At the love-feast, it was most animating to hear the lively and clear accounts of their conversion, with which we were favoured by many of the negroes.

On the 28th, we left St. Christopher's, where religion flourishes like an olive tree in the house of God; and on the 30th reached Tortola. In the evening I had a large and attentive congregation. The island is very small; and yet on this little spot, and some other small islands in the neighbourhood

hood, we have one thousand four hundred awakened negroes in society, blessed be God. For a considerable time there was a warm persecution here; but the address and good management of Mr. Owens have, under a gracious Providence, entirely extinguished it. I cannot help acknowledging, with gratitude, the kindness and attention shewn me by Captain Roberts, of the *Dashwood* packet. Indeed, both from him and Captain *Bouldeston*, of the *Halifax* packet, with whom I sailed two years ago, from *Falmouth* to *Barbadoes*, I received every degree of kindness and attention, which could possibly be desired.

After employing myself in a very comfortable and profitable way for three days at *Tortola*, I hired a small sloop (being the cheapest method,) and set off with Mr. and Mrs. *Harper*, and Mr. and Mrs. *Owens*, for *Antigua*, where we were to hold our little conference. We touched at *St. Kitt's*, and took up Messrs. *Warrenner*, *Black*, and *M'Vean*. We stopped at *Nevis*, on Mr. *Pattison's* account; and the night being dark, and the weather tempestuous, lay at our kind friend Mr. *Ward's*. Next morning we again weighed anchor, and sailed into the channel which divides the islands of *Nevis* and *St. Kitts*. The weather now grew so tempestuous, and the skies darkened to that degree, that by the advice of the captain, we ran into a small bay, and anchored there; but seeing no probability of the tempest's abating for that day, we went up to the plantations, and divided ourselves among our friends. Mr. *Black* went with me to the mansion-house of *Walter Nesbit, Esq.* a member of the council, who receives the Missionaries, and whose negroes are constantly instructed by them. This benevolent gentleman has prepared a very convenient chapel for us, where the Missionary preaches to the negroes. In the evening I collected the blacks, and endeavoured to profit them as far as I was able.

An affecting circumstance lately happened here,
which

which may be worth relating. Mr. N. purchased a company of negroes from a Guinea ship; and some time after made also a purchase from another vessel. When the negroes who were bought in the last instance, were brought up to the estate, a young girl of that company fixed her eye in a moment on another of nearly the same size, who had been purchased in the first instance. The latter seemed equally affected; and they both stood like statues for a considerable time, with the deepest attention to each other that can be imagined. At last, as if satisfied with their mutual recognition, and recovered from their mute astonishment, they sprung into each other's arms, kissing, and bathing each other with their tears, till they were disengaged, with some degree of violence, from their mutual embraces—They were sisters!

In the afternoon of the next day, there was an appearance of moderate weather, when we again embarked in our little vessel, and arrived in Antigua on the 8th of February. Our friends in that favoured isle rejoiced to see us, especially as they had received intelligence of us by a strong swift sailing vessel, which had seen us on our passage, and were exceedingly uneasy on account of the storm.

The preachers being arrived from the Windward Islands, our Conference began on the 9th, and continued five days. We examined all the important minutes of the preceding Conferences, and left nothing unconsidered, I think, which would be useful to each other, or to the work in general. Our debates were free and full. All the Preachers seemed to speak their whole mind on every important subject; and, I believe, much profit will accrue to the work, from the regulations which we then made. One of the sermons which I preached before the Conference, was accompanied with peculiar unction. It was indeed one of my best times.

The

The Preachers were stationed as follows :

- 1 *Antigua*, John Baxter, Wm. Warrenner.
- 2 *Barbadoes*, Daniel Graham, Benjamin Pearce, Supernumerary.
- 3 *Grenada*, Abraham Bishop.
- 4 *St. Christopher's*, W. Black (in his absence John Harper,*) Robert Pattison, Jos. Telford.
- 5 *Nevis*, John Kingston.

N. B. The unmarried Preachers of *St. Christopher's* and *Nevis* are to change every half year.

- 6 *Tortola*, Thos. Owens, John M'Vean.
- 7 *Jamaica*, William Fish.

The numbers in Society were as follows :

		{ Whites	-	-	36
1 <i>Antigua</i> ,		{ Coloured People	-	-	105
		{ Blacks	-	-	2279
		{ Whites	-	-	34
2 <i>Barbadoes</i> ,		{ Coloured People	-	-	7
		{ Blacks	-	-	10
3 <i>Grenada</i> ,		Coloured People and Blacks			30
		{ Whites	-	-	4
4 <i>St. Vincent's</i> ,†		{ Coloured people			450
		{ and Blacks			}

		Carried over			2955

5 *Dominica*,

* The climate of the West Indies does not agree with Mr. Harper. It was therefore agreed, that Mr. Black, whose station is in Nova Scotia, shall change with Mr. Harper, as soon as Mr. Black can bring his family to the Islands.

† There were near a thousand in society in *St. Vincent's*, when we were driven out of the island by the persecution mentioned above; but near half the number still continue their private religious meetings, notwithstanding they are without a minister.

		Brought forward	2955
5	<i>Dominica</i> ,*	{ Coloured people and Blacks }	20
		{ Whites - - }	32
6	<i>St. Christopher's</i> ,	{ Coloured people and Blacks }	1522
7	<i>Nevis</i> ,	{ Coloured people and Blacks }	394
8	<i>Montserat</i> ,†	- - - -	12
		{ Whites - - }	6
9	<i>Tortola</i> ,	{ Coloured people and Blacks }	1400
		{ Whites - - - }	24
10	<i>Jamaica</i> ,	{ Coloured people Blacks - - }	46 170
In all,			<u>6570</u>

The Blacks, who nearly make up the whole of this number, have been brought out of heathenish darkness, more or less, to a knowledge of the truth, and a knowledge of themselves. They have left, as far as we can find, all their outward sins, even polygamy itself; and a considerable part of them give so clear and rational an account of their conversion, and of the influence of religion upon their hearts and lives, as is exceedingly animating and encouraging to their pastors, the Missionaries.

After the Conference, I rode to English Harbour, where we have a small society. This harbour is the finest and most commodious of any, perhaps, in

* These were some of the remains of Mr. Mc. Cornock's labours, as mentioned before.

† We have no opening at present for a mission in the island of Montserat, on account of the persecuting spirit of the Irish Roman Catholics, who make a considerable part of the people. However, a little company, of about twelve persons mentioned above, who are under the influences of, divine grace, are regularly met by a pious coloured person once a week.

in America, except that of Halifax, in Nova Scotia. I also preached on the estate of Sir George Thomas, where I had the large hall full of a serious praying people.

After preaching on some other estates, I returned to *St. John's*, the metropolis of *Antigua*. This island has been lately visited with an epidemic disorder, which carried off about fifty of the principal inhabitants, besides a great number of negroes. It is worthy of remark, that whenever there is a large crop of sugar, the people are obliged to pay for it by a great mortality. The heavy rains necessary for a large crop, and the consequent dampness of the air in this low island, never fail to produce an epidemic fever. Mr. Pearce, one of the Missionaries, who had before enjoyed a remarkable share of health, was seized with the reigning disorder, and brought to the point of death; but the Lord has raised him up again from the bed of sickness, and kindly spared him for his church a little longer. He was given over by his physicians, who were astonished to find him, next day, entirely out of danger. Our dear and much respected brother, Mr. Baxter, has also experienced some attacks on his constitution, which have much impaired his health. but religion makes ample amends for all the temporal evils and inconveniences; for genuine piety has here raised up her head, and flourishes abundantly, both among us and our Moravian brethren.

February 15th, I embarked for Barbadoes with Mr. Graham, and Mr. Pearce and his family. In our way we made another visit to *St. Vincent's*, but still found the door of usefulness shut against us by that most iniquitous act, which has been already mentioned. Even some of the Whites, who have no connexion with us, complain that the legislature are banishing the gospel from the island. However, our societies in and near the towns of *Kingston* and *Caliaqua*, still assemble together

together in small companies, for singing, prayer, and Christian conversation. " O God, upon my bended knees I pray thee, to remove the iron hand of persecution which, now rests upon thy little flock. Can it be consistent with thine holy attributes, that *these* should perish through the malignity and wickedness of *thine* enemies? That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee: shall not the judge of all the earth do right?"

On the 26th, we landed at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, when my worthy old friend, Mr. Button, merchant, received me with great hospitality. After waiting on the Governor, and preaching twice, I set off on my country visits. I had received intelligence that Mr. Henry, a gentleman of property and respectability, had made frequent inquiries concerning my name, person, &c. adding, " He certainly is my old friend Coke, with whom I was so intimate at Oxford." I made one of my first visits to him: and as soon as we came in sight of each other, we mutually recognized an old and intimate acquaintance, and embraced with all that warmth of affection which juvenile friendships inspire into the breast. I spent a great part of two days with him, repeating old adventures, and endeavouring to mix with them useful observations. His house and estate have been already opened to the Missionaries, and I doubt not he will be a real friend to them, if it were only for the sake of his old acquaintance, whom he has loved long, and loved well. I also spent a day or two at Mr. Harding's, the manager of a large plantation, who has besides an estate of his own. He is our friend indeed: both he and his family are truly actuated by the fear of God; and some good has been done among his negroes by Mr. Lumb. Indeed, I have met with but few families in the islands like to this. Another white family

family also, who reside about a mile from Mr. Harding, have received much benefit from Mr. Lumb's ministry. After visiting Colonel *Skeate*, Sir *Philip Gibbs*, and other Gentlemen of the Island, and preaching upon many of the estates, I returned to *Bridgetown*.

The little Society in this town, is, I think, proportionably to its numbers, the most devoted to God of any in the *Windward Islands*; for this there is much due, under the grace of God, to the labours of Mr. *Pearce*. Nor must I forget to acknowledge that our faithful brother Mr. *Lumb*, (with his colleague Mr. *Kingston*,) has been indefatigable in his labours. The negroes of *Barbadoes*, for some reasons which I cannot explain, are much less prepared for the reception of genuine religion than of any other Islands in the *West-Indies*: but constant dropping, 'tis said, will wear out a stone. I therefore trust that the day will soon arrive, when the Lord will give us such an access to their hearts and understandings, as we have not at present.

Barbadoes is the most like *England* of any Island I have ever seen. The inland part has much of the appearance of the finest lands in the *West-Riding of Yorkshire*. The numerous houses which are scattered about, and most of them white washed, with the hills at a little distance, make a very fine view. There are more white inhabitants in *Barbadoes* than in the great Island of *Jamaica*; a considerable part of it being broke into very small estates of only a few acres; so that many of the whites are very poor; nay, some are even supported by the parish; a circumstance, I believe, not known in any other part of this Archipelago. I therefore expect we shall do much good among the whites in *Barbadoes*, the luxury and intemperance of the rich not being within the reach of the poor. The Lord has raised up two Local Preachers here: one (Mr. *Brown* brother-in-law to Mr. *Pearce*) who is concerned in the Fishery-business; and another who is in the Artillery. I am in hopes that the

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former

former will soon give himself wholly to the work of a Missionary: he is one of the most pious men I know. But I cannot omit mentioning Mrs. *Shoreland*, an aged widow-lady, and her son, at whose house I preached in the course of my tour through the Island. They seem to breathe the spirit of the English Methodists; and made me feel myself perfectly at home.

On the 22nd of March, I set sail, in the Duke of Cumberland Packet, from the Island of *Barbadoes* for *Kingston* in *Jamaica*. A French Count, an English Officer, and myself, were the passengers. The Count was a very pleasing man, and, like his countrymen in general, all life and spirit, even in the midst of misfortunes. He informed us that he had been a Member of the Assembly of the States General in *France*, and consequently of the first National Assembly; but his fervent Loyalty for the King obliged him to fly to *England*; and his estates in *France*, which were considerable, were confiscated. He had two estates in *St. Domingo*, and was going to *Jamaica* in hopes of procuring some information concerning them. But he was dreadfully frightened when he came within sight of *Hispaniola*, and could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for fear of being taken by a French frigate or privateer. At our first meal on board, he turned round to me, and with all the pathos of the Frenchman, cried out, "Sir they have murdered my King!" Then he addressed the company and said, "I beg your pardon that I have been born a Frenchman!"

When we were near the Island of *St. Vincent's*, which lay in our way to *Jamaica*, the English Officer desired to be set on shore, in order to see a friend, to which the master of the packet, *John Long*, immediately consented; I earnestly entreated the same favour, but the surly man refused, although the boat was along side our vessel, and I was deprived of the opportunity of taking another farewell of my friends in the Island.

On the 29th, we arrived at *Kingston*, with the
news

news of war. Our Society in this town is small, in proportion to the size of the place. It hardly exceeds 200: many of them, however, are much devoted to God. We have also some Local Preachers here, both among the whites and blacks, who promise to be useful. Mr. *Forzbrook*, a merchant's clerk, (whose mother was a member of our Society in *Castle-Dunnington, Leicestershire*,) is well qualified to be a Travelling Preacher. I hope, the impediments which his present situation throws in his way, will soon be removed. Mr. *Guirey*, also, a young man from *America*, is, I believe, a tolerable Exhorter: his father had been a respectable Merchant in *Philadelphia*, but met with misfortunes in life, which the greatest integrity, and most genuine piety, could not prevent. O how difficult is it, and yet how comfortable, to believe that "all things work together for our good:" Mr. *Guirey*, the Father, did thus believe; and though reduced from affluence to a low estate, continued to trust fully in the Lord.

Young Mr. *Guirey* arrived lately from *Cape Francois*, the Capital of the French part of the Island of *Hispaniola*. Soon after he landed at *Cape Francois*, he was informed, that, being an American, he might safely visit the negro-army. He accordingly went; and, being surrounded by a body of troops, was brought before the General. The General was a Sam-boy, i. e. the offspring of a Mulatto and a Black, with whom he dined. Several of the General Officers dined with him: and when one of them, whose face appeared perfectly black, accidentally opened his breast, Mr. *Guirey* just observed that the skin was white: so that his face must have been painted. The description which Mr. *Guirey* gave of the state of the country was dreadful indeed. The whole seemed to be utterly laid waste. When the cane-grounds were set on fire, many of the Planters were seized by the negro soldiers, and thrown into the fire, and burnt alive. Indeed,

the destruction of property, and loss of lives, is hardly to be described.

