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LORENZO DOW, THE GOSPEL RANGER
By Alva Washington Plyler

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A PICTURE OF LORENZO DOW WITH THIS PUBLICATION

A picture of Lorenzo Dow, as hdm0841.jpg, is included with this digital publication, and
may be viewed with any program capable of displaying JPEG graphics.

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LORENZO DOW

01 -- A GLANCE AT ENVIRONMENT

There were few people on the American continent in the early decades of the nineteenth century who had not heard of Lorenzo Dow, the long-haired, thin-visaged little man with many oddities in dress and behavior. He in his travels from above the St. Lawrence River in Canada to the swamps of Louisiana beyond the Mississippi River, visited every state in the Union; and hundreds, if not thousands, in almost every town and hamlet had listened to his voice.

With a fanatical devotion to his task and little thought of food or time to sleep, he frequently preached five times and traveled forty or fifty miles in a single day. He never missed an appointment. Though these appointments, made twelve and fifteen months ahead, stretched across the continent, this winged gospel messenger, in spite of storm and flood and physical ailments, on the day and at the hour appointed, either on foot or horseback, dashed into the midst of the assembled and expectant multitude, delivered his message, and without a word of greeting, was gone like some wild bird of flight.

Dow was the first Methodist to preach in Alabama, and the first Protestant to carry the gospel into Louisiana. He introduced camp meetings into the great Southwest. Although without official connection with the Methodist Church, he preached to Annual Conferences, to the General Conference, and was cordially received by Bishops Coke, Asbury and Whatcoat; these high officials esteemed him worthy of their confidence and good will.

With the conscience of a Puritan, the imperial will of a Napoleon, and a body, though diseased and apparently frail, capable of prolonged and strenuous exertion, he allowed no obstacle, however formidable, to prevent his accomplishing the tremendous task set for himself. At first he was so unacceptable as a preacher that Jesse Lee, his elder, sent him home till with the increase of knowledge and of years he should become more capable. Having been thrice rejected by the Annual Conference, half crazed in consequence of the repeated and trying disappointment, he wandered, in mid-winter, like some wounded and hungry animal, over the hills of Vermont, still seeking for an opportunity to preach the gospel. Hostile mobs at campmeetings, and lurking savages on wilderness trails attacked the inoffensive man, but he allowed none of these to turn him aside from the main purpose of his life, till eventually, he stood in the midst of his generation, in many respects, without an equal in the long and honored line of pioneer preachers.

In even a brief study of the life of this man, who, apparently, ignored, if he did not defy the forces about him, one is prompted in the very outset to ask, What of his relation to the world in which he lived and moved? To what extent were his life and character molded by the social and religious influences about him?

An answer to these questions begins naturally with his childhood environment.

The little town of Coventry, in Tolland County, Connecticut, was the birthplace, and, also, the childhood home of Lorenzo Dow, as it had been of his father, Humphrey B. Dow, and of his mother, Tabitha Parker Dow.

His father and mother, both of English and Puritan extraction, were married October 8, 1767. They continued to live in their native town of Coventry. Six children were born to them. A brother and three sisters were older than Lorenzo and one sister was younger. Lorenzo was born October 16, 1777.

Humphrey B. Dow and his wife were both of the religious, steady-going, middle class, who were content to settle down amid the associations of childhood, without seeking more favorable opportunities elsewhere, but at the same time they were careful to provide food, clothing, a fair education, and good religious instruction for their children.

Coventry, a hundred years ago, in common with the average small town of New England, did not offer opportunities for the accumulation of large wealth, even to those ambitious in that direction; but soil, climate, the traditions and ideals of her people from the earliest settlements, contributed to the nurture of industry, frugality, thrift, and practically all the sterner virtues of life and religion.

No one force, however, contributed more largely to these ends than did the Puritan religion. The Church, the parson, and a stern theology that hedged the individual with a mass of rigid restrictions, occupied a position of supreme authority in all New England Puritanism. Connecticut, while not as intolerant toward other religious beliefs as was Puritan Massachusetts, proved to be as distinctly Puritan, in all other respects, as was the original home of the Pilgrim Fathers.

In the midst of such conditions, Lorenzo Dow was born and reared. Here he received a common school education and careful religious instruction. He was, therefore, both by birth and training a Puritan "of the most straitest sect."

His rebellion in later life against the particular form of Christianity that had cradled him, and that had been the religion of his ancestors, appears at first well nigh a mystery; but his unusual conduct is not difficult to explain, when one remembers that he was a very unusual sort of individual, who followed the bent of his inclinations, rather than the practices of his people.

For instance, his father and mother, from what we know of their history, were entirely satisfied to be born, to live, to die, and to be buried in one restricted locality, but Lorenzo was never quite so happy as when hurrying at breakneck speed on some long and wearisome journey. Furthermore, he was an idealist and dreamer of a most unusual type. He consulted dreams and visions and inward impressions, rather than doctrines, rules and external regulations. Puritanism to him, therefore, was like an iron cage to the restless and liberty loving bird, which frets for his home among the crags.

Yet, while at variance with many fundamental tenets of his early faith, he carried with him, through all the years, a Puritan simplicity of life and practice, a conscience that would have done credit to Oliver Cromwell, and that ability "to endure hardness as a good soldier," which would have put to shame the hardiest Puritan of the days of Cotton Mather. All of which speaks of his very great indebtedness to Puritanism, and shows how his Puritan heritage became of inestimable value to him when subjected to the hard conditions amid which he labored as a preacher of the gospel.

In addition to the foregoing estimate of the social and religious influences upon the early life of Lorenzo Dow, a word in regard to the state of society in the sparsely settled communities through which he traveled may aid the reader to a truer appreciation of the man, who, single-handed, hewed out for himself a unique and conspicuous career.

According to the census of 1800, the total population of the United States was 5,308,483, of which one fifth were Negroes. Ninety-five per cent of the entire population at that time dwelt in the country or in small villages. Philadelphia numbered 70,000 population, New York 60,000, Baltimore 26,000, thereby surpassing Boston by a small margin. Charleston was a little city of 15,000, and, if it may be called a city, the only one south of Baltimore. The Potomac River cut the population of the entire country into about equal parts, with all the cities except Charleston north of that river.

It becomes clear, therefore, that practically all the inhabitants of the southern half and a very large percent of the northern half of the inhabitants dwelt in rural districts. Near the coast, the people, in the main, occupied the lands along the rivers, while further inland, they were scattered among the vast forests, where only patches had been cleared for cultivation.

Such in broad outline was the form of settlement of the major portion of the Atlantic slope. These sparsely settled and oftentimes widely separated communities enjoyed no quick and easy means of communication, as do the most remote sections of the present day. For they not only were without railroads, postal facilities, telegraph lines and other modern methods of rapid communication, but even dirt roads were wanting except those of the most primitive sort, which rendered travel and transportation slow and uncertain. Consequently, the people lived in isolation, being ignorant of the problems of the outside world, free from social restraint, and withal, extremely democratic, except a small percent of the slaveholding descendants of the Cavaliers.

The frontier, with a primitive and crude life that ever characterized the hardy settlers on the outposts of early American history, had pushed gradually westward through the eighteenth century, then in the last decade of the century, leaped the Appalachian Mountains at a bound, and laid claim to that broad and fertile domain toward the setting sun.

In 1790 the total population of Tennessee, Kentucky, and the Northwest was 109,000. Ten years later it amounted to 377,000, an increase of nearly 270,000. At the same time, a great stream of permanent settlers were pouring into what is now Alabama and Mississippi. And the inhabitants of all that vast territory beyond the mountains were pioneers of the most pronounced type, being

utter strangers to cultured ease and wanting in most of the comforts of an established and older social order.

In some of the first settlements, a crystallization of society had already taken place, but with those exceptions, the social conditions in all the inhabited parts of the great American continent were in a plastic state, free from the unyielding restraints of fixed customs and habits; and, in consequence thereof, not only offered an inviting field for the establishment of new institutions, but also provided for the unhindered development of individual resources and personal characteristics. The early history of our country, therefore, became a period especially fruitful in the development of men with marked individuality. For these pioneers were not ground by the social forces to a certain specified pattern as is too often the case in old and highly organized society, but were allowed to develop an individuality that, instead of impoverishing, enriched all the early history of the American people.

Perhaps, in no department of life, in that day of great men and of splendid achievement, were these outstanding characters quite so conspicuous and plentiful, as among the early preachers of the gospel, who as men of God, were in a class with the ancient Hebrew prophets, and as intrepid spirits of the wilderness, proved themselves worthy of the highest place when knighthood was in flower.

This primitive civilization, unpolished, but unspoiled, that welcomed all, and set an open door before every man; this new social order of a great virgin continent, full of hope, unsatisfied but unafraid, and that dared to prophesy great things for the future, became the broad and inviting territory over which Lorenzo Dow chose to range, and eventually to become the most widely known among the many conspicuous pioneers of that day.

To reach the scattered settlements by long, hard journeys over roads that were no roads, to be exposed to all sorts of weather, to endure the discomforts of dirty huts, and, when no but with dirt or puncheon floor extended its hospitality, to lie down among the wild beasts of the wilderness, to say nothing of encounters with ruffians and painted savages, constituted a familiar routine in the life of any man who in the early years of the nineteenth century ranged the American continent as a preacher of the gospel.

But these very conditions, strange as it may seem, made possible the career of Lorenzo Dow. For, without the unspeakably hard conditions, amid which he struggled like some frail craft in an angry sea, there could never have been such a story of fortitude and unflinching perseverance. Only the broad stretches of a wilderness, and the unmeasured reach of the virgin forests, could furnish the background for such a figure of romance as he. Furthermore, only a new civilization like that of America, a hundred years ago, [now in 1999, two hundred years ago] would provide a generous hospitality for the services of a man like Lorenzo Dow proved himself to be.

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At the early age of four years, Lorenzo Dow, while at play, fell into deep meditations about God, heaven and hell. As he mused upon these subjects, he forgot to play; whereupon his little companion of like tender years petulantly urged that he continue the games.

"Do you say your prayers morning and night," asked Lorenzo of his little playmate.

"No," carelessly replied the child, more deeply concerned at that moment about his play than about his prayers.

"Then you are wicked and I will not play with you," answered Lorenzo as he hastened into the house, leaving his prayerless companion in the yard alone.

These periods of musing upon such religious questions as he had heard discussed continued till he was eight years of age. At that time the family moved for a while to another community where the lad fell in with worldly associates whose influence dissipated his serious musings and led Lorenzo to adopt their ways.

But through the years of his associations with worldly and wicked companions, the youthful Dow was deeply concerned about problems distinctly religious. For example, he became exercised in mind over the question as to whether God answers prayer now as He did in former times. Finally, he decided to test the matter for himself. This he did by asking God to give him the grand prize in a little neighborhood lottery, promising at the time to serve God ever after if he should draw the lucky number.

The rather devout, though selfish purchaser of lottery tickets drew the coveted prize of nine shillings, but did not keep his promise to serve God. For which reprehensible conduct his Puritan conscience -- faithful monitor of the soul -- condemned him for weeks. [It seems to me more likely that the Holy Spirit was the primary Troubler of his heart and mind in this case. -- DVM]

In his thirteenth year Lorenzo suffered greatly from an attack brought on by drinking too much cold water and milk, when overheated by hard work. One of the permanent effects of this illness was to leave him an asthmatic. At times he could sleep very well for several nights, then for weeks he would be compelled to sit up a part, or all night. Oftentimes, the only place where he could sleep at all when lying down, was upon a plank or upon the bare floor.

Soon after the attack that broke his health and brought on asthma which harassed him to the end of his days, the afflicted boy dreamed that he saw the Prophet Nathan addressing a great assembly and prophesying many things. Lorenzo got a chance to ask the prophet how long he would live. To which Nathan replied, "till you are two and twenty." The answer made a profound impression upon the lad, who by nature was disposed to attach undue significance to dreams, and not until he had passed the appointed time did Dow cease to believe that the dream would assuredly come true.

At this point we must allow Lorenzo, in his own language to tell what led him to seek the salvation of his soul:

"When past the age of thirteen years, and about the time that John Wesley died (1790), it pleased God to awaken my mind by a dream of the night, which was that an old man came to me at mid-day, having a staff in his hand and said to me, 'Do you ever pray?' I told him 'No.' Said he, 'You must,' and then went away. He had not been long gone before he returned and said again, 'Do you ever pray?' I again said 'No.' After his departure I went out of doors, and was taken up by a whirlwind and carried above the skies. At length, I discovered across a gulf as it were, through a mist of darkness, a glorious place in which was a throne of ivory overlaid with gold, and God sitting upon it, and Jesus Christ at His right-hand, and angels and glorified spirits celebrating praise. Oh! the joyful music! I thought the Angel Gabriel came to the edge of Heaven, holding a golden trumpet in his right-hand and cried to me with a loud voice, to know if I desired to come there. I told him that I did. Said he, 'You must go back to yonder world and if you are faithful to God, you shall come here in the end.'

"With reluctance I left the beautiful sight and came back to earth again. And then I thought the old man came to me the third time and asked me if I had prayed. I told him that I had. 'Then,' said he, 'be faithful and I will come again and let you know.' I thought that was to be when I should be blest. When I awaked behold it was a dream. But it was strongly impressed on my mind, that this singular dream was from God; and the way that I should know it, I should let my father know of it at such a time and in such a place, viz., as he should be feeding the cattle in the morning, which I accordingly did. No sooner had I done it than keen conviction seized my heart. I knew that I was unprepared to die. Tears began to run down plentifully and I again resolved to seek the salvation of my soul. I began that day to pray in secret, but how to pray or what to pray for I scarcely knew.

"I at once broke off from my old companions and evil practices, which some called innocent mirth, which I had never been told was wrong, and betook to the Bible, kneeling in private, which example I had never seen. Soon I became like a speckled bird among the birds of the forest, in the eyes of my friends. I frequently felt, for a few seconds, cords of sweet love to draw me on, but from whence it flowed I could not tell.

"At length, not finding what my soul desired, I began to examine the course more closely, if possible, to find it out, and immediately the doctrine of unconditional reprobation and particular election was exhibited to my view; that the state of all was unalterably fixed by God's eternal decrees. Here discouragements arose and I began to slacken my hands by degrees, until I entirely left off secret prayer and could not bear to read or hear the Scriptures read, saying, 'If God has foreordained whatever comes to pass, then all our labors are vain.'"

"Feeling still, condemnation in my breast, I concluded myself a reprobate. Despair of mercy arose, hope was fled, and I was resolved to end my wretched life. Accordingly, I loaded a gun and withdrew to a wilderness.

"As I was about to put my intentions into execution, a sudden, solemn thought darted into my mind; stop and consider what you are about. If you end your life, you are undone forever, but if you wait a few days something may turn up in your favor. This was attended by a small degree of hope that if I waited a little while it should not be altogether in vain. And I thought that I felt thankful that God had prevented me from sending my soul to everlasting misery."

Just here, let us trace a new religious movement that eventually was to come to the rescue of the lad in such dire distress about the salvation of his soul.

At the conference held in New York, May, 1789, Jesse Lee was appointed to Stamford, a town near the southern border of Connecticut, but his appointment really embraced all of New England. On June 17, of the same year, this gifted and knightly spirit of early Methodism preached his first sermon in that new field of his itinerant labors to an audience of twenty under an apple tree by the roadside near Norwalk, Connecticut.

The coming of Jesse Lee into the Nutmeg State marked the first entrance of the Methodist preacher into New England. Methodism had already found firm footing in all the states from New York to Georgia. The circuit rider from the first was a frequent and welcome visitor to the remote cabins of the pioneers in the Western wilderness. He had gone preaching into Canada and Nova Scotia, but, hitherto, had not effected an entrance into the old and cultured civilization of Puritanism.

Jesse Lee, thirty-two years old, of courtly bearing and commanding presence, abounding in wit, and richly endowed with a wide range of intellectual gifts and withal religious, was accustomed, wherever he went and into whatever circle he entered, to be received in the most cordial manner. But New England gave him a cold reception. The objection, however, was not so much to the man, although he was a strikingly different style of parson from those to which the Puritan was accustomed; the opposition lay deeper than the personal characteristics of any one man, or body of men. A firmly established social order and a system of Christian doctrine as unyielding as the granite mountains, constituted the barrier to Jesse Lee and his messages of universal salvation and a direct witness of the Spirit.

For Puritanism in those parallels was as rigid and uninviting as a New England winter and the people had been fed with their mother's milk upon this spiritual meat. Furthermore, the country was divided into parishes and dotted over with churches, and every citizen was required to support the church the same as public schools or good roads. The church leaders dominated both civil and religious life and naturally opposed the entrance of any new creed, and especially one so entirely opposite in doctrine and temper.

Nevertheless, in spite of all this, Lee made some little headway. After three months of chilling rebuff, during which time he preached under trees, in barns, courthouses, or private dwellings, as opportunity offered, Jesse Lee organized the first Methodist class, composed of three women. And at the end of seven months of hard work, this apostolic man had organized three classes with an aggregate of eight members. Three years later the work had prospered to the extent that eight preachers traveled this territory.

Among these was Hope Hull, whom Bishop Asbury brought with him from the South to the conference of 1792, at Lynn, Massachusetts, the first conference held in New England, and appointed him to the Hartford Circuit. This recent recruit of Jesse Lee's itinerant forces in New England and one of the finest young circuit riders among those that adorned the annals of early Methodism, was invited to preach in the neighborhood where Lorenzo Dow lived. He accepted the

invitation and made an appointment, which at once aroused great interest. For the people called Methodists at that time were much talked about. Some declared that they were the deceivers who should come in the last days, that it was dangerous to hear them preach, for with their delusive spirits they would deceive the very elect. Others said that they were a right good sort of folks and it was all right to hear them.

On the day appointed for preaching, a curious throng gathered, expecting to hear some new gospel. In the expectant assembly and most eager of all, perhaps, to see and hear the new preacher, was young Dow, who with surprise saw that he looked like other folks -- no hoofs, no horns, no tail. The text was, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Dow said of the sermon, "I thought he told me all that ever I did."

The next day he preached from the text: "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" (Jer. 8:22.)

