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REV. NATHAN PERKINS AND WIFE

A  
NARRATIVE OF A TOUR  
THROUGH THE  
STATE OF VERMONT

FROM APRIL 27 TO JUNE 12  
1789

BY  
THE REV<sup>d</sup> NATHAN PERKINS  
OF HARTFORD

"I have zealously & uniformly endeavoured to hold up  
ye truth plainly—to alarm ye Conscience:— to inform ye  
judgement & to engage ye heart."



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## FOREWORD

Nathan Perkins was born in 1749 and was graduated from Princeton College in 1770. He was fifth in descent from John Perkins, who reached Boston on the ship Lyon in February, 1631, and afterwards settled in Ipswich. In the year 1774 Nathan Perkins received from Yale the honorary degree S. T. D., and in 1801 from Princeton that of D. D. For more than sixty-five years he was pastor of the Third Church of West Hartford, Connecticut, and was greatly beloved and looked up to by his parishioners. He was considered one of the most eminent Divines of his day.

He married Catherine Pitkin, daughter of Rev. Timothy Pitkin and Temperance Clap, who was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Clap, for many years President of Yale College, and of Mary Whiting. A son, also Nathan Perkins, born in Hartford, graduated from Yale in the Class of 1795, and for many years preached at Amherst, Mass. His daughter, Eliza, born in the year 1800, married Hon. George Grinnell, of Greenfield, Mass.

This narrative is a diary and expresses freely its author's views of conditions in the new settlements and of the people he met. As a diary, written merely for his own eye, it is hardly open to criticism. Yet its frankness makes it amusing, and, apart from its historical value, it is a human document of no little interest. The writer was a keen judge of men and women, and recognized and admired the courage and endurance of the settlers of the new country, their kindness and helpfulness to each other, and, above all, the splendid self sacrifice of the wives of these settlers. To these fine qualities he pays high tribute.

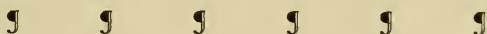
The route he followed may be traced on any map of Western New England. It led through Connecticut and Massachusetts up through Western Vermont, about as far as Burlington, and the return was over the same route. At one point he entered New York and passed through the town of Hampton in that state.

Just what was the bloody battle fought during the French War on the banks of the La Platte River seems uncertain. The river is a small stream running into Shelburne Bay just south of Burlington Bay.

The original manuscript of the narrative is in my possession.

G. B. G.

*A Narrative of a Tour through the State of Vermont in the year 1789— from April 27—to June 12 to preach y<sup>e</sup> Gospel to the New Settlements in that State by the Rev<sup>d</sup> Nathan Perkins of Hartford appointed by y<sup>e</sup> Association of Hartford County at the instance & request of the General Association of Connecticut.*



April 27 I left Hartford and set out for Vermont. Took leave of my family, a tender Companion & five dear Children, with painful reluctance, & an anxious heart. I affectionately recommended them to the protection & care of a kind Providence, influenced by y<sup>e</sup> Call of duty & Conscience. I reached Symsbury by one O'clock & dined with y<sup>e</sup> Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Stebbins; not prepared to receive Company glad to see me, & we discoursed on Divinity, politics & my journey.

Two O'clock P. M. mounted my horse — rode on as usual a slow pace, contemplating every surrounding object — amusing myself with y<sup>e</sup> works of nature, y<sup>e</sup> season — y<sup>e</sup> state of agriculture & rusticity of y<sup>e</sup> people's manners.— Dear travelling.— No hay.— no oats. My horse deeply grieved. About Sun-set arrived at the Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Clinton's of Southwick; procured horse-keeping with a neighbour of his. 2<sup>s</sup> per night. Mr. Clinton Out, but soon comes home; I had already introduced myself to Mrs. Clinton. She was just getting up from Child-bed; not very polished nor used to



Company: thought her boy y<sup>e</sup> finest in y<sup>e</sup> world—most beautiful—most sprightly—most promising. I smiled & Chesterfield-like bestowed some compliments to please y<sup>e</sup> vanity of parental fondness. Innocent pleasantry!—She introduced me to her husband.—A Man of moderate abilities & moderate acquirements.—The evening passed in dulness & insipidity. Poor Supper—wretched breakfast—tea paler than water—Sugar heavier than lead. I then began to experience that hard & coarse fare which, wasted away my flesh in y<sup>e</sup> progress of my travels & made me often, often regret my tour. how often have I remembered home— a table richly furnished, & elegantly set— food dressed, in y<sup>e</sup> neatest & best manner. - - -

