# REVIEW

OF THE CASE OF

## MOSES THACHER

VERSUS

## PRESTON POND,

IN

CHARGING THE PLAINTIFF

WITH THE

## CRIME OF ADULTERY:

INCLUDING

## LETTERS

OF

## MRS. JERUSHA M. POND,

THE MAIN WITNESS

IN THE DEFENCE.

BOSTON:
PRINTED FOR THE PLAINTIFF.
1938.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1838, by Moses Thacker, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

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# PRELIMINARY.

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It would not perhaps be necessary for me to give to the public a Review of the Trial, which has recently been had in the Common Pleas of Norfolk Couuty, by which no one could be more deeply affected than myself; were it not for the misrepresentations which have since been widely and industriously circulated; and did it not seem an act of justice to myself, to my friends, and to the Christian community, to make a development of facts, which, in consequence of Rules laid down by the Honorable Court, could not, at the time, be admitted in evidence. The case, on trial, assumed, in some material respects, a different shape from what was anticipated by myself, or by those who so ably and faithfully acted as my Counsel. This circumstance rendered it impossible for us to meet, so advantageously as we could otherwise have done, many things, which were collaterally introduced by the Defendant, and which were intended materially to affect the issue. These and other considerations, which it is unnecessary to state, have deliberately determined me to review the whole case, and to lay before the community many additional facts, of which they must be in possession in order to judge with impartiality.

The substance of the following Review has already been submitted, extemporaneously, to the Church and Religious Society in North Wrentham. As I had not time, however, to say all which had a material bearing on the case; some things are here intro-

duced, which were then omitted.

The reader is also desired to bear in mind, that, in the following statements, I have not the privilege of judicial authority to put witnesses upon oath; and, consequently, I must present evidence in that shape only which I am now able to command. The more candid part of the community, however, will doubtless adjudge, that those, in general, who can be relied upon to tell the truth "upon oath," may also be relied upon to tell the truth without an oath. Where I had testimony at command, I have accordingly introduced it; and where I have merely stated circumstances, I have either named persons by whom they can be proved, or else shall hold myself responsible to bring forward the testimony if properly called for.

Those, too, who have either the candor or the curiosity to peruse these pages, are requested to excuse the frequent repetition of the first person singular; for, as I am now obliged to be my own advocate, and write in self-defence, such repetition has been almost unavoidable.

For the sake of convenience to both the writer and reader of this Review, it has been arranged under distinct and general heads, naturally suggested by the different branches of the subject

to be taken under consideration.

#### I. NATURE OF THE SLANDERS.

TERY. These slanders have been thrown before the public, not merely by insinuations and inuendos, but by specific allegations. They have not only been moulded into a tangible shape, but have been purposely sent abroad, and wafted upon "the wings of the wind." This circumstance alone gives a temporary advantage to the accuser; while many stand ready to presume the accused guilty, from the mere fact that an enemy has had the boldness to

utter such allegations.

It ought to be considered, however, that it is one of the easiest things in the world to fasten imputations of this kind upon the character of any individual, of which it might be extremely difficult for him to prove his innocence. One ill-disposed person, of ordinary ingenuity, in one half-hour, may fasten imputations of guilt upon the most virtuous citizen in the community, of which it might take him his life-time to divest himself. It is hence a principle of common law, which is, of course, a dictate of common sense, that the burden of proof falls upon the accuser, and that every one "is to be presumed innocent until he is proved guilty." This is a right which I claim for myself, both morally and legally; though some seem to have taken the ground, that I ought to be presumed guilty, till I prove myself innocent. The injustice of this latter assumption is so obvious as scarcely to need a passing notice. Suffice it to say, that on such a principle, no man could stand before his enemies, "no, not for an hour."

I have the legal and moral right, then, to ground myself upon my own consciousness of innocence; and to demand of those who assail my character, to furnish the proof of my guilt. This, I have called upon them to do. They have made the essay; and have failed. Nevertheless, placed in the attitude in which my enemies are still determined to hold me up before the community; I am constrained to do what ought never to be demanded of any human being,—to furnish positive evidence that I am not guilty of

the crimes alleged against me.