When the preacher got to the application, he pointed his finger directly at the already agitated boy and cried out, "Sinner, there is a frowning providence above your head and a burning hell beneath your feet. And nothing but the brittle thread of life prevents your soul from falling into endless perdition. And if you don't pray you will be damned." With the last expression he stamped with his foot upon the box on which he stood and the truth went home like a dagger to the boy's heart. If Lorenzo had not caught hold of someone sitting by his side, he would have fallen backward upon the ground; and for some time he was afraid to stir lest he should tumble into hell.

"I went to the funeral of one of my acquaintances the same day," said Dow, "but durst not look upon the corpse for fear of becoming one myself. I durst not go near the grave, lest I should fall in and the earth come in upon me; for if I had then died, I knew that I must be undone. So I went home with a heavy heart."

The next morning as Lorenzo went out of doors, a woman who passed by told him that a cousin of his the evening before had found the pardoning love of God. About a week later another cousin was brought to cry for mercy, and his cries were so loud that he was heard for a mile; the same evening the distressed lad found comfort. Shortly after this other persons in the neighborhood under conviction for sin found comfort in the pardoning love of God; but Lorenzo Dow's distress all the while continued and was increased by the knowledge that his friends were bound for heaven and he was on the downward road to hell.

One evening, a prayer meeting had been appointed by the young converts for the special benefit of the poor, penitent, heartbroken boy. On the way to this prayer meeting he knelt down beside the road and promised God that if He would pardon his sins and give him evidence of acceptance he would give up every sin and would live a religious life entirely devoted to God.

With this promise fresh from his heart, the seeking lad went to the prayer meeting, "where the saints were happy and the sinner was weeping," but he could get no relief, could not even shed a tear.

After meeting on the way home he turned into a wheat field and tried to pray, but "the heavens were brass and the earth iron, and it seemed," said Dow, "as though my prayers did not go higher than my head." Then with some companions to assist him home, he went to his room, but not to sleep. The night, or the greater part of it, was spent in imploring God for mercy, as one would plead for his life.

The struggle continued till almost the dawn of the new day. At that hour Lorenzo cried, "Lord, I give up; I submit, I yield, if there be mercy in heaven for me let me know it, and if not let me go down to hell and know the worst of my case." As these passionate words of surrender poured forth, Dow says, "I saw the Mediator step in, as it were, between the Father's justice and my soul and these words were applied to my mind with great power, 'Son, thy sins which are many are forgiven thee; thy faith has saved thee; go in peace.' The burden of sin and guilt rolled from my mind as perceptibly as a hundred pound weight falling from a man's shoulder. My soul flowed out in love to God, to His people, yea, and to all mankind."

"At this time," continued Dow, "daylight dawned into the window, I arose and went out of doors; and behold everything I cast my eyes upon seemed to be speaking forth the praise and wonders of the Almighty. It seemed more like a new world than anything else that I can compare it to. The happiness is easier felt than described."

A little while after this in company with twelve other persons, Lorenzo Dow, a lad of fifteen, joined the Methodist Society, being received by G. Roberts, but he always looked upon Hope Hull as his spiritual father.

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03 -- FINDS HIS LIFE'S TASK

Shortly after his conversion, Lorenzo Dow got the impression that he must preach the gospel. With dread, however, he held back from such a tremendous task, feeling that he should prefer to spend his life in some remote part of the earth, rather than go out into the world as a preacher. After debating the matter with himself for quite a while he finally decided, whatever the consequences might be, whether life or death, that he would never try to preach. Then the pains of the damned took hold of him, and he was as miserable as when seeking the pardon of his sins. The struggle continued almost four weeks, before he determined to obey at all hazards what to him appeared to be a divine call to preach the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

On January 7, 1796, a little more than a year after he had decided definitely to become a Methodist preacher, Christopher Spry, the circuit rider, sent him to Tolland to try his gifts. Before his return, a month later, the boy exhorter visited at least four different circuits, traveled several hundred miles, and attempted to hold numerous meetings with one uniform result: He stirred up opposition in every place visited, and, if not invited to move on, was requested never to return. Yet he felt the worth of souls, and was still determined, by the help of God, to preach the gospel.

One night a little while after returning home from this first round which had proven such a conspicuous failure, Lorenzo dreamed that Jesse Lee needed help in Maine and that he himself had

been sent by the circuit rider and another preacher for this work. In consequence of the dream, Dow bought a horse on time from an uncle, gave four members of the Methodist Society as security and, with a testimonial in his pocket as to his moral character, set out in search of Jesse Lee, the Presiding Elder, who was at a quarterly meeting in Rhode Island. But when he arrived at his intended destination, Jesse Lee had already gone to Boston. Dow pursued with the hope that he could overtake the Elder on his eastward journey. But he reached Boston to learn from some of the preachers that the Presiding Elder was already more than a hundred miles on his journey through Maine and that he could not expect to overtake him.

Acting upon the advice of the preachers in Boston, the determined youth returned to Rhode Island and traveled as an assistant on the Warren Circuit till the early part of July, when Jesse Lee came to hold the quarterly meeting.

At this quarterly meeting, the Presiding Elder relying upon the judgment of the quarterly conference, and, particularly, at the suggestion of the preacher in charge, gave the unacceptable assistant upon the Warren Circuit the following letter of dismissal:

"We have had Brother Lorenzo Dow, the bearer hereof, these three months last past. In several places he was liked by a great many people, at other places he was not liked so well, and at a few places they were not willing that he should preach at all. We have, therefore, thought it necessary to advise him to return home for a season, until a further recommendation can be obtained from the society and the preachers of that circuit.

Jesse Lee, Elder
"John Vanniman
Thomas Cooper
Rhode Island, July 3, 1796
To C. Spry and the Methodists in Coventry"

Dow says that he could have met death easier than this discharge. Three handkerchiefs were wet with his tears.

In obedience to his discharge, Lorenzo Dow returned home, but held meetings on the way, wherever he could get a hearing. After a few days at home he set out to find Christopher Spry to whom the letter of dismissal given him by the quarterly conference was addressed. From Christopher Spry he received a written license to preach, and also, verbal instructions to come to the ensuing quarterly conference in order that he might secure proper credentials from that conference.

In September of the same year Lorenzo Dow sought admission into the Annual Conference, but was rejected -- a trial so great that he took no food for thirty-six hours. The conference could not with propriety have acted otherwise. For he not only came without a formal and legal recommendation, but, what was of far greater moment, he had not yet proven himself to be in any sense qualified for the itinerancy.

After conference, Dow, still of the opinion that he must travel, went home, tarried a day or two, then departed to spend the winter and spring traveling from place to place and holding meetings wherever the people would hear him. In June, he attended the Orange quarterly meeting. At this meeting, Jesse Lee, the elder, forbade his traveling in so many places and sent him home. This was the fourth time that he had been sent home -- twice by Jesse Lee, the apostolic leader of Methodism in New England.

In the last eight months this youth who knew not how to surrender, journeyed through ice and storm more than four thousand miles, and often slept upon the floor with only a blanket for a covering; as the stars shone through the bark roof of the humble dwellings in which he lodged. The frosts nipped the skin from his nose, his hands, and his feet, as he rode through the long New England nights in order to reach his appointment of the next day. In all this, the nineteen-year-old lad, frail in body, and inexperienced as a preacher, accomplished little, except to show what sort of stuff was in him, and to prove that God had chosen him for some Herculean task, of which, neither he himself, nor the church leaders at that time had an accurate conception.

The name of Lorenzo Dow was presented to the conference a year later, to be rejected the second time, and it was left for Sylvester Hutchison, his Elder, to employ, dismiss, or send him home as he saw fit.

Dow did not attend the conference that left his case in the hands of his Elder, but learned from the preachers upon their return what disposition had been made of the matter. Then failing to hear from Sylvester Hutchison, and thinking that the Elder had entirely rejected him, half crazed, he wandered hither and thither, as some hungry and wounded animal of the forest.

One day without a farthing in his pocket, or a friend to assist him, with shoes and coat full of holes and otherwise half clad, the young preacher in this pitiable plight, rode facing a cold northeast storm that chilled him to the bone. Alighting from his horse in a piece of woods, he fell upon his knees in the wet grass, lifted up his voice in a great outcry of distress and begged God to either release him from traveling and preaching, or else to raise up friends for him.

Jesse Lee and other members of the conference with little success had done their best to fulfill the first part of Dow's petition; but in spite of these church leaders, and heedless of his own petition beside the road in a winter's storm, this youth, driven by a mysterious and resistless impulse, continued his wanderings and allowed no opportunity to preach the gospel in his own peculiar and imperfect manner to pass. He wandered off into Northern Vermont. While in Vermont, letters of his wanderings came back to some of his old friends who told some of the preachers of his whereabouts. These preachers wrote the disconsolate wanderer, and requested him to come to the quarterly meeting. This he did, and there learned from Sylvester Hutchison, the Presiding Elder, that the letter offering him work after the adjournment of the annual conference had been written, but had miscarried. Whereupon the young man acknowledged to the quarterly conference, composed of about thirty class-leaders, preachers, stewards and exhorters, and later to an assembly of about eight hundred, that he was sorry to have gone away, but was not guilty of any intended wrong, since he had failed to receive the Presiding Elder's message. He then began work on the Cambridge Circuit, under appointment of Hutchison, the Elder, as the Annual Conference had authorized.

The young preacher, by his zeal and unusual methods startled the populace. Upon entering a community, he would pray, exhort the people collectively, or singly, and preach with telling directness upon such texts as, "Thus saith the Lord, set thine house in order for thou shalt die and not live." After a few days of such activities in one community he would hasten away to repeat his effort in another. In a little while the whole country was in an uproar. Some said that he was possessed with a devil, others said that he was crazy. As a consequence, great crowds flocked to see and hear the supposedly devil-possessed, or crazy man.

One day while crazy Dow preached the youngsters continued to get up and go out, much to the annoyance of the entire congregation. To prevent such conduct, he secured the schoolhouse for services and invited the young people to a special meeting. At the appointed time the house was full. The preacher entered, closed the door, leaned against it, and preached with more force and directness than usual; but no one left the house. The next day the congregation was three times as big as the day before and there was a shaking among the dry bones. One young woman promised to pray for a certain specified time; then broke the promise. Dow heard of it, followed her to a neighboring house, sat in the door and would not let her out until she promised to serve either God or the devil for two weeks. She promised to serve the devil. Then Lorenzo, having prayed fervently that she might be taken sick within the two weeks, left her. But before night she grew uneasy and became sorry that she had made such a promise. The alarmed and conscience stricken young woman began at once to pray for the salvation of her soul and within a week was genuinely converted.

In such manner Lorenzo Dow proceeded around his circuit. And, as quarterly meeting approached, he secured a promise from each society to observe a day of fasting and prayer with special petitions that God would meet with them in great power at the quarterly meeting. When the time for quarterly meeting arrived the people gathered from all parts of the circuit expecting a great occasion, and they were not disappointed. On Saturday, after Sylvester Hutchison, the Presiding Elder, had finished his sermon, there began a trembling among the wicked. One, then another, afterward a third, fell from their seats; then the cry for mercy became general, and the meeting continued for eleven hours. No business of the conference could be transacted. The next day the cry began in love feast and the meeting continued till nearly sunset. A hundred souls were blessed in this one quarterly meeting, following the zealous labors of Lorenzo Dow.

After his remarkable success on the Cambridge Circuit, the Annual Conference, at whose door the well known Connecticut youth had repeatedly knocked in vain, was disposed to look upon him with some degree of acceptance, yet in the minds of not a few there remained a big question mark as to whether he should be accepted. However, September 18, 1798, Lorenzo Dow was admitted on trial into the Annual Conference and Bishop Asbury appointed him junior preacher on the Pittsfield Circuit, with Timothy Dewey, preacher in charge. The circuit to which the boy, not yet quite twenty-one years of age, was appointed had but one well known distinction -- that of ever finding fault with its preachers.

A few days before his admission on trial in the Annual Conference Dow, as a result of overwork, broke down utterly in the midst of his sermon, and lay ill for ten weeks. He was carried from the little chapel where the physical collapse occurred to the near-by home of a friend. With

nerves shattered and a raging fever, he lay for several days upon the floor of this one-roomed house with only a blanket under him and a lot of noisy children romping about the place.

After days of agony in the midst of these unbearable conditions, the sufferer persuaded a young man to make a stretcher, so that he could be carried several miles over the hills to the home of a well-to-do Methodist family, where he expected to receive better treatment. With several of the neighbors acting as stretcher-bearers, they carried him, like a wounded soldier from the trenches, to a supposed place of safety and comfort, to find that the poor fellow was to receive scant sympathy or attention.

The farm laborers were as unsympathetic as the members of the heartless family. For they would carry baskets of apples and of corn in the ear and pour them out upon the loose boards over the sick boy's head without any apparent concern as to the noise they made. In an adjoining room, was the sound of wheel and loom all the day and late into the night. Close by was a cider-mill, about which were accustomed to gather the noisy and rowdy youngsters of the neighborhood, for the purpose of engaging in every sort of hilarious conduct.

All this led the poor afflicted youth to despair of life. In fact, the report went abroad that he was dead. So persistent was this rumor that his family finally accepted it as true, and his sisters put on mourning for their dead brother, while some of the preachers on the fields where he had labored held memorial services and eulogized the departed young preacher who had labored in their midst.

But two friends who had heard conflicting reports and were not quite so credulous as the rest, traveled twenty-eight miles to learn the truth, and to remove all question as to whether he was dead or still lived.

The coming of these friends to the young preacher whose shattered nerves were subjected to looms, wheels, apple-mills, and the emptying of ear-corn on loose clapboards overhead, became as the visit of angels of deliverance to a damned and lost soul. He begged them to send a wagon and to carry him away from that place. This they did, although fearful of the consequences of attempting to move one so ill. The day that the wagon arrived to take him a distance of twenty-seven miles to the home of a very dear friend who was anxious to care for the sick lad, the rain came down in torrents. But they wrapped him in a quilt, put straw under him and straw over him, and then proceeded on the journey. After eight hours travel over hill and mountain through the rain, he arrived at the end of the journey without any hurt from exposure to the weather or from the jolts of the wagon on the rough roads.

The trip had been a long, hard one, but it brought him to a comfortable home and to the bosom of kind friends, who took pleasure in ministering to every want of one who had borne so many hardships. After weeks of tender nursing, the young preacher, now for the first time with an appointment from the Annual Conference, determined to proceed to his new field of labor.

On November 20, still too weak to get on his horse without assistance, the youthful circuit-rider in company with Timothy Dewey, preacher in charge, started for his new circuit. After the first day, the two men parted company. Dow, probably at the suggestion of his senior,

who saw his depleted physical condition, went to visit the circuit in which he had traveled the year before.

If Dewey sent his junior off to rest, the order was not heeded. For he preached daily and rode long distances through storms of greatest intensity. After six busy weeks in familiar territory, he arrived upon his new circuit, and "began to pursue the circuit regularly in his own irregular manner."

His conduct was strikingly irregular. For example, he besought the family with which he stopped for the night to promise to serve God. Upon their refusal to make the promise, the zealot went away in the rain before breakfast in great distress of soul. This brought conviction to the irreligious household and resulted ultimately in a great revival in that community.

At another time Lorenzo entered the place appointed for service wearing a borrowed overcoat many times too large, and with two hats upon his head. One of these hats was carried in this unusual manner to a friend further on.

Of this year on the Pittsfield Circuit, Stevens, among many other things, says:

"Notwithstanding his singularities, he was remarkably successful. In many places he was repulsed by the societies and denied the hospitalities of the families which usually entertained the circuit preachers, but his unwearied labors in time produced a profound impression. He sometimes rode more than fifty miles and preached five sermons, besides leading several classes, in a single day. The astonished people, witnessing his earnestness and usefulness, soon treated him more respectfully, and a general revival ensued. This eccentric man left the circuit in a state of universal prosperity."

Dow did not attend the conference which met in New York June 19, instead of in the fall, as had been the custom. But he wrote the conference requesting that he be released from work so that he could take a sea voyage with the hope of restoring his broken health. The conference, however, refused to grant his request, and appointed him preacher in charge of the Essex Circuit on the Canadian line, two hundred and fifty miles from his Connecticut home.

With his clothing much worn, and not a penny in his pocket, the young circuit-rider reached his new circuit on a borrowed horse, his own having given out on the way. Riding, when lucky enough to borrow, and going on foot when unable to secure a horse, Dow threw himself into the work with his accustomed intensity, preaching, holding revivals, organizing new classes, and exploring new territory. These activities continued with unabated zeal through the entire summer. But all the while this unresting spirit felt that only a sea voyage would restore his health and save him from an early death. Added emphasis was given the impression, as the time drew near for his departure, as foretold by the Prophet Nathan in his childhood dream.

These impressions were made known to the other preachers on the circuit and to some of the people, all of whom advised him to cast such impressions aside and not to think for a moment that God, in view of the good work being accomplished, desired him to leave the circuit.

At the quarterly meeting in Essex the apprehensive youth made known his agitated state of mind and declining condition in health, and his inclination to visit Ireland, to Sylvester Hutchison, the Presiding Elder, and also to Joseph Mitchell, Preacher in Charge of the Vergennes Circuit. But they would hear nothing of his giving up his work to visit Ireland, even when Dow insisted that God had called him to make the trip and that a sea voyage would prove beneficial to his health. In fact, the Presiding Elder did not hesitate to give strict orders not to go, and added in explicit terms: "I would look like a fool in the eyes of the conference for supporting your course in the manner I have done, as some said you would never prove true to the connection, which by your going away, will appear to be the case."

But disregarding all this, the determined young preacher abandoned his circuit to make the contemplated trip across the waters. On the day of his departure he met Joseph Mitchell and bade him farewell, saying, "I know you have been my friend and are such to the present day; it is hard to go contrary to your advice, and if you think me willful in the matter, you judge me wrongly and harshly; it is in tender conscience that I leave you this day, for the sake of peace of mind." The two of the other.

Cutting down a bush and hoisting it for a sail, above a leaky canoe, Lorenzo Dow, on October 12, 1799, began the journey that eventually was to bring him to Ireland. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon he arrived at St. Johns, Canada, where, a few hours later, he found a man who agreed for two dollars to carry him in a cart to Lapariri. The cart broke down on the way, but they borrowed another, and finally, reached their destination about 3 o'clock in the morning.