Tuesday 28 of April, 8 o'clock A. M. Set out for Westfield. Reached Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Atwater's, a sensible, agreeable man—an ingenious and cunning philosopher. Showed me his garden—his nursery of English & Italian Mulberries—y<sup>e</sup> former cut off & set out like prim-hedge—y<sup>e</sup> latter sowed as peas, & raised from y<sup>e</sup> seed. Talked a few minutes on important Subjects & left him loaded with his best wishes.— Went on to Westfield mountains with a heavy heart.— The mountains as bad riding as they well could be— 2 O'clock P. M. came to Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Badger's, of Blanford. He absent—his wife old-poor-homely-kind. four years older than her husband, & courted him— helped to defray y<sup>e</sup> expenses of his Education by her

own industry. A very poor dinner — bad bread — no sauce — no elegance or good Cookery. 3 O'Clock journeyed to Becket. About 6 O'clock reached my Brothers & was richly & sumptuously entertained.— Wednesday 10 O'Clock left his house, one of y<sup>e</sup> best in y<sup>e</sup> Country. Dined with Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Balantine of Washington — a poor town, & a disgrace to y<sup>e</sup> exalted name which it bears — cold land — bad for grain — good for grass — came to Mr. Moses Steales. They were overjoyed to see me — ready to eat me up with love and kindness. *Wished, & wished, I could preach there, that they might see y<sup>e</sup> house once crowded, & that y<sup>e</sup> people might know what preaching was.* Left Washington, Wednesday, 4 o'clock, & reached Pitsfield about Sun-set. Put up at Mr. Allyn's, y<sup>e</sup> presbyterian Minister, of y<sup>e</sup> town. Introduced myself to him. He is a sociable man,—awkard in his manners,—a handsome woman for his wife,—an infant at y<sup>e</sup> breast, y<sup>e</sup> 11 Child, all living. Poor Cookery,—no elegance,—common fare,—bad house-keeping. Mr. Allyn disesteemed by his people : a pleasant town,—a few good buildings near y<sup>e</sup> Centre, a small meeting house,—few people attend public worship,—loose morals,—loose principles,—good land,—no good fencing timber ;—200 families scattered over y<sup>e</sup> town,—quite as many as can live there. Thursday, 8 o'clock A. M,—proceeded on my journey with y<sup>e</sup> good wishes of y<sup>e</sup> gentleman, I left : came to Lainsborough, 6 miles, a good

township of land,—pleasant,—thick settled, for so young a place — many emigrated from it. People not very civilized. Called on Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Collins — from home he was. His wife uncommonly glad to see me. — a woman of ambition & pride — a daughter of y<sup>e</sup> same properties; very sociable.— there I had an interview with Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Buckminster of Rutland — a grave well-behaved aged man. Mr. Collins happy with his people, enjoys their confidence & esteem. Went on to Ashford & to Williamstown — broken, mountainous Country — exceedingly unpleasant — Mountains lofty indeed — above y<sup>e</sup> clouds — good land in y<sup>e</sup> Vallies. 15 miles — came to Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Swift's, poor house — poor living — no luxury — no elegance — gloomy woman for his wife — he epileptic, but kind — native sense, but no acquaintance with books — Williamstown y<sup>e</sup> northwest town in y<sup>e</sup> Common Wealth of Massachusetts.— Friday entered y<sup>e</sup> State of Vermont — a bad appearance at y<sup>e</sup> entrance, Pawnal y<sup>e</sup> first town, poor land — very unpleasant — very uneven — miserable set of inhabitants — no religion, Rhode Island haters of religion — baptists, quakers, & some presbyterians — no meeting house.— Friday came to Bennington 6 miles — Capitol at present of Vermont — a good town of land, people, proud — scornful — conceited & somewhat polished — small meeting house — considerably thick-settled, as many, as can possibly get a living; — no stone; — no fencing timber; — some elegant

building ; — a County town ; — a tolerable Court-house & jail ; — a good grammar school. The Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Swift their Minister, y<sup>e</sup> Apostle of Vermont — well esteemed among his own people, & in y<sup>e</sup> State, at large ; put up at his house : — he not at home ; gone over to y<sup>e</sup> College. — his wife handsome, — serious, — weakly, — Lawyer Segwick's sister, — ten children one at y<sup>e</sup> breast, — two daughters grown up, homely, — unpolished, — countrified in manners, and without any elegance. Visited Judge Robinson, — Chief justice of y<sup>e</sup> State. A man of sense & of religion, rich & uncommonly dutiful to an aged Mother, eminent for her attainments in goodness. Saturday May y<sup>e</sup> Second, rode to Shaftsbury — Saw y<sup>e</sup> hill where y<sup>e</sup> Bennington battle was fought, six miles from y<sup>e</sup> town, — a battle which will be greatly celebrated in y<sup>e</sup> history of America. Called on Elder Blood of Shaftsbury, — a baptist Minister of a public education, — candid & supported as presbyterian Ministers are, — lives low, — poor ; — wife old, — ordinarily looking ; — serious and very dirty — A good township of land : — passed on to Airlington, — An episcopal Church there, — a very rough, uneven, hilly poor town, y<sup>e</sup> present governor of y<sup>e</sup> State resided there during y<sup>e</sup> war, in a very indifferent house. The noted Shays & his family live here, in great poverty & obscurity. Went on to Sunderland, called on Col. Timothy Brownson one of y<sup>e</sup> Council of y<sup>e</sup> State, was treated with hospitality — y<sup>e</sup> family