# II. ORIGIN OF THE SLANDERS AS IT RESPECTS THEIR PRESENT SHAPE.

About the last of December, 1836, an incident occurred in the North Parish in Wrentham, which, subsequently, became a topic of no inconsiderable excitement. The writer of this Review, was, at the time, thirty miles distant from home. The affair alluded to, took place on the last Sabbath of the month above named, during the interval between the public services. Mr. Cummings, Minister of the North Parish, was the person implicated. Whether the matter, on his part, was a mere accident, or took place under such circumstances as justly to involve him in guilt and blame, I have no recollection of ever having expressed an opinion. He had been seen by two respectable semales in a place, which, were it necessary, I have no disposition to name; and some time afterwards, it was reported, -by whom I know not, -that others had seen him in the same place. However that may have been, it was an affair in which I never felt nor took any interest; concerning which I never asked any questions; and surely the last which any decent person would ever have any disposition to adjudicate. Certain it is, that two weeks or more had elapsed, before I ever knew, or any one ever said any thing to me on the subject. In the mean time, some person or persons, -from what motives I have no means of judging, -addressed to Mr. Cummings several anonymous letters, which were said to be of a low and scurrillous character. The letters, however, I have never seen; nor has any one, until within a few weeks since, ever given me a minute description of their style and chirography. One of the letters has been affirmed to resemble my hand-writing; and a person, who is a good judge of penmanship, has told me that it might be considered a "bungling counterfeit." If that be the fact, the dastard who wrote it, ought to be considered as next in meanness to the affair upon which it was based; and the one who, without proof, accuses me of being the author, ought to be considered nearly as base as either. As to that matter, however, I never have felt even the slightest degree of uneasiness; because, for me to have written the letters must have been a natural impossibility, as they were said to be in Mr. Cummings's possession before I had any knowledge of the circumstances which occasioned them.

Without any shadow of reason, however, my adversaries seized the occasion to charge the writing of the letters upon me and my family. Their contents were assiduously exhibited by Mr. Cummings and wife, to all persons who had a disposition to call and examine them; and not a few affected to be vastly enraged, at the supposed rebuke, which they affirmed Mr. C. had received from myself, for the affair which had occasioned the excitement.

Here, then, the storm began; and directly it was alleged, that "something was coming out about Thacher, which would sink him and his whole Society." What that something was, remained a secret to the multitude; but is since said to have been in embryo with these who finally brought it forth, nursed and nurtured

it, until it has reached its late gigantic and hideous form.

That the aforenamed circumstances gave rise to the slanders which have since been uttered and propagated against me, I have now the evidence at command. Among others to whom Dea. and Mrs. Pond have defamed me, are Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, of Attleborough, with whom they had a long interview. The following is their testimony on this point.—" Mrs. Pond, during the interview, also expressed an opinion that Mr. Thacher wrote one of the late scurrillous and anonymous letters sent to Mr. Cummings, and wished we could see it, as we should easily detect his hand. She particularly mentioned the form of the letter d, which was peculiar to Mr. Thacher's hand, as it had a kink in it; and also the letter w, which he formed in a manner peculiar to himself. She also said, "I don't know as my husband would have disclosed these matters about Mr. Thacher now, had it not been for his lie, in denying that he wrote this letter. But he could not bear that." [Memorandum of Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, taken immediately after the interview.]

About the 18th of March, 1837, Mrs. Jerusha M. Pond had an interview with Mr. Aaron Hawes and Mrs. Benj. Blake, to whom she related substantially the same stories, which she had done to Mr. and Mrs. Simmons; and said, "These things would never have come out, if it had not been for the 'necessary scrupe." She also alluded to the anonymous letter, above mentioned, and said, "I told Mr. Thacher it would be a dear letter to him, they were so mad with him."—[Testimony of Mr. Hawes and Mrs.

Blake, taken from their own lips.]