On his early morning walk to the market boat that left about daybreak for Montreal, the daring adventurer went on board of another boat that "lay by" and asked where she belonged, and where she was bound.

"Belongs at Quebec and bound for Dublin," replied the captain. The very place that he wished to go.

"Will you give me passage," asked Dow.

"Have you plenty of money," queried the brusque master of the craft.

"What will you charge," came the query.

"Sometimes people give fifteen guineas, but I will carry you for eight," was the captain's prompt, and rather unexpected reply.

"I will give you five and find myself," responded Dow, "and if you will not carry me for that, I must return to the states."

The rugged, but kind hearted seaman, answered, "I will, but you are a devilish fool for going from a plentiful country, at peace, to that disturbed land."

Dow paid his fare, bought a few provisions, and had five shillings left.

On the way down to Quebec, he was the victim of much rough sport at the hands of the crew. Because he would not drink with them and join in their wicked conduct, the sailors put tar on his face, tallow on his clothing, and subjected him to repeated indignities of a kindred sort. During the seven days to Quebec, he also suffered much from the cold. Not only was he thinly clad, but he was compelled to sleep on the cables or the barrels of potash, and to cover with a side of leather. This treatment continued till the last night, when he begged from the captain a small sail, wrapped himself in it, and slept fairly comfortable.

While in Quebec, he who could not keep still or be silent, preached each of the five days to growing congregations, and made for himself friends who provided for his necessities on the proposed voyage. Among the gifts of these new found friends was a buffalo skin, dressed with the hair on, which served him as a bed on the voyage over.

The October gales on the North Atlantic proved to be unusually severe on this trip. When out about a week from Quebec, a gale of great severity struck and scattered the fleet of twelve sail. The fleet failed to assemble again during the entire voyage. After nineteen eventful days the vessel which carried the young gospel ranger to Ireland cast anchor at Larne. When about to disembark, the captain, who had been kind to the young preacher on the way over, said to him, "When I sailed from Quebec you were so weak and low that I never expected to bring you to land again. I thought I should give your body to the sharks."

"But now," said the mate, "you look ten pounds better."

The anticipated benefit to his health from a sea voyage had been realized, and the young itinerant was physically fit to throw himself into the task ahead of him on the "Emerald Isle."

Without a day's delay, and like some fiery evangel from another world, Dow plunged into what he regarded as a divinely appointed mission of traveling and preaching wherever he could get a hearing. But he met with little encouragement and much opposition, some of it of a violent sort. Most of the Methodist chapels were closed against the eccentric youth, who was entirely too erratic and irregular for the religious public of that old civilization.

About the middle of July, Lorenzo Dow met Dr. Coke in Dublin. Coke had just returned from America and was anxious to send him as a missionary to either Halifax or Quebec, promising at the same time to bear all his expenses, on condition that he would be obedient to him for six years. After considering the proposition for twenty-four hours, the answer, as one could easily surmise, was in the negative.

Only a few Quakers and an occasional Methodist received him cordially or offered assistance and friendship to Lorenzo in his travels and labors among the Irish. Yet, his correct moral life and manifest zeal for the salvation of souls drew to him staunch and abiding friends.

Chief among these friends was a Dr. Johnson, who attended him through his long illness with smallpox, sat up with his patient ten nights in succession, and when able to be moved, took

him to his own home, where he remained seven weeks. Later, this devoted friend gave him valuable books and permission to draw on him whenever in need of money.

After a stay of fifteen months in Ireland, where the fruits of his labors, apart from a few devoted friends that he had made, were by no means abundant, Lorenzo Dow felt impressed that his work, at least for the present, had been accomplished in that country. So, on April 3, 1801, he embarked for America.

Upon his return to America, the restless roamer seriously considered traveling the continent at large, rather than to confine himself to a circuit, even though the conference should be willing to accept him. This he hardly expected, in view of his having abandoned his work upon his departure for Ireland. Nevertheless, the conference, upon seeing that the trip abroad had proven beneficial to his health, was willing to receive him into his former relation of a preacher on trial in the conference. At the earnest solicitations of his friends, but contrary to his own inclinations at the time, he was given the relation that he sustained prior to his departure for Ireland, and the New York Conference appointed three men to the Duchess and Columbia Circuit; David Brown, William Thacker, Lorenzo Dow.

When the junior preacher entered within the bounds of his new circuit, a leading Methodist asked the unknown visitor, who had just arrived from conference, whether he could tell him who were the new preachers on the circuit that year. Upon being informed that one of them was Lorenzo Dow, the questioner continued:

"Dow I thought he had gone to Ireland."

"He has been there," answered the young circuit-rider in regard to his own whereabouts, "but lately came back."

To which explanation the brother Methodist with an anxiety for the future welfare of his church unwittingly exclaimed, "Dow, Dow, why he is a crazy man and will break up the circuit!"

But the brother's fears were without foundation, even if Lorenzo Dow's insanity should have been of the type to break up circuits. For Dow did not stay long enough to accomplish the expected work of destruction. After three months of apparently little success the Presiding Elder, at the quarterly meeting in October, transferred him to the Litchfield Circuit. After a few months upon that circuit, Lorenzo Dow gave up his work to range the continent at large. This important step in his life was the result of a constantly growing impression upon his mind which he interpreted as a call of God.

With the next meeting of the Annual Conference, his official relation to the Methodist Church forever ceased. But he remained to the end of life a Methodist in doctrine and sympathies, and his apostolic labors, marked by a consuming passion for souls and for the welfare of the Kingdom of God, were, for the most part, given in practical fellowship with the Wesleyan communion. Early Methodism reaped a great harvest from his self-sacrificing service, especially during the first two decades of the nineteenth century.

Perhaps here is as good a place as any to say that Lorenzo Dow could never have fitted into the organized ranks of itinerant Methodist preachers. At first, believing the itinerant ranks to be his place, at a tremendous cost, mingled with rebuffs sufficient to have quenched the fires in an ordinary man, he was admitted on trial, and thus finally obtained entrance into the vestibule of an annual conference, only to discover later that in response to a mysterious impulse within, he must go out into the great wide world as an independent preacher. For in him was a strange impulse that drove him ever onward, as the instinct of the sea gull carries it far over the face of the stormy deep. This mystery of his life, Dow, himself, did not understand. In the midst of his privations and defeats, as well as in the hour of success, the strange mystic attributed it in all sincerity, to the leading of the Spirit of God. Neither were Jesse Lee and other leaders of the church able to fathom this mystery of his nature. From our distant vantage point, however, it is clear that he was never fitted for the place he so earnestly sought after within the membership of an annual conference. Furthermore, he was too erratic and irregular to labor successfully within limited territory.

It was not, therefore, till he became an evangelist to travel the continent at large that he found the work to which he was adapted, and with which his really successful labors began. He had now found himself, his field, and his task.

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04 -- RANGING TO THE SOUTH

On the morning of January 8, 1802, after more than a week's voyage through storm and sunshine, mostly storm, from New York, Lorenzo Dow, apparently in failing health and with great anxiety of mind about his reception in the South, to which he was a stranger, landed in Savannah, Georgia, to begin his career as a traveling evangelist; or to be a bit more specific, to range at large and preach the gospel in his own inimitable way.

What a fascination Georgia seemed to have had for the early Methodists; particularly, those who afterward attained to eminence! Both John and Charles Wesley tried their apprenticed hands on Georgia. At the very time that the Wesleys returned to England with an abiding consciousness that their visit had been an unqualified failure, George Whitefield, twenty-two years of age, sailed to the American shores to try the powers of his matchless eloquence upon the inhabitants of that Southern colony. Now, as Lorenzo Dow discards circuit boundaries -- to him unbearable restrictions -- to range at large over the continent, Georgia becomes his first objective in that career destined to give him eminence in early American history.

Being among strangers, without money and in precarious health, a cemetery with gate broken down, seemed to invite the disconsolate traveler to come in and tarry a while, if not permanently. Consequently, Dow turned in, kneeled down, thanked God for a safe voyage and earnestly sought His guidance. and help for the future, that appeared to him anything but radiant.

After an hour or so in thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God, the devout stranger left the cemetery in search of Methodists. But he could find none, even after repeated inquiry. At length, however, he found one of the Hammet Party, a preacher who offered Dow the use of his church that night.

The offer was thankfully accepted and that night, after advertising the meeting by the distribution of handbills, the stranger preached to a congregation of about seventy, white and colored. This was on Friday night. On Sunday and Monday he spoke in the colored Baptist Church. For services rendered in Savannah, the people generously and gladly offered him money, but in each instance he refused it except when Andrews, the colored pastor in whose church he had preached, quietly slipped ten dollars into his hand as he was leaving town. This gift was accepted, but all public collections in Savannah and elsewhere, were declined, lest the people should think that he traveled and preached for the money received.

After a few days in Savannah, Dow journeyed on foot toward Augusta, preaching wherever an opportunity offered and succeeded in making friends wherever he halted on the way.

Upon his arrival in Augusta, repeated efforts failed to secure a lodging place for the night. All hopes of being allowed to sleep under the roof of human habitation having banished, a distant grove seemed to offer the only shelter in sight. When on his way to the shelter offered by the timber, a Negro slave overtook him with an invitation from "missis" to spend the night at their house, which he did, and was given lodging, supper and breakfast without charge, but the family would not agree to keep him longer.

One evening as the shadows grew heavy and all doors appeared to be closed against him, the disconsolate and homeless young preacher went down to spend the night upon the bank of the river. As he walked back and forth meditating upon his unfortunate condition, a Negro came ashore from a boat that had just arrived, and, to his surprise, called him by name.

"Where did you know me," asked Dow.

"I heard you preach in Savannah," replied the black stranger.

The Negro upon being told that Dow had nowhere to sleep, went and found a place for him in the home of a respectable colored family, and thereby saved him from a disagreeable night in January on the bank of the Savannah River.

After a few days on the plantations round about Augusta Dow traveled from Augusta along the Washington road, anxious to find Hope Hull, who lived in Wilkes County, near Washington, the county seat, and who was the only man known to him when he came to Georgia.

Hope Hull, a native of Maryland, became an itinerant Methodist preacher in 1785. His itinerant career of ten years was one of marked distinction. His first work was on the Salisbury Circuit, then, one year on the Pedee Circuit, after which he went to Georgia, where he spent the remainder of his useful life with the exception of the year 1792, during which he served the Hartford Circuit in Connecticut, Bishop Asbury having taken him to assist Jesse Lee with the work in New England.

Of Hope Hull, Bishop Coke wrote: "Mr. Hull is young, but indeed a flame of fire. He appears always on the stretch for the salvation of souls. Our only fear concerning him is that the

sword is too keen for the scabbard -- that he may lay himself out for beyond his strength. Two years ago he was sent to a circuit in South Carolina, which we were almost ready to despair of; but he with a young colleague (Mastin) of like spirit with himself raised that circuit to a degree of importance equal to that of almost any in the Southern States."

Mr. Hull located in 1795, and built an academy in Wilkes County, Georgia, the county of his abode at the time of which we write. In 1802 he moved to Athens and became the founder of the University of Georgia, and at one time its president. Georgia had no more useful citizen than this good and gifted man, who died October 4, 1818.

Mr. Hull was in his corn crib early one morning, getting a basket of corn to feed his horses, when some one near by called out in a sharp, penetrating voice, "How do you do, father?"

A glance in the direction from which came the unexpected salutation revealed to Mr. Hull a stranger, a slender young man of medium height, standing in the morning twilight close by the crib door.

Without a moment's hesitation the youngster began to explain:

"You do not know me and this is the first time that I have ever spoken to you. But I know you. My name is Lorenzo Dow. Ten years ago you traveled the Hartford Circuit in Connecticut. You preached two sermons near where I, then a boy, lived, and those sermons led to my conversion. Since that time I have called you my spiritual father. I am now a preacher, and while at this time on a visit to Georgia have come to see you."

Even the foregoing story did not to any appreciable extent arouse Mr. Hull's enthusiasm for his strange visitor, but he received the unexpected guest -- who had already walked nine miles that morning -- gave him breakfast and a cordial welcome to his home with the assurance that he might stay as long as he chose.

In the course of the conversation that ensued in which Dow manifested an eagerness for the opportunity to preach in the community, Mr. Hull said: "If such an arrangement will be satisfactory to you, I will make an appointment for you to preach tonight in the courthouse, which is only a mile away."

To this he readily assented. Whereupon, Mr. Hull assured him that the appointment would be duly published in the village and the surrounding country. Nevertheless, immediately after breakfast the impatient young preacher hastened away across a piece of woods to the village and without speaking to a soul, even by way of a morning greeting, scattered handbills over the town announcing the sermon in the courthouse that night, and then mysteriously disappeared.

Later in the day, Mr. Hull rode into the little town to fulfill his promise of the early morning at the breakfast table. As he entered a store, which was also the post office, a group of half a dozen or more men stood in front of the little fireplace, about which ordinarily the village loafers sat chewing tobacco and swapping yarns. The entire group seemed greatly interested,

evidently, in some fresh town gossip, for only matters of local and trivial import excited the interest of that company, accustomed to hang around the streets and the stores.

"I have been about this town a good while," declared Amos Yandel with emphasis, "and I know everybody in these parts; that little fellow don't live hereabouts."

With this positive and characteristic declaration of Yandel fresh in mind, Mr. Hull went out of the store to see about having his horse shod. Upon his arrival at the blacksmith shop the wiry little man at the forge, after the usual salutations, asked with evident interest, "Have you heard of a strange young man who ran all over town this morning giving away papers which said a preacher by the name of Lorenzo Dow will preach in the courthouse tonight?"

"I don't know anything about him," he continued, while polishing the newly turned cork of a horseshoe, "but from all the talk I hear, our courthouse will hardly hold the crowd tonight."

The forecast of the observant blacksmith proved fairly accurate, and on the second night, the congregation was even larger than the first, not so much through curiosity, but because the first message had really made its impression upon the people.

Dow tarried with Hope Hull two days, talked freely of his past experiences, of his struggles to get into the conference, of his trip to Ireland, where God seemed to set the seal of His approval upon that eventful journey by raising up such a friend as Dr. Johnson, and of his more recent plans to range the continent at large and preach wherever the Spirit should direct him.

Mr. Hull in these conversations said many things to the young man who looked to him as a spiritual father. Among others: "The kindness you received in Ireland might be accounted for on natural principles -- the affections of the people taking pity on you, and if one should come to this country and behave well, he would have the same kindness shown him. Give up this mode of wandering, return to New England, agree to take a circuit and wander no more. It appears that Providence has been kind to you in the past, but you will not always find a Dr. Johnson to care for you."

The admonitions of Mr. Hull, in view of his high character and Dow's affectionate regard for his spiritual father, made a very deep impression upon the young man's mind. He remembered, also, the parting words of his devoted parents, when he contemplated the present journey to the South. His parents advised: "Once it would have been your delight to have been received and regularly traveling on a circuit, and now they are willing to receive you, you cannot feel contented to tarry on a circuit, which, if we were to have our choice, it would be to have you to continue; then you will have friends and can come to see us. But you must be your own judge in this matter. Weigh it well, and act accordingly."

Before Lorenzo Dow's departure from the home of Hope Hull, his generous and fatherly host furnished him with a list of homes in the adjoining counties where he could find entertainment, and secured for him other needed assistance. By this means, Mr. Hull aided the young stranger very materially in his efforts to secure a hearing and, also, enabled him to find homes in which to lodge.

Before the family was up, and without giving Hope Hull an opportunity to place in his hands the nine dollars that the people of Washington had collected for him, which his host sent him the following day, the restless young preacher, evidently following John Wesley's example of early rising, was on the road before the first streaks of dawn had appeared in the eastern sky. By sunrise, or a little after, he had traveled nine miles to the place where he expected to collect a congregation and preach. But a big Baptist meeting in the neighborhood had taken all the people of that community, so he continued his walk some ten or twelve miles. As he sat by the roadside meditating what he should do to preserve some highly prized papers, from an approaching shower, a man on horseback came along and invited him to his house about a mile away. The invitation was accepted, and the kind-hearted Georgian dismounted from his horse and let the stranger ride. The downpour came shortly after their arrival, and the valued papers were saved from the drenching rain.

In the night -- for he had tarried with his new found friend who was given to hospitality -- Lorenzo grew restless, as his heart longed for the road. He got out of bed, dressed and was about ready to depart when his host learned of his intentions. Being unable by all manner of persuasion to prevent the departure of his guest, he arose, just after midnight, got two horses out of the stable, saddled them, and carried him over several streams, swollen by the recent rains, and conveyed him by a place where was a vicious and dangerous dog. He did not stop with this, but continued on the road till daybreak, there bade the guest adieu and returned home.

The midnight riser pursued his journey afoot for a few miles to the home of a Methodist family who gave him breakfast, but who seemed to look upon him with some degree of suspicion, and to question his being a minister of the gospel worthy of their confidence. Upon his being informed of the place where a funeral sermon -- one of those old fashioned memorial services conducted months after the burial, to which the whole countryside and the people from afar turned out -- was to be held that day, the restless young preacher quit the family that had given him breakfast and the cool reception, and turned his footsteps toward the funeral.

At the conclusion of the service "which was in the demonstration of the spirit and with power," the minister in charge of the services permitted the visiting preacher to say a few words, thinking that if he could do no good he would do no harm.

After the funeral, Lorenzo went to Greensboro and preached that night and the following night, then he concluded not to go among the Methodists, unless they came in his way, but to confine himself to the court-houses. The Methodists seem, however, to have come in his way, for he was with them frequently in the days following and held meetings in their homes.

Yet he visited a number of the county courthouses, in accord with his previous intention, going as far north as the counties of Jackson and Elbert. At Elberton, where he preached two nights in succession, he got an opportunity to send some of his handbills to the Tombigbee country -- that Alabama settlement composed mainly of Georgians, who had dared to cross the savage's broad hunting-ground and to build their cabins in the distant wilderness -- with the hope that some day he would have the privilege of visiting those settlements on the outposts of civilization.

From Elberton, the untiring preacher turned his foot-steps by a circuitous route toward Augusta and Charleston with the expectation of returning at no distant day to New England.