And is it to be wondered at? For Mr. *Guirey* informed me, that the inhabitants of *Cape Francois* were arrived at such a height of wickedness, that fornication was frequently practised even in the corners of the streets, and in the open day, without the least infamy attending it. Agreeable to this account was that of a Counsellor in the Island of *Tortola*, who had received his education at *Brazen-Nose College* in *Oxford*, and had taken the degree of doctor of civil laws in that University. This Gentleman had resided for a few years at *Cape Francois*, and informed me, that father and daughter were frequently known to live together in an incestuous manner; and yet not the least cognizance was taken of it by the ruling powers. Is it surprising that God should so signally judge such a people as this?

On Monday, April 1, I set off with Mr. *Fish* and Mr. *Guirey*, for *Montego-Bay*, in order to improve the opening, which I was favoured with about two years ago. After riding in the heat of the sun for a whole day, we came to a place called *Old Harbour*. When we entered the inn, I perceived that I had never been there before. On inquiry, I found that we had got to the very opposite side of the Island to what we intended; that we travelled leeward, instead of windward. However, from the Landlady's account and from a map of the Island, it appeared, that we had lost nothing; it being impossible to go through the Island in a direct line, on account of the steep and lofty Mountains; and we only took one side of it instead of the other. And that if we crossed one high Mountain called *May-Hill*, we should have no more to travel one way than the other. The next morning Mr. *Fish* complained of a violent head-ache: and, as he had some time ago a seasoning fever, I begged of him to return, lest he should suffer a relapse.

After

After travelling a few miles we came between the high Mountains, and began to enjoy the romantic prospects, with which *Jamaica* abounds. On our journey, Mr. *Guirey* gave me the following account of a persecution which happened about twelve months before, at *Salem*, in the state of *New Jersey*:

“ A mob were, several times, very riotous in our Chapel: but on application to the magistrates, we obtained effectual relief; which has been universally and invariably the case in the states of *America*. The rioters not being able to disturb us, took another method of injuring the cause of Christ. They assembled in a place of their own, and acted Love-feasts, Band-meetings, Class-meetings, &c. to the great entertainment of their profane auditors. One night, when they were performing a public Band-meeting, a young woman stood up on a bench to profess her experience: and after speaking several things which commanded the mirth of the assembly, she cried out, (at the same time beating her breast,) “ *glory be to God, I have found peace, and am sanctified, and am now fit to die.*” As soon as she had uttered these words, she dropt down dead upon the spot, to the inexpressible terror of the whole company, which immediately broke up, and they stole away in the greatest consternation, except a few who remained with the corpse. The persecution immediately ceased; and not a tongue moved afterwards against the Gospel, or its Friends.”

After travelling through a champaign country; our views, near sunset, were extraordinary romantic. The hanging rocks and trees formed a most grotesque and awful appearance. All the rocks were white, and so perforated, that they seemed like immense heaps of white moss. About sun-set we arrived at a solitary inn in the midst of the mountains, after riding thirty miles in the heat of the day; and made our dinner and supper at one meal. The place was called the *Green-Ponds*. Next morning before sun-rise, we began to ascend *May-hill*, a

vast, steep mountain, and about eleven o'clock, gained the summit, which contained a few square miles of ground. Here we found a tavern, at which we breakfasted: and on inquiring the name of the Parish (Elizabeth Parish) I recollected that the little handful of Moravian Brethren who reside in this Island could not be far distant from me. My landlord confirmed my ideas, and informed me that we could easily reach the house of Mr. *Angel*, one of the Brethren, by night. I then remembered that Mr. *Angel* was brother-in-law of Mr. *Joseph Bradford*, one of our Travelling Preachers. When we arrived at Mr. *Angel's* it was just dark: but he was from home, and the chief person in his storehouse informed us, that five miles further was the settlement of the Brethren, where we should meet with a hospitable reception. As Mr. *Angel's* house was a large one, I felt it unkind to be sent five miles through the dews of the night, which very few of the planters, through that whole *Archipelago* would have done. I therefore hired a guide, who brought us to the place. Mr. *Lister* and Mr. *Bowen* the Ministers, together with their wives, received us with the utmost courtesy; and here, indeed we found ourselves at home. O how comfortable is it, in a country where so little even of the form of religion exists, to meet with pious persons, of congenial spirits with ourselves! The kindness and attention of this simple-hearted family, made ample amends for our dark and dewy ride. With them we could sweetly speak and sing of the Love of Jesus; and our Lord was truly present, both in conversation, and in prayer. After an early breakfast, these loving people conveyed us one stage in their one horse chair, whilst the guide they had provided, brought our horses. May our common Lord and Saviour reward them!

When we arrived at the end of our stage, we found that we should be obliged to cross a great number of cattle-pens and plantations, and should meet with no more inns till we reached *Montego-Bay*.

We

We accordingly set off across the country, and arrived about noon on a Plantation, of which Mr. *Leard*, a Scotchman, is the manager. This gentleman received us with the greatest civility and politeness; but we had not been here long, before the rains poured down like torrents, and we were thankful to divine Providence, and the master of the house, for this comfortable assylum. Next morning I was favoured with the company of Mr. *Leard*, and two or three of the principal men of the island, for fifteen miles. One of the gentlemen, who had an elegant saddle-horse as well as a phaeton, perceived that I was a little fatigued with the heat, and insisted on my riding in his phaeton most part of the way, whilst he rode on horseback. The gentlemen at parting, advised us, by all means to stop as soon as possible, and to rest for the remainder of the day, lest too violent exercise might bring on an inflammation of the blood; and gave me leave to use their names at the pens and plantations. The first at which we called, the gentleman was not at home; and we were refused admittance. This was the first instance of the kind I ever met with: yet, probably, the master of the house, would have received us cheerfully; for there are no men I have ever been acquainted with, more generous and hospitable to strangers, than the *West-India* planters. We then retired to some distance from the house, and sat down on the grass to rest ourselves, whilst our horses were cropping the herbage around us. From thence we went to a plantation called the *Seven-Rivers*; Mr. *Price*, the manager, whom I found to be my countryman, gave us a hearty welcome. Being now refreshed, we proceeded on our journey, and came to a plantation called *Montpellier*, where we abode for the night.

Next morning, April the 5th, we set off at day-break, and breakfasted in *Montego-Bay*. Immediately after I called upon my old acquaintance Mr. *Brown*, the Proprietor of the Assembly-room, who again generously gave me the free use of it.

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The next business was to send a Messenger round the town from house to house, to give notice of my preaching in the evening, in consequence of which I had a very considerable congregation. After I had enforced on the audience the great truths of Christianity, a company of rakes, with a printer, whose name was T. at their head, kept up a loud clapping of hands for a considerable time. I then withdrew into Mr. *Brown's* dwelling-house : but my companion Mr. *Guirey* lost me, and going out of the room into the street, was instantly surrounded by the rakes, who shouted, and swore they would first begin with the servant : on which an officer of the army drew his sword, and stretching it forth, declared he would run it through the body of any one who dared to touch the young man ; on which they all slunk back, and withdrew.

Next morning I went to Church, and in the afternoon preached to a small, but deeply attentive congregation in the Assembly-room, from 1 John v. 12. " He that hath the Son, hath life ;" and all was peace.

Having no engagement to dine, I went to the ordinary, where a gentleman took me aside into another room. After many apologies, and expressing his great regard for me, he intimated that he was an admirer of the Writings of Baron Swedenburgh. He likewise informed me, that a plot was laid, and intended to be put in execution against me, at the Assembly-room in the evening, and that powder was to be used. He therefore advised me to give up all thoughts of preaching. I thanked him for his well-meant advice, and tender feelings on my account ; but observed, that I was in the way of duty, and if my great Master was pleased to take me to himself that evening by the violence of wicked men, or in any other way, I was perfectly satisfied ; well knowing that it was easy for him to raise a far better instrument than I was, for his gracious purposes ; and that, through the divine assistance, I should endeavour to preach at the time appointed.

appointed. The evening came, and a crowded congregation attended. At the beginning of the service Mr. T. began to be noisy, on which one of the Magistrates of the town who was present, stepped up to him, and spoke such strong and authoritative words, that Mr. T. and his crew thought proper to be silent from that time.

Mr. Mountague and several other Gentlemen shewed me much respect, during my short residence in this town. Several of the negroes were awakened by my public Ministry, and by calling upon them in their houses; and I might have formed a Class of earnest seeking souls. I know, through the Grace of God, I was an instrument of good. O how wonderfully gracious is he, how infinitely condescending, in stooping to use so unworthy an instrument for his own great Glory, and the salvation of souls!

On the 8th of April we set off from *Montego-Bay*, on our return to *Kingston*. I confess it would have given me pleasure, if I could have staid a month longer in a place, where the Lord was pleased signally to bless me: especially as I had no Missionary to leave behind me, to water the seed which had been sown. However, the Will of God concerning me, was clear; and I accordingly proceeded on my journey.

Before we arrived at our breakfasting-place, we were joined by the Captain of a Merchant-ship from *Hull*, who knew me well, being a regular attendant at our Chapel, when he is at home. He was a pleasing and serious companion. After breakfast we rode together to *Martha-Brace-Point* (generally, I believe, called *Falmouth*) about 24 miles from *Montego-Bay*. Here I met with Mr. *Kitchen*, the mate of a London-ship, whose wife is a pious member of our London-Society, I believe, he also is, when in Town. He requested me to dine with him on board his ship, which lay in the Bay, to which I readily assented: but before we took boat, a Captain of a London Merchant ship,
of

of the name of *Ward*, came up to me with some other Gentlemen, and entreated me to favour the inhabitants of the town with a sermon in the evening. He was seconded by his companions, who engaged to procure for me the Assembly-room, and to give general notice. I had intended to have rode another stage in the afternoon, but thinking that this might be a providential call, I complied; especially, as I was informed that there never had been a sermon preached in the town since it was built, although there is a regular parochial Clergyman, with a handsome stipend, whose sole employment is to perform the offices of matrimony, baptism, and the burial of the dead.

A little before preaching I returned from the ship; and at the time appointed, found a considerable congregation collected in the Assembly-room, notice having been sent from house to house. I preached on the New Birth, from John iii. 3. and was led to speak in a closer and severer manner, than I am accustomed to do in the opening of new places. For twenty minutes a deep silence reigned throughout the audience, when the very Captain, who had in the first instance so importunately entreated me to preach, broke out in the following words, "Sir, if what you say be true, we must all be damned: I do not like your doctrine at all." The Bucks and Bloods instantly took the hint; and from that time there was nothing but confusion. However, I elevated my voice to its highest pitch; and continued my discourse for about twenty minutes longer in the midst of noise and distraction. Several ladies who sat opposite to me seemed perfectly attentive during the whole of the service. One of them, as I was afterwards informed, who was the first Lady in the town, addressed herself, after I had retired, to a young Gentleman, who had been one of the rioters, in the following manner: "Till this time I always considered you as a decent, virtuous young man; but now I find you are

are a vagabond; and I forbid you ever to darken my door again."

When I came into my chamber, my kind friend Mr. *Kitchen* followed me, and begged of me to take a bed in his ship, as there would be nothing but noise and rioting in the Tavern till midnight. I accepted of the kind offer of my friend, though I was rather afraid to venture on the water after the violent perspiration I always experience, when I preach in the evening, and more especially in that sultry climate. Two pious Captains from *Liverpool* made me also a visit, one of whom, a Baptist, of Mr. *Medley's* congregation, is, I really believe, a shining Christian. He is well known in the northern parts of *Jamaica* under the name of the Preaching Captain. The generous offer of the Captain from *Hull*, whom I have mentioned above, viz. that he would give me a passage home for nothing, if I would sail with him, I shall never forget; but the delay of waiting for a convoy, would, I was certain, prevent my being in *England* in time for the Conference. Before I retired with Mr. *Kitchen*, I called at the stable to inquire after my horse, and found that he had been removed from his stall, and that his corn and fodder had been stolen from him. I immediately returned into the Tavern, and in a circle of Gentlemen, who were in a jovial mood, complained of the usage I had received. One of them, a stout young man, about six feet high, instantly came up to me, and standing by my side, said that he would defend me against the world. On this, he began to swear, and bawl and roar, till the whole family were in a perfect consternation. My horse was immediately replaced, and fresh corn and fodder procured for him. When this was accomplished, the young gentleman took me aside, and staggering, (for he was very drunk) addressed me as follows: "Sir, I was once a Methodist, of the Countess of *Huntingdon's* connexion in *Bristol*; and had the honour of being for some time a steward of that society. I have now in my custody
several

several letters written with the Countess's own hand: these I have shewn to many in this island. But, O Sir, they only laugh at them, and at every thing which is sacred. And though, Sir, I find myself obliged to live and converse as the rest do, or I should become an object of universal contempt and ridicule, yet, says he, beating his breast, "I have it here: I have faith, Sir, I have faith." Poor young man, thought I; if the great woman, whom you so justly commend, and whose memory will ever be revered by the truly pious, were to hear you, she would say, as that eminent minister of God, Mr. George Whitfield, observed on a similar occasion, "I see clearly you are one of my converts, and not a convert of Jesus Christ."

After spending a very comfortable night in the ship, of which Mr. *Kitchen* was the mate, I returned to shore early in the morning of the 9th; and proceeded on my journey. In the evening we reached *St. Ann's Bay*. Before I retired to rest, the Curate of the parish, with two others, came into the room where I was. The Curate was exceedingly inquisitive; and being informed by me, in answer to one of his many inquiries, that I had been educated in the University of *Oxford*, he observed, "I had my education in *Oxford* too." Pray, Sir, said I, of what house were you? "House, Sir, house," said he. "Of what College, Sir, said I." "O Sir, of *Oxford* College, of *Oxford* College." He seemed a little confounded, apprehending he had made a small blunder; and quoted the first line of the *Æneid* of *Virgil*, in Latin, and the first verse of the first chapter of *St. John's Gospel* in Greek, but in a most wretched manner. However, finding my mouth perfectly sealed, he and his companions, after a few more observations, were pleased to withdraw to my great joy. They were going according to the custom of that part of the Island, to sit up all night with the corpse of a Lady, who had just breathed out her last. But they took care, first of all, to
water

water their own clay with an abundance of rum and water.