kind, but destitute of all taste & polish. 1 Sabbath in May, preached at Sunderland, in a barn, to a considerable audience, very attentive & much affected, received much applause; a raving arminian methodist preached in y<sup>e</sup> Evening; Here lived formerly y<sup>e</sup> awful Deist Ethan Allyn,— so known in Vermont, who delighted in calling himself y<sup>e</sup> old *philosopher*. In his house now lives a quaker from Long Island, with a young girl from Seabrook whom he seduced, though a married man, a picture of beauty & elegance. Sabbath Evening went to Major Brownson, rich & kind & generous,— keeps 70 head of Cattle.— Monday 3 of May journeyed to Manchester, half shire town hemmed in by lofty mountains, a number of houses in y<sup>e</sup> center, — a small meeting house, half baptists,— loose town, — called on Mr. Elias Gilbert, a serious man; — visited y<sup>e</sup> house of Col. Keyes, his wife gone out on a visit; — he, in Canada, rafting lumber — Went on to Dorset, called on Rev. Mr. Sill, a good friendly man, extremely poor — poor looking family,— poor land,— got some directions of him, as to my route,— passed to Pollet, through Rupert, called on Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Bebee, a serious man, who left honor & y<sup>e</sup> prospects of wealth for y<sup>e</sup> Gospel, sensible, of little reading,— of narrow sentiments,— a weakly wife, a poor hut,— a friendly heart, — mean victuals,— destitute of neatness. Wednesday 5th May, set out from Pollet, for Middletown, preached at one Reed's in a dark room — to a small collec-

tion of people, chiefly Connecticut Separates, very serious & attentive, put up at Mr. Minor's, a kind man,— a kind wife,— wretched fare,— wretched bed,— eat up with flees,— no hay,— my horse starving.—Thursday journeyed to Tinmouth, & preached, at Mr. Porter's, one of y<sup>e</sup> Council of y<sup>e</sup> State,— his wife a most pious woman,— a few people very much affected with my sermon. Friday 8th day of May, heavy snow.— I went to judge Mattock's,— was kindly received. He is treasurer of y<sup>e</sup> State. Saturday went to Clarindon— to Elihu Smiths esq,— a rich man,— a great boaster,— a fine farm on y<sup>e</sup> Otter Creek, preached 2 Sabbath in May at his house,— y<sup>e</sup> people of Wallingford met with Clarindon, very attentive. I fared badly at Clarindon, & my horse worse. here I had an Interview with y<sup>e</sup> Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Swift of Bennington, & Mr. Marsh, Master of Bennington Academy. Monday 9th May,— went to Rutland on y<sup>e</sup> Otter-Creek, a County town, considerably settled, called on Mr. Williams Esq, and was introduced to Dr. Williams from Cambridge, Massachusetts, late professor of philosophy there, but was guilty of forgery & resigned,— a well looking & a learned man — a good speaker, lofty & haughty in his air — & preaching there, to my surprise, elevated with y<sup>e</sup> idea of having a College there.— Lodged at Mr. Flints in Brandon, —meanest of all lodging, —dirty,— fleas without number. May 10th rode to Leicester & put up at Col. Sawyers, & Wednesday preached a Lec-

ture, at his house, & baptised a child for him,— a rough, violent, savage man,— extraordinary spot in nature for Mills, & a pond by his door, where he raises fish. Thursday rode to Middlebury,— to Major Chipman's — to Mr. Smally's & to Mr. Fleide's preached a lecture at Mr. Thayer's to a considerable of an audience,— they were all attention. next day, rode to Mr. foote's, stayed all night, a high tempered, boastful man, conceited, vulgar,— & highly inelegant, in y<sup>e</sup> house.— Next day to New Haven,— preached at a log house,— people serious & anxious to hear y<sup>e</sup> word. — I was greatly worried & fatigued with riding,— poor living, nothing but brook water to drink,— & no comfortable victuals,— my nature almost exhausted,— went to Mr. Cooke's in New-haven, friday & Saturday morning nine o'Clock, preached, in a log house, & y<sup>e</sup> people wonderfully attentive. Slept, in an open log house, where it rained on me, in y<sup>e</sup> night, & no keeping for my horse. Saturday 16th of May rode on after preaching to Moreton,— Pocock — mud belly deep to my horse, & I thought I should have perished: felt warm gratitude to heaven that my life was spared,— my health & strength continued, through such hardships & unwholesome food,— arrived just at night at Mr. Steeles my old parishioner,— was cordially welcome, & gratefully received at Hinsburgh.— preached 3<sup>th</sup> Sabbath in May, at his house,— a large audience for y<sup>e</sup> wilderness, & deeply attentive. He lives well. Land