With a letter of introduction from a Doctor Lester of New York to Solomon Roundtree of Petersburg, Georgia, Dow sought the acquaintance of Roundtree, who received him cordially, opened his home for divine services, showed every possible kindness to the young man, and became a steadfast friend, who in the years following provided for him clothing and other necessities of which he frequently stood in need as he persistently refused all public collections in his own behalf.

One day as Dow journeyed toward Augusta, he sat down by the roadside to rest. While seated there, four people passed and he heard them say something about meeting. In order to learn what it meant he got up and followed them about a half a mile to what proved to be a Presbyterian church, where a large congregation awaited the coming of their minister, then overdue. Ever on the alert for a chance to preach, he distributed some of his handbills among the assembled congregation. The people read them, and as some of those present had heard of him, they invited him to preach on condition that he would "give way" should their pastor arrive.

To this he readily assented, and discoursed for an hour upon free and universal salvation, without being disturbed by the arrival of his Calvinistic brother. The services being ended at the Presbyterian church, he got an invitation to preach in a Methodist church, which he used twice, and then hastened on to preach elsewhere as opportunity offered.

On Sunday morning, March 7, Lorenzo Dew arrived in Augusta to receive a welcome totally different from that of six weeks before, on the occasion of his first visit to the old town, when with the greatest difficulty he secured a place to stay. On this propitious morning, as he slipped handbills under doors, flung them into the yards, or handed them to people passing on the streets, a Negro came three times urging him to come to the home of the Presbyterian pastor. Finally, he went, enjoyed breakfast, and was extended a hearty welcome to the town by this good man, who assured Dow that he had done what he could to remove the prejudice that had existed against him.

Following these friendly assurances and the good treatment of Mr. Waddell, the Presbyterian pastor, Mr. Dow went to the Methodist church. After repeated beckonings from the minister in the pulpit, he entered the pulpit to learn that Stith Mead, the Presiding Elder, was to preach a funeral sermon there that day, though he had not yet arrived.

After a little, Mr. Mead arrived and preached according to the original plan, and offered Dow the use of the church for the evening service, with the privilege of making the announcement at the morning hour. The proposition was gladly accepted. And after announcing the night meeting at the close of services in the Methodist church, the fleet-footed Lorenzo plunged out of the house in the presence of the assembled congregation, rushed over into the Presbyterian church to tell that congregation of the evening meeting at the Methodist church. Then without a moment's hesitation he hastened at breakneck speed to the African Baptist church to let the deep water people know that Lorenzo Dow was to preach in Augusta that night.

By this time the people were saying: "The man is crazy." Consequently, the congregation was quite large. An appointment was made for Monday evening, but the people said that it was not worth while, because the folks in Augusta did not go to church on week days. But the congregation was larger than on Sunday night, and on Tuesday night, it was still larger. On Wednesday, he expected to leave, but the presiding elder prevailed upon him to remain till Sunday.

During the week the carpenter locked the door of the new Methodist church because he was unable to collect for the building. Dow relieved the embarrassing situation by raising a hundred dollars, ten of which he gave himself. In addition to collecting the much needed money to pay the carpenter who built the church, Lorenzo Dow on this his second visit to Augusta was instrumental in the awakening and the probable conversion of seventy sinners. For these services he refused to receive any remuneration, except five dollars from a man who was not a member of the church. This he accepted, at the urgent solicitation of his friends lest the man should become offended.

The week's work in Augusta being completed, the indefatigable Dow hastened away toward Charleston, South Carolina, preaching with apostolic zeal as he went afoot, except when some friendly fellow traveler gave him a ride over the sandy roads in a wagon.

As was to be expected, Charleston gave him anything but an enthusiastic reception, for at that time the Methodists were a comparatively feeble folk in the metropolis of the South, and the few in that little city were badly divided. Yet he held several meetings of interest, one of which in particular was attended by about two thousand persons.

After a few days in Charleston, our gospel ranger embarked for New York having completed his first tour of the South, and of Georgia in particular, but by no means the last, or the most eventful.

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05 -- OVERTAKEN BY CUPID

Peggy Miller at a tender age became the adopted daughter of her oldest sister. This unusual relationship arose out of a train of unhappy events in her own household. Among these unhappy circumstances was the death of Peggy's mother, leaving four daughters and two sons, the oldest a girl of fifteen, and Peggy, the youngest, less than five months old. The father with a haste common to men in similar circumstances, married again in less than six months after the death of his first wife, but failed in his second marriage to provide a mother for his children. Shortly after his second marriage, came the loss of his property, followed by the family's being broken up and the children scattered.

When the baby girl reached the age of six, her oldest sister married. After her marriage, Hannah, who all the while had been a sort of mother to the scattered children, begged her father, as she and her husband were about to move from her old home in Granville, Massachusetts, to a point in Eastern New York, to allow her to take Peggy with them. The request was readily granted, and Peggy never saw her father again.

After their removal to New York, the married sister became in every sense a mother to Peggy, who was also treated as a daughter by Smith Miller, her sister's husband, in whose home she grew up an adopted child, even to taking his name.

From early life Peggy was a frail, delicate child, tenderly cared for by her sister, but compelled to work beyond her strength in assisting her sister to make a living. For whatever virtues Smith Miller may have possessed, the ability to make a living for his family was not one of them. In this respect, as well as in several others, he was akin to another citizen of Eastern New York, now famous in classic story as Rip Van Winkle. Peggy grew up a quiet, simple, kind-hearted, hard-working country girl, who went the monotonous rounds of her restricted life without a syllable of complaint.

The first really far-reaching event of her uneventful life occurred at the age of nineteen, when she was converted and joined the Methodist Church. The people called Methodist had just come into her community, and, through their preaching, induced her to seek the salvation of her soul.

Soon after Peggy's conversion, the Methodists organized their first society in her neighborhood, and she, with her sister, was numbered among the first members of that society. And, notwithstanding the distance was five miles, they attended preaching and class-meeting every week, and, in all other respects, exhibited a commendable zeal for religion and the things of God, even to enduring with steadfastness the persecution to which they were subjected. For they did not escape, as strange as it may seem, persecution of a most trying sort, because the preaching and zeal of these first Methodists aroused most intense opposition among wicked and worldly people, and fierce antagonism of even greater intensity, found a place with the peoples of other creeds.

Among the opponents that made life hard for Peggy was her adopted father, who joined with the religionists and the irreligious in their attacks upon the people called Methodists who had just entered that community.

But not a great while after his wife and adopted daughter joined the Methodist church, Smith Miller, himself, sinner that he was, became converted to God and united with the Methodists whom he had so bitterly opposed, even to the making of the life of Peggy well nigh unbearable. After his conversion, the Miller home became the home of the Methodist preachers.

The devout and devoted girl has left the following brief account of these days, which to the imaginative mind seems like a window open upon a bit of heavenly landscape. "We were a happy family, though but three in number. We often felt like heaven began below, because Jesus was so precious to our souls. The preachers made our house their home at that time, and it was my delight to wait on them. My chief delight was in going to meetings and singing praises to my God and Savior."

Three years after Peggy and her sister joined the Methodist society, Lorenzo Dow, having just returned from Georgia, sped through New England and eastern New York. The people everywhere were talking about the young preacher, especially about his oddities, and many were anxious to see him. Peggy Miller was among the number who desired to see the rising star, which

was to shine with such a strange luster through the approaching decades. But would he ever come in her little neighborhood? For he had such a big territory over which to travel and so many appointments to fill.

In ten weeks after his return from the South, he rode fifteen hundred miles, held one hundred and eighty-four meetings, speaking, frequently, three hours in one sermon. Through the weeks and months following, the intensity of his zeal continued undiminished, and the incredible record of his activities was maintained. A little country girl in an obscure backwoods community could not hope even to get sight of a man like that.

In September of this same year, a great union meeting was held in the woods about thirty miles from Peggy Miller's home. At this, one of the first, if not the first camp-meeting in the North, thirty ministers, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist, and more than two thousand people were present. Dow attended the meeting and spoke at night.

Rev. William Colbert, then Presiding Elder of the Albany district, writes of him, at that meeting, as follows: "He is tall, of a very slender form, his countenance serene, solemn, but not dejected, his word, or rather God's word, delivered by him cuts like a sword. At night Lorenzo Dow delivered one of the greatest discourses I ever heard against Atheism, Deism, and Calvinism. He took his text in about the middle of his sermon. Brother Covell rose after him and said that a young man desired the prayers of the preachers. Several others desired to be prayed for, and at length there was a wonderful display of divine power in the congregation beneath the boughs of the trees and the starry heavens."

Dow's services in this great meeting, were so highly appreciated that the people presented him with a horse, saddle and bridle. Mounted upon his newly acquired steed, and followed by the good wishes of the thousands who had attended the camp-meeting, the young preacher on the morning after the close of the meeting, hastened away to other appointments.

Peggy Miller was denied the privilege of attending the big union meeting but her adopted father was on hand, and secured a promise from Lorenzo Dow to preach for them at Western, where the Millers lived. After traveling about a hundred miles, Miller with him, to fill the appointment that must be met at once, and attending a quarterly conference at Paris, he preceded to his appointment at Western.

Fortunately, Dow's own story of what occurred to him upon this visit to Smith Miller's has been preserved: "One of my appointments being near his house, he invited me to tarry all night; observing that his daughter would be glad to see me. I asked if he had any children. He replied, 'A young woman I brought up, I call my daughter.' I stayed all night; but so it happened, that not a word passed between her and me, though there were but three in the family. I went away to my appointment, where we had a precious time; but while preaching, I felt an uncommon exercise, known only to myself and my God, to run through my mind, which caused me to pause for some time."

The "uncommon exercise" which threatened a serious break in the continuity of his discourse, was, indeed, a very uncommon exercise for the youth who up to this time had not given

a single thought to the "female of the species," but it is by no means an unusual exercise to the average young man into whose life has entered the mystic influence of the opposite sex.

Lorenzo Dow from the age of sixteen had been possessed with a consuming desire and ambition to preach, to become a member of an annual conference, and later, to travel to the ends of the earth. Every thought, aspiration and energy of his entire being were devoted, with a fanatic's zeal, to the attainment of those well established objectives. But now this young preacher, passionately devoted to the task set for himself, by the workings of some strange alchemy falls in love with a girl at first sight, and in his ignorance calls it "an uncommon exercise known only to myself and my God."

At the close of the service in which the preacher had been led to pause in the midst of his sermon, Lorenzo returned for dinner with his host of the night before. Upon his arrival at the Miller home, Lorenzo abruptly asked Mrs. Miller how long her sister had been religious and whether or not she kept company with irreligious and wicked young men. Mrs. Miller answered the question in a manner satisfactory to the most exacting piety and with a fine diplomacy; yet, with surprising frankness she added, "Peggy has resolved never to marry unless it be to a preacher, and one who would continue to travel."

At this inopportune, or perchance, opportune moment, the unsuspecting Peggy entered the room.

"Did you make such a remark," bluntly inquired Lorenzo of the timid girl.

Peggy, apparently ignorant of the immediate consequence of her candid and truthful reply admitted that she had made such a remark.

"Do you think that you could accept of such an object as me," asked the would-be suitor.

Peggy ran out of the room without saying a word, as this was the first time that he had ever spoken to her.

After dinner, however, by some means left to the reader to surmise, he got an opportunity to say to the shy and agitated maiden, who in affected anger had fled precipitately from his presence, that he was going away to his appointments to be gone several days or a week, but upon his return he desired to speak to her again upon the same subject.

Whereupon he departed for an appointment ten or twelve miles away, but returned the next evening to see Peggy and to talk over unfinished business.

Numerous appointments throughout New England and in Canada called the young preacher, who for once was about to turn aside from his task, and Lorenzo, leaving the girl that had so greatly and strangely interested him, hastened away to fill his appointments and to make ready for his long journey to the South and the Southwest.

These were exceedingly busy days for the young man, upon whom, with his rapidly growing reputation, the calls were constantly accumulating. But amid the insistent demands upon him, it became necessary for him to return to the neighborhood of Western, since some friends were making him an oilcloth cloak, that would be of inestimable service upon his long journey to the South.

While at Western to get his oilcloth cloak, he spent the night at Smith Miller's, the home for Methodist preachers when in that community.

Before his departure, the morning following, Lorenzo said to Peggy: "I am going to the warm country where I never have spent a warm season, and it is probable that I will die, as the warm climate destroys most of those who go from a cold climate. But if I am preserved about a year and a half from now, I expect to see this northern country again, and if during this time you live and remain single, and find no one that you like better than you do me, and would be willing to give me up twelve months out of thirteen, or three years out of four, and if I find no one that I like better than I do you, perhaps something further may be said on the subject."

With these words of farewell to the girl who in after years admitted that she felt willing to cast her lot with his, and to be a help and not a hindrance, if God would give her grace, as she had no doubt that He would, Lorenzo Dow left for Canada. Going on this journey beyond the St. Lawrence River and spending in Canada and upper New England more than a month, he returned to Connecticut to prepare for the long trip to the far Southwest.

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06 -- ON THE WILDERNESS TRAIL

Seven busy months have elapsed since Lorenzo Dow returned from Georgia. During these months New York, New England, and Canada have all been favored with the services of this young man who is growing constantly as a preacher of the gospel. But now he is inclined to turn his face southward again, with the scattered white settlements of Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky, at that period of our history "the wilderness country," as his ultimate and eagerly anticipated destination.

A filial devotion that grew in depth and intensity with the passing years carried him for a short visit to his father and mother before his departure to the wilds of the West. On this visit he saw for the last time his devoted mother, who was in her grave before the return of her son, almost two years later.

As he journeyed southward from New England Mr. Dow's pathway lay through New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. His reception along the route was one of increasing warmth and cordiality, and consequent delight, as he journeyed toward the home of the mocking-bird.

Repeated expressions of disapproval from Methodist preachers, in the early part of his travels, and their refusal to allow him to preach in their pulpits, or to provide for his lodging, and

otherwise, to show a spirit of Christian fellowship, pained him very much. Hence, he was gratified beyond expression at the friendliness and consideration of Bishop Whatcoat, who met him in the road just south of the Potomac River. The good bishop greeted him cordially, asked whither his journey, gave him information as to where he could stop in Alexandria, and otherwise, rendered assistance in a spirit of brotherly sympathy.

Christmas found him in Culpeper Courthouse, Virginia. After a short stay in Culpeper he hastened on into Louisa County, to discover that his horse, a rather inferior one, had grown lame, and was unable to travel at the pace that he had set for himself. Consequently he left his horse behind and made the rest of the Virginia territory on foot. While trudging along near the North Carolina border a man on horseback overtook the young preacher and kindly invited him to ride the horse that he led by his side. The offer was thankfully accepted, and after a ride of eighty miles or more Lorenzo Dow, late one evening, came into Statesville, North Carolina, mounted upon the bare back of the lame horse of a kindhearted fellow traveler.

Upon his arrival by so primitive and unenviable mode of travel, and without a penny in his pocket, the tired preacher, in the midst of utter strangers, proposed to sell his watch, the only thing of value in his possession, to get some money for his present and urgent necessities. He had some time previously bought the watch in question at a bargain, for eighteen dollars, but offered to sell it to the innkeeper at the low price of supper, lodging, breakfast, and nine dollars in cash. At this juncture a silversmith, as men who repaired watches were called in those days, came in, examined the watch and pronounced it a good one, whereupon the innkeeper offered him eight dollars and a half, supper, lodging, and breakfast. The offer of fifty cents less than the price asked at first was accepted, as a matter of necessity, and the stranger lodged that night in the Statesville tavern.

But his presence aroused grave fears in the minds of some of the inhabitants of that quiet, conservative village in the hill country of North Carolina. Among those most alarmed seemed to be the innkeeper's wife, who notified the neighbors that, in her opinion, a horse thief had come to her house, and that it would be well to lock all stable doors or else somebody's horse would be missing the next morning.

But the suspected horse thief did not leave town under cover of darkness. He was in Statesville the following morning and preached that day in the courthouse to a small congregation. The majority of the people still eyed him with suspicion.

Fortunately for the unfortunate preacher amid such circumstances, Phillips Bruce, a presiding elder at that time in Virginia, and one of the truly great men of his day, passed through Statesville on his way to visit his aged and sick father, near Snow Creek, in north Iredell. Bruce knew quite well the man who had unwittingly disturbed the ordinarily peaceful community, and assured the people thereof that the supposed horse thief was no thief at all, but a preacher worthy of their confidence.

For Calvinism, as he knew it in New England, Lorenzo Dow cherished an uncompromising hostility. Deism, Atheism, and Calvinism were three isms that he invariably classed together. But the Presbyterians of Iredell County won him completely, and he seemed to win them. He called them Presbyterian Methodists and Methodist Presbyterians, the most complimentary thing he knew

to say of them. According to his judgment these Presbyterians had both the life and power of religion, which was a tremendous concession for Lorenzo Dow, or any other ultra Arminian in that day to make of a Calvinist. And these Scotch Presbyterians showed their appreciation in a very substantial manner. Of their own accord they gave him thirty-three dollars in cash, and subscribed eleven more. In addition to this James Sharp, not a member of the church, sold him a good horse, took the thirty-three dollars donated by his Presbyterian friends, and credited him for the balance, without even taking a due-bill in evidence of the debt. Some knowing ones said that Sharp would never get the money for his horse, but these prophets of dishonor did not know of whom they spoke.

While in Iredell Dow sent by a traveler, who chanced to be going ahead of him in that direction, a string of appointments into Georgia. These appointments to preach carried him through Spartanburg and Abbeville, South Carolina, thence to Petersburg, Georgia, where he arrived February 2, 1803. When he reached Petersburg a lad on the streets of the village recognized him as the man who a year before had preached there and organized a Methodist society. Without a moment's hesitation the boy ran shouting, "The walking preacher has come back! The walking preacher has come back!" That night he preached in Petersburg to a very large congregation.

Upon his arrival in Georgia for the second time, Lorenzo Dow devoted more than two months in visiting some of the places reached by him the previous year in his preaching tour from Savannah to points as far north as Elberton, but he did not at this time go farther south than Augusta. At Shoulder Bone Creek he attended his first camp-meeting in the South. He visited at a later day another camp-meeting at a place called Jones' Meeting House, where, at the suggestion of Hope Hull, the people gave him a hundred dollars for expenses on his proposed venture into the Tombigbee country. Hope Hull, also, led in securing adequate equipment for him on the long and perilous journey through the wilderness.