The next day, the 10th, we travelled nearly to the top of *Mount Diable*, of the precipices and romantic views of which I have spoken in a former Journal. The keeper of the turnpike-gate, kept also a small inn, where we were very comfortably entertained. The following night we lay at *Spanish-Town*, and on the 12th about noon arrived at our Chapel in *Kingston*. The next morning I had two or three blessed hours of refreshment in the public ordinances of God with our beloved society in that town. In the afternoon, Mr. *Fish*, with many of the friends, accompanied me to the packet: and in the morning of the 14th, the packet sailed for *England*; and landed us safe at *Falmouth* on the 6th of June.

On the 4th of June, early in the morning, as we were entering the mouth of the English channel, the sailor at the mast-head gave notice of a sail in view. The Captain instantly went to the mast-head, and, after remaining there a considerable time, came down, and informed us that we were certainly chased by a privateer. For twenty-four hours the chase continued, till the privateer was within about a mile and a half of our packet. We had no force sufficient to make any resistance. All was despair among the crew and passengers; till behold! appeared Lord *Hood*, with eleven sail of the Line, and all their accompaniments, bound for the Mediterranean. Joyfully did we sail into the midst of our friends, whilst the Privateer made the best of her way towards the coast of France. Thus did providence deliver us. Then "praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name. Praise the Lord, O my soul: while I live, will I praise the Lord; yea, as long as I have any being, will I sing praises to my God!"

EXTRACTS

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EXTRACTS
OF THE
JOURNALS
OF THE LATE
REV. DR. THOMAS COKE'S
SIXTH VISIT
TO
NORTH-AMERICA,
AND ON HIS RETURN OF A TOUR THROUGH A
PART OF
IRELAND.

ON the 6th of August, 1796, we went on board the ship *Friendship*, at *Gravesend* near *London*, bound for *Baltimore*. The company in the cabin were the captain and his mate, the captain of another vessel which had been shipwrecked, Mr. *Pontavice* (my French Companion,) another passenger, and myself. The winds were so very light, that we were about a week before we cleared the land.

Very soon I found that my friend and myself had fallen into the hands of some of the most wretched of men. To give a minute account of the ill usage I received during a nine weeks' voyage,

age, would, I think, be sufficient to fill a volume. Though I paid the Captain the great price he insisted on, which was eighty guineas for myself and my friend, (as I was obliged to hasten, in order to be present at the General Conference at *Baltimore* and there being no other convenient ship, which I could find at the time,) the provisions he laid in, were very mean; and, when the ship arrived at *Baltimore*, he had only a sufficiency of the common ship's provisions for two days more. But this was a point of small consideration; for the Lord did abundantly feed my soul with the living Bread from Heaven, while he fed me with the bread of affliction. The obscenity and blasphemy of the two Captains, with the various means which they employed to make my passage painful, are not easily to be described. Common delicacy indeed would prevent me from relating various particulars of their conduct. But there was one happy circumstance; the weather was very fair, and they generally spent their mornings, from breakfast to dinner, on deck; so that Mr. *Pontavice* and myself read over *Osterwald's* folio edition of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha, with his annotations, besides other French books. I also spent about half my time in preparing some publications for the press. And by the means of these sweet exercises, the voyage was rendered in some measure supportable.

However the cruel usage I received, brought on a fit of illness, which confined me to my bed for three days. During this time the Lord did truly speak to my heart. I received such instructions and blessings from him, as I shall never forget. O how was I weaned from the world and all its follies; and not only so, but became willing to be any thing or nothing, as the Lord pleased; to be employed or laid aside, as he judged proper. This was a spirit I was but little acquainted with before. I had sincerely loved God for many years, and had no ambition but to be the instrument immediately

and remotely of converting millions to him. I had been long willing to die, but not to be inactive while I lived. But now, through the grace of God, I could say, "Thy will be done." At the same time I lost, I hope, none of my zeal. I still equally long for the conversion of souls: but I find myself entirely resigned in respect to the instruments he uses. I am sensible I wanted all I have suffered. From that time I have hardly known which to thank my God most for, his open or disguised blessings; prosperity or adversity.

One evening, we had a most beautiful set of calm-clouds. They so exactly represented land, that it seemed to be within half a mile of us. Some of them resembled fields after the reaping of the corn. The sunshine was not much too strong. The woods were charmingly depicted. I think the whole was superior to that remarkable set of clouds near the coast of *Ireland*, which I described in a former Journal; and must observe as I did then, that those who have been always confined to land, have very inadequate ideas of their beauty. Persons indeed may take many voyages, and not be indulged with the pleasure of seeing any equal to these. The sailors seem to have no taste for any thing of the kind.

About six weeks after we sailed, on a Sunday morning, when the sea was perfectly calm, we saw a wreck. It proved to be a ship bound to *London* from *Honduras-Bay* in the Gulph of *Mexico*. About five or six days before, in a storm, the skirts of which had reached us, it was overset, and the sailors were obliged to cut down all the masts to restore it to its proper position. It was loaded with mahogany and logwood, the specific gravity of which on the whole was lighter than water. This prevented it's sinking. The ship's company, I think, consisted of a captain, a mate, four white sailors, three negroes, an Indian, one woman and a boy. The masts being cut down, the ship soon filled with
water

water. Before this they had brought up all their provisions, and placed them on the securest part of the deck; but the wind rising higher, a few great waves washed off the whole, and the poor woman also. She was the wife of one of the sailors, (I believe of the mate,) had been in *Honduras-Bay* for upwards of twenty years, and had now set off for *London* to make one visit to her English friends before she died. The abundance of fish which were swimming round the wreck, and apparently waiting for their prey, was astonishing. The poor men remained for five days and five nights in this dismal condition, without the least food or drink of any kind, except some bits of leather which they cut off from the cover of the cabin sky-light, and sea-water, of which some drank abundantly, contrary to the entreaty of their Captain,—and another kind of drink too bad to be mentioned. The Captain of our ship, bad as he was, had compassion enough to take them on board. But their looks were exceedingly affecting. Their eagerness for water was extreme: and it was with difficulty they were persuaded to swallow down or suck a little biscuit, before they drank. The Captain only was an exception. He behaved like a hero. His face was serenity itself; nor could one have imagined by his countenance, that he had suffered any hardship. He walked down to the cabin, and waited without the least word expressive of uneasiness, till some beef and bread were set before him, and eat several bits before he attempted to drink. “O Sir,” said the mate to me, “you cannot conceive how sweet sea-water is.” One of the negroes, I soon found, was a child of God, a preacher and a Leader of a Class. He had done considerable good in *Honduras-Bay*, and at one time had a congregation; but, as he humbly confessed himself, his hearers in general left him, (except those who were awakened,) on account of the deficiency of his talents for preaching continually to the same congregation. Among his spiritual children were some of

the principal women of the place, to one of whom (a Lady of fortune) I had a letter of recommendation for Mr. Fish, one of our Missionaries in the *West-Indies*, who was going to that settlement. Mr. Fish will therefore find a little Society ready to receive him, if the Spanish war does not put an end to the Mission to *Honduras-Bay* at present. I have no doubt but the prayers of that child of God prevailed for the whole crew; for there was but himself among them all, who seemed to have the least trace of religion. Our Captain tied his ship to the wreck, and got cannon, cordage, sails, blocks, &c. from the wreck, which, I believe, were worth not less than £200. But late in the evening, while he was returning with a cannon which was tied to the side of his boat, the wind suddenly sprung up, the cord broke which fastened our ship to the wreck, and it was with the utmost difficulty he was saved.

On the 3rd of October we saw American land, and to me it was truly joyful: but, alas! when we came within about a league of the *Chesapeak-Bay*, we were driven leeward by the wind, and obliged to shift off from the coast; and were five days more before we got securely into the *Bay*. This was no inconsiderable trial to me in the dreadful situation in which I was; for the ill usage I received from the two Captains, daily grew worse and worse. But all was good for me!

I confess I had sometimes thoughts of exposing those cruel men in *Baltimore*, where my sincere friends were both numerous and respectable, and even of entering a prosecution against them. But whenever I indulged these thoughts, I perceived something like resentment arising in my breast, which, if further indulged, might possibly have ended in determinate revenge: and that portion of Scripture so frequently and powerfully presented itself to my mind, "*Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord,*" that I at last resolved not to move or even to speak on this business, contrary to that
Gospel,

Gospel, which says, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you:" and when my whole soul was fully made up to proceed in this spirit, I felt a calm and tranquillity which it would be difficult to describe. Indeed I believe their design was to bring on a violent fever, or, if they could, to drive me into a state of insanity, that by any means they might prevent my future service in a cause which they so perfectly hated. But I can say, that during the whole of the voyage, I dropped not from my mouth to any one of them a word which was harsh, or, as far as I can judge, inconsistent with the spirit of love. For this I give all the glory to the grace of God!

When we were able to cast anchor in the *Chesapeake-Bay*, a pilot-boat came up, in which I might have sailed to *Baltimore*, probably in forty-eight hours. But the Captain would not suffer me to take a single article with me. The wind was contrary; but the small boat could have sailed close with the wind, and have made its way, though the ship could not. A point of delicacy now influenced me to remain still in the ship. I was afraid to leave my trunks and boxes entirely in the hands of these miserable beings. I had many manuscripts with me, on which I set a considerable value; and as these were part of my baggage, they were of course not entered in the Custom-house. I therefore had no check against the artifices of these men, unless I left Mr. *Pontavice* behind me; and it appeared to me cruel to leave him by himself in such horrid company. The next day came, and their abuse, blasphemy, and obscenity, still continued. The wind was yet contrary, and likely to be so. I knew, that ships are sometimes detained for a fortnight or three weeks in the *Chesapeake*, before they can be brought up to *Baltimore*; and it was possible I should be too late for the General Conference,

ference, which was soon to assemble, if I staid in the ship. Surely, seldom did I pray more earnestly than for the appearance of some small boat, which might carry me to land, and deliver me from the floating hell, in which I was imprisoned. When behold, two boats appeared in sight! I immediately requested the Captain in the gentlest manner I could, to hail those boats: "No," said he, "You might have gone yesterday in the pilot-boat. It will be using the pilot ill to let you go in any other." I again sat down, and prayed: after which I once more addressed the Captain, and told him, that as he objected to hail those boats which were in sight, because of the loss the pilot suffered by my not embracing the opportunity afforded me the day before, I would pay his pilot the price which he had demanded. On this, to my great joy and surprse, he ordered a jack to be hoisted as a signal to the boats, one of which soon afterwards came up. Two young men, who were in the boat, demanded a guinea to carry me to *St. Mary's-Bay*, to which they themselves were going. I immediately agreed, and after apologizing to Mr. *Pontavice* for leaving him behind on account of the trunks and boxes, and delivering to him two letters of recommendation to our friends in *Baltimore*, lest he should be there before me, I set off with one shirt in my great coat pocket, full of thanks to God for my deliverance, and for the never-to-be-forgotten blessings which I received at his hands by the means of suffering. I am persuaded that this voyage was the most useful season of my life.

I must not omit the concluding instance of the Captain's behaviour, though it could hardly be named a trial or suffering, in comparison to the innumerable instances of his wanton cruelty. When I went into the little Schooner, the young men informed me, that they had hardly any meat remaining, and that we might not reach *St. Mary's-Bay* till the next morning. I therefore requested the
 Captain

Captain to give us a little bread and pork ; and though he was now so near the land on each side of the *Bay*, that he could on an emergency have sent his boat on shore for a supply of provisions, he answered, " I have none to spare." So I set off with a heart exceedingly light.

Late in the night we arrived in *St. Mary's-Bay*, at the mouth of *St. Mary's* river, and were obliged to remain in the Schooner all the night. I confess that my arms and sides were rather sore in the morning, from lying on the hard wood, with only a blanket under me, and another over me, for the wood was peculiarly hard : yet, notwithstanding, it was a most comfortable night. When I went on deck, I found myself in a little romantic nook of the *Bay*, which was perfectly land-locked. It seemed like a small lake without any entrance into it. The sun shone bright. The plantations within sight were numerous : and so intermixed with wood and water, that, though I have seen innumerable superior prospects, never, I think, did any other prospect so delight me. I only wanted brother *Pontavice* to be with me, to cry out " *Quelles Beutes !*"

The boat men informed me, that on the top of the hill within sight lived Captain *Chizzle*, a most hospitable Gentleman. From their account also I found that the inhabitants of that county were chiefly Roman Catholics, but that there were also many members of the Church of *England*, scattered through it, of whom Capt. *Chizzle* was one. I immediately walked up to the Captain's, who received me politely, but observed, that it would be exceedingly difficult for me to get horses from place to place at that time, they being all employed in the field. He therefore advised me to go on the morrow by water in the Sloop of a Gentleman of his acquaintance, who was going at the same time. I could hardly bear the thoughts of returning back into the *Chesapeak-Bay*. However, when breakfast was over, it being the Lord's day, I went with the
 Captain

Captain to Church, where I heard a very tolerable sermon, and afterwards dined with my friend the Captain, the Clergyman, and several others, at the house of a neighbouring Gentleman. Among them was the proprietor of the Sloop: and all things were settled for me to return that day to Captain *Chizzle's*, and the next to sail in the Sloop,

Accordingly, on the next day, after dining at a Gentleman's on the other side of *St. Mary's* river, I went to the house of the proprietor of the vessel, who was a man of great hospitality and refined sense. Another Gentleman was there, who intended going with us in the same Sloop; but they were resolved to stay a couple of days before they sailed. Every attention which could be wished for, was paid me. But I soon found that my two companions had embraced the opinions of *Thomas Payne*, and the other modern Infidels. Having been once a Deist myself, (O what a Miracle of Grace now!) I perhaps was better qualified on that account to meet their various arguments. They disputed with the utmost politeness, and manifested a constant fear of giving offence. Indeed they seemed to be candid inquirers after Truth: but whether my arguments were sufficient to proselyte them, or not, I cannot say. In the evening of the second day we sailed; and when we arrived at the mouth of the great river *Potomawk*, which was seven miles in breadth, and into which the river *St. Mary's* empties itself, we came to anchor for the night. Those who have never visited *America*, have very inadequate conception of the manner in which that immense country is watered. The traveller is continually surprised by vast navigable rivers. The next morning we entered the *Bay*. But the wind was so opposed to us, and one of the Gentlemen grew so sick, that we again put back to the mouth of the *Potomawk*. I now was determined to travel by land at all events, though I was 25 miles farther from *Baltimore*, than at the place where I first came on shore. In the morning therefore I insisted,

sisted, as far as was consistent with good manners to be brought to land, with which they complied with a great deal of kind reluctance.