good — gathered y<sup>e</sup> church & organized them on Wednesday, preached a lecture & baptized a Child for Mr. Elisha Steele. Thursday 20 of May set out for Williston where governor Chittenden lives.— baptized five children, rode through y<sup>e</sup> woods, 14 miles, y<sup>e</sup> riding as bad as it could be, almost half of y<sup>e</sup> trees in y<sup>e</sup> woods blown down by y<sup>e</sup> violence of y<sup>e</sup> wind last year. Came to one Deacon Talcotts and he accompanied me to his Excellency's Governor Chittenden's. A low poor house.— a plain family — low, vulgar man, clownish, excessively parsimonious,— made me welcome,— hard fare, a very great farm,—1000 acres,— hundred acres of wheat on y<sup>e</sup> onion river — 200 acres of extraordinary interval land. A shrewd cunning man — skilled in human nature & in agriculture — understands extremely well y<sup>e</sup> mysteries of Vermont, apparently and professedly serious. Williston a fine township of land,— soil fertile. And all y<sup>e</sup> towns upon y<sup>e</sup> lake Champlain & for three teer back y<sup>e</sup> best sort of land. Not very heavy timbered, or stony or mountainous, well intersected with streams, & y<sup>e</sup> streams full of small fish.— Two noted streams y<sup>e</sup> Otter-Creek and y<sup>e</sup> onion river — About 300 towns in the State of Vermont — 6 miles square — about 40 of y<sup>e</sup> towns upon y<sup>e</sup> green mountains — very cold — snow upon y<sup>e</sup> top of them till June; commonly — good grazing land about half way up y<sup>e</sup> green mountains — they almost end at latitude 44 1-2— I go up as far as there are any Settle-



ments large enough to gather a Congregation — within thirty miles of Canada line — days perceivably longer — in reality 20 minutes longer. Moose plenty on y<sup>e</sup> mountains over against Jericho, Essex & Colchester — people hunt them — eat them in lieu of beef — & get their tallow. Bears & wolves plenty — timber, beach, — maple, — pine, hemlock, cherry, — birch & some oak and Walnut — about as many as 40 families, in a town, upon an average, about 40 towns totally unsettled — land extraordinarily good — from Rutland & Tinmouth clear to Canada line. Curiosities of y<sup>e</sup> country — y<sup>e</sup> innumerable high mountains 3 & 4 miles up them — 1—1-2 perpendicular. — covered with snow now three feet in depth — Lime stone in abundance scattered every where, but no good building stone — a lime pit of two acres in Sunderland — the lower end of y<sup>e</sup> State poor compared to y<sup>e</sup> North end — narrow & rough, — No cheese any where — no beef — no butter — I pine for home — for my own table. — Words cannot describe y<sup>e</sup> hardships I undergo, or y<sup>e</sup> strength of my desire to see my family — & to be with them. How affectionately do I remember them, hundreds of times every day, & shed a tear, in y<sup>e</sup> woods — got lost twice in y<sup>e</sup> woods already — heard y<sup>e</sup> horrible howling of y<sup>e</sup> wolves. Far absent — in y<sup>e</sup> wilderness — among all strangers — all alone — among log-huts — people nasty — poor — low-lived — indelicate — and miserable cooks. All sadly parsimonious — many, profane

—yet cheerful & much more contented than in Hartford—and the women more contented than y<sup>e</sup> men—turned tawny by y<sup>e</sup> smoke of y<sup>e</sup> log-huts—dress coarse, & mean, & nasty, & ragged.—Some very clever women & men—serious & sensible. Scarcely any politeness in y<sup>e</sup> State—Scarcely any sensible preaching—will soon settle Ministers in most of y<sup>e</sup> towns—and in a few years be a good Country, pleasant, & well to live in.—Some of our Ministers from Connecticut disesteemed, because injudicious—about one tenth part of y<sup>e</sup> State quakers & anabaptists—Episcopalians, and universalists; & a 1-4 deists. The body of y<sup>e</sup> people will be like Connecticut—& y<sup>e</sup> land, take it together rather preferable to y<sup>e</sup> land in our State—rather more feasible. A great advantage to my character, usefulness & honour coming from y<sup>e</sup> Centre & Capital of Connecticut. They conceived a high opinion of my abilities & address, at first, merely from y<sup>e</sup> above circumstance of place. They were far better pleased than I could even imagine with my performances compared with Mr. Williston's—Mr. Day's—Mr. Hawley's, Mr. Bogal's & others. They were charmed with my sermons & my delivery; & bestowed encomiums which it would be vain in me to repeat,—*Such as y<sup>e</sup> very first-rate—philosophical—Deep—penetrating—a great Scholar—angelic—The angel Gabriel could not go before him—no wonder his people admire him, and such-like praises.* I felt