Here is a list of the things provided by those generous and appreciative Georgians: A horse that cost \$225, a good saddle and blanket, portmanteau and bag, a heavy suit of clothes, a blue broadcloth cloak, shoes, stockings, cased hat, a valuable watch, sundry other articles, and fifty dollars in money.

At the time of which we write the extensive territory west of Georgia as far as the Mississippi River and from the Gulf on the south to the Cumberland River on the north was known as "The Wilderness." It was the Red Man's hunting ground, with a few scattered white settlers therein; the largest and best known of these white settlements being in the valleys of the Alabama and Tombigbee, and the Natchez settlement on the Mississippi.

The hardy pioneers who had chosen the far-off valleys of the Tombigbee and the Alabama as their place of abode were in the main emigrants from Georgia, but a more heterogeneous population from the adjoining Spanish and French colonies, as well as the English, made up the Natchez settlement. There was not a minister of the gospel in all the Tombigbee country, and in the Natchez, only Tobias Gibson, the apostolic man who went alone, in 1799, from South Carolina to that hostile wilderness. Lorenzo Dow, therefore, had turned toward regions utterly destitute of the gospel, or else hostile to any and every form of Protestantism.

This wilderness was traversed by emigrants and travelers who dared to venture on a journey of that sort by two main routes, which were nothing more than horse paths. The first road was laid off from the settlements on the Cumberland River by way of Colbert's Ferry, a few miles below the Mussel Shoals on the Tennessee River, thence through the Chickasaw and Choctaw nations to the Grindstone Ford on Bayou Pierre, and, finally, to Natchez and Port Gibson, on the Mississippi River. This road became generally and popularly known as "The Nashville and Natchez Trace," and was the return route for traders who had descended from the upper tributaries of the Mississippi down the river on flat-boats. For after they had disposed of their cargoes they returned on horseback or afoot by the land route, as there were no steamboats in those days.

The other road, or path, was from the Oconee settlements in Georgia, across the Alabama River, in the direction of Fort St. Stevens, on the Tombigbee River, thence on westwardly to Natchez.

These trails had been made for use as mail routes and to facilitate emigration into that territory. The Indians, through whose territory the trails passed, had, by treaty, guaranteed the safe transportation of the United States mail, and also the passage of travelers, but reserved for themselves the exclusive control of all ferries and wayside houses for lodging or entertainment, with all revenues arising therefrom.

To traverse this territory by either of these trails was called "going through the wilderness," for the traveler saw "alternate forests and prairies, intersected by numerous bridgeless water-courses, roving Indians, and what few adventures he might meet on the way."

This was the country and these the trails that invited Lorenzo Dow to partake of their hard treatment, which he did, without a syllable of complaint. Like some brave knight he rode away to the wilderness to lift up his voice in song and sermon, amid the wild solitudes where no gospel messenger had yet penetrated. After thirteen days, in which he had covered a distance of more than four hundred miles, among the Indians, he arrived at the first house of the first white settlement.

To those sheep without a shepherd on the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers he ministered in holy things. He seems, from what records one can find, to have visited the different sections of those scattered settlements and to have preached in a number of different places. It is a safe guess that those pioneers never forgot this first gospel preacher who came into their midst with the words of life.

From the Tombigbee settlements he continued his journey through the wilderness, and after six days and a half reached the outskirts of the Natchez settlement. Fortunately, Mr. Dow has left, though brief, an interesting account of his stay in and about Natchez, and a much more elaborate account of his experiences on the trail to Tennessee. His own story follows:

"I called on a man who was said to be a Methodist, but found that he was not; so I went to another house where they were called Methodists, but met with a cool reception at the first, still I showed them the governor's passport, and likewise two papers, one from Brother Mead and the other from Hope Hull that I was an acceptable preacher of good moral conduct, etc. Then they were more kind and kept my horse about two weeks. Brother Moses Floyd, met me the same night,

and having received letters by me from Georgia was more friendly; then the above family became more so. The Governor to whom I had an introductory letter was also friendly.

"I had two or three meetings in the assembly room, with the permission of the mayor, though with difficulty obtained. The man on whom I called and found that he was not a Methodist, reflected how far I had come to see them through the woods and felt his heart inclined to lend me a horse to ride more than a hundred miles. So I went to Kingston, and procured a spot of ground (by selling my watch) for a church; and then to the heights, and Pinckneyville, and held meetings. I stopped at a house in the edge of West Florida and sold my cloak. Thence I returned and visited several neighborhoods, and God's power was to be felt in some of them.

"My horse was now taken lame so that he was not fit to ride to Tennessee. I spoke at the Pine Ridge meeting house, and at Washington, Sulsertown and at Calender's meeting house, where some were offended. Here quarterly meeting was held. Thence I went to Wormsville, Biopeer, and Big Black and preached the funeral sermon of a niece of the Rev. Tobias Gibson, and the Lord was with us. I left my horse with Brother Gibson and took a Spanish race horse which he was to be responsible for, and I was to remit him the money by post when it should be due on my arrival in Georgia in November.

"Having got equipped for my journey through the woods of Cumberland, which was several hundred miles, and having been informed that a party of men was that morning to start into the wilderness, I intended to go with them, but on my arrival found that they had started the day before; so I must either wait for more or go and overtake them. To wait I durst not, as my appointments had gone to Virginia. A Kentuckian had some time before, as I was informed, struck an Indian who shortly after died; and the other Indians supposed that his death was in consequence of the blow, and the Kentuckian was tried and acquitted. Wherefore the Indians, according to their custom, were determined to kill somebody, as they must have life for life. And they had now become saucy, and had shot at and wounded several on that road, but had not killed any one yet; but it was supposed that some one must shortly fall a victim. However I set off alone and rode the best part of twenty miles, when I saw a party of Indians within twenty feet of me. I was in hopes that they would pass me, but in vain, for the first Indian seized my horse by the bridle and the others surrounded me. At first I thought that it was a gone case with me; then I concluded to get off my horse and give up all in order to save my life. But it turned in my mind, that if I do, I must return to the settlement in order to get equipped for another start, then it would be too late for my appointments. Again it turned in my mind, how, when in Ireland, somebody would frequently be robbed or murdered one day, and I would travel the same road the day before or the day after, yet was preserved and brought back in peace, and the same God is as able to preserve me here and deliver me now as then.

"Immediately, I felt the power of faith to put my confidence in God. At the same time I observed that the Indians had ramrods in the muzzles of their guns, as well as in their stocks, so it would take some time to pull out the ramrods, and get their guns cocked and prepared and up to their faces ready to shoot. At this moment my horse started and jumped sideways, which would have laid the Indian to the ground who held the bridle, had it not slipped out of his hands. At the same time the Indian on the other side jumped, seemingly like a streak, to keep from under the horse's feet, so that there was a vacancy in the circle, when I gave my horse the switch, and leaned

down on the saddle so that if they shot I would give them as narrow a chance as I could to hit me, as I supposed they would wish to spare and get my horse. I did not look behind me till after I had got out of sight and hearing of the Indians. I was not long in going a dozen or fifteen miles. So I overtook the company that day and told them what I had passed through.

"About forty-eight hours after, a party of twenty-five men were attacked by some ruffians, driven from their camp, and plundered of some thousands of dollars, and some of them came near starving before they got in.

"I traveled on several days with the company, but they proceeded so slow that I resolved to quit them, and thinking that I was within about forty miles of the Chickasaw nation, set off alone one morning in the hope of getting in the same night. So I traveled on all day as fast as I could, conveniently, stopping only once to bait, until I came within about twenty miles of the settlements; and about ten at night came to a great swamp, where I missed the trail and was necessitated to camp out without any company (except my horse) fire, or weapon of defense. As I dismounted to fix my bridle and chain together for my horse to graze while fastened to a tree, I heard a noise like the shrieks of women and listened to know what it might be; but it occurred to my mind that I had heard hunters say that the catamount or panther would imitate the cries of women.

"At first I felt some queries or fears in my mind, but I soon said, God can command the wild beast of the forests as well as he can command the Indians; so I knelt down and committed myself to the protection of a kind Providence, and then lay down and had a comfortable night's rest. The next morning I went on and joined the settlement about 10 o'clock, and got some milk and coarse Indian bread for myself, and corn for my horse. I then went on about twenty miles further, and, through the good providence of God, did not miss my road, though there were many that went in different courses. At length I saw a man dressed like a gentleman; he came up and shook hands with me, and after some conversation invited me to his house about a mile and a half away. I tarried with him a few days; and had two meetings with some reds, blacks, whites and half-breeds; and good I think, was done in the name of the Lord. The post came along and I left Mr. Bullen, the missionary with whom I had spent my time, and set off with him. In three days and a half we traveled upwards of two hundred miles, and came to the settlements of Cumberland; and having a letter of introduction I called on Major Murray, who treated me kindly. I gave away the last of my money and my pen-knife to get across an Indian ferry. I sold my chain halter for two dollars and Brother Murray lent me a horse to ride to Nashville."

Upon his arrival in Nashville Lorenzo Dow tried in vain to get a place to preach. He went six miles in the country and spent the night with a local Methodist preacher and returned the next day to Nashville in a further search for some place to hold meeting. Being unable to secure the courthouse or a private house, he went into a grog-shop and offered to rent the place for religious services. The proprietor, not dreaming that he was in earnest, but thinking that this was only the irreverent talk of one of the irreligious visitors to his place, agreed to allow him to have the house. In order to clinch the contract Dow gave him a dollar and told him that as a man of honor he must stand by his agreement. Then he went out and advertised the meeting that was to be held in the grog-shop.

When the hour arrived the room proved inadequate to accommodate the people, and somebody prepared the market house for him. After this he was able to secure the courthouse, where he spoke to overflowing congregations, but refused to accept money from the assembled crowds for his services.

From Nashville he went to Kentucky, and, after a short stay among those early inhabitants of "the dark and bloody ground," hastened on to fill an appointment at Abingdon, Virginia, arriving three hours before time for service.

Just out of the wilderness, Lorenzo was dirty and ragged. His pants were worn out, his coat and vest in rags, his moccasins barely holding together, and only a small fraction of a dollar in his pocket. Such had become the plight of the well-equipped preacher who left his Georgia friends four months before. A part of his clothing had been sold on the way, to provide needed funds, and the rough treatment to which the remainder of his garments were subjected in the wilderness had reduced them to rags.

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07 -- INCIDENTS ALONG THE WAY

From Abingdon, Lorenzo Dow proceeded through Virginia to Richmond, preaching as he went and leaving hundreds of appointments in that country for the following spring. At Richmond, with the Governor's permission, he spoke in the Capitol. Later, he preached several times in the Methodist meeting house of Richmond, spoke in Manchester, and at the New Kent quarterly meeting.

From the quarterly meeting he rode twenty miles in the rain to Petersburg, where he inquired of a gentle man on the streets, if he knew Jesse Lee.

"He is my brother," was the unexpected, laconic reply of Mr. Lee, who took the rain-soaked stranger to his house.

As the two men approached the house, the commanding figure of Jesse Lee appeared in the door way. Dow had not seen Jesse Lee since they parted not in the best of humor more than six years before. Then Jesse Lee forbade the young man traveling in so many places without authority, and sent him home for the fourth time, this being the second time that Lee himself had ordered him home.

At the sight of "the Father of Methodism in New England," the incorrigible Connecticut youth, who was now rapidly becoming a national figure, stopped his horse, sat in silence with a bundle of books under his arm, as the water dripped from his shabby old coat.

For some time neither of them spoke, then Jesse Lee' said, "Come in."

Dow did not move, but promptly replied, "I desire to know whether it is peace or war."

"Come in," responded Lee.

"Is it peace or war?" urged Dow, with increasing persistency.

"It is peace," finally answered Lee.

Promptly dismounting, Lorenzo went in and received a good old Virginia greeting and the finest expressions of Christian hospitality. In addition to these, Jesse Lee secured for him a large congregation that night in the Methodist church, and appointed other meetings for the days following.

These and other acts of kindness on the part of Jesse Lee, proved a great surprise to Lorenzo Dow, who through the years had been unable to understand the attitude of the Great Apostle of Methodism toward him.

From this time forth, the misunderstanding between these two men, a misunderstanding which grew out of the utter inability of one to comprehend the other, especially, of Lee to fathom the mysteries hidden away in the life of the Connecticut lad, were entirely cleared away, and they seemed to appreciate each other most highly through all the years following.

From the neighborhood of Petersburg, Virginia, the restless wanderer turned southward through territory much of which was strange to him. At Raleigh, North Carolina, a petty constable arrested him for a horse thief, but let him go with the understanding that at a specified time he would return for the investigation. In Chesterfield County, South Carolina, one, by the name of Paul Rushing, who figured as a citizen of some consequence in that section of the State, examined Dow's private papers and in return for the privilege granted him, abused the well behaved and defenseless traveler with all sorts of vile and profane language. But in spite of such indignities, some of them the result of ignorance, others, born of pure deviltry, the zealous itinerant pursued his course, preaching the gospel without fear and without the hope of earthly reward.

After an absence of seven months, since his departure for the Tombigbee, the untiring evangel returned to Petersburg, Georgia, having traveled more than four thousand miles. The friends who had sent him well equipped into the great Southwest to preach to the scattered settlements on the red man's broad hunting grounds, received him again, promptly replenished his depleted wardrobe, and gave him spending money, which he was constantly in need of since he did not at any time allow public collections to be taken for him, "Lest the Gospel be blamed."

Among his appointments in Georgia was one before the Legislature at Louisville. For some unknown reason, possibly, to be odd, Dow, while he preached stood on a chair on top of a table. During the sermon, feeling the chair move a time or two, and desiring to prevent its falling, he sat down, and completed his sermon.

After the sermon, a young man who had observed that a Baptist preacher, a member of the Legislature from some dark corner of the State, had moved the chair with the hope that he might cause the speaker to fall, went and shook his fist in the face of that unworthy member of the State

Legislature, at the same time urging him to come outside that he might thrash him for such an indignity to a stranger.

The coward, afraid to accept the challenge of the young Georgian who believed in fair play, had him arrested for offering an insult to a member of the House. The young man was sent to prison; but at the trial, which began the following day, and continued till the next, he was acquitted on the ground that the Legislature was not in session at the time of the alleged insult and that the challenge was only a personal matter, and not an insult to the entire body.

A little while after the foregoing incident, Dow received at the hands of Stith Mead, the Presiding Elder of the Georgia District, South Carolina Conference, the following paper signed by the Governor, Secretary of State, twenty-eight members of the Legislature, and bearing the great seal of the State:

Be it known, that the Reverend Lorenzo Dow, as itinerant preacher of the Gospel, hath traveled through the State several times in the course of two years, and has maintained the character of a useful and acceptable Gospel preacher, and now being about to leave the State, we, in testimony of our high regard for him, recommend him to all Christians and lovers of virtue, as a man whose sole aim appears to be the propagating of useful principles through the Christian religion.

The South Carolina Conference met this year at Augusta, Georgia, and Dow attended, although without any official connection with the conference or with the Methodist church. Bishop Coke who was present, greeted him most cordially, saying, "How do you do, brother Dow, I am glad to see you." Bishop Asbury directed that he should preach in the church during the sitting of the conference, and the instructions were complied with. The church in which the conference met was in debt. To relieve this indebtedness, he gave the proceeds from the sale of his book, "The Chain of Lorenzo."

From Augusta, his appointments carried him to Charleston, Wilmington, New Bern, Washington, and Tarboro. On this journey through lower South Carolina and Eastern North Carolina in midwinter without a cloak or overcoat and clad in light summer clothing, this man of unyielding purpose, suffered no little from the cold, especially, from the cold rains of which there were many that winter. From Tarboro, he went to Raleigh and spoke twice in the State House, but saw nothing of the constable who arrested him a few months before for a horse thief, and who was to be on hand at this date to prosecute his case.

Leaving Raleigh without an opportunity to show that his occupation had been misjudged by Wake County's minor official, Lorenzo Dow hastened to Statesville to pay James Sharp for the horse purchased from him more than a year before, although some of the knowing ones informed Sharp that the strange preacher would never return to pay the debt. But these prophets of dishonor did not know Lorenzo Dow, who with all his oddities, had not a taint of dishonesty. He could without a word of complaint go hungry and cold but would not fail to pay his debts.

After a few days at Statesville, the pathway of this honest man lay across the mountains into Tennessee. Evidently, following his former route from Statesville to the south, he went near

to, or into South Carolina, and then turned toward Asheville by way of the Saluda Mountains, which he crossed in the night. The fires that often burn on the mountains in the winter and early spring served to light him over the road with precipitous cliffs on one side and deep ravines on the other, and doubtless saved the belated traveler from an untimely death on that dangerous mountain road.

At Asheville he preached twice in the Presbyterian church to congregations larger than the church could accommodate; then, the day following, rode forty-five miles down the French Broad River, on his way to Newport, Tennessee. Reaching this appointment with the greatest difficulty, he preached to the assembled congregation, then hastened on to Knoxville, where a great throng awaited his coming.

In his History of Holston Methodism, Dr. H. N. Price gives the following account of this meeting, as reported to him by Rev. E. F. Sevier, who, although quite a child at the time, remembered the occasion distinctly:

A great crowd of curious people were in and about the village some time before the time for preaching had arrived. Where the preacher was to take his stand no one knew. The crowd moved and surged from side to side, from point to point. At length, a tall, plainly dressed man, with a handkerchief about his head in lieu of a hat, appeared as if he had come out of the ground, or had been let down from the clouds. He made no delay, but mounted a log and began announcing a hymn:

Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God has hidden all mankind.

The announcement of the hymn and the singing were sufficient notice to the scattered people as to the place where the preaching was to occur, and the crowd soon gathered about the wonderful stranger. Sevier had no distinct recollection of the text, subject, or line of argument; but the whole manner of Dow was indelibly impressed on his memory. He did not play the orator, he was not a declaimer; on that occasion, he played the part of a reasoner and polemic. He seemed to single out a particular hearer, to whom he addressed all his remarks. The particular hearer was, perhaps, fictitious, and was addressed as a Calvinist. The sermon was a dialogue between Dow and this fictitious hearer. The preacher heard the man's arguments in support of unconditional election and reprobation, partial redemption, effectual calling, and final perseverance, and answered them. Dow was very pointed and emphatic in his questions and answers. The sermon, in the opinion of young Sevier, was a complete demolition of Calvinism. Dow would frequently make an assertion and then, leaning forward and pointing at his antagonist, say, "it is a fact and you can't deny it!" giving the broad Italian sound to the a in the words fact and can't.