I cannot but here notice the gracious kindness of Providence to this country, in bestowing upon it one of the finest bays in the world. The *Chesapeake* for 200 miles, or upwards, through the heart of the country, is in general from seven to thirteen miles in breadth, and receives into its bosom many large navigable rivers, which altogether open such sources of trade to the States of *Virginia* and *Maryland*, as enable them to send off all the superfluous produce of the country, and to receive in return every convenience of life which *Europe*, *Asia*, or *Africa*, can afford them. A country more extensive than these three kingdoms, lies open to every advantage of commerce by the means of this *Bay* and its rivers.

Near the shore where I landed, was a house to which I immediately repaired. The name of the proprietor was *Robert Armstrong*; whom I immediately informed of my situation, and who I was. "Sir," said he, "though I am not a member of your church, I have heard of you, and have a great regard for your Society. My son-in-law, now dead, was a Methodist Preacher. I have a good horse in the stable at your service: but if I had been obliged to have taken one from the plough, I would have done it for you. You must return back to *Captain Chizzle's*, which is about 25 miles from hence, and I will send a servant for the horse." I accordingly returned that day to the Captain's, who the next morning lent me a couple of horses and a servant to go to his brother's, which was ten miles further.

By breakfast-time I arrived at Mr. *Chizzle's*, brother to the Captain, and a Senator of the State of *Maryland*, and informed him of my circumstances. "Sir," said he, "there is a sloop on our river, (the *Patuxen*) which will sail immediately for *Baltimore*, and you will be welcome to a place in it." "Sir,"

I replied;

I replied, "I will not go again on the water, if I be obliged to walk the whole way to *Baltimore*." (I was then a hundred miles distant from that city.) "If then you will stay and dine with me, Sir," replied the Senator, "we will consider how to send you on." I accordingly staid, and spent a few very agreeable hours with him, and two other philosophic gentlemen, who dine with us. After dinner I again expressed a desire of proceeding on my journey. "Sir," said Mr. *Chizzle*, "if you will take a bed at my house, we will to-morrow morning lay a plan for sending you on." "On condition, Sir," I answered, "that you promise to send me on immediately after breakfast to-morrow, I will stay with you." "I make you that promise," he replied, smiling. Before tea, I took a walk into the woods. He met me returning. "What book, Sir," said he, "are you reading?" "Thomas a Kempis's Christian Pattern, Sir," said I. "Will you permit me, Sir, to look into it?" he replied. "If you will do me the honour of accepting it, Sir," I answered, "You will confer a favour upon me." "I will Sir," said the Senator; "and I promise you, that both I and my family will read it through." After breakfast in the morning he observed, "Now, Sir, there are two horses ready for you. I will send you to a friend of mine, and will write in such a manner that you shall have no difficulty all the way to *Baltimore*. My friends will forward you on from stage to stage. But to relieve you from all anxiety, if on this plan you find any difficulty, you may take my servant and horses to the end of your journey. Or, as there are I know, many of your Societies at the other end of the county, my servant shall carry you to them. There is one of your friends particularly (Mr. *Child*) who, I believe, is a preacher, and a man of established character, who lives about 30 miles from hence in your direct way to *Baltimore*: if you prefer this latter plan, my servant will set you down at his house." I preferred the latter, and was accordingly set down in the evening at the house

house of brother *Child*. I certainly shall never forget the kindness of this gentleman. I long to visit him again, and preach the Gospel in his neighbourhood; for I really believe he would prove a friend of the Lord Jesus.

In riding through the woods the autumnal prospects were most delightful. The various colours of the leaves, the flowering trees, and the views of water from time to time, contrasted with my wretched, though most profitable, situation for nine weeks in the ship, exceedingly animated my spirits, and raised my attention and affections, I trust, still more to that God, who, I can say, is the joy of my heart and the delight of my eyes.

Though I was greatly pleased with the generosity and hospitality of the Senator, I confess I felt peculiar pleasure in arriving at the house of a Methodist, and especially of one who enjoyed an eminent degree of the love of God. His excellent wife had seen me about 12 years before, when unmarried, in a distant place, and immediately recognized me. When we went to family-prayer, I felt a power in prayer, a prevalence with God, a sacred breathing, which for ten weeks I had not the privilege of enjoying in public. In private indeed, I can truly say the Lord was with me. O he is very good! "Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy Name."

The next day Brother *Child* went with me to Mr. *David Weems*'s. We reached his house by dinner-time. Brother *Weems* immediately proposed to send round the neighbourhood, and raise a congregation for me. I consented, and preached in the evening to a lovely assembly of perhaps fifty or sixty attentive hearers, in his parlour. O how pleasing it was to enter once more on my public ministry!

The following day, Brother *Weems* sent me to the city of *Annapolis*. Here I spent two days, and preached to two very large congregations. When I first visited this city in 1785, we had no preaching

house; but the theatre was opened to me. Pitt, boxes and gallery were filled with people according to their ranks in life; and I stood upon the stage, and preached to them; though, at first I confess, I felt a little awkward. But now things are altered. Soon after my first visit, a small church was erected for us, and the work rapidly increased through town and country. In the city, especially, the meetings frequently continued till the morning, and the prayers and praises of the people were sometimes exceedingly loud; so that the great and rich heavily complained of the disturbance which was given them, and threatened a severe persecution. At this time the General Election commenced. The county of *Annapolis* returned four members to the Assembly: and just at the close of the poll for the county-election, by the excellent management of one of our friends, our freeholders came in a body, and carried the election for the four candidates who were the lowest on the poll, and had almost given up their election in despair. At the next sitting of the Assembly of the State, Mr. *Haggerty*, our elder in the city, embraced the opportunity, and as our church was situated in a very inconvenient place, petitioned the Assembly for the grant of a piece of waste ground which was most commodiously situated. Our four members immediately made excellent speeches on religious liberty and impartiality, and a vote was obtained by a majority of two to one, which was afterwards confirmed by the Senate. We had accordingly a new preaching-house on a commodious spot, to the great mortification of our enemies.

Whilst I was in this city, I met with Brother *Ignatius Pigman*, one of our elders, who had been a little before in *Kentucky* on the other side of the *Apalachian* mountains. In coming back he had a party with him who were also on their return. Having some business to transact, he left his party, intending to follow and overtake them: and imagining that they had proceeded before him, and knowing that

that they were well stocked with provisions, he took with him only two pounds of dried venison, and a proportionate quantity of biscuits. It may be here necessary to observe, that the Americans in peopling the Western territory, which now forms the States of *Kentucky and Tennessee*, had passed over a great quantity of the wilderness, for the sake of the richer soil, which lay more towards the West; so that a vast tract of forest lay between the old and new settlements. The party before mentioned had about 200 miles to travel through this wilderness, in the line they designed to take. Poor Mr. *Pigman* lost his company, who staid behind longer than they at first intended; and afterward stost his way, by taking a line which inclined too much to the left. Eleven days he rode and subsisted on small quantities of his biscuits and venison, till at last the whole was expended. His horse was supported by the grass in the woods, till, at the expiration of the eleven days, the poor creature sunk under his fatigue, and Mr. *Pigman* was obliged to leave him behind him. For five days more he travelled on foot, carrying his saddle-bags on his shoulder or his arm; and at last to his great joy came to a plantation, where his kind hostess, a widow, supplied him with necessary food. By this time his clothes were so torn, that he was hardly decent: and the last day his throat was so sore, that he could scarcely swallow water. Twice he met with a wild bear. Each time he turned round, and looked firmly at the bear: the bear stopped and soon turned away. One night, towards the close of his dreadful journey, he was lying down, resting his head on his saddle-bags, which were his pillow all the way, and of a sudden heard a rustling noise, and could clearly distinguish the footsteps of a man. He had no doubt but he was an Indian, and being confident that he was not far from the cultivated country, he lay quiet till the noise was over, and then fell asleep. I reflected, What have been any of my sufferings in comparison of these! But on more mature consideration

deration, I believe that a mind deeply penetrated with a zeal of the Lord's house, may suffer much more exquisitely from trials in the church of God.

On the 18th of October, I left *Annapolis*, and, travelling in the mail-coach, arrived in the evening at the house of my much respected friend Mr. *Philip Rogers*, of *Baltimore*, two nights and a day before the General Conference. This time four years I arrived but one night before the Conference. I was pleased to find that my two deistical friends, in whose sloop I had attempted to sail, and who had arrived in *Baltimore* before me, had made very kind inquiry after me. Perhaps I was of service to them.

On the 20th, our Conference commenced, which sat for a fortnight. All was unity and love. There was not a jarring string among us. For two or three years past we have had a sifting time, after the great revivals with which we were so long and so wonderfully blessed. But in all I saw the hand of Providence. The preachers now seem to have a full view of the *Sylla* and *Charybdis*, the rocks and whirlpools, which lie on either hand; and are determined to avoid them. They are like the heart of one man. Surely this sweet and entire concord must be very pleasing to the Prince of Peace. It came from him, and to him let all the glory be ascribed! Methinks, it affords us a prospect of great days to come. At this Conference the Lord gave us signal proofs of his approbation: every evening he was graciously present; seldom could the congregation break up till near midnight; and seldom were there less than half a dozen brought into the liberty of the children of God. One Sunday morning, when I endeavoured to set forth the Intercession of Christ, seven were justified under the sermon and the prayers which succeeded it. After the service was over, I was attacked at the foot of the pulpit by a *Sweidenburgian* Lady, as I was descending; and the answers I gave her, brought on a newspaper war between her minister and me. He made the first

first attack. It was carried on with mutual politeness, and ended to the satisfaction at least, of our own friends.

I now received an exact account of the burning of Cokesbury-College. Not only the Building, but the library and the philosophical apparatus, were entirely destroyed; and what is the most trying consideration, I doubt not but it was done on purpose. The Governor of the State advertised one thousand dollars' reward for the discovery of the person or persons who perpetrated the deed; but all in vain. The gentry, for many miles round, also lamented the loss, not only from more liberal motives, but on account also of the instruction and entertainment they had received, in being admitted, with tickets, to the Philosophical Lectures of Dr. Hall, the President. Brother *Asbury* then wished to have nothing more to do with colleges. Nevertheless, seventeen of our principal friends in the *Baltimore* society met together, and thinking that the honour and credit of the connexion demanded exertion, to supply the place of *Cokesbury*, they immediately subscribed 1700*l.* currency, (1020*l.* Sterling,) towards the erecting of a new college. They then applied to the proprietor of a large building in *Baltimore*, which had been erected for balls, concerts, card-parties, &c. for the use of the city (for *Baltimore* has been lately constituted a city) in order to purchase it. This building, which was then vacant, and I think the handsomest in the city, they purchased for 5300*l.* The society at large subscribed 700*l.* and the inhabitants of the city, upon an application from house to house, 600*l.* and the above-mentioned seventeen went security for the remaining 2300*l.* The college, or academy, was accordingly fitted up; masters were appointed, and the whole city seemed to take pleasure in sending their young people to this seminary, which soon flourished beyond what *Cokesbury* had ever done.

On the 4th of November, Brother *Asbury* and I, and several of the preachers, left *Baltimore*, and

rode about 18 miles to the house of Mrs. *Daussey*, where we gave several exhortations, and found many of her negroes very much alive to God. Her late husband, Colonel *Daussey*, who was awakened under the ministry of Brother *Asbury*, had been a pillar of our cause, and his widow is no less so at present. The following night we lay at Brother *Tucker's*, a good old man; and the next day reached *Alexandria* in *Virginia*. My old friend, General *Roberdeau*, at whose house in this town I was accustomed to lodge, was dead. On a former occasion I preached in the Presbyterian meeting-house, and gave great offence to the gay by the testimony I bore against the pleasures of the world. Now we have here a good chapel of our own, in which I preached to a large attentive congregation; and endeavoured to make them amends by spending the precious hour in the softest and most persuasive manner I was capable of, to invite them to Christ. We were published for the new Federal City on the same day, but on due consideration preferred *Alexandria*, and sent two of the Preachers to supply our place.

The two following nights we lay at inns, having rode each day from morning to night; and on the next day arrived at *Richmond*, where we were most hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. *Parrott*. Sister *Parrott* was formerly a member of our *Wapping Society* in *London*, and is indeed a pillar in the church of God. She is one of the excellent of the earth. In this town I preached twice, once in the Capitol—in the House of Commons; and the other time in the preaching-house, or rather out-house, which Mr. *Parrott* had kindly appropriated for a place of worship.

From *Richmond* Mr. *Parrott* took me in his one-horse-chair to *Petersburgh*, (25 miles,) where Brother *Asbury* and I, who had separated for a few days, met again, and spent the Sabbath, and found it a very profitable time. In this town, I have been often blessed both in my own soul and to others.

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We now set off for our *Virginia* yearly Conference, which was held at a place called *Maybery's* Chapel. About fifty of the Preachers met us here, lodging at the plantations of our friends within a circle of three or four miles from the chapel. Nothing but love, peace, joy, unity, and concord, I may truly say, manifested themselves in this Conference. It was, in respect to love, the counterpart of our general Conference. Oh what great good does the Lord frequently bring out of evil! The siftings and schisms we have had, have turned out the greatest blessings! Surely, the Prince of Peace and Lover of Concord is about to accomplish great things on the continent of America, by the means of the Methodists! After the necessary business was finished, we spent about two days in band, each preacher in his turn relating the experience of his own soul, and the success of his ministry for the last year. It was a profitable season. I wish this useful method was pursued, as far as possible, in our European Conferences. We all parted on the Lord's day, after I had given the congregation, first, a comment on the 20th chapter of the Revelation, and then a sermon on Luke xiv. 26. Brother *Asbury* and I then separated for a time. We had before agreed to take different routs to *Charleston*. He took the sea-side and I the upper country. A preacher went off a few days before me to make publications: but as my plan was nearly the same as that which Brother *Asbury* was to have taken, and which he kindly gave up to me, the publications had been already made in many places. I had now about eight or nine hundred miles to travel to *Charleston*, on the zig-zag line which I intended to pursue.