oppressed with shame — & humility. Such things do not elevate me. I am above them & have a higher end. I have zealously & uniformly endeavoured to hold up y<sup>e</sup> truth plainly — to alarm y<sup>e</sup> Conscience;—to inform y<sup>e</sup> judgment & to engage y<sup>e</sup> heart; — exhorted;— admonished;— comforted; — & done all I could, in conversation, as well as, Sermons, to give y<sup>e</sup> nature of true Religion; — to impress its duties; to guard from errors; — from superstition & enthusiasm; — to make y<sup>e</sup> Gospel appear lovely & glorious. I trust my Evangelical Tour will be greatly beneficial to as many as about 50 towns — improving to myself — I see y<sup>e</sup> mighty works of Diety — y<sup>e</sup> hard fate of New Settlers—y<sup>e</sup> grounds, abundant grounds of gratitude for y<sup>e</sup> elegancies of my own house, situation & living, — & y<sup>e</sup> awful & deep criminality of all complaint, — peevishness & ingratitude. My living & situation is a paradise compared to Vermont: — far: — far happier than any I have seen.— O how happy! happy am I at home. I will study to be more contented,— more serene,— more thankful. And to make my family so. When I go from hut to hut, from town to town, in y<sup>e</sup> Wilderness, y<sup>e</sup> people nothing to eat,— to drink,— or wear,— all work, & yet y<sup>e</sup> women quiet,— serene,— peaceable,— contented, loving their husbands,— their home,— wanting never to return,— nor any dressy clothes; I think how strange!— I ask myself are these women of y<sup>e</sup> same species with our fine Ladies? tough are they, brawny their limbs,—

their young girls unpolished — & will bear work as well as mules. Woods make people love one another & kind & obliging and good natured. They set much more by one another than in y<sup>e</sup> old settlements. Leave their doors unbarred. Sleep quietly *amid flees* — *bed-bugs* — *dirt & rags*. O how vile, — how guilty, — how ungrateful to providence are our women! tell lies about one another — envy one another — go abroad, dress & enjoy fine roads — carriages husbands to wait on them — & are yet uneasy — unaffectionate! Could they see — Could my Lady so agreeable & pleasant to me, only see & endure what I have, how contented — how easy — how thankful would she be! she would feel a rapture of devotion & gratitude to heaven for our happy lot. — Every time she goes to meeting, or abroad, — or ascends y<sup>e</sup> Chaise, she would feel her enviable lot. No words can describe y<sup>e</sup> pleasing situation, when contrasted with almost all y<sup>e</sup> world! How have I longed to see another pleasing Sabbath at home! — I have rode more than 100 miles and seen no meeting house! — I can now realize what our forefathers suffered in settling America! — I grieve to hear what thousands & thousands have endured — women & Children in coming to this State of Vermont. — One thing is now deeply affecting. The frowns of y<sup>e</sup> Almighty are on this State for their sins. The seasons have been for two years back very unfavorable. A famine is now felt in this land. I have heard. — I have read of famines, but

never saw one before, or was in y<sup>e</sup> midst of one. the year 1789 will be remembered by Vermont as a day of calamity and famine — *dearness of truck & want of bread in all their dwellings*. It is supposed by y<sup>e</sup> most judicious & knowing that more than 1-4 part of y<sup>e</sup> people will have neither bread nor meat for 8 weeks — and that some will starve. How affecting y<sup>e</sup> idea! I have mourned with y<sup>e</sup> inhabitants. Several women I saw had lived four or five days without any food, and had eight or ten Children starving around them — crying for bread & y<sup>e</sup> poor women had wept till they looked like Ghosts. Many families have lived for weeks on what y<sup>e</sup> people call Leeks — a sort of wild onion — very offensive to me — it poisons all y<sup>e</sup> milk & Butter of y<sup>e</sup> new settlements, while y<sup>e</sup> Cows go in y<sup>e</sup> woods. — I perform this day 22th Saturday y<sup>e</sup> office of physician & nurse to Mrs. Chittenden who is very sick with a disorder called, *St. Anthony's fire*. Miss Leita Chittenden, y<sup>e</sup> young Lady 16 years old, & I, nurse together. They seem to love me, as a brother, & y<sup>e</sup> Governor as a son. I struck them upon y<sup>e</sup> right key.— Queer is human nature & has a blind side. His Excellency picked me out to understand human nature, at first sight. He laughed about some of my zealous Connecticut brethren Particularly Mr. *Williston*. The whole Country of Vermont will in process of time, be extremely difficulted to fence their Land. There is no such good fencing timber as in Connecticut. Stone-

will can never be made. The mountains are rocky, but too steep to carry y<sup>e</sup> stone into y<sup>e</sup> Vallies. Saturday — 2 O Clock P — M. quite home-sick today.—