The whole performance was very interesting to the large audience. Their attention was riveted from start to finish. The people were convinced and swayed; for the matter and manner of the man showed that he believed what he preached and that he was terribly in earnest.

Of his visit to East Tennessee, the reason for which his observations of the jerks, that mysterious physiological phenomenon of those times, Lorenzo Dow has left us the following full and interesting account:

"I had heard of a singularity called the 'jerks' or 'jerking exercise,' which appeared first near Knoxville in August last to the great alarm of the people, which report, at first, I considered vague and false. But at length, like the Queen of Sheba, I set out to go and see for myself, and sent over these appointments into this country accordingly.

"When I arrived in sight of this town, I saw hundreds of people collected in little bodies, and observing no place appointed for meeting; before I spoke to any, I got on a log and gave out a hymn, which caused them to assemble around in solemn and attentive silence. I saw several involuntary motions in the course of the meeting, which I considered as a specimen of the 'jerks.'

"I rode seven miles behind a man across streams of water, and held meeting in the evening, being ten miles on the way. In the night I grew uneasy, being twenty-five miles from my appointment for next morning at eleven o'clock. I prevailed on a young man to attempt carrying me with horses until day, which he thought was impracticable, considering the darkness of the night and the thickness of the trees. Solitary shrieks were heard in these woods, which he told me were said to be the cries of murdered persons. At day we parted, being still seventeen miles from the spot, and the ground covered with a white frost. I had not proceeded far, before I came to a stream of water, from the springs of the mountains, which made it dreadful cold. In my heated state I had to wade this stream five times in the course of an hour, which I perceived so affected my body that my strength began to fail. Fears began to arise that I must disappoint the people, till I observed some fresh tracks of horses, which caused me to exert every nerve to overtake them, in hope of aid or assistance on my journey, and soon I saw them on an eminence. I shouted for them to stop till I came up. They inquired what I wanted. I replied, I had heard that there was a meeting at Seversville by a stranger and I was going to it. They replied that they had heard that a crazy man was to hold forth there, and were going also, and perceiving that I was weary, invited me to ride. Soon our company was increased to forty or fifty, who fell in with us on the road from different plantations.

"At length, I was interrogated whether I knew anything about the preacher. I replied, 'I have heard a good deal about him, and have heard him preach, but I have no great opinion of him.' And thus the conversation continued for some miles before they found me out, which caused some color and smiles in the company. Thus, I got on to meeting, and after taking a cup of tea gratis, I began to speak to a vast audience, and I observed about thirty to have the 'jerks.' Though they strove to keep as still as they could, these emotions were involuntary and irresistible, as any unprejudiced eye might discern.

"Lawyer Porter, who had come a considerable distance, got his heart touched under the Word, and being informed how I came to meeting, voluntarily lent me a horse to ride nearly one hundred miles, and gave me a dollar, though he had never seen me before.

"Sunday, February 19, I spoke in Knoxville to hundreds more than could get into the courthouse; the Governor being present. About one hundred and fifty had the 'jerking exercise,'

among whom was a circuit preacher (Johnson, who had opposed them a little before, but he now had them powerfully, and I believe that he would have fallen over three times had not the auditorium been so crowded that he could not unless he fell perpendicularly.

"I have seen Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers, Baptists, Episcopalians, and Independents exercised with the 'jerks,' gentlemen and ladies, black and white, the aged and young, the rich and the poor, without exception; from which I infer, as it cannot be accounted for on natural principles, and carries such marks of involuntary motion, that it is no trifling matter. I believe that those who are most pious and given up to God are rarely touched with it, and those naturalists who wish and try to get it to philosophize upon it are excepted. But the lukewarm, lazy, half-hearted, indolent professor, is subject to it; and many of them I have seen, who, when it came upon them, would be alarmed and stirred up to redouble their diligence with God; and after they would get happy, were thankful that it ever came upon them. Again, the wicked are frequently more afraid of it than the smallpox or yellow fever; these are subject to it. But the persecutors are more subject to it than any; and they have sometimes cursed and swore and damned it while jerking. There is no pain attending the 'jerks' except they resist it, which if they do, it will weary them more in an hour than a day's labor, which shows that it requires the consent of the will to avoid suffering.

"I passed by a meeting-house, where I observed the undergrowth had been cut up for a camp-meeting, and from fifty to a hundred saplings left breast high, which appeared to me so slovenish that I could not but ask my guide the cause, who observed, they were topped so high and left for the people to 'jerk' by. This so excited my attention that I went over the ground to view it, and found where the people had laid hold of them and 'jerked' so powerfully that they had kicked up the earth as a horse stamping flies. I observed some emotion both this day and night among the people.

"A Presbyterian minister (with whom I stayed) observed, 'Yesterday, while I was preaching, some had the "jerks", and a young man from North Carolina mimicked them out of derision and soon was seized with them himself (which was the case of many others). He grew ashamed, and on attempting to mount his horse to go off, his foot jerked about so that he could not put it into the stirrup; some youngsters seeing this assisted him on, but he jerked so that he could not sit alone, and one got up to hold him on which was done with difficulty. I observing this, went to him and asked him what he thought of it? Said he, "I believe that God sent it on me for my wickedness, and making so light of it in others," and he requested me to pray for him.'"

From his activities in East Tennessee, this preacher of increasing popularity went to Abingdon, Virginia, to fill an appointment of six months standing. Leaving an appointment for thirteen months later, April 7, at 11 o'clock, he then hastened on to his numerous appointments in Virginia, North Carolina, and Maryland, which were to demand his best efforts for the next three and a half months.

Wherever he went on this tour the people flocked by the thousands to hear him and hundreds of souls were converted. Campmeetings, which had been in vogue, for several years to the south and west, had been introduced in Virginia just the year before. He visited a number of

these new and growing centers of religious power, adding materially to the effectiveness of these meetings in Virginia, as he was accustomed to do wherever his peculiar talents were employed.

Not only at camp-meetings did the thousands gather to hear him, but the multitudes were on hand wherever he spoke, regardless of the weather. At Rockingham Courthouse, North Carolina, on April 1, fifteen hundred people stood two hours in the falling snow and in freezing temperature to hear him preach. Two thousand people heard him at Danville, Va. Four thousand interested listeners among whom was the daughter of Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, listened to his compelling speech at Charlottesville; and, at Prince Edward, the court adjourned to hear him. The unique preacher mounted the pillory in the courthouse yard and addressed an audience of four thousand. Some of his enemies remarked that the pillory was the proper place for him.

At Prince George Courthouse he met Jesse Lee, who took him to his father's house, which had been a Methodist preaching place for thirty years, one of the very first in all that country.

Upon this occasion Lorenzo Dow communicated to Jesse Lee his intention of publishing his journal and applying the proceeds from the sale to the building of a Methodist church in Washington, the newly established capitol of the nation. Lee informed Dow that he had no objection, if the Journal contained all the truth (evidently referring to their early conflicts) and he should give the church to the Methodists. But on account of objections from one of the annual conferences nothing came of this proposed venture.

Toward the close of these busy weeks which had been in many respects his first triumphal journey, this notable and erratic preacher went to Baltimore, where the General Conference was in session, to learn what was to be the attitude of the preachers toward his work.

In the New York Conference some contended that the Methodists should have nothing to do with him, while others argued that he did no harm, the Methodists got the fruits of his labors, and there was no reason to oppose him. Even, with a division of opinion in regard to his case, in the New York Conference, some went to the General Conference with the expectation of stopping him with one fell stroke; but upon their arrival in Baltimore the attitude of the Southern preachers soon convinced them that such action was out of the question, for the preachers from the South, acquainted with his best work, stood with him almost to a man.

Jesse Lee, Dow's former antagonist, made an appointment for him to preach in the market, announced it from the pulpit, prepared a notice for the paper and otherwise assisted him. A great concourse of people, among whom were a hundred preachers of the General Conference, attended these services.

With a few exceptions, the entire conference showed itself appreciative of the Herculean labors of this man, who in the past seventeen months with only a few days rest, had preached from two to five times, and rode from thirty to fifty miles each day.

After a short stay in Baltimore, Dow spent a month in great camp-meetings in Eastern Virginia, then embarked at Norfolk for New York, and arrived at that port after an eight-day

voyage of calm and squall. From New York his appointments for the next two months took him through Eastern New York and New England as far east as Boston. The very last days of August found him in a camp-meeting near Western, New York, where he learned that Peggy Miller, after two years, had not changed her mind or found some one she liked better than the absent preacher, and that she was willing to close the bargain of long standing.

At first the plan was for Lorenzo to make a trip to Europe, and upon his return, they should be married. But the plan was changed and on the evening of September 4, 1804, a Methodist minister was called, and in the presence of the immediate family, only, they were married.

Early the next morning, the bridegroom of only a few hours parted from his bride, and, in company with Smith Miller, started on a journey of six thousand miles, expecting to be gone seven months and to fill hundreds of appointments already made.

The plan of his itinerary carried them through the valley of the Susquehanna, thence to Pittsburgh, and across the river into the State of Ohio. Finally, after thirty days of circuitous travel from the time he left Peggy, Lorenzo Dow and Smith Miller arrived at the seat of the Western Conference at Mt. Gerizim, Harrison County, Kentucky.

Those hardy itinerants of that wild domain of scattered settlements among the Indians, seem to have received the well-known visitor in a most cordial manner, and gladly heard him preach to an immense congregation in a grove near by the seat of the conference.

In the absence of both Bishops Asbury and Whatcoat, who were sick at the time, the conference elected William McKendree, the Presiding Elder of the Kentucky District, president pro tempore. In the selection of McKendree, who eventually was to take his place among the greatest bishops of the Church, the conference chose, as president, one of the best qualified of their number, and a man who took hold of his task with firmness and discharged the duties of his office in a masterly and satisfactory manner.

Among the problems pressing for solution in that rapidly developing territory, into which settlers from the eastern states came each year by the thousands, was the question as to what the conference would do with the Natchez mission, up to this time an unfruitful and discouraging work in the remote southwestern part of the Mississippi territory. Tobias Gibson, five years before dared to penetrate that distant territory to toil alone, and to bear its needs upon his tender and sympathetic heart. But since the last conference he had gone from his sacrificial toils and afflictions of earth to his heavenly home. Moses Lloyd had married and determined to locate. Hezekiah Harriman, dangerously ill at Adam Tooley's, expected to leave, if he should recover, which was hardly to be expected. With the father of the infant church dead, and the two preachers of the year just closing, out of service, one having married and located, and the other sick unto death, created an extremely discouraging situation.

"What is the best that we can do for the Natchez country?" inquired McKendree of Jonathan Jackson, Lewis Garrett and William Burke, who constituted his cabinet.

"We cannot afford to withdraw our forces and give up the contest," said McKendree. "We dare not abandon the field brought into successful cultivation by the dying labors of the sainted Gibson, and which is now the repository of his mortal remains. While as a conference we are spreading North, East and West, we must send help to those little isolated societies far down in the South."

"No ordinary man," continued McKendree, "will do for the superintendency of that difficult and important outpost. Some one must go whose piety, talents, and experience will make him a worthy successor of Tobias Gibson. I have the man in the Kentucky District who will answer the purpose well, if we can avail ourselves of his services. Larner Blackman has been in the itinerancy four years, is now in elder's orders, and every way worthy and well qualified for this difficult and important post."

Mr. Blackman was selected and agreed to undertake the exceedingly discouraging work in that far off territory. Nathan Barnes, who had traveled one year on the Scioto Circuit, was chosen to become his companion. But a very formidable difficulty loomed up at once before the minds of these newly appointed missionaries. A journey of eight hundred miles, half of it through savage wilds, lay between them and their new field of labor, and neither of them knew anything personally about the Indian settlements and of the country which was to be their destination.

While face to face with a situation so trying, Lorenzo Dow came to the assistance of Blackman and Barnes. He had not only already been in Mississippi, but also had been over the very trail these men must travel, and at this very time was on his way to Natchez. So they availed themselves of the knowledge and companionship of the experienced leader on the long journey fraught with many dangers.

Franklin, Tennessee, became the common starting point of Blackman, Barnes and Dow on the twenty-third of October, 1804. These three resolute and daring heroes traveled the first day thirty-two miles into the wilderness and there encamped for the night. Just about dark a company of emigrant families from North Carolina came up in haste, on their return to the white settlements in order to escape an expected massacre by the Indians. The original intention of these alarmed immigrants was to travel all night, but Lorenzo Dow, whom some of them knew in North Carolina, persuaded them to tarry with the encamped preachers till morning. This they did.

On the morrow, the three missionaries pressed on into the red man's country and continued the perilous journey by day, sleeping by night under the canopy of heaven, close to blazing fires, to keep the wild beasts away. Eventually, they reached the white settlements, and were right glad for the hospitality of the pioneer's cabin.

At this point in our narrative the historian of Methodism in Mississippi, John G. Jones, who wrote with care and discrimination of the early history of that country, must be allowed to give us the benefit of his account of these three men, particularly of Lorenzo Dow at the time of which we are just now concerned. Here is what he says:

"On the evening of the 4th of November they arrived in the white settlement south of the Choctaw nation. The next day they visited the Rev. Moses Floyd, at St. Albans, where they left Mr. Barnes to commence his first round on the only circuit yet in the Mississippi territory.

"Messrs. Blackman and Dow, after spending a night with Col. Daniel Burnett, at the Grindstone Ford on Big Bayou Pierre, went the next day to Randall Gibson's, who had now moved from Washington and settled on what was then called Clark's Creek, about eight miles south of Port Gibson. After having their traveling wardrobe refitted at Randall Gibson's, they hastened to Adam Tooley's, in the vicinity of Natchez, where they understood that Alexander Harriman was still dangerously sick. The presence, conversation and prayers of his former coloborers greatly refreshed Mr. Harriman and he soon became convalescent.

Lorenzo Dow is necessarily connected with the early history of Methodism in Mississippi, and to leave him out would not only be gross injustice to the memory of a pious, faithful and useful evangelist, but the history of the early struggles of our church in this country would be forever incomplete without the record of facts from which he cannot in truth and justice be eliminated. We proceed to mention several facts as connected with his present visit to Mississippi. After his visit in company with Mr. Blackman to the afflicted Hezekiah Harriman, he spent several weeks preaching in and around Washington and Natchez. Of Natchez, he says, when he was there the year before, he found it almost impossible to get the people out to hear preaching, and doubted whether there were three Christians in town, either white or black. Other ministers, representing Protestant churches, up to this date, had met with similar difficulty in Natchez. But Mr. Dow thought himself in good luck on this visit.

"Col. Andrews Marschalk, who was then publishing the only weekly paper in Mississippi, in looking over his exchanges for an item, found in a paper published in Lexington, Kentucky, some rather sharp strictures on Lorenzo Dow, written in the style of burlesque and holding him up to the ridicule of the public. Just as the compositor got this selection in type, Mr. Dow handed him a notice for publication that he would 'hold a meeting in town on Sunday,' at a given time and place. The publisher, in order to give the burlesqued preacher the benefit of both articles, put the notice of preaching next in order to the extract from the Lexington journal. This immediately gave rise to a good deal of talk and speculation about the odd preacher, who had been caricatured in the public prints, for most papers in the Union had copied the article on Lorenzo Dow from the Lexington paper. The result was he had large audiences while he remained in Natchez, both week days and Sundays.

"Another incident of much greater importance to the prospective progress of the church in the territory, connected with Mr. Dow's present visit to Mississippi, was the first camp-meeting ever held south of Tennessee. Mr. Dow had become somewhat familiar with the manner of holding camp-meetings, and had witnessed their great utility and usefulness in the middle and the western states, and he immediately urged the holding of one in close proximity to Washington. Mr. Blackman consented to and encouraged the proposal, but prospects at first were very forbidding. There was not time to fully circulate the appointment; the people had not time to adjust their home affairs and fix for camping; then, it had to be held about the first of December, quite too late in the season even in this mild climate. But Dow was persistent in his plea for a campmeeting. Many predicted that he would get no campers, but about the last of November he united with Messrs.

Blackman and Barnes in holding their first quarterly meeting on Clark's Creek, six or eight miles from Port Gibson. During the quarterly meeting Mr. Dow invited backsliders, who desired to be reinstated in the favor of God to come forward for the prayers of the church. An old backslider, who had once been happy in the love of God, came forward and fell upon his knees, followed by several others. The power of the Holy Ghost came upon the congregation, which was instantly succeeded by loud cries and shouts. Some of the bystanders showed hostility to such exercises, while others were awe-struck and felt that God was there. This prepared the way for the camp-meeting, though it was to be held at a distance of thirty miles from this place.

"Randall Gibson with his family, and several other leading families, making in all about thirty persons, set out forthwith to the camp-meeting. They were favored with good weather, considering the lateness of the season; and though some of the sons of Belial tried in various ways to disturb the exercises of the meeting, their efforts were fruitless, and good behavior under the prudent leadership of Mr. Blackman generally prevailed. About fifty persons were awakened and five professed to find peace with God. The members of the church were greatly strengthened and united in love, and returned to their homes rejoicing.

"Soon after the camp-meeting closed, Lorenzo Dow, with two other men, began to prepare for a journey through the Choctaw and Creek nations to the State of Georgia. As the most important item in their outfit, they wished to procure three Spanish Mustang horses, because they could subsist mainly upon grass and the leaves of the cane, and would require but little corn. For this purpose, they crossed the Mississippi River into Louisiana, and it is presumed, went into the Attakapas region, as those vast prairies were the places to find Mustangs in those days. On this trip he visited several settlements and held religious meetings.

"We mention this to give it as our opinion that Lorenzo Dow was the first Methodist that ever visited and preached in Louisiana west of the Mississippi River. He doubtless reported the results of his observations on his return to Natchez, and the following year, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Blackman, Elisha W. Bowman was appointed to Opelonsas. We will not detail the many extra trials and hairbreadth escapes from flood and field which befell Mr. Dow and his traveling companions between Natchez and Georgia. It is enough for our purpose to state that he tarried six days in the settlement about the junction of the Tombigbee and the Alabama rivers, and 'held meetings.' Let the Alabama Methodists make a note of this. So far as we have light on the subject, Lorenzo Dow was the first Methodist preacher that raised the Gospel banner in Southern Alabama."