On Monday, I preached in *Rose's* Chapel, and on Tuesday at *Drumgoole's*. Brother *Drumgoole* was one of the first of the native travelling preachers in *America*, and has always preserved a most unblemished character, and is a man of considerable abilities, though his (I believe erroneous) views of things led him to give up the important and extensive itinerant

itinerant plan, for a much smaller sphere of action in the vineyard of the Lord.

On Wednesday I preached in the house of Brother *Owen*, on Prov. xxiii. 26; and the two following days at *Myrick's* Chapel. At Mr. *Myrick's* I found a lovely family, and spent much time ingulphed in the woods, and reading the younger *Racine's* celebrated *Poem de la' Religion*. Many might imagine, that my *natural* disposition leads me into busy life; but it is the very reverse. If the principle of duty did not carry me forth into scenes which call for activity and exertion, I should certainly settle in some solitary place, where I might enjoy the company of a very few select friends, and the pleasures of a retired rural life.

On Saturday I preached at Mr. *Lindsey's*; and on Sunday at a place called *Jones's Barn*. Late in the evening, after a very long ride, we reached the house of Brother *Heath*, a Local Preacher, who entertained us with every thing his small abilities could afford. But the rooms in which we lay, were full of holes, open to the outward air, and exceedingly cold: besides, we had not bed-clothes enough, even with our own coats and waistcoats. But what is this, when the love of God warms the heart? I bless his Name, I do know that he loves me! O it is this assurance which sweetens every bitter cup; which turns the wilderness into a paradise, and enables me to triumph with the Poet,

“Should (Providence) command me to the farthest verge
Of this green earth, to distant barb'rous climes,
Rivers unknown to song,
. 'tis nought to me, .
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city, full:
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.”

The next day I preached at *Sampson's* Chapel, so called, because it was built entirely, I think, at the expense of a pious person of that name, who is now alive, but very old, and through misfortunes
reduced

reduced to a state of perfect dependence. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." It is of infinite importance to be thoroughly acquainted with, and perfectly submissive to this truth. But, alas! too many profess high things in the sunshine of prosperity, and are ready to curse God and die in the time of adversity. But the true child sweetly kisses the parent's hand which beats him, and profits by the chastisement.

The two next days I spent at Brother *Shine's*, who was formerly a Travelling Preacher; and from thence went to Brother *Green Hill's*, at whose house we held our Conference for the State of *North Carolina* in 1785. He is a Local Preacher of some eminence, and once sat in the Assembly of the State. His plantation is very large; but a murrain among the cattle, which has lately infested that country for a considerable extent, has destroyed almost all the stock on his estate. He has lately visited *Kentucky*, in order to chuse a spot of ground for himself in that new world. He is so highly respected in his neighbourhood, that about a hundred families around him talk of moving to *Kentucky*, if he set them the example. I rested here four days, preaching in a small Chapel which was near the dwelling-house.

On Monday, the 29th, I set off for the town of *Raleigh*, which is the seat of Government for *North Carolina*. That night I lay at the house of a Local Preacher. The next day I was wetted to the skin. O how delightful it is to endure hardships for Christ! I really think I felt more happiness in the honour of being thus wetted for my Master, than I should have done in the finest sun-shine. Twice we stopped at some small houses on the road to dry ourselves. There is nothing, I think, worthy of the name of a cross, but sufferings from the Church, sufferings within the Sanctuary.

At *Raleigh* I lay at the house of Colonel *Sowell*, whose family are already gone to *Kentucky*, or *Tencssee*; and the Colonel intends to follow them

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as soon as he has settled his affairs. In the afternoon I preached in the House of Commons, having obtained leave of the Speaker through the influence of the Colonel. The Senate and Members of the House of Commons attended, (a few, who were engaged on a committee, excepted.) I had the Speaker's seat. The Speaker himself sat below on my right hand. The attention of the audience was still as night. As I had been beforehand informed that many of my hearers had imbibed the errors of the modern philosophy, I particularly insisted on the Evidences of the Christian religion. As I had reason to believe, that I should have been favoured with the House of Commons as often as I wanted it, at such times as the House was not sitting, and that the same congregation would have continued to attend, I was sorry that my engagements prevented me from staying a few days longer in *Raleigh*. Great were the disputes in the evening, as I was informed, at the lodging-houses of the Members of the Assembly, concerning my discourse.

On Wednesday, I preached at the house of Brother *Turner*. The Congregation seemed deeply serious, except three drunken men, who a little disturbed us. Here I received a receipt for a soreness in the breast, occasioned by cold, or violent speaking, which has, it seems, proved very efficacious to numbers, and may be useful at least to some of the Preachers: viz. "Take a pound of Tar, and two pounds of powdered or brown Sugar. Boil the whole (without water) on the fire in an iron vessel, till it be perfectly hard. Put about the bigness of a nut of it into the mouth night and morning, and suck it till it dissolve. If any remain, after the sweetness is gone, spit it out."

From Brother *Turner's* I set out for Brother *Reyney's*, a Justice of the Peace; but was obliged to ride the whole of two days, and for two hours each night, though the atmosphere was very cold and damp in the evenings. In the course of this
ride

ride I dined with old Brother and Sister Willis, one of whose sons was a Travelling-Preacher for many years, and has indeed been an honour to the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, from the time he was first acquainted with God. He was obliged to settle in business for want of health and strength. But his Brother, the other Son, who was one of our Local Preachers, has embraced the sentiments of an eminent schismatic, James O'Kelly, once a most useful Presiding-Elder, but now burning with zeal to make schisms wherever it is in his power. O'Kelly unhappily insinuated himself into the affections of the Local Preacher, who has in consequence prevailed upon his Father to permit O'Kelly to preach in his house. *Our* Preachers, who are now patterns of unity and concord, have determined to have nothing to do with disputes; and therefore, wherever O'Kelly and his associates are admitted, they immediately withdraw themselves without the least noise or disturbance. Poor old Mrs. *Willis*, after dinner, took us into a private room, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, intreated that the Preachers might return there again. But we informed her, at the same time that we endeavoured to console her as far as the case would admit, that it was become an adjudged case among us, that we would exercise no ministerial functions among schismatics, or any who supported them: but that we were ready to return to them as before, if they would break off all connection with the friends of discord and confusion. O what a horrid thing is the spirit of schism! It has, I believe, injured the work of God in the different ages of the world, more than all the outward vices of mankind. It signifies but little to the individuals themselves, whether they be gross sinners or painted sepulchres: but the spirit of schism enters within the vail, nips in the bud all the fair blossoms of grace, eats up the vitals of religion, quenches the whole spirit of a revival, and

and substitutes the spirit of party for the life of God.

From Mr. *Willis's* we rode to Mr. *Byron's*, where we lodged that night, and next evening reached Mr. *Reyney's*, where I spent two comfortable days, preaching the first day in his dwelling-house, and the second in our Chapel about half a mile distant. Mr. *Reyney's* family form a lovely company. His Son, who lives on an adjoining plantation, has eight children; and, what is worthy of notice, his Father and he never had a cross word in their lives. His son was just returned from a journey to the western world. In relating to us the particulars of his travels in *Kentucky*, and *Tennessee*, he described to us a remarkable rock, which continually yields a balsamic oil. The oil, of which he shewed us a specimen, is exactly like balsam of sulphur both to the sight and smell, and possesses, I have no doubt, all its properties. It rises from the bottom of a fountain, and covers the surface of the water, from whence the inhabitants skim it off. It cures, they say, the tooth-ach immediately, and is an excellent remedy for rheumatic pains. It is universally used by the people of that part of the western territory, called Cumberland.

I have been led in the course of my travels on this continent, to make many remarks on the population of the country. In the plantations the houses are every where full of children, far beyond any thing I have seen in Europe: but it is very different in the towns, especially near the sea-coasts; which I attribute to the frequent fevers which rage there. According to the last Census, (or calculation of the number of inhabitants,) which was taken in 1790, with the probable increase since that time, there must be now about four millions of Whites, and one million of Blacks, in the sixteen States.

From Brother *Reyney's* we rode to *Pleasant-Gardens*, where I was agreeably surprised by a large congregation, to whom I preached on the necessity

necessity of union with Christ, and found much comfort and liberty. I really expected from the name, to have found there some tolerable gardens, but, alas! like too many other things, it was only a name.

I had again hard rides in the night, till we came to Brother *Russel's*. I now found myself in a very romantic hilly country, the hills being very numerous, and continually dividing themselves into sharp points: and the tall pine-trees, which chiefly covered the country, though mixed with some oak, made the whole a most pleasing prospect, though in the winter-season. We were also favoured with a beautiful golden sky. O how charming does every thing appear, when the Sun of Righteousness shines upon the heart!

After preaching at our Chapel near Mr. *Russel's*, we rode to Mr. *John Randle's*, a most kind friend, truly happy in the love of God, though born deaf and dumb. He is married to a pious and amiable wife, and blessed with religious children. I found it highly entertaining to converse with him by signs, and was astonished at the quickness of his apprehension, and with what ease I could convey my ideas to him by the means of signs: but when necessary, his good wife would assist me by her fingers. A Lawyer, who always boarded at the house during the sitting of the County-Court, would with great delight spend hours conversing with him in this manner.

From Mr. *John Randle's* I rode the next day to his Brother *William's*, where, the weather being cold, and the congregation small, I preached in his large parlour, in preference to our chapel; and the next day went to Brother *Threadgill's*, a Local Preacher and Justice of the Peace, who had a Congregation ready to receive me on my arrival.

Our next engagement was at *Anson's Court-house*, which I reached about noon, after being wet to the skin. Here I had a small Congregation on account of the rain, and after preaching rode about

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eighteen

eighteen miles to Brother *Plante's*, where a little company awaited me in his dwelling-house. The next day I preached in our chapel, about half a mile from Brother *Plante's*, to a considerable audience, and was favoured of the Lord with one of my best times. After preaching, I rode about twelve miles, and lay at the house of a pious Baptist. We had good beds, but nothing to eat, except very fat bacon: however, our kind friend and his wife gave us the best they had, and angels could do no more. At supper-time, while we were eating our fat bacon, the good man of the house lighted us with a piece of pine-wood, instead of candles. In the morning, as there was neither tea, coffee, nor milk to be had here, we made an apology, set off on our journey, and breakfasted at a tavern on the road. At night we reached another Tavern, where the pious landlady, being apprized of my coming, provided for me a little congregation, and gave us tea, supper, lodging, and breakfast *gratis*. Two families of gentlemen and ladies came in before preaching, and made part of my audience.

The next day we rode to *Campden* in *South Carolina*, a tolerable town, containing about 200 houses. I lodged at the house of Brother *Smith*, formerly an eminent and successful Travelling-Preacher. It is most lamentable to see so many of our able married Preachers (or rather I might say, almost all of them) become located merely for want of support for their families. I am conscious it is not the fault of the people; it is the fault of the Preachers, who, through a false and most unfortunate delicacy, have not pressed the important subject as they ought upon the consciences of the people. I am truly astonished, that the work has risen to its present height on this continent, when so much of the spirit of prophecy,—of the gifts of preaching,—yea, of the most precious gifts which God bestows on mortals, except the gifts of his only-begotten Son and his Spirit of Grace, should thus miserably be
 thrown

thrown away. I could, methinks, enter into my closet, and weep tears of blood upon the occasion.

Many of the inhabitants of *Campden*, as I was informed, are Deists, so I endeavoured to suit my discourses accordingly. After preaching two sermons in this town, and one at Brother *Lenore's*, a planter, who lives a few miles from *Campden*, we set out for Brother *Lambert's*, who is descended from French ancestors, and of considerable property. On Christmas-day I preached at our Chapel in the neighbourhood, on the History of the Wise Men, and afterwards administered the Lord's Supper. About dinner-time, a son of Brother *Lambert's* related to us the following interesting anecdote:—"A rakish Gentleman at *Columbia* (the seat of Government for *South Carolina*, and not far distant from Mr. *Lambert's*,) had, (about a fortnight past,) drank immoderately for three successive nights; by which he brought on a fever, which ended in his death. A little time before he died, he asked his physician, whether there were any hopes of his recovery. On the physician's answering in the negative, and that he had probably but a few days at farthest to survive, he ordered the people around him to lay him out as a corpse. When this was executed, he desired them to go to several of his rakish friends, and to inform them that he was dead, and that he had made it his dying request, that they would come immediately after his decease, and take a parting view of his dead body. His friends accordingly came; and while they were making their remarks on the supposed corpse, he sprung up out of bed in a moment, threw his arms round their necks, and gave each of them a smart kiss; immediately after which he returned into bed, and the next morning expired. It is astonishing what force there is in the modern Philosophy, to make the conscience as hard as a stone!

From Mr. *Lambert's*, we set off for brother *Moore's*, who was once also a very useful Traveling.

ling-preacher. The location of so many scores of our most able and experienced Preachers, tears my very heart in pieces. Methinks, almost the whole Continent would have fallen before the power of God, had it not been for this enormous evil. At brother *Moore's* we had a room full of precious souls all alive to God.

On the next day I preached at one of our Chapels not far distant from brother *Moore's*, and administered the Lord's Supper. We permitted a good many to remain spectators at their own earnest importunity; and observing that several young women who were not Communicants, were under deep concern, we invited them, when the Sacrament was over, to draw near to the table, that we might pray particularly for them. They did so, with tears streaming down their checks; and we were favoured with a most profitable time, not only for them, but for all who were present. I find it is a common custom for our Elders, on such occasions, to invite those who do not chuse to communicate, to draw near to be prayed for; and that almost always some accept of the invitation.