The above evidence needs scarcely a single comment. It must be obvious to every candid individual who looks at the affair, that the writer of this Review was at once seized as Mr. Cummings's "scape-goat;" and the storm, which they feared would burst upon his head, my adversaries were determined should expend its bolts and fury upon mine. The inference, too, is a natural one, that some of those, who have been the most assiduous in giving character and currency to slanders uttered against me, must have been the fabricators and writers of the letters in question. They had hand-writing of mine in their possession, which they could easily imitate in some of its peculiar features; Mr. Cummings and wife were prompt in exhibiting them to both my friends and foes, and in urging reasons for believing that I wrote them; and, some months since, I was informed, that one of them was first discovered in Dea. Smith Pond's wagon. The earliest knowledge, that the letters were in existence, came from those very persons,

who, on the open stage or behind the screen, have been principal actors in the whole drama; and it is a well-known, but trite maxim, that none is more likely first to raise the hue and cry of "stop thief," than the thief himself. If the fabrication of the letters were not designed to divert a storm of scandal from the person implicated, either justly or unjustly, in a base transaction; why should the first intelligence that they were in existence, come from that particular quarter? Why did they not let the matter rest in silence, until the vile dastard, who wrote the dirty scrawls, chuckling at the trick he had played, but tired in waiting for its visible effects, should disclose his own secret, and make the world acquainted with his scribbling powers and ingenuity of design? No man of common sense, who had received anonymous letters upon such a subject, as that, which was said to be the theme of the letters in question, would have made of them a public exhibition; unless he were in the secret of their device, and had, either singly, or in conjunction with others, laid a plot for the purposes above mentioned. But no; to take the ground of silence in the base concern, would not effect their object. The billet-deaux were no sooner in existence and safely deposited, than they were held forth for exhibition, like the first emission from a banking-house; and their device immediately charged upon those, who had no more knowledge of the affair, or concern in the business than "the man in the moon."

It was never my intention at all to disturb this unwholesome mass; nor would I now have said so much on the subject, had not my adversaries made it the starting point to "let slip the dogs of war;" and were it not for the circumstance, that, even now, some persist in basely charging upon me what,—to say the most, according to the best information I have received—must have been but an infamous and awkward counterfeit. Hence it was determined, that the bungling imitation should "prove a dear letter" to me, with whom "they were so mad," because another individual was implicated in a transaction which ought not to be "so much as named," that I must, so soon as the matter could be concocted, be publicly charged with "something which would sink me and my whole society."

### III. NECESSITY OF AN INVESTIGATION.

The storm of slander and abuse having burst upon my head, and the allegations against my moral, religious and ministerial character having been thrown into a tangible shape; a thorough investigation became a matter to which the public were entitled. The allegations, indeed, were such as, if true, ought to subject me to severe civil disabilities, and even place me within the walls of a prison. It is hence evident, that I was slandered as a citi-

to see, therefore, that a mere ecclesiastical investigation would not and ought not to satisfy the community. The nature of the case, and my rights as a citizen and a Christian demanded both a judicial and an ecclesiastical examination; and the only question to be decided, was, which examination should be first had. To such a sifting of the case, as an innocent man, I have never been disposed to shrink; but, on the other hand, I felt it to be an imperative duty to myself, to my family, and to the civil and religious community at large, peremptorily to demand it.

Besides, it was due to myself and the community, that an examination should be had, in which witnesses would be compelled to attend and give evidence. Without an investigation of this sort, the question of my guilt or innocence would not be answered in such a manner as to satisfy any candid inquirer; while those who are destitute of that charity, which "rejoiceth not in iniquity," would at once condemn me as tacitly pleading guilty to the

charge.

These considerations I deem a sufficient answer to any who may ask me, either ingenuously or reproachfully, "Why did you go to Law for a reparation of character?"

#### IV. DISADVANTAGES UNDER WHICH THE PLAIN-TIFF HAS LABORED IN SUBMITTING THIS MAT-TER TO A JUDICIAL DECISION.

The attitude in which I have been placed before the community for the last eight or nine years, is well known. As one who, for conscience' sake, threw off the shackles of Freemasonry, I have endured my full share of that odium, which has been so liberally thrown upon the head of every prominent seceder from that institution. It has been according to "the rules and usages of the fraternity," to hold up to public scorn and execration every one who had the moral courage and the moral principle, openly to repudiate that "mystery of abominations." This theory and practice of adhering Freemasons cannot be more forcibly and concisely expressed, than in the obligation of the Thrice Illustrious Knight.