Vermont will not be a grain Country after a few years. Not a wheat — or rye — or Indian corn Country, particular spots excepted. Nor a very good Country for Orchards. I suffer as much for y<sup>e</sup> want of drink as any thing. Brook-water is my chief drink. The maple cyder is horrible stuff — no malt in y<sup>e</sup> Country.— Their beer poor bran beer.— Visited about 50 new towns. preached about 6 days in seven.— Had a numerous Assembly at Williston, people of Jericho and Essex came to hear me & Josiah Steele from Hinsburg 14 miles ; preached in a barn of Col. Spafford's 100 feet long. Audience peculiarly attentive, opposed Deism in my discourse ; ventured to speak much from rising circumstances, without writing & have always found a very great freedom. Sabbath Evening left his Excellency's & went over Onion River to Jericho — a deep stream and wide, swam my horse over — Put up at Deacon Roade's a pious man — had no comfortable refreshment — was almost starved because I could not eat y<sup>e</sup> coarse fare provided for me — no candles pine splinters used in lieu of them — bed poor & full of flees — Monday 25 rode out 4 miles into y<sup>e</sup> wilderness & preached in a log house to a number of people who were deeply effected — & baptised three Children, & conversed much on religious

subjects. 10 O Clock A. M.—dined with Lewis Chapin where I preached — a sensible serious man & his wife exceedingly amiable. When I took leave of them She wept heartily & shook hands with me affectionately & left a quarter of a dollar in my hand — and did it with a grace & politeness. His Excellency also at parting with me, in Jericho, where he accompanied me — bid me farewell & shook hands with me, & left a dollar in my hand.— Monday afternoon rode 6 miles to Essex, a terrible rode, & lodged with Timothy Bliss, Esq — a kind, serious & curteous family. Tuesday morning very much fatigued for all y<sup>e</sup> preceeding evening, people came in to see me & I talked till I was so tired that I could not sleep — A sister of Dr. Hopkins of Hartford lives there, a sensible woman — rode from Mr. Bliss's 4 miles & preached at Mr. Morgan's. A horrible rode. There I gathered & incorporated a Church, & admitted a member, and drew y<sup>e</sup> form of Covenant. The people deeply affected. Tears flowed plentifully — all affected, young people, & Children & myself.— Here my horse got away & steered for Hartford. he had undergone hardships enough he thought.— 3 O Clock P M — accompanied by Mr. Bliss Esq — Set out for Colchester — Burlington & Shelburn.— Arrived at *Onion-river falls* & passed by Ethan Allyn's grave. An awful Infidel, one of y<sup>e</sup> wickedest men y<sup>t</sup> ever walked this guilty globe. I stopped & looked at his grave with a pious horror.— Rode on

to Burlington Bay — one of y<sup>e</sup> most delightful places in nature.— Passed over Colchester-bridge, one of y<sup>e</sup> greatest curiosities of Vermont — y<sup>e</sup> Bridge about sixty feet from y<sup>e</sup> ground on two high rocks on each bank, where all y<sup>e</sup> waters of y<sup>e</sup> onion river are compressed into a narrow space of 40 feet.— From Burlington Bay, I set out alone unaccompanied to Shelburn through y<sup>e</sup> wilderness on y<sup>e</sup> Lake Champlain — next to no rode — mud up to my horse's belly — roots thick as they could be, no house for 4 miles.— I got lost. My horse nearly gave out, excessively worried with y<sup>e</sup> bad travelling. O how anxious was I! I expected every step to be killed.— I was hungry, dry, had been almost exhausted by labours in preaching, conversing & gathering a Church.— How much would I have given to have been at home — to have seen my dear wife & children. It seemed as if I never should have y<sup>e</sup> pleasure again to see them. Night come on — I could travel no farther — I found a little log hut & put up there. Could get no supper — my horse no feed — Slept on a Chaff-bed without covering — a man, his wife & 3 children all in y<sup>e</sup> same nasty stinking room.— rose by sun-rise Wednesday morning 26 of May — travelled through y<sup>e</sup> woods, crossed y<sup>e</sup> River *de Plate* about two miles from y<sup>e</sup> mouth — a river so called from a bloody battle fought on its banks between y<sup>e</sup> french & English; — passed an ugly swamp & found Mr. Smith's Esq 9 O Clock A. M. Got breakfast &