Upon his arrival in Georgia, after the eventful journey among the Indians, in his visit to the remote settlements of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, Dow found his friends greatly interested in a report just received by them of his marriage. But not until he assured them of its truthfulness, would they accept the report...

After a few days in Georgia, he turned his face northward through South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia and the territory beyond, expecting after much travel and many sermons on the way to see his Peggy once more.

Upon this trip he preached twice in Charlotte, North Carolina, where lodging at an inn was provided gratis. At Salisbury, on the day following, he addressed an open air meeting, as court was in session, but at night preached in the courthouse. While in Salisbury, a gentleman gave him cloth for a much needed winter coat, and for the gift received hearty thanks from the rather thinly clad preacher. He spoke twice at Lexington. A drunken man who disturbed the services, at what is now the county seat of Davidson, afterward apologized for his unseemly conduct. From Lexington he rode to Salem, where, standing close by the home of the Moravian sisters, he spoke to about three thousand people. At Bethany on the following day -- Sunday -- he preached to a congregation equally as large as the one at Salem.

Doub's became the objective point for the evening service. Here he found a large room fitted with pulpit and seats. "The most convenient," says Dow, "of any that I have seen in the South."

This was at the home of the father of the well known Peter Doub, whose house became one of the first Methodist preaching places in Western North Carolina and a point that Bishop Asbury frequently visited and where he preached repeatedly.

From North Carolina Lorenzo Dow continued his travels into Virginia with numerous appointments at camp-meetings and elsewhere, awaiting his coming, and he seldom failed to preach to great concourses of people. The next two months in the "Old Dominion" proved to be an exceedingly busy time with him, after which, he turned again toward New York and, after an absence of almost eight months, reached Western to find that Peggy was not at home. But she had an impression during the night that her husband, after these months, had returned, and acting upon such mental impression, she hurried home early the next morning to find him awaiting her arrival.

He tarried with his wife thirteen days, then was off again on one of his long and laborious journeys.

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08 -- ANECDOTES AND ESTIMATES

In little more than outline the foregoing chapters undertake to tell clearly and concretely the story of the activities and aspirations of the childhood and early manhood of Lorenzo Dow. To follow the footsteps of this remarkable man through the thirty years of his life, yet to come, would prove equally as interesting as the narrative of the twenty-seven years already past. But this was not the plan in the beginning, and is not now. For the story probably would become too long for busy readers to follow to the end. Furthermore, the account already given of his travels and his toil up to the age of twenty-seven enables one to form a fairly accurate estimate of the man.

Yet, one is inclined to go with him in later years on his tours of New England, where, as a lad trying to learn to preach, he had been subjected to discouragements and hardships of almost every conceivable sort, but refused to surrender. His travels through the South, where he preached at camp-meetings and elsewhere to assembled thousands, assumed the aspect of triumphal marches. The story of his and Peggy's sojourn in Ireland and England, where came the baby girl to

add joy to the young parents' hearts, and then in a little while, like a tender flower, withered and died, makes a pathetic chapter in the lives of this devoted couple.

But the untimely death of an only child and the burial of its little body among strangers in a foreign land, constitute but one pathetic incident in the lives of these two servants of God. There were many others. Among these, as the years passed by and the physical energies of youth became less abundant, was the desire for a settled and permanent home. This desire, except with Gypsies and other nomadic tribes, is well nigh universal, particularly with woman. But Lorenzo and Peggy Dow had no house, neither were they able to secure one.

The only settled habitation that they ever had of their own, and that for only about four months, was a cabin in the midst of a Louisiana canebrake. Let Peggy tell, in her own artless style, of the establishing, and of their sojourn in this cabin in the canebrake:

"We were, as I have observed before, without house or home, or of anything that we could call our own. There was a tract of land lying in the midst of a thick canebrake, on which was a beautiful spring of water, breaking out at the foot of a large hill, which some person had told Lorenzo of. The soil belonged to the United States, and the cane was almost impenetrable and from thirty to forty feet high, and inhabited by wild beasts of prey of various kinds and serpents of the most poisonous nature. Notwithstanding these gloomy circumstances, Lorenzo got a man to go with him to look at it, to see if it would do for an asylum for us to fly to, provided we could get a little cabin erected near the spring. After he had taken a survey of the place, he concluded to make a trial, and employed a man to put up a small log cabin within ten or twelve feet of the spring, which he did after cutting down the cane for to set it -- a way was made through from a public road to the spot, so that we could ride on horseback or on foot. We obtained a few utensils for keeping house, and in March we moved to our little place of residence in the wilderness, or rather it appeared like the habitation of some exiles -- but it was a sweet place to me -- I felt I was at home, and many times the Lord was precious to my soul.

"We stayed there for near four months; in that time Lorenzo preached as much as his strength would admit. We were sometimes very closely run to get what was necessary to make us comfortable. Yet I felt quite contented. I had in a good degree regained my health, so that I was able to labor and I did all I could for a living, although my situation was such that I could not do as much as I wished. But the Lord provided for us beyond that we could have expected."

Lorenzo Dow fought a long, and toward the end of his life, losing battle with physical ailments and infirmities. The whole story thereof, if it could be written, would make a chapter replete with elements of fortitude, humor, and pathos. An asthmatic from boyhood he frequently was compelled, in the midst of his countless activities, to snatch what little sleep he could get while lying upon the bare floor, or upon a plank provided for his accommodation. Repeatedly upon his arrival at an appointment he would be too exhausted to stand, or even to sit to preach, and in consequence would lie upon a table, wrapped in a blanket if the weather required a wrap, and in that position deliver his sermon to the assembled congregation.

While in Ireland on his second visit an attack of spasms that baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians did more, according to his own statement, to reduce his nervous strength and to

sap his constitution than all his travels and labors, which amounted to from seven to ten thousand miles, and six to seven hundred sermons each year.

But with the many constantly accumulating physical infirmities he would not consent for a single moment to give up his itinerant career. For to travel and to preach constituted his paradise. Consequently, he got a stiff leather jacket, girded with buckles, to serve as stays, to support his failing and tottering frame, so that he could ride horseback. When no longer able to ride he drove a gig, and later a little wagon. In the closing decades of his life Lorenzo Dow and his little wagon became well known in every section, just as the dashing young gospel cavalier had been at an earlier period.

The foregoing paragraphs of this chapter indicate that this man's life contained elements of rare human interest. But the fact about him that beyond all others enables one to form an accurate estimate of the impress that Lorenzo Dow left upon the people of his generation, is the multitude of anecdotes that cluster about his name, for men who are able to challenge and hold the attention and interest, not to say affection, of an entire people, not only become the authors of many popular anecdotes themselves, but the people also gladly add to these from their own storehouse.

Abraham Lincoln, for example, out of the resources of his own rich and eventful life, increased the world's store of personal anecdote, but during his lifetime and since his going away, American citizens have enriched the reputation of Lincoln in this respect by repeated and loving additions.

Both State and National records show that Zebulon Baird Vance was a great war Governor, and an influential and honored Senator of the United States, but if one is to know beyond all question how the great mass of the people of North Carolina whom he represented and served regarded their Governor and Senator, the multitude of anecdotes that clusters about his name, like jewels about the brow of a queen, can alone positively and truthfully declare.

We are to estimate Lorenzo Dow, as to the impression he left upon the people of his own generation, in like manner. And in this respect he stands first among all the pioneer preachers -- what an illustrious company they were! -- that gave added glory to our early history.

In the long list of anecdotes that have been placed to the credit of Dow, some have been written in the books and others remain among the established traditions of those sections of country through which he traveled. From these stories several must be entered here, both because of their intrinsic merit, and also because they are typical of the whole.

In Maryland, upon one occasion, his appointments had been made rather close together as to time, but far apart as to territory. At the close of the sermon he rushed out of Ebenezer without a word to any one, mounted his horse and rode all night and till 10 o'clock the next day, to reach Bethel. After the sermon and without dismissing the congregation at Bethel he leaped out of the widow at the back of the pulpit and was gone before the astonished congregation became fully aware of what had occurred. Seventeen miles lay between him and the next appointment, but he made it on time, met his congregation, rode to Duck Creek and preached twice, having traveled eighty miles and preached five times without sleep.

This story of his activities in Maryland is little more than typical of his strenuous manner of life for years, especially in the first part of his career, before physical infirmities forced him to slow down a bit.

Late one night, when on his first trip from Augusta, Georgia, to Charleston, South Carolina, the very occasion on which he sold his shoes for a dinner, because they burned his feet in walking through the hot sand, Lorenzo hailed the occupants of a cabin by the roadside, expecting to learn the road to Charleston. Instead of getting an answer from the occupants in the house the dogs from under the house came out in great force and with a show of viciousness. In order to escape being devoured by the dogs he sought safety by a speedy retreat, and managed to save himself, not by running, but by climbing. So when one of the boys of the family came, after a prolonged delay, to learn why such a barking and yelping among the dogs, he found the traveler calmly seated upon a limb and the dogs on guard at the foot of the tree, to see that he did not escape.

Quoting from the chronicler:

"On one occasion, he came in his journey to a farmer's kitchen, and asked for a piece of dry bread. The daughter ran and told her mother, who was sick, that a strange looking man with long hair, long beard, and a book under his arm, wanted a piece of bread. He was urged to stay for dinner but he declined. Upon receiving the piece of bread, he went to a small stream, where he sang a hymn, prayed, then dipped his bread in the water, ate it, and went on his way. At another time he was found at a farmer's gate, leaning his head against the post as if weary and faint. He was kindly invited to the house by the proprietor. Dow accepted the invitation, and told them that if they would notify the neighbors he would preach for them that evening. This was done and he preached on the words, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in; hungry, and ye fed me.'"

"The story of his finding the stolen axe is well known. The scene of this anecdote is laid in Maryland. As he rode up to one of his appointments, a poor man met him and with a rueful face informed him that some one had stolen his axe, and begged that he would be good enough to tell him where it was. Dow assured him that he had no power of knowing such things, but he would not be put off. He was sure that the preacher could find his axe if he would. At length moved by his entreaties, Dow promised to do the best he could for the man.

"Do you suspect any one of stealing it?' inquired Dow. 'Yes,' replied the man, 'I think that I know the person, but cannot be certain.'

"Will he be at meeting?'

"Yes, sir, he is sure to be there.'

"Dow said no more, but picking up a good-sized stone, took it with him into the pulpit and placed it on the desk in full view of the congregation. Of course the people were sadly puzzled to know the meaning of this. After closing his sermon, he took up the stone and said to the audience, 'Some one has stolen an axe belonging to Mr. A., a poor man. The thief is here, he is before me now, and I intend, after turning around three times to hit him on the head with this stone.' He then

turned slowly around twice; the third time he turned, as if he intended to hurl the stone with great force into the midst of the congregation. Instantly a man dodged his head behind the pew. 'Now,' said Dow, 'I will expose you no further; but if you do not leave that axe tonight where you got it, I will publish you tomorrow.' The axe was promptly returned.

"After a long and tiresome journey he stopped about nightfall at the door of a country tavern in Western Virginia. He retired to his apartment, but was much disturbed by a party of revelers who sat at their cups and cards till a late hour. Near midnight one of their company discovered that he had lost his pocketbook, and a search was proposed. The landlord here remarked that Lorenzo Dow was in the house, and that if the money had been lost there he could certainly find it. The suggestion was adopted at once, and Dow was aroused and requested to find the rogue. As he entered the room he glanced searchingly around, but could see no signs of guilt on any face. The loser was in great trouble and begged Dow to find his money.

"Have you left the room since you lost your money,' asked Dow.

"Nein, nein,' replied the man.

"Then,' said Dow, turning to the landlady, 'go and bring me your large dinner pot.'

"This excited no little astonishment, but as they accorded to him supernatural power, the order was promptly obeyed, and the pot was placed in the center of the room.

"Now,' said Dow, 'go and bring the old chicken cock from the roost.'

"The amazement grew apace; however, the old rooster was brought in, placed in the pot, and securely covered.

"Let the doors be now fastened, and all the lights put out,' said Dow. This was done.

"Now,' said he, 'every person in the room must rub his hand hard against the pot, and when the guilty hand touches it the cock will crow.'

"All then came forward and rubbed or pretended to rub against the pot, but the cock did not crow.

"Let the candles be now lighted; there is no guilty person here; if the man ever had any money, he must have left it in some other place,' said Dow.

"But stop,' he exclaimed suddenly, 'let us now examine the hands.' This was, of course, the main point in the whole affair. It was found upon examination that one man had not rubbed against the pot. 'There,' said Dow, pointing to the man with clean hands, 'there is the man who picked your pocket.' The thief at once confessed and gave up the money."

To the fairly well authenticated anecdotes of the foregoing sort, of which there is a large number, may be added those that are clearly apocryphal.

As a specimen of the latter class is the oft repeated story that he intended to preach a sermon at a campmeeting on "The Judgment Day." But beforehand he sent a Negro boy up into a nearby tree to blow a horn in response to his call upon Gabriel to announce that time should he no more. In the midst of an impassioned description of the judgment the preacher called upon the great archangel to blow, and in response to the call Gabriel blew, and the people shouted and shrieked and cried for mercy. But when the fake was discovered only the intercession of Lorenzo Dow could save the defenseless Negro from the hands of a mob.

This story and hundreds of others that have been connected with the name of Dow prove most conclusively that the popular mind had come to recognize him as foremost among his compeers, and that his very name added to the effectiveness of an anecdote -- a high tribute, indeed!

In an effort to take the measure of Lorenzo Dow, as a man, and to form a correct estimate of the real value of his self-sacrificing toil to the world of mankind, the testimony of some Methodist historians just here becomes of unusual interest and of real service.

Dr. W. W. Bennett, in his history, Methodism in Virginia writes as follows:

"No man of his day, more powerfully impressed the multitudes that crowded to hear him preach. There was much about his person and manner to excite the wonder and command the attention of his hearers. His spare form and solemn air, his long hair and beard, his rather clownish habits, the suddenness of his appearance and disappearance, the sharp, loud, "Hark," with which he often began his sermons, all conspired to give him an air of mystery wherever he was seen. His sermons, it is said, were often mere rhapsodies, and he not infrequently took some trite aphorism for a text, but there was an admixture of truth in all his harangues, that reached the conscience and aroused the feelings of his hearers. Many looked upon him as inspired, and it must be acknowledged that his peculiarities rather tended to deepen than remove this conviction.

"The period of his appearance was extremely favorable to his success. The great revival which broke out in the West was still sweeping through the land; camp-meetings were everywhere held; the minds of the people were constantly on the stretch, looking for greater and more wonderful displays of divine power. The preaching was chiefly of a hortatory character; the multitudes swayed and bent before the truth like the forest before a mighty wind; the wicked, no less than the godly, were often seized with those strange physical affections already described, and either fell to the ground or fled with alarm from the place of devotion. In the midst of these scenes Dow began his career. He was unlike any man that had ever passed through the land. His appointments were usually made for three, six or twelve months in advance, and at the very hour of the day, nay, often at the very moment, the form of the wonderful man was seen striding through the crowd to the pulpit, or to a rude stand under the trees. It was a common thing for him to have a chain of appointments extending along a route of a thousand miles, not one of which he failed to reach. It was immaterial with him whether he preached from a ship, a rock, a fallen tree, or a table in the street, or in fields; in private houses, in churches, from the platforms of campmeetings, anywhere, everywhere, he proclaimed the truth in his own startling manner.

He was certainly an aggressive preacher. He had suffered from the harsh doctrines of Calvinism, and he seemed to have almost claimed a special call to attack "the A-double-L-part men" as he called them.

"Perhaps no man was ever more vividly remembered by the masses of the people than was Lorenzo Dow. In nearly all the States the old people have stamped their recollections of this eccentric genius on the minds of their children and grandchildren." [This was written a little while before the Civil war.]

"The record of his oddities would fill a volume. Almost every man who ever heard him preach can relate a characteristic anecdote. One will tell how, as the congregation anxiously awaited his appearance, he suddenly darted through the crowd, ran into the pulpit, and rising with a huge old silver watch in his hand, held it up before the people, and exclaimed in a sharp, loud voice, "Watch!" This one word was his text. Another will relate how on a certain occasion, while a vast and confused crowd were awaiting his coming, he suddenly leaped on a table, and with a stamp of his foot and a clapping of his hands, exclaimed 'Hush,' instantly awing the multitude into silence, and at once launching into his discourse. Another will describe a scene in which Dow finding the church far too small to accommodate a tenth of the crowd collected about it, would march with a Negro before him bearing a table to some old field, with the whole congregation at his heels, and mounting his temporary stand, preach and depart without saluting a single human being.

"There is no doubt that his extensive travels and contacts with all classes of society, together with his natural shrewdness, had given him a keen perception of human nature, enabled him, indeed, to read character with astonishing accuracy; and his frequent exhibitions of this peculiar talent gave ground for the belief in the minds of many uncultivated persons that he really possessed the power of discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Rev. John G. Jones, who was chosen by the Mississippi Conference to write a history of Methodism in Mississippi and who, with patience and marked ability gave himself to the task, writes with discrimination the following estimate of him:

"Lorenzo Dow was generally looked upon as eccentric; but if this estimation of him was correct, his eccentricity was always on the safe side. He was singularly pious, self-sacrificing, zealous, laborious and useful as a wandering Methodist evangelist. He could not consent to be trammelled by any conference or local ties; but claimed the right to follow what he considered the indications of Providence, and to labor when, how, and where he could promise himself to be most useful.

"In regard to temporal comfort and sustenance he seemed literally to desire nothing more than a scanty supply for his present wants. He asked no pecuniary compensation for his services, and often declined receiving the proposed contributions of the people, on the ground that at present they were not needed. If at any time he found he had received more in the way of grateful presents from the people than his present necessities required, he would give the surplus to the more needy, or else employ it in some way to advance the interests of Christ's kingdom. He would sell his watch and appropriate the proceeds to aid some poor community in the erection of a place of

public worship; or, as the seasons changed, he would sell any part of his wardrobe to raise a few dollars to pay his current expenses through the Indian Nation or elsewhere, that he might meet all his engagements, which were often published a year or more beforehand.