"You further swear, that, should you know another to violate any essential part of this old gation, you will use your most decided endeavors, by the blessing of God, to bring such person to the strictest and most condign punishment, agreeably to the rules and usages of our ancient fraternity; and this by pointing him out to the world as an unworthy vagabond; by opposing his interest, by deranging his business, by transferring his character after him wherever he may go, and by exposing him to the contempt of the whole frat ruity and the world, but of our illustrious order more especially, during his whole natural life."

Now, although this obligation is not literally taken by Freemasons of the lower degrees; still its spirit is infused into every oath of every degree; and all the lower orders of the institution are thus, by example at least, practically instructed. Even the Entered Apprentice and the Master Mason are bound together by the same cord, which fastens the Royal Arch Mason to the Thrice Illustrious Knight; and no part of that line could be cut in sunder, without dissevering the whole band. It was doubtless, by this common bond of union in the Masonic brotherhood, that the Defendant to the suit, which I am now reviewing, manifestly enjoyed the sympathies of every order of the fraternity; that they would not, either in Court or out of Court, "speak evil of him, either before his face or behind his back;" that they were prompt "to apprise him of all approaching danger," and fly to his relief, in distress," whenever it might be in their "power" to afford him assistance.\* It was, too, exactly in the spirit of the Thrice Illustrious Knight's obligation, that the Defendant, several years age, according to the affirmation of his own brother, averred,-"I have set my face against Thacher, and will not rest till he is

driven from the North Parish in Wrentham."

Such being the state of things, it is obvious, that I had to contend, single-handed, against the whole phalanx of Freemasons, who felt themselves bound by solemn and sanguinary oaths, to "destroy my character," "derange my business," and "oppose my interest" by every means in their power. As to assistance, aside from that rendered me by my faithful and assiduous Counsel, I could, from the very nature of the case, have comparatively none. It was in the power of those who were thus extra-judiciously bound together, aided by others over whom they had even an ordinary share of influence, to form the public sentiment; and then, by a rule of Court, that public sentiment was to be taken as the true estimate of my character. My adversaries had it in their power, by scandal, slander and falsehood, to invelope me in a cloud of dust and filth, and then call upon witnesses to testify, if it were not the public sentiment, that I was "indeed a dirty fellow;" but the plaintiff could not have the privilege, either by the same, or by any other witnesses, to point out the source from whence his person was rendered so uncomely! The peaceable citizen is assailed by the bully, at the head of the street, and covered not only with dust, but with wounds and bruises; and, then, in passing to his home, he is obliged to traverse the whole street in which the assault is committed. The villain is arraigned for the misdemeanor; but sets up in defence, "that the citizen is entitled to no damages, because every man in the street will testify that he is covered not only with dust, but wounds and bruises from head to foot !- Now if the citizen cannot be allowed to show who

<sup>\*</sup> See Master Mason's oath.

threw the dust, and who inflicted the wounds and bruises; how is he

to maintain his action against the assailant?

But, the case supposed is not very dissimilar from the condition of the Plaintiff in the suit under consideration. The majority of those, who came forward in Court to swear down my character, were from that very class of the community, who, for the last eight or nine years, have been pouring upon me torrents of scandal and abuse. They are the ones who have wantonly inflicted the wounds and covered me with dust; and then come forward and swear, and call upon others to swear, that my person has long been marvellously disfigured!—and then, by rule of Court, I am not suffered to prove who inflicted the wounds which

have rendered me so unseemly!!\*

In addition to the sources of prejudice, already pointed out, it is well known, that I have long been accustomed to raise my voice, employ my pen, and conduct a press, in favor of Temperance, immediate Abolition, Moral Reform, and other kindred enterprizes of the day; which has brought upon my head, in common with others, no small share of indignation and reproach. The earliest, and for the time being, the most violent opposition which I encountered, after I entered the ministry, was, for preaching against licentiousness, and advocating, in public discourses, the principle and practice of entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors; and a champion of the anti-temperance party, in the Church and religious society to which I ministered, at that day, was the very man whom I have now been constrained to meet before a civil tribunal, for charging me with the crime of adultery! His personal and vindictive epithets, at that time, are well remembered, because they cannot be forgotten; nor have I ever seen any evidence to convince me, that his personal hostility has ever been in the least diminished. To'do him justice, however, he has since become professedly, and, I hope, practically, a temperance man; and in whatever his respectable talents may advance that, or any other good cause, I can most cheerfully and cordially bid him "god-speed." If he will advance a step further in the path of moral reform, and cease to violate the minth commandment; -if he will only add "to temperance-godliness; and to godliness broherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity;" he will give more than one, good reason to hope, that there is begun in him a "good work, which will be carried on to perfection."