am homesick enough — y<sup>e</sup> woman agreeable — has another husband alive — he ran away from her & was gone 13 years, because of debt. She says, She loved him dearly, but has gotten her affections now entirely weaned. Last winter she & her present husband accidentally met him on y<sup>e</sup> rode. And y<sup>e</sup> sight of him gave her no uneasiness any more than to see another man. At Burlington Bay Col. Stephen Keyes whipped bruised & almost killed a Dr. Stephens last month because he brought in a high bill for attending his father in-law, Col. Sheldon when sick there y<sup>e</sup> winter past.— Land extraordinarily good all along on y<sup>e</sup> lake & for 20 miles back. People troubled with y<sup>e</sup> fever & ague. Colchester & Burlington all deists & proper heathen. About one quarter of y<sup>e</sup> inhabitants & almost all y<sup>e</sup> men of learning diests in y<sup>e</sup> State. People pay little regard to y<sup>e</sup> Sabbath, hunt & fish on that day frequently. Not more than 1-6 part of y<sup>e</sup> families attend family prayer in y<sup>e</sup> whole State. About 1-2 would be glad to have y<sup>e</sup> Gospel & to support public worship & y<sup>e</sup> gospel Ministry. The rest would chuse to have no Sabbath no ministers — no religion — no heaven — no hell — no morality. - - - - -

4 O Clock P M preached a lecture at Esq Smith's. The hearers very much affected. Went home with Capt. Comstock. His wife my cousin. A woman greatly esteemed; live on y<sup>e</sup> Lake shore & have a good farm. Thursday 11 O Clock A M — went out in a

pleasure boat on y<sup>e</sup> Lake where Arnold's fleet was defeated by y<sup>e</sup> british, a raft of Lumber went off for Canada — w<sup>h</sup> covered an acre of water & had two little huts on it. The rafting business unprofitable for y<sup>e</sup> State and for individuals that undertake it. Thursday had an interview with an old College acquaintance, a Candidate who had preached to 90 vacancies & been a Candidate for 18 years. He rode with me to Mr. Roswell Hopkins in New Haven y<sup>e</sup> Secretary of y<sup>e</sup> State — a modest, diffident & sensible man. Lodged with him — a wretched log house — Slept in y<sup>e</sup> midst of y<sup>e</sup> family. Friday went to Esq Brash's, at y<sup>e</sup> City — viewed y<sup>e</sup> falls of y<sup>e</sup> Otter Creek & y<sup>e</sup> works there. The falls 40 feet, a great curiosity. Plum trees natural to y<sup>e</sup> Country — after viewing y<sup>e</sup> falls went down y<sup>e</sup> Creek & crossed y<sup>e</sup> ferry. And reached General Strong's in Addison 5 O Clock P M — a pleasant place on y<sup>e</sup> Lake two miles north of Crown Point & a sensible man. Here I had y<sup>e</sup> pleasure of seeing Major Storrs, my old Pupil; now State Attorney for y<sup>e</sup> County of Addison. Now some history of y<sup>e</sup> Country of Vermont follows — Lake George Southwest of Lake Champlain — 30 miles long & two and an half broad at a medium. Lake Champlain 160 long & 3 miles broad at a medium. West on York side broken, barren & mountainous land 6 high white mountains, white as y<sup>e</sup> new fallen snow. — Lake Champlain heads south at Skeensborough & North forms a junction with y<sup>e</sup> St. Law-

rence at Chamblee called y<sup>e</sup> rapids of St. John's. Vermont two hundred miles long, 40 broad at y<sup>e</sup> South; & 98 at North, Latitude 45 — at a medium 60 miles broad — about 300, 6 mile square towns; and will bear about 200 families per town or 360000 Souls.— Saturday A M — 10 O Clock. Wished — and wished to see my dear wife. I have almost forgotten how she looks. It is more painful than words can describe, to be absent from one's family alone in y<sup>e</sup> woods. Friday was taken sick at Crown-point. Saturday very sick and wanted to see my family. Sabbath day quite sick and preached at Addison. Audience very attentive. Almost sunk into gloom. Seemed y<sup>t</sup> I could not live. Monday passed Crown-point — Bredport — Shorum — Orwill & Fair-Haven. Crown-point a remarkable place more than a million of money Sterling laid out in erecting y<sup>e</sup> works there. the Lake half a mile wide, y<sup>e</sup> fort on y<sup>e</sup> west side. Mount Independence in Orwill on y<sup>e</sup> East side of y<sup>e</sup> Lake. Ticonderoga opposite on y<sup>e</sup> West side 15 miles south of Crown-point. Orwill Joshua Tracy Esq lives, become very rich, owns 9000 acres of land — vain — loquacious — foolish — & proud. Fair-Haven lives Dr. Smith, a sensible, polite man — full of vanity. Col. Lion, a driving man in business, a deist. Passed through Hampton in Yorke State. Came to Poultney. Vermont Clergy sate there in Association. Illiterate, miserably appearing body. Preached at Poultney to y<sup>e</sup> Association, on y<sup>e</sup> *divine government*.