"The writer is of the opinion that the Supreme Head of the Church, who has reserved for himself the inalienable right of calling whom he will to preach the gospel, sometimes raises up these comet-like and eccentric men to attract public attention to the saving truth of Christianity, and to be useful in ways and places not readily reached by ordinary ministers."

The gifted author of *Holston Methodism*, in his own characteristic style writes at length of Lorenzo Dow and of his work in East Tennessee. Among other things Dr. R. N. Price gives the following estimate of the man:

"In Holston he left a favorable impression wherever he went. He has been remembered ever since with affection and admiration. His namesakes throughout the section rival in number those of Wesley, Asbury and Washington. His complete unselfishness and spirit of self-sacrifice, his prodigious journeys and labors, his deadness to praise or censure, his strict honesty and purity of character, his sublime faith in Jesus Christ, and his earnest, fearless, powerful preaching endeared him to the people of this hill country in a remarkable degree.

"Dow was above mediocrity in intellect -- a man of wonderful will force and working energy. He was a thoroughly regenerate man, and a thorough believer in the gospel which he preached. He was pure, honest and unselfish. He was a prophet of the Elijah stamp; and Elijah did not discharge his duties more faithfully and boldly than did this prophet of the Western wilderness. Though not formally connected during the larger part of his career with the Methodist church, he was Methodistic in doctrine and spirit, and always cooperated with the Methodist preachers. It is true that he did not organize, but he labored with those and for those who did. To use a common figure, he 'shook down the fruit,' while others gathered it. The number of souls he saved and the number of holy impulses that he started, or intensified, eternity alone will disclose. The rulers did not favor him but the common people heard him gladly. The people have announced their verdict as to Lorenzo Dow, and it is one of approval. We may say of Dow as Jacob said of Joseph: 'The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him; but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob.'"

Such are the estimates of Lorenzo Dow, as given by the Methodist historians just quoted, and the reader, who has followed the story of his life, as recorded in the preceding pages, will agree that the facts, as given therein, fully sustain the judgment of these writers. They have not been too partial in their estimates, neither have they failed to rise to an appreciation of the man who in the minds of the common people had no equal among the pioneer preachers of America.

After having preached the gospel in his own inimitable way for almost forty years, traveled extensively in Ireland and England, and repeatedly visited almost every section of the United States, his frail and tired body finally wore out, and that career, so singularly eventful, and all the way crowded with vicissitudes, closed in Georgetown, District of Columbia, on the second day of February, 1834, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. His body was buried in a cemetery of the City

of Washington, and over his remains placed a single slab upon which had been inscribed the two words:

LORENZO DOW

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09 -- AN ACCOUNT OF LORENZO DOW'S SANCTIFICATION

[I have taken the following from Volume 1 of Abel Stevens' M. E. History. It is an account of Lorenzo Dow's sanctification in which Hezekiah Calvin Wooster was greatly instrumental. I would urge the reader to also read everything in our HDM Library about Wooster, a young, early Methodist missionary, sanctified wholly, who burned out for God in Canada, and was on his way home to die, when God led Lorenzo Dow to him and Wooster helped lead Dow into the second blessing. -- DVM]

He [Hezekiah Calvin Wooster] was a man of Abrahamic faith, and his prayers seemed directly to enter heaven, and prevail with God. He carried with him an unceasing spirit of prayer. Often at midnight would he rise and call upon his God, while the inmates of the house where he made his temporary abode were awed by the solemn voice of his supplications ascending amid the silence.

Such was the unction of his spirit, and the bold power of his appeals to the wicked, that few of them could stand before him; they would either rush out of the house, or fall to the floor under his word. An anecdote is related in illustration of the power of his faith. A revival occurred under his labors, which was attended with overpowering effects among the people. His presiding elder, Dunham, entering the assembly at a time when the people were falling to the earth under the power of the truth, condemned the excitement, and knelt down to pray that God would allay it. Wooster knelt by his side, and in a whispering tone prayed, "Lord, bless Brother Dunham! Lord, bless Brother Dunham!" He had not prayed thus for many minutes, before the presiding elder was smitten down upon the floor; his complaints were turned into grateful praise, and he went forth spreading the divine flame through the length and breadth of his district, "to the joy and salvation of hundreds of immortal souls."

The rigors of the climate, and the excess of his labors, injured his health, and in 1798 he was seized with pulmonary consumption. Yet he did not immediately give tip his ministrations, and his marvelous power over his hearers continued even when he could no longer speak loud enough to be heard except by those who stood immediately around him. It is authentically recorded; that when so far reduced as to be unable to speak above a whisper, his broken utterance, conveyed by another to the assembly, would thrill them like a trumpet, and fall with such power on the attention of the hearers that stout-hearted men were smitten down to the floor; and his very aspect is said to have so shone with "the divine glory that it struck conviction into the hearts of many who beheld it."

At last, hopeless of any further health, he returned to his parental home, to die amid his kindred. I have discovered a single glimpse of him, on his route homeward, in the journal of the

quaint but earnest-minded Lorenzo Dow. That eccentric man had been laboring sturdily on extensive circuits in New England. Through all his wandering course, he carried with him a profound religious solicitude, not unmixed, perhaps, with the infirmities of partial insanity; and amid apparent ebullitions of humor, his spirit hungered and thirsted after God. He writes in his own unpolished but explicit style and with deep suggestiveness, that when he was on the Orange Circuit he

"... felt something within that wanted to be done away. I spoke to one and another concerning the pain which I felt in my happiest moments, but no guilt. Some said one thing and some another; yet none spoke to my case, but seemed to be like physicians that did not understand the nature of my disorder. Thus the burden continued, and sometimes seemed greater than the burden of guilt for justification, until I fell in with Thomas Dewey, on Cambridge Circuit. He told me about Calvin Wooster, in Upper Canada -- that he enjoyed the blessing of sanctification. I felt a great desire arise in my heart to see the man, if it might be consistent with the divine will; and not long after, I heard he was passing through the circuit, and going home to die. I immediately rode five miles to the house, but found he was gone another five miles further.

"I went into the room where he was asleep; he appeared to me more like one from the eternal world than like one of my fellow-mortals. I told him, when he awoke, who I was, and what I had come for. Said he, 'God has convicted you for the blessing of sanctification, and the blessing is to be obtained by the simple act of faith, the same as the blessing of justification.'

"I persuaded him to tarry in the neighborhood a few days; and a couple of evenings after the above, when I had done preaching, he spoke, or rather whispered out an exhortation, as his voice was so broken, in consequence of praying, in the stir in Upper Canada, where from twenty to thirty were frequently blessed at a meeting. He told me that if he could get sinners under conviction, crying for mercy, they would kneel down, a dozen of them, and not rise till they found peace; for, said he, we did believe God would bless them, and it was according to our faith. At this time he was in a consumption, and, a few weeks after, expired. While whispering out the above exhortation, the power which attended the same reached the hearts of the people, and some who were standing and sitting fell like men shot in the field of battle; and I felt it like a tremor run through my soul and every vein, so that it took away my limb power, and I fell to the floor, and by faith saw a greater blessing than I had hitherto experienced, or, in other words, felt a conviction of the need of a deeper work of grace in my soul--feeling some of the remains of the evil nature, the effect of Adam's fall, still remaining, and it my privilege to have it eradicated or done away.

"My soul was in an agony -- I could but groan out my desires to God. He came to me, and said, 'Believe the blessing is now.' No sooner had the words dropped from his lips than I strove to believe the blessing mine now, with all the powers of my soul; then the burden dropped or fell from my breast, and a solid joy and a gentle running peace filled my soul. From that time to this I have not had the ecstasy of joy or a downcast spirit as formerly; but more of an inward, simple, sweet running peace, from day to day, so that prosperity or adversity doth not produce the ups and downs as formerly; but my soul is more like the ocean, while its surface is uneven by reason of the boisterous wind, the bottom is still calm; so that a man may be in the midst of outward difficulties, and yet the center of the soul may be calmly stayed on God."

I make no apology for this citation. It is a gem from a rude casket [Lorenzo Dow's humanly peculiar character], but worthy to be strung among the many unpolished yet precious jewels which glitter on the thread of our history...

He [Hezekiah Calvin Wooster] passed on to his home and lay down to die; but before his spirit left the body, it seemed already in heaven. He was asked, when his power of speech was almost gone, if his confidence in God was still strong. "Strong! strong!" was his whispered but exulting reply. When he was fast sinking, and death was almost in view, he exclaimed that "the nearer he drew to eternity, the brighter heaven shined upon him." On the 6th of November, 1798, he passed into the heavens.

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10 -- OTHER REFERENCES TO LORENZO DOW IN THE HDM LIBRARY

AUTHORS\A-FOLDER\ARMST-JE\HDM0805.tex

Line 316 - General Conference, 1804; The Jerks; <Lorenzo Dow>; Asbury on Married

Line 3295 - The name of <Lorenzo Dow>, one of the most remarkable characters of

Line 3658 - At the same time <Lorenzo Dow>, the most eccentric preacher of his

Line 3690 - two words -- <Lorenzo Dow>.

Found 4 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\A-FOLDER\AYERS-SG\HDM0531.tex

Line 176 - such as <Lorenzo Dow>, whom some men refused to allow in the pulpit, not

Line 2556 - Such were Billy Hibbard, Jacob Gruber, <Lorenzo Dow>, John Allen, Peter

Line 2697 - credit that it could touch a <Lorenzo Dow> and send him, a flaming

Found 3 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\B-FOLDER\BALDW-HA\HDM0328.tex

Line 2346 - Episcopal Church fought <Lorenzo Dow> all his life, but while they

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\C-FOLDER\CLARK-DA\HDM0616.tex

Line 129 - Holds Meetings -- <Lorenzo Dow> -- Leaves his Circuit -- Young Hedding

Line 1747 - meetings. <Lorenzo Dow>, in his Journal, relates an instance of Mr.

Line 2021 - eccentric <Lorenzo Dow>, then in the second year of his itinerant

Line 2693 - At another time, another wrung the nose of <Lorenzo Dow>. No general

Found 4 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\D-FOLDER\DRINK-EJ\HDM0428.tex

Line 6025 - Revivals and their leaders -- <Lorenzo Dow>; sketch of his history --

Line 6126 - <Lorenzo Dow>, who became an American itinerant under Asbury in the

Line 19732 - <Lorenzo Dow>, who, after much hesitation by Asbury on account of his

Line 20298 - William Thacher, <Lorenzo Dow>, the last still refused admission to the

Line 20427 - admitted in 1798 are <Lorenzo Dow>, heretofore noticed; Truman Bishop,

Line 23029 - <Lorenzo Dow> was a beacon light, but he burned strange fire, and could

Found 6 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\D-FOLDER\DRINK-EJ\HDM0725.tex

Line 21708 - <Lorenzo Dow> found hospitality and a dying bed, in 1833. Rev. William

Line 26172 - <Lorenzo Dow>, ever produced by Methodism. More brilliant than Dow, he

Line 31496 - disowned Stillwell and his church. The name of <Lorenzo Dow> is found

Found 3 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\G-FOLDER\GODBE-WB\HDM0726.tex

Line 82 - <Lorenzo Dow>, the morning star of the present Holiness Movement a

Line 657 - A hundred and fifty years ago <Lorenzo Dow>, the morning star of the

Found 2 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\H-FOLDER\HOSS-EE\HDM0575.tex

Line 3388 - though <Lorenzo Dow> had been there as a sort of independent ranger

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\K-FOLDER\KNAPP-MW\HDM0414.tex

Line 3955 - the incident in the life of <Lorenzo Dow>. 'God is in His holy temple,

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\L-FOLDER\LEDNU-JO\HDM0324.tex

Line 18127 - Rev. Caleb Morris relate that the Rev. <Lorenzo Dow> was preaching in a

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\M-FOLDER\MAXEY-DV\HDM0474.tex

Line 286 - WOOSTER LED <LORENZO DOW> INTO THE SECOND BLESSING

Line 289 - in the journal of <Lorenzo Dow>. That eccentric man had been laboring

Line 352 - Such was the influence of Wooster on <Lorenzo Dow> -- such the power

Line 357 - After thus quoting from <Lorenzo Dow>, Stevens added: "I make no

Found 4 occurrences

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AUTHORS\M-FOLDER\MAXEY-DV\HDM0604.tex

Line 3467 - house. He and his wife, Rachel, were converts of <Lorenzo Dow>. They had

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\M-FOLDER\MAXEY-DV\HDM0718.tex

Line 8327 - wrung the nose of <Lorenzo Dow>. No general revival had taken place at

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\M-FOLDER\MILLE-CW\HDM0280.tex

Line 2412 - 646. MCCABE, <LORENZO DOW>. Light on the Pathway of Holiness. New

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\M-FOLDER\MULTAUTH\HDM0689.tex

Line 836 - led <Lorenzo Dow> into the experience of Holiness. -- DVM]

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\P-FOLDER\PECK-GEO\HDM0213.tex

Line 41 - <LORENZO DOW>

Line 43 - The eccentric <Lorenzo Dow> had got well under way as a marvel of a

Line 62 - but one <Lorenzo Dow>. He found a congenial spirit in "Peggy," whom he

Line 128 - burden was heaped upon his back. It was <Lorenzo Dow>, and there was no

Line 177 - <Lorenzo Dow> was a strange specimen of humanity. He was called, and

Line 193 - we repaired to the woods, where <Lorenzo Dow> delivered a discourse,

Line 1014 - he was stationed on Cambridge circuit with the celebrated <Lorenzo Dow>.

Found 7 occurrences

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AUTHORS\P-FOLDER\PATTY-JC\HDM0589.tex

Line 153 - the life of <Lorenzo Dow>, Miller Willis and other holy men of God who

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\SHELH-EE\HDM0262.tex

Line 5705 - to preach. I had read and heard how <Lorenzo Dow>, Peter Cartwright and

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\SHEPA-WE\HDM0707.tex

Line 343 - 169 -- <Lorenzo Dow> And Frightened Congregation

Line 6456 - <LORENZO DOW> AND THE FRIGHTENED CONGREGATION

Line 6458 - When that unique and eccentric preacher, <Lorenzo Dow>, made an

Found 3 occurrences

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AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\SIMPS-MA\HDM0301.tex

Line 2742 - <Lorenzo Dow> had in his eccentric wanderings visited this region,

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\SIMPS-MA\HDM0307.tex

Line 5764 - 1806 to 1808 <Lorenzo Dow> rendered efficient service in the

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\SIMPS-MA\HDM0719.tex

Line 1122 - sermon preached in Alabama, was by the famous <Lorenzo Dow>, in 1803 or

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\SIMPS-MA\HDM0721.tex

Line 1160 - These meetings were introduced into England by Rev. <Lorenzo Dow>, an

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\SIMPS-MA\HDM0766.tex

Line 1795 - hostile Tories and Indians. Bishop Asbury, <Lorenzo Dow>, and many of

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\SIMPS-MA\HDM0767.tex

Line 2478 - Henry Ryan. In 1798 a society was organized by <Lorenzo Dow> on the

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\SIMPS-MA\HDM0769.tex

Line 1439 - place of <Lorenzo Dow>, who had left his circuit. In 1801 he was

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\SIMPS-MA\HDM0826.tex

Line 3844 - societies. The eccentric <Lorenzo Dow>, in the course of his itinerant

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\STEVE-AB\HDM0189.tex

Line 593 - <Lorenzo Dow>

Line 4146 - him, on his route homeward, in the journal of <Lorenzo Dow>. That

Found 2 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\STEVE-AB\HDM0226.tex

Line 333 - Fall -- Hezekiah C. Wooster's Extraordinary Power -- <Lorenzo Dow> --

Line 366 - <Lorenzo Dow> -- Results

Line 472 - of New York -- First Chapel of Genesee Conference -- <Lorenzo Dow> --

Line 5111 - Fall -- Hezekiah C. Wooster's Extraordinary Power -- <Lorenzo Dow> --

Line 5986 - but earnest-minded <Lorenzo Dow>. That eccentric man had been laboring

Line 7531 - <Lorenzo Dow> --

Line 8269 - <Lorenzo Dow>; but the discerning eye of Asbury perceived the

Line 12882 - of New York -- First Chapel of Genesee Conference -- <Lorenzo Dow> --

Line 13705 - over it. The famous and erratic <Lorenzo Dow> broke into the region and

Line 13709 - him, cut like a sword. At night <Lorenzo Dow> delivered one of the

Found 10 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\STEVE-AB\HDM0244.tex

Line 153 - McClellan's Family -- Joshua Soule -- Results -- <Lorenzo Dow> -- Elijah

Line 359 - <Lorenzo Dow> there -- Axley's Sufferings and Achievements -- Sketch of

Line 456 - McClellan's Family -- Joshua Soule -- Results -- <Lorenzo Dow> -- Elijah

Line 540 - present." [2] The eccentric <Lorenzo Dow> was there, and repeated his

Line 938 - great eccentricities, Billy Hibbard and <Lorenzo Dow>, the latter after

Line 1531 - sincere <Lorenzo Dow>, who had been admitted to the ministry at

Line 1670 - supply the place of the eccentric <Lorenzo Dow>, who, after traveling

Line 1874 - the societies. The eccentric <Lorenzo Dow> had labored a short time with

Line 5919 - religious power. The noted <Lorenzo Dow> had wandered into this

Line 11089 - <Lorenzo Dow> there -- Axley's Sufferings and Achievements -- Sketch of

Line 11721 - older settlements. <Lorenzo Dow>, in his eccentric wanderings, reached

Line 11899 - celebrated <Lorenzo Dow>, who preached then, punctually to the minute,

Found 12 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\S-FOLDER\STEVE-AB\HDM0768.tex

Line 462 - earnest-minded <Lorenzo Dow>. That eccentric man had been laboring

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\T-FOLDER\TIPPL-ES\HDM0560.tex

Line 15296 - Hibbard and <Lorenzo Dow>. Asbury reached New York September 28, but did

Found 1 occurrences

* * *

AUTHORS\T-FOLDER\TIPPL-ES\HDM0562.tex

Line 4107 - <Lorenzo Dow>, an eccentric itinerant, preached the first Protestant

Found 1 occurrences

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THE END