After the service we mounted our horses in order if possible to reach a village called *the Corner*. But there was a great swamp, as well as a broad, ferry, in our way. When we came into the middle of the swamp, it was almost night. In one place the planters had laid down about a hundred logs of wood, which they call *puncheons*, in order to mend the road: these, owing to the heavy rains, were loosened, and floated on the water which covered the road. We first endeavoured to drive our horses over them, but all in vain; we then ventured into a deep ditch, in order to go round them, but in this also we failed; so that we were obliged to return back in the dark through a miserable road, till we arrived at the house of a little Planter. He very kindly took us in, and gave us a roasted turkey for our supper, and the best beds in his house to lie on.

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In the morning he took us five miles round through the woods, and brought us into the road beyond the puncheons; when to our great surprise we met a Gentleman who had driven his horse over the puncheons: however, he was thoroughly wetted, for the poor beast had fallen with him two or three times. Soon afterwards we crossed the broad ferry; and then, as usual, I saw the hand of Providence: for my horse was exceedingly restive, and would very probably have overturned the boat, if we had crossed in the dark the evening before.

When we arrived at *the Corner*, I expected to preach: but no notice having been given by the Preacher who went before me to make my publications, and being much fatigued with a long journey, I rested that evening; but was afterwards very much grieved, when I was informed, that the people expected to be called together, and to have a sermon in the parlour of the Tavern, and that they had not had Divine Service for twelve years! O what a blessing it is to enjoy the sound of the Gospel! how little value do too many fix on the privileges they enjoy!

From *the Corner* we set off for *Charleston*, and in the evening arrived among our dear friends in that city. Brother *Asbury* came in the same day from his route by the sea side; and we mutually rejoiced to see each other's face. On this day's journey we saw a noble Eagle, standing on the top of a tree, and looking calmly at us. This whole journey was very pleasing. The weather was continually mild, a few days only excepted. The lofty Pine-trees through which we rode for a considerable part of the way, cast such a pleasing gloom over the country, that I felt myself perfectly shut up from the busy world, at the same that I was ranging through immeasurable forests. How many blessings of a temporal kind does our God mix in our cup, besides that crowning blessing,—the consciousness of his favour! How inexcusable therefore would it be to murmur, when enjoying so many

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comforts,

comforts, even in a state of probation! O what must the rivers of pleasure be, which flow at his right hand for evermore!

While I continued at *Charleston*, we held our annual Conference for the States of *South Carolina* and *Georgia*, and for part of *North Carolina*; in which every thing was settled with the utmost harmony and concord. In the *Virginia* Conference there was a great deficiency of Preachers, which was nearly made up by the surplus in the present. Here we received a pressing invitation to send Missionaries to *Providence-Island*, one of the *Bahama's*; but were all of opinion, that the *British Colonies* should be supplied from *Britain* or *Ireland*. Indeed our *American Societies* have neither men nor money to spare. O that God would in his infinite mercy raise more faithful labourers for his work, and incline the hearts of the rich to assist us in carrying on our extensive plan for the enlargement of his Kingdom!

We now received an account of the burning of our Academy and Church in *Baltimore*. Some boys were making a bonfire of shavings in the adjoining house, which set on fire the whole building, and communicated itself to our Church and Academy; which, with several adjoining buildings and ware-houses, were burnt to the ground. By this misfortune, and the burning of *Cokesbury-College*, we have lost about 10,000*l.* Ster. Brother *Asbury* and I were now clearly of opinion, that the will of God was evidently manifested; and that the Methodists ought not to enter into such expensive popular undertakings, but bend their whole force to the salvation of souls. O that all this money had been laid out for the support of a married ministry! The Churches, we found, were offered very generally to our friends in *Baltimore*; one of which, the elegant and commodious Presbyterian Church belonging to Dr. *Ellison*, they gratefully accepted of for their afternoon Service. Our two remaining Churches, which are but small, answered every other

other purpose, though with considerable inconvenience.

Charleston has lately suffered extremely by two conflagrations, both of which happened in the course of a month. About 600 dwelling-houses, besides warehouses, and a large quantity of valuable effects, were destroyed. Some suspected persons were taken up, but there being no evidence against them, they were soon discharged. In *Savannah* in *Georgia*, also, they have had three conflagrations, the last of which nearly consumed the small part of the town, which the two former had left remaining. In *New York*, not less than 40 houses were lately burnt down. Surely the judgments of God are upon the earth! Though the Lord has been pleased in these States, for the present, at least, to sheath the bloody sword, yet the pestilence, inundations, and conflagrations, have made a terrible havock through the land: but, alas! the greatest part of the inhabitants, it is to be feared, have refused to learn righteousness! However, I have flattering hopes, that the uncommon, yea, the perfect concord, which reigns throughout our American connexion, will, under the Divine Blessing, produce the most excellent effects.

Poor *William Hammett* is now come to nothing. When he began his schism, his popularity was such, that he soon erected a Church, nearly, if not quite, as large as our New-Chapel in *London*; which was crowded on the Lord's-day. But, alas! he has now upon Sunday evenings, only about thirty white people with their dependent blacks. He has indeed gained a sufficiency of money to procure a plantation, and to stock it with slaves; though no one was more strenuous against slavery than he, while destitute of the power of enslaving. During his popularity we lost almost all our congregation and Society: but, blessed be God, we have now a crowded church; and a Society, inclusive of the blacks, amounting to treble the number which we had, when the division took place: and

and our people intend immediately to erect a second Church. I can truly say, that the more I am acquainted with the devices of Satan, the more I detest the spirit of schism!

Our Society of blacks in this city are in general very much alive to God. They now amount to about five hundred. The Lord has raised up a zealous man, Mr. *McFarland*, a Merchant, and partner with the late Mr. *Wells*. He amply supplies the place of his valuable deceased partner. His weekly exhortations to the blacks are rendered very profitable. It is common for the proprietors of slaves to name their blacks after the Heathen gods and goddesses. The most lively Leader among our negroes in this place, has no other name but *Jupiter*; he has a blessed gift in prayer; but it appears to me extremely odd to hear the Preacher cry out, "*Jupiter*, will you pray."

A Lady of the name of *Hopeton* lives in this city, a woman of large fortune, and between seventy and eighty years of age. Mr. *Wesley* dined with her, as he was returning home from *Georgia*. When she heard of Mr. *Hammett's* introducing Methodism on Mr. *Wesley's* original plan, she sent him an invitation to her house; and when he entered her parlour, she took him by the hand, and informed him of the honour she had received in the company of Mr. *Wesley*; and that she was happy to shew respect to one who so highly revered his memory, and trod in his steps. But, alas! he has so sickened her of the Gospel, that I have no hopes that she ever will again attend a Gospel-ministry.

During my stay in *Charleston*, I endeavoured to raise a congregation for my French friend Mr. *Pontavice*. By publishing him in our own congregation, and advertising him in the public papers, about a hundred and fifty or two hundred of the French attended twice. His first sermon, on the evidences of Christ's being the true Messiah, was very excellent indeed; and, notwithstanding all the lightness of spirit which might be easily discerned in

in the audience, commanded attention. But the second time he wanted liberty. However, I could perceive, that if God was pleased to open a door for him among the French, he would probably be an useful Preacher of the Gospel.

In this city, which contains only about twenty thousand inhabitants, they have two public theatres: and the people in general are much more devoted to pleasure, than in any part of *Great Britain* or *Ireland*. From all the observations I have been able to make, I can perceive that the inhabitants of the United States are verging rapidly into two grand parties—real Christians and open Infidels. I confess, I have my doubts, whether religion has gained ground or not on this Continent, since my last visit. But of one thing I have no doubt—that *O'Kelly* and his schismatic party have done unspeakable injury to the cause of God.

I spent my leisure-hours for the last three months in writing annotations on all the parts of the Methodist Economy. Mr. *Asbury* had before drawn up his thoughts at large on the subject. I therefore endeavoured to unite our ideas; and think that if ever I drew up any useful publications for the press, this was one of them, and perhaps the best.

On the 6th of February, 1797, we went on board an American ship bound for *Glasgow*. Our Captain, a Scotchman, was a kind, attentive man; so that our passage on the whole was very agreeable. For twenty-five days we had very tempestuous weather; but the wind was all the way in our favour, and brought us in that time to the mouth of the Southern Irish Channel. The waves, through the violence of the wind, had beat down and carried away on both sides, the wainscot which guarded the deck; so that for a considerable part of the voyage I dared not sit down much less walk upon the deck. One afternoon we were pursued by a ship, which had all the appearances of a privateer; but the night coming on, our Captain steered half a point out of his course, and in the morning we saw

no more of our pursuer. Three days we were detained by contrary winds near the Irish coast, till at last the Captain, filled with anxiety for fear of the French, determined to steer for the North Channel, which is the most rocky and dangerous. In this Channel we were kept by almost constant calms for sixteen days. For a whole fortnight we saw no vessel, not even a fishing-boat, coming from either *England* or *Ireland*; which made us apprehend that on some awful account a general embargo had been laid on all the shipping. One day a Liverpool Guinea Ship, a very swift sailer appeared in view, and of a sudden crowded sail, and bore down towards us. Our Captain seemed assured that she was a French Privateer, and gave us up all as lost: but presently she passed by us, and we found it was only a miserable joke. However, the Captain of the Guinea-Ship afterwards made some atonement; for on the following night we suddenly perceived something like a large bright star: but while we were all admiring it, our Captain cried out, it is a light hung out by the Captain of the Guinea-Ship, to warn us of some dangerous rocks; which we afterwards found to be really the case. How graciously and continually does the providence of our God interpose in our behalf!

During our detention in the Channel our Captain manifested something like superstition. I was reading with deep attention a Folio-book on the Bible. Frequently during the calms the Captain cried out, "I wish that book was finished." At last he burst forth, "We shall never have a wind, till that book is finished." I then told him, that I would lay the book aside. "No," said he, "that will not be sufficient. It must be finished, or we shall have no wind." I doubt not but he was in some measure confirmed in his opinion; for just as I had finished the book, the wind sprung up and in six and thirty hours brought us into harbour.

Thus did the Lord in his infinite love and condescension bring me through every trial and difficulty
safe

safe to my native land. Blessed be God, I have had seals to my ministry during the present voyage. At the *Virginia-Conference* I met with a Welshman who was awakened under my preaching, and is now become a Travelling Preacher in *America*: let all the glory be given where it is due!

On the 22nd. of March we landed at *Greenock*. The next morning we set off for *Glasgow*, where I spent four very agreeable and profitable days among my Methodist Friends. Surely I can say with the Shunammite, "I live among mine own people." It is the best situation this world can afford us, to be conversant with the world only from the Pulpit, and to be at all other times, either on the mount with God, or in company with his Children. On the Sunday evening several hundreds who came to the Chapel, were obliged to return for want of room; and a more attentive congregation I never preached to. Mr. *Warrick*, the Superintendent of the Circuit, had lost his excellent wife a few days before my arrival; so that his house was a house of mourning.

On Monday the 27th. I set out for *Ayr*, where I preached in the evening, and the next day reached *Port-Patrick*. Frequently in this journey I was lead into serious meditations on the miserable state of religion in *Scotland*, and of the cause thereof: and to Antinomianism, that bane of inward holiness. I was obliged to refer the whole. There was a time, when *Scotland* was the glory of all the Churches; but that time is passed. Speculative knowledge is the all in all among the generality of the Professors; whilst the Infidels who compose a very considerable part of the nation, beholding nothing in religion but a bare profession—nothing of that image of God, which is the only desirable thing in the universe—fly naturally to Deism for a refuge from hypocrisy. And who can be surprised? For what sensible man in the world can believe, that God would give his only-begotten Son to die upon a Cross, in order to make us *orthodox*? Never will *Scotland* rise again out of its ashes, till the Antinomians
and

and Hypocrites become in general Infidels, and the little City on the Hill begins to shine through the nation. Nor have we, I am persuaded, any object in view, worthy of our present toil and expenses in that Kingdom, but the preservation of a seed of grace to wait for that blessed day! I by no means confine my ideas of a seed of grace to the faithful who hold the doctrine of General Redemption. But when the Lord is pleased again to visit *Scotland* with times of refreshing, we shall certainly be glad to give a helping hand, to make that country flame again with the glory of God! There is nothing, which can more clearly evidence the height to which Antinomianism has arisen in *Scotland*, than that single circumstance—that the most zealous Professors in the land should consider one of the most eminent Divines, who have lived since the times of the Apostles, Mr. *George Whitefield*, as an Imp of the Devil! The effusions of the Holy Ghost, the pressing of mourners through the pangs of the New Birth into the liberty of God's Children, the witness of the Spirit, and all those deep experimental truths of Christianity, which, when realized to the soul, form it into the image of God, seem to be entirely forgotten among them.

It was in this city, that several years ago, my congregation was so thickly stowed before I came to the Chapel, that they were obliged to raise me up, and hand me from shoulder to shoulder, till they brought me to the pulpit: they then heaved me over the pulpit-door, as it was impossible to open it, without obliging a part of the congregation to go out of the Chapel.

On the 29th of March we crossed the Channel to *Donaghadee*. A Collector of the Customs gave me some trouble in respect to my friend Mr. *Pontavice*, though with great politeness, and, I believe, from a sense of duty. On promising to deliver a letter from him to the Sovereign, (the Mayor,) of *Belfast*, he suffered us to depart.

On the 30th, we arrived at *Belfast*: the Sovereign,
reign,

reign, on my leaving the Collector's letter at his house, waited on me with the Rector of the parish. He brought with him a volume of the Statutes of the Realm, in order to shew me that he did not wish to offend me, but simply to fulfil his duty.— Afterwards he informed me, that he could not suffer Mr. *Pontavice*, as a French emigrant, to leave *Belfast*, till he had consulted Mr. *Pelham*, the Secretary of State, to whom he should write in the evening. I also wrote a letter to Mr. *Pelham*, which the Sovereign inclosed in his own; and in three days I received a very polite answer, inclosing the Lord Lieutenant's pass through the whole kingdom, for Mr. *Pontavice*. On all occasions, the Governments of *England* and *Ireland* have been ready to oblige us; and we should be very ungrateful if we were not duly sensible of their favours.