That I may not be considered as slandering the defendant, as it respects personal hostility to me, and I like to prove things as I go along, as well as give a little variety to a tedious review, I will

<sup>\*</sup>The above remarks are by no means intended as any reflection upon his Honor, the Justice before whom my case was tried.—I was told by others, skilled in "legal lore," that the rule adopted was a principle of "common law;" and so I made up my mind to submit without a murmur.

here introduce the testimony of his principal witness, Mrs. JERUSHA M. Pond. Some four or five years ago, while I was conducting a paper in Boston, and had occasion to ride to the city about every week, I purchased a Newfoundland dog, to accompany and serve me as a sentinel in those weekly journeys, a part of which were necessarily performed in the evening. This dog attracted the attention of Mrs. Pond, who, in a few days, addressed to him the following stanzas.

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- "Be faithful to thy trust, Thy master's person guard; In his defence be first, part delineated in the Though death be thy reward.
- "When e er he seeks the bed, edir, was the threat Let thy attentive ear, Though light the assassin's tread, His cautious footsteps hear.

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- "Then let thy hideous cry will me freq insaimora . Remind the lurking foe, That should he dare come nigh, Thy grasp will lay him low. by the declaration of
- "Thus constant may you prove;-Nor quit thy master's side; And surely one will love, And for thy wants provide.
- "Yes, to my door repair, who was frequently se January out his You may be sure to find, come, as he said, by th A sav'ry breakfast there, And greeting from your kind.
  - ordicard U dimens bwo "Our valley numbers five Of your sagacious race; of this visit, is further Their diff 'rent names I'd give, If I had time and space. my usury, called on r
- But should you think it best To make these friends a call, of ou store | paintage ! I tell you one thing, lest You should salute them all;
- maibuil sel mott "Two mastiffs,\* (bold outlaws,) aksor adj noder sa Fed from a Mason's hand, between me and the d Espouse his hopeless cause, And bark at his command. ing Monday, Mr. Cale ot as the next week. I therefor expressing a doubt as to

\* Gen. Pond, at that time, was somewhat accustomed to hunting, and is understood to have kept "a brace of hounds"

And of their keeper too; He hates your master dear, And, consequently, you.

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sessed to him the

Thus Masonry, we see,

Affects the very brutes; Is not this "Evil Tree" Known by its bitter fruits?!!!!!!

#### DOG-HOTAW A OTH V. PROOFS OF A CONSPIRACY.

The Plaintiff has not only been subjected to disadvantages, in part delineated in the preceding section, but he is now prepared to present at least circumstantial evidence, that there was a direct conspiracy to destroy his character. To this purpose, undoubtedly, was the threat, uttered by various individuals, "that something would come out about Thacher, which would sink him and his whole Society." After the infamous slanders had been in a measure digested and put in circulation, an individual, who took a prominent part in the business, was heard to say, "We have got things going about right now." That there were concert and deep plotting in the affair from the beginning, is nearly demonstrated by the declaration of a principal witness, "These things would never have come out, if it had not been for the 'necessary scrape.'" A Counsellor at Law, who is at least a nominal Freemason, and has long seemed to cherish a personal hostility to the plaintiff, was heard to inquire, "Can't we do something to make Thacher prosecute?" A clergyman, not far from the seat of operations, and who was frequently seen in close conference with the defendant, came, as he said, by the advice of a Lawyer, to visit the plaintiff, evidently in the character of a kind of "Father Confessor," to draw out something by which I might be condemned out of my own mouth. That there were concert and planning in the business of this visit, is further evident, because, on the very day, that the clergyman alluded to, in conjunction with another brother in the ministry, called on me, the defendant went into Peter Gifford's shop, and exclaimed, "Moses Thacher has come out a guilty man, and I am not afraid to declare it openly. When the clock [pointing] gets up to 12, he will receive a visit from higher authority."- [Testimony of Job Dupee, taken from his own mouth.]