Received y<sup>e</sup> highest encomiums & warmest applause from all y<sup>e</sup> Gentlemen of y<sup>e</sup> Clergy. Conversed some in y<sup>e</sup> Association & was listened to as an Oracle. Here saw Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Avery of Stamford, on a mission to Vermont. He appeared Chagrined & deeply mortified at y<sup>e</sup> Superior deference showed to me; & was full of envy at my popularity.— Wednesday afternoon rode to Wells and preached to a listening congregation. After Sermon proceeded on to Pollet. At Wells six of y<sup>e</sup> preachers attended me, & were all attention & said, if they could preach so easy & so elegantly, & so sentimentally, they would preach all y<sup>e</sup> time. Thursday preached at Pawlet; put up at Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Bebee's—talked to his people. They dissatisfied with his rigidity.— Friday 10 O Clock preached at Rupert where y<sup>e</sup> Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Bebee accompanied, and I had two or three learned Deists to hear me. Afternoon went on to Dorset & 4 o Clock preached there. Lodged with Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Sill, an aged, friendly man, but moderate talents. Saturday accompanied by him I rode to Manchester, put up at Mr. Richardson's. Sabbath Morning rode 3 miles to Manchester meeting house—here I went to Col. Keyes. His wife glad to see me & very polite. Here I was introduced to one of general Allyn's daughters now Mrs. Hitchcock. Both rank deists—two more deists at meeting—I felt very disagreeably all day. 4 o Clock rode down to Sunderland to preach 5 O Clock where I kept my first

Sabbath in my evangelical tour. Mr. Hitchcock & his Lady — Mrs. Keyes & Mr. Langdon & others attended me. I felt most severely to find y<sup>e</sup> Deists flocking after me. I was very affectionately welcomed by this people. They seemed overjoyed to see me. Many came to see me in y<sup>e</sup> evening to bid me farewell & gave me a little money. Monday morning June 8th set out for home Met y<sup>e</sup> governor of Vermont on my rode to Shaftsbury. He expressed much love for me. Bid him farewell.— 12 O Clock reached Bennington— here saw Mr. Swift, y<sup>e</sup> Apostle for y<sup>e</sup> State. A sensible worthy man. After dinner set out for Williamstown—through Pawnal.— Monday night lodged with Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Swift of that place he has y<sup>e</sup> epilepsy. A good man. Tuesday morning 6 o Clock set out from his house to Lainsborough. Called on Mr. Collins. He was gone to y<sup>e</sup> seaside with a consumptive daughter. Sad occasion! — My horse was very lame. Went to a blacksmith & he found his hoof badly gravelled. Rode on to Becket. At Washington called on Mr. Steele— see Colo Steele — Mrs. Milichen all overwhelmed with joy to see me. Reached my Brothers— about dark, fatigued very much;— overcome with y<sup>e</sup> sufferings of my journey. Wednesday morning 10th June expected to have set out for home, but it rained hard. I feel gloomy — how hard to bear disappointments! I set my heart upon seeing my family this day. I am distressed to see them. I know not how to content myself

one hour. O how painful is absence from dear friends! It is tearing y<sup>e</sup> heart to pieces. I would give almost any thing to see my dear family.— But must be patient. An alwise Being orders all things. All day I am melancholly & wretched. My wife is not out of my thoughts one half hour. How often has she been in my mind and remembered constantly & fervently in my supplications to heaven. I hope she as often remembers me. It would break her heart to know how much I have undergone. Every body is kind to me. Brother Samuel is coming to preach at Becket. How mysterious y<sup>e</sup> events of Providence! Hope he will do good.— Thursday 11th June set out early for home. How rejoiced am I to set my face homeward. accidentally heard a word from my family yesterday & of a sudden death among my people, a man thrown from a horse & instantly killed. What gratitude do I owe to a benevolent providence that I have been preserved through all y<sup>e</sup> perils of journeying!— Every step my horse takes brings me nearer home, & every moment nearer Eternity. What a vain world is this. Human life is but a journey. My sublimest happiness is doing good, and I believe I have done much good in my mission to y<sup>e</sup> New Settlements. I have now arrived at my own doors — myself & family all in health.— And my warmest praise shall be offered to y<sup>e</sup> kind, watchful care of an indulgent Providence. May my journey of life end happily & of all my family.

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