In this town, I had the use of the large Presbyterian Meeting-house, (which is, I think, larger than our New Chapel in London,) during the week I spent in that town. My congregations were much larger than they formerly had been, partly, perhaps, on account of the convenience of the place. On the Sunday evening the Meeting-house was crowded. I preached for about three quarters of an hour, and found considerable liberty in addressing myself to backsliders: when, all of a sudden, a sergeant in the army, who had formerly enjoyed the love of God, but had grievously backslidden, rose up, and spoke for about ten minutes, giving glory to God for his restoration at that time. The Lord, it seems, during the sermon, had not only deeply convinced him of the error of his ways, but had also, a few moments before he spoke, revealed himself to him, and so filled him with divine love, that he was irresistibly drawn to bear a public testimony of the goodness of God towards his soul. I was afterwards informed that a report had been circulated round the town, and had even reached to Londonderry, that I had bribed the soldier with

five guineas to speak at the time and in the manner he did!

On the 5th of April, I visited *Downpatrick* for a couple of days. On the second day, my friends took me to the cathedral, which has been lately rebuilt; where thro' their importunity I was prevailed upon to climb up the high tower of the cathedral for the sake of the prospect. But I was taught a lesson by it. I felt that old age was creeping on me apace; for my limbs were so fatigued, as to feel the effects of it for several days.

On the 7th, I came to *Lisburn*, and stayed there till Monday. Here also I was favoured with the large meeting house: and had the pleasure of seeing again my highly esteemed friends, Brother and Sister *Johnston*. Indeed it is quite a privilege to look at their cheerful, serene, heavenly old faces! They are truly pillars in the church of God.

On the 10th, I preached at *Ballymena*. In this place there is an inn-keeper, who is the most horrid blasphemer of the truths of Christianity, that perhaps exists upon the earth. His expressions, I am informed, are of the most shocking kind which can be conceived. He also takes the utmost pains to bring up his children in the same way; and takes delight in hearing them blaspheme and exert their wit against Christianity. What a merciful God have we to deal with! O how thankful should we be for the difference which Grace has made betwixt such men and ourselves!

On the 11, I arrived at *Coleraine*, and remained there till the 14th. One day at breakfast, and another at tea in the afternoon, above a hundred of the Society favoured me with their company in the preaching-house. They sing delightfully; particularly, "Lo! He comes, with clouds descending, &c." When I took my leave of them, they were greatly affected from an apprehension that they should never see me again on this side the grave. I must leave others to guess at my own feelings; for I cannot express them.

OR

On the 14th, I preached at *Newtown-Limivaddy*. We had here several inattentive hearers, till I spoke so personally to them on the necessity of being born again, that their attention seemed to be a little awakened. After preaching, I had a precious season with the Society at the Lord's Supper.

The next day I arrived at *Londonderry*. On Sunday, I preached in the meeting-house in this city. It was filled with all sorts of people : among others, there were many Roman Catholics. But I forgot myself, and preached too long a sermon. For about three quarters of an hour the whole audience heard me with great patience; and I have no doubt but there were hundreds present, who were more or less affected; but, alas! I continued to preach for about half an hour longer, till at last the rabble, which composed a part of the congregation, became exceeding disorderly. On this, I spoke to them with a degree of sharpness, which I afterwards repented of. O how difficult it is to be always on our guard, and to speak only what will bear the strictest examination and deepest reflection! However, on the next evening, the congregation which filled our preaching-house, made ample amends; for they heard with attention still as night; every word seemed to distil like oil into their hearts.

On the 18th, I preached at *Newtown-Stewart*. Here I found myself in the midst of a zealous people. Their loud Amens, accompanied every animating expression.

On the 19th, I went to *Dungannon*, and lodged at the house of my dear friend *Hethers*, who is nine parts a Methodist, and one a Quaker. His excellent wife received her first religious impressions under my ministry; to Grace be all the glory. While I was preaching here to a large congregation in the Presbyterian meeting-house, a backslider was restored to the liberty of the children of God.

On the day following I went to *Charlemont*. In this little town, I have had many blessings, and always large congregations.

On the 21st, I arrived at *Armagh*, and lodged at the house of my respected friend *Mr. Livingston*. Two years ago, I was confined to my bed in this house with a bilious fever for eleven days; and the kindness and attention of this family, and of *Dr. Atkinson* my physician, can never be obliterated from my memory. For a little time, in the course of the fever, I was delirious, when I fancied that a large congregation was assembled in the grove near *Mr. Livingston's*, waiting for the travelling preacher. (I had once or twice preached in this grove.) My physician, it seemed to me, was standing by my bedside; on which I addressed him, "Doctor, I am not afraid to die; I therefore conjure you to tell me faithfully my situation." The physician, I thought, answered, "Sir, you have not many hours to live, perhaps not more than one." "Then, Doctor, I replied, do me the favour of going down to the congregation and send up six strong young men of our society, who may carry me down to the people in my bed, that I may preach for an hour, and die; and let some boards be formed into an inclined plane, on which my bed may be laid." Every thing, I imagined, was done accordingly. The frame of wood was prepared; the six young men came up, and carried me, bed and all, down to the grove, placed me on the frame of wood, and I preached for an hour, and died. But when my soul was mounting up to heaven, I first turned round, and suspended myself in the air, to see how things would go on in the congregation. The physician was immediately sent for; who, after feeling my pulse and temples, pronounced me dead: and a very solemn awe, I thought, rested on the whole audience. The whole scene had made such a deep impression on my mind, that when I came to myself, I remembered exactly every particular. For forty-eight hours I had a dreadful headache: during which time I was continually and involuntarily repeating to myself with some little alteration, those words of the hymn,

"Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his Name;

Preach him to all; and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

In this city, as in most other parts of the North of this kingdom, martial law was enforced; though not with the strictest rigour. On the second day of my visit in this place, my friends shewed me the Primate's palace, in which are many capital paintings, particularly those of the present King and Queen, (which were given by his majesty as a present to the late Primate,) King *William* and Queen *Mary*, Queen *Anne*, the Princess *Sophia* from whom the present Royal Family are lineally descended, and her husband. In the library were portraits of all the Primates for several ages; the faces of two of them were heavenly: they indeed evidenced, that the mild gentle, crucified spirit of the Christian, had inhabited the persons, which those faces pourtrayed: I could have looked at them for hours. The present Primate is a man of a very amiable disposition, and of great learning; his Commentary on the Minor Prophets is an indubitable proof of the latter. I knew him at Oxford, when he was fellow and tutor of Hertford College. In the library was an admirable Polyglot, containing the Bible in nine languages, with two Latin expositions. We then visited the demesne, the gardens and hot-houses; all of which, with the palace, were the gift of the late Primate, Dr. *Robinson*. Dr. *Robinson* possessed a noble soul. The churches he re-built and endowed, and the charities he instituted, certainly evidenced a very beneficent mind. Before we took our leave of this beautiful place, we visited the chapel, which is within a few yards of the palace. It is neatness, simplicity, and elegance in great perfection; but, alas, it is never used! What harm would it do to the church or the world, if the Methodist Preachers were suffered to preach there the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ! At least, the money it cost, might have been made a blessing to hundreds of the poor! In this chapel is a window, on which is painted the history of the the merciful Samaritan in a very masterly and affecting manner.

From the Primate's, my friends took me to the cathedral, which is a very poor place for the metropolitan church of all Ireland. Some of my young brethren ran up to the top of the tower, and called on easter them; but I remembered *Downpatrick*, and saved my limbs. But what crowned the whole, is this: —that the *Armagh* circuit is in a very flourishing situation; eleven new societies have been added this year; and the Lord is pouring out his Spirit remarkably on the congregations in many parts of the circuit.

On Sunday the 23d, in the afternoon, I preached at *Tanderagee* to a very large congregation. After preaching I made a visit to the Rev. Dr. *Leslie*, for whom, our late venerable Father in the Gospel entertained a great esteem. The good old gentleman is now eighty years of age, if not more; and the amiableness of his disposition, joined with considerable learning, makes him beloved of rich and poor. In the evening I returned to my worthy friend's, Mr. *Patten*. On my former visit to this town I had the privilege of preaching in a great man's park in this neighbourhood, where the vast congregation before me, and the beauty of the place, rendered the scene exceedingly animating; but, alas! the generous Master of the demesne is dead, and is succeeded by a gentleman of a different disposition; so I was now obliged to preach among the rubbish near our own preaching-house. But these things affect not God; he was peculiarly present, notwithstanding our humble situation.

On the 24th, I visited *Warren's-Point*, where I preached in our little chapel by the sea-side. The situation is romantic, and the society loving. From thence the next day I returned to *Newry*, through which I had passed the day before; where I spent two days, preaching in the large meeting-house. The kind minister, who had lent me his place of worship, particularly pleased me in the following instance. On my return to the vestry-room, after preaching the first evening, he begged to have the
liberty

liberty of carrying home my scarf. It was very dirty; but the next evening he brought it back with him before preaching, nicely cleaned. Alas! this poor town is torn in pieces by faction and insurrection. The most cruel acts of barbarity are daily perpetrated. What a proof of the depravity of human nature!

On the 30th, after riding thirty Irish miles, I arrived at *Cootehill*. We have here a new preaching house; but as it was not large enough for the congregation, I preached in the Presbyterian meeting house. I am quite astonished, when I consider every circumstance, that the clergy of the Established Church are not more kind and condescending to us than they are! I gave out before preaching two favourite hymns, peculiarly suitable to the text on which I intended to preach, but the congregation could raise no tune to either of them, this induced me to change my text, and herein I afterwards saw the hand of God. For I had reason to believe that my sermon was made a general blessing to the congregation. Ministers of the Gospel frequently perceive the interference of their Lord in matters of this kind, which appear little or enthusiastic in the sight of the world, but are of great moment in the judgment of heaven. On my former visit to this place, one of my friends introduced me to the Earl of *Bellamont*, who is justly reckoned a pattern of politeness. We breakfasted with his Lordship, who made us a present of a piece of ground and twenty pounds, in order to erect a preaching-house in this town; our brethren raised the rest and finished the house. The Earl took us to see the ground, and then accompanied us to preaching. His park and the other parts of his demesne are exceedingly beautiful. What justice do I continually see in those words of our Lord, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." But, "what is impossible with men, is possible with God." He who can with infinite ease compress the matter of the camel to go through the eye of the needle,

needle, can save even a man of riches and power, surrounded as he is with every temptation to luxury and ambition.

From *Cootehill* I went to *Cavan*, a poor dead place; however the congregation was attentive. Sunday, the 29th, I spent at *Clones*. In this town I have been often favoured with blessings from the Lord. Some years ago, on a Sunday morning, while I was preaching here on the history of the wise men, a most solemn awe rested on the whole audience. When I had concluded the service, the congregation retired: but some of them in the rear observing a few remain, (as a class-meeting was always held in the preaching-house after the Sunday morning's preaching) they returned, and to our astonishment, the whole congregation returned after them. There being several Preachers present, we held a prayer-meeting, which continued about four hours; in which time thirty mourners were set at liberty; and two bore testimony, that God had revealed his perfect love to their souls.

May 1, I preached at *Brookborough* in the yard of my friend Mr. *M'Cartney*, to a large attentive congregation. The word seemed to distil like dew into the souls of this simple hearted people.

On the 2d, I went to *Enniskillen*, where our late venerable Father in the Gospel once nearly lost his life. The mob intended to way-lay him on a bridge, over which he was to pass, and to throw him into the lake which surrounds the town. He probably would have fallen a sacrifice to the fury of that deluded people, if his God, ever watchful over him, had not defeated their nefarious purposes. Mr. Wesley received intelligence of their design just as he was sitting down to dinner, and immediately set off. The mob were then just beginning to collect; but Mr. *Wesley* coming so early and unexpectedly upon them, they were not prepared to attack him; so he galloped through them with a preacher before him. I happened, in the course of Providence, to be the first who preached peaceably out of doors in this place. But now we have a little chapel, where I had
a good

a good congregation, chiefly made up of the neighbouring societies. How difficult it is to pass through life without displeasing, even when our motives are ever so justifiable. I omitted to visit the precious society at *Sidare*, near this town, whom, I think, I never before had passed by. I found that they were exceedingly hurt. I therefore made a public apology, and promised that if it pleased Divine Providence to bring me into that country again, I would not neglect them. They deserve my affection, as my own soul has often been remarkably refreshed among them.

From *Enniskillen* I went to *Violet-Hill* (Mr. *Bradshaw's*.) Our dear friend Mr. *Bradshaw* has suffered very considerably from some unaccountable cause, a large quantity of the linen in his bleaching-yard being burnt into small holes, as it lay upon the grass. In this country-place an excellent Sunday School has been instituted, of which the three Miss *Bradshaws* are the life and soul. I consider the establishment of Sunday schools as one of the greatest blessings that these nations have been favoured with. I most sincerely wish that every Methodist Society in the world supported a Sunday School. We do much in this way at present; but if our exertions were unanimous and universal, we should, I believe, prepare the rising generation for a general revival.

Next day I reached *Annadale*, (Mr. *Slack's*.) The family of *Annadale* I have long known and loved. But, alas! the Queen of the Dale, Mrs. *Anna Slack*, has suddenly taken her departure to heaven. Here I rested two days, preaching each day in the dwelling-house.

I have now travelled through the province of *Ulster*; but how graciously and wonderfully have I been preserved! The whole province is in a violent agitation, and seems preparing for some astonishing blow. I should not be surprised, unless God be pleased to defeat the designs of the wicked, if a second general massacre take place in *Ireland*.

EXTRACTS
OR THE
JOURNALS
OF THE LATE
REV. DR. THOMAS COKE'S
NEARLY FINISHED VOYAGE TO
A S I A,
WITH THE
MESSRS. AULT, LYNCH, ERSKINE,
HARVARD, SQUANCE AND CLOUGH.

AT the Conference, held in *Liverpool*, in August, 1813, it was determined, with the help of God, to establish missions in *Asia*; and particularly in the first instance, in the Islands of *Ceylon* and *Java*. For this purpose the six above mentioned Missionaries were appointed to accompany me to that quarter of the globe. But when I returned to *London*, and made inquiry for a ship bound to *Ceylon*, I found that there was not one to sail to that Island. The most intelligent, in respect to Asiatic voyages, of those whom I was able to consult, advised me to take a passage for *Bombay*, as the Monsoons would be in our favour to sail for *Ceylon* immediately on our arrival.