Dea. Asa Harding testifies, that, being in Dedham, the first week of the December term of the Common Pleas, when the case between me and the defendant had been assigned to the following Monday, Mr. Caleb Sayles said to him, "Well, our case is put over till next week." Dea. Harding expressing a doubt as to his meaning, he replies, "I mean Mr. Thacher's case; we call that our case."-Mr. Sayles, however, disclaims that he had any

significant meaning, except to express himself in what had become the common parlance of the defendant's party; and I am willing to take him at his word; and consider him not as an accomplice, but as quite an important State's witness.

I will now ask the attention of the reader to the following certificates; and then leave the candid to judge what can be made of

such a combination, but a rank conspiracy.

"This is to certify that a person, who I was afterwards informed was Anson Mann, called at my office sometime in the winter of 1836-7. Said Mann propounded to me certain questions, amounting to the following:-Have you been informed through any source, of certain licentious acts of a minister living within about twenty miles of Boston? My answer was, that I had heard certain reports in relation to a minister in the vicinity of Boston, and stated what those reports were. Mann finding that those reports did not relate to the person he referred to, asked, !! I had heard no reports of any kind affecting the moral character, relative to chastity, of a minister whom he described, but did not mention his name; and so described as led me to ask if it was not Moses Thacher? He, in the first place, evaded a reply, with the evident design of making me believe that he was very reluctant to disclose Mr. Thacher's name and was his friend. He finally acknowledged that it was Mr. Thacher-to whom he alluded -- and said that he was requested to come to me and make inquiries by certain persons in North Wrentham. And stated that he had no interest in the case himself, but was only acting as agent for the above mentioned persons. He then declared what he alleged to be notorious facts in Wrentham, in relation to what was stated by him to be Mr. Thacher's licentiousness and immorality, but did not advise me to publish these facts .- Only stated them to me, he said, that I might investigate farther.

"Boston, September 8th, 1837.

[Signed.] "JOSEPH A. WHITMARSH."

"Wrentham, January 20, 1833.

"We hereby certify, that, about the middle of April, 1837, after Mr. Thacher had prosecuted Gen. Preston Pend, and Dea. Smith Pend, in a case of Slander, we saw Capt. Increase Blake, at the house where Mr. Lewis Fisher now resides. Capt. Blake held a long conversation with one of us,\* concerning Mr. Thacher's suits, and said, "If we don't fetch Thacher this time, we have got something that will fix him." He also said, in the same conversation, "I should like to catch Thacher in my house or at my door;— I would horse-whip his hide off him, or horse-whip him until the blood run down to his heels,—I had just as lief do it as not."

[Signed,] "JASON N. WHITE,
LUCENA WHITE,
SALLY FISHER."

It is, perhaps, a sufficient comment upon this last evidence, to state, that Increase Blake is a Royal Arch Mason, and a member of the church from which the plaintiff, almost one half of the brethren, and a majority of the sisters were constrained to withdraw, because of combined masonic influence against church-discipline. It is hardly necessary to inquire, How far his vindictive temper and coarse threats accord with the meek, gentle and lovely spirit of the gospel? Anson Mann, who went on the embassy to Mr. Whitmarsh, is a Royal Arch Mason, and the individual under discipline, when his Masonic brethren, in the true spirit of the oaths, "apprised him of approaching danger, flew to his relief, and combined to extricate him from difficulty, whether he were right or wrong."

I had purposed to show, by substantial evidence, that jurors had been tampered with, on the part of the defendant or the defendant's party, in the late trial; but as that is an indictable offence, it may well be reserved as a matter for advisement, what

course it will be best to pursue hereafter.

It will be seen by what is brought into view in the two preceding sections, that the advantage, in the late trial, lay wholly on the side of my adversaries. I had to contend with almost an immeasurable share of public odium, raised against me by those very individuals, who might be considered either directly or indirectly, parties to the suit with the defendant; the Masonic combination was like the Grecian Phalanx; beside the