I accordingly took a passage for myself and my six companions, the Messrs. *Ault*, *Lynch*, *Erskine*, *Harvard*, *Squance*, and *Clough*; and for Mrs. *Ault* and Mrs. *Harvard*, in two of the Indiamen, bound for *Bombay*—the *Cahalva*, of which Captain *Birch* is
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the commander, and the *Lady Melville*, commanded by Captain *Lochner*. It would in many respects, have been desirable for us to have sailed together in one ship; but neither of the above-mentioned could have taken us all: and to have gone altogether in one ship, which might have been accomplished, would have cost in all, nine hundred pounds more for our passages. We had therefore no choice: and I have reason to believe the whole was of God.

In the ship, in which I have sailed, there are above 400 souls. Of these 200 are soldiers, who, excepting a very few, are, as far as I can learn, young lads from Ireland, of the Roman Catholic persuasion.—About 50 of the sailors are Lascars, and chiefly, if not entirely, I am afraid (for I have been talking with some of them) Mahometans. The gospel-door, as it respects that people, seems entirely shut. Their religion was established by the sword, and I fear that the sword must go through their nations before they will bow to the sceptre of Jesus. However, by their own master they must stand or fall. We have among us some Portuguese, natives of India; I wish we may be useful to them. In the dining room our number is twenty-six, inclusive of the Captain and his two first officers. They are very polite; but, oh! we want to save souls.

I have a most charming study. It has two large windows that open from the stern to the sea; and my elbow-chair and my table are placed in the most convenient situation possible. I have seen, I think, seventeen ships of our fleet sailing after us. Here I employ almost all my time, and nearly the whole of it, in reading and writing Portuguese, excepting my hours of meditation, which, indeed, I can hardly except; for my chief study is my Portuguese Bible. O how sweet is the Word of God! I have loved it since I came into this ship more than ever I did before:

“Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and medicine, shield and sword.”

I now

I now feel, I think, more than ever the value of retirement, silence and tranquillity of mind; and can say of my God what Virgil did of his Augustus: —“*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*” “God himself has favoured me with these leisure hours.”—And yet I cannot repent of the thousands of hours which I have spent in the most vile—the most glorious drudgery of begging from house to house. The tens of thousands of pounds which I have raised for the Missions, and the beneficial effects thereof, form an ample compensation for all the time and all the labour. The whole was of God. But what would my heart have felt, if all the Missions already established had been left without support on my departure from England? But it was the work of God. He alone began it, and he alone increased it; and (if I presume so to express myself with humble modesty) he has bound himself to support it. He, therefore, before I sailed said “*to the north ‘BRING FORTH,’ and to the south ‘KEEP NOT BACK.’*” The west also is coming forwards. The *sister-island* has taken the flame; and the highly favoured *British-isles* conspire to spread our Missions throughout the world. How light it has made my heart! next to union and communion with my God, nothing could afford me such high satisfaction. I hasten to Asia with alacrity and joy. And yet I must confess, that if the clouds had been ever so obscure—if all human aid had apparently been withdrawn from those Missions, the interests of which are so deeply interwoven with the very strings of my heart,—my divine call to Asia has been so indubitably clear, that I should have been obliged to have thrown every thing into the hands of my God, and to have said to Him, “Here I am; send me” to Asia.

Our fleet when we set sail, consisted of a line of battle ship, of 74 guns, two frigates, a sloop of war, six regular Indiamen, two country Indiamen, (ships built in India,) and about twenty-five smaller merchantmen. The sight of such a floating city is very agreeable

agreeable; and were it not that the lagging ships, which must be frequently waited for, lengthen out the voyage, would be peculiarly desirable. On a calm, the boats are passing and re-passing from ship to ship. Each of the large ships has its telegraph, composed of colours of various hues and shapes; and, by these telegraphs they convey messages or other intelligence one to the other in a surprising manner; and frequently they compare their respective longitudes.

In leaving England we came very near to the coast of *Cornwall*. We were a little surprised at the movements of our Commodore, as he certainly went out of his way. But we were satisfied when we found he had moved towards the coast to receive some important dispatches from *Falmouth*. Had it been the divine will I should have been glad to have spent a few days with my friends in that part of *Cornwall*, and more particularly so, because to our generous friends in that county, if we except *London* and the north, our Missions are more indebted than to any other people in the world.

1814:—January the 6th.—Now our winter gales commenced, and dreadful they were almost from the Land's end till we had sailed some degrees beyond *Madeira*. Many of our ships were more or less dismasted. The *Cabalva* suffered very little: a single little mast at the end of one of the booms alone was broke. On the 19th of January one of the merchant-ships was missing, and was not afterwards seen or heard of. What made this incident still more melancholy was that she had been firing guns of distress for some time before; but the gale was so violent that no relief could be afforded her.

January the 24th.—The gale was not abated, and six ships more are missing. One of these is a country Indiaman, the *Fort William*, of twelve hundred tons burden. What is most alarming is, that the *Fort William* was in great distress. She seemed quite unmanageable. There is great reason to fear that she is lost.

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January

January the 26th.—No tidings of the missing ships. We have now given up all hopes of again seeing the frigate which was despatched in search of them: not that we have any doubts concerning the safety of the frigate, but have little reason to expect that she will now find us out in the great ocean, as the violent gales have tossed us about in all directions. What a wonderful Providence! The *Fort William* was the first ship I visited in *London*, and I had serious thoughts of taking a passage in it for myself and all my companions, as it would have saved us a considerable sum of money. But my brethren urged that it was entirely manned (the officers excepted) by *Lascars*, who could not be depended on, in times of danger, in the management of so large a ship, without a mixture of British tars among them. This argument was strengthened on our return from the East India Docks to *Poplar*, where we were informed that, just before, a party of these very *Lascars* had been fighting with knives, and that one of them had been stabbed to death in the scuffle. Indeed, the most intelligent of naval affairs in the company in our ship are of opinion that her distress, and most probably the entire loss of her, was owing to her being manned only by *Lascars*: for she was a very fine ship, and, alas! was full of passengers! Praised be God that he delivered us: for had all my companions and myself been lost, it might have suspended any further attempts of the Methodists to establish Missions in *Asia* for many years.

We have among our passengers a Chinese gentleman, whose name is *Luncheon*, or at least *Luncheon* gives us the exact English sound of his name. He sailed from *China* in an American ship bound to the United States, with about 2,500 pounds worth of tea; but the ship was captured by one of our armed vessels, and carried to *England*. On this, either our Government, or the honourable *East India Company*, I think the latter, as far as I could learn from Mr. *Luncheon*, who speaks very little English, purchased

chased the tea of the captors : sold it and gave the produce to Mr. *Luncheon*, because he was a Chinese. However *political* the step might be, I doubt whether there be another country in the world which would act in so *generous* a manner.

I happened to mention how pleased I was with the singing of some canary birds, on one of my voyages to *America* : on which the steward brought me a canary bird, and hung it up in my study, within about a yard of my elbow chair. The little creature sings so sweetly, and is so entertaining, that I have given him the name of *Dick*, which he seems now to be well acquainted with.

About this time one of our soldiers died, and, after burial service was read, his corpse was consigned in his *hammock*, made heavy with sand, to a watery grave.

One morning, dreadful shrieks were heard from the lower deck. They came from a woman, whose husband, a soldier, was beating her severely. She then fled up stairs, and, as soon as she got upon deck, gave herself a fling over the side of the ship, but a sailor caught her by a part of her clothes, and with great difficulty, drew her back. The husband was brought to trial, before the Captain, but some circumstances appeared so much in dis-favour of the woman, as made the Captain consider the husband as almost justified.

Another accusation was brought before the Captain against a soldier for abusing a Major in the army, one of the passengers. The charge was proved, and the soldier received twenty-four lashes for his fault.

Those who were on the poop of our ship, had the melancholy sight of a sailor, belonging to another vessel, falling from the top gallant-yard into the sea. It does not appear that he could have been saved by any exertions which might have been used : so he was drowned.

On one fine day a fleet of forty ships crossed us. It formed a very grand sight. Our Captain held a

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long conversation, by the means of trumpets, with the Commodore of the fleet as he was passing; by whom he was informed that they were bound for *Lisbon* and the *Mediterranean*.

One day a signal was made by our Commodore that the only remaining frigate, the *Revolutionaire*, would soon be in want of water; that she had only a month's water on board, and therefore would be obliged to leave the fleet and sail for some port, unless she could receive a supply. Instantly the telegraphs began to work, and she soon found that the fleet would grant her a full supply. Our Captain alone sent her sixteen hundred gallons, and the other ships in proportion.

We have caught two *sharks* and a *boneta-fish*. The former were caught by a hook, the latter by a harpoon. The *sharks* were eaten up by the sailors. The *boneta*, which weighed only 16 pounds, was brought to our table: it is a coarse, well-tasted fish: and variety made it pleasant.

Nine of our fleet left us for *Lisbon*. They are store-ships for the Marquis of Wellington's army; and we have reason to hope will arrive safe at their destined port. Both the Commodore and I believe the whole fleet wished to touch at *Madeira*, and to continue there for a few days. I got many letters ready to be sent from thence to *England*. But, alas! we just came within sight of it, and the violent gales obliged us to wear off for the south. On the 25 of January we had a short view of *Palma*, one of the Canary Islands.

Mrs. *Harvard* passed through a long series of violent sea-sickness. But, since we have come between the tropics, she has perfectly recovered, and is, I think, upon the whole even better for all her illness. But, alas! this was not the case with Mrs. *Ault*. When she arrived at *Portsmouth* she was very much indisposed, of which I knew nothing before. An eminent physician (Dr. *Waller*) was employed to attend her, who most kindly and gratuitously gave her all the assistance in his power. Her

Her dear husband, as was very natural, apprehended no immediate danger; and Dr. *Waller* was reluctant to give him pain. But the Dr. informed my worthy friends, Mr. and Mrs. *Webb*, at whose house I resided while at *Portsmouth*, that she was in the last stage of a consumption: and that he had not the least hopes of her life, unless the *Torrid Zone* could restore her. He was sure, he said, that she would soon die on land, and that he expected she would soon die at sea; but that, if she survived to reach the *Tropics*, there was a possibility, and that but a very bare one, of her recovery. This was the purport of Dr. *Waller's* opinion, which I believe he gave to Mr. and Mrs. *Webb*, that they might deliver it to me. My way then was clear. To part with so very excellent and valuable a man as Mr. *Ault*, when there was no human possibility of Mrs. *Ault's* recovery on land, would have been almost an unpardonable step; and to have left her behind us, when the only possible means of her recovery (*humanly speaking*) was to take her, if possible, to the tropical climate, would have been very inexcusable.

The Messrs. *Harvard* and *Clough*, and myself, who sailed in the *Cabalva*, were exceedingly desirous to know the progress of Mrs. *A.'s* sickness, and therefore agreed with our brethren of the *Lady Melville* that intelligence should be conveyed by means of different coloured handkerchiefs, whenever our ships in the different movements of the fleet, should come near each other. But, alas! all the intelligence thus received was of a melancholy nature. Mrs. *Ault* reached the tropical climate; she held out till we arrived pretty near the Equinoctial line.—On February the 5th, during a calm, Messrs. *Ault* and *Squance* borrowed their Captain's boat, and made us a visit. The interview, as may be supposed, was both pleasing and painful. Mrs. *Ault* was still alive, and Mr. *Ault* was even then indulging some faint hopes that the *Torrid Zone*, under the divine blessing, would restore her.

Mr.

Mr. *Squance*, I must here observe, gave us a pleasing account of the influence of religion, in *the Lady Melville* among the *cabin passengers*. There were eight officers of the army, of very respectable rank in the ship, who had (as far as I could learn from his modest account) taken a liking to the manners, address, and conversation of Mr. *Squance*; so far as to offer him their very large cabin, on the second deck, to preach in on *Sunday evenings*. The cabin at those times, was crowded; and good, I doubt not, was done. As to our *own ship*, I hope to have something good to say of it when we reach *Bombay*.

February the 10th.—We were all at breakfast, and an officer of our ship came in and informed us that several ships had hoisted their flag half-mast-high, as a signal of death. Our signal was immediately hoisted. But our whole company, who had previously known of Mrs. *Ault's* illness, concluded that the signals were raised on account of her death. The signals all continued half-mast-high till about half an hour before sunset, when *the Lady Melville* lifted up her death-signal top-mast-high, which was followed by all the fleet. This was the signal that the officiating minister (who was Mr. *Squance*) had begun to read the 15th chapter of the 1st Epistle of Corinthians.—And when the *Melville* had dropped down her signal, the rest of the fleet followed her example; and thus ended the ceremony.

A few days after this Mr. *Harvard* and Mr. *Clough* took the advantage of a calm, and visited our friends in *the Lady Melville*. I am so old, that I dare not venture up and down the sides of ships but as little as possible. I hazarded my life in visiting the ships in the East India Docks, near *London*, to find out ships for myself and my companions. Mr. *Harvard* and Mr. *Clough* found Mr. *Ault* humbly resigned, though feeling exquisitely on the occasion. His dear wife died triumphant in the faith: and her resignation was most entire. When her husband spoke to her relative to having her remains pre-
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served and carried to *Bombay* for interment, she answered in words similar to these: "*O no: let me be buried in the ocean. It matters but little what becomes of the MORTAL PART, so that the IMMORTAL, —THE SOUL be secure!*" When she became speechless, she testified her victory over the last enemy, by lifting up her hands in a most triumphant manner; and she continued sensible to the last. When she was at *Portsmouth*, she certainly did not apprehend herself to be in immediate danger, as she observed to *Mrs. Harvard*, when speaking to her on the subject, that she thought *Mr. Ault would die before her.*

On February the 19th, Captain *Burgoyne*, of the *Port Mahon* brig of war, most kindly came on board to inform us that in a few days he should set sail for the *Brazils*, with a fleet of our merchantmen, which are bound for *Rio Janeiro*: and that he would deliver any letters, we should intrust to his care, to the British Consul, to be forwarded to *England* by the first packet. I must therefore now conclude, having, indeed, brought down our voyage to the present day, February the 21st, 1814.*

* We doubt not that *Dr. Coke* kept a regular Journal till the day of his death: but no more of it than we have now inserted has come to hand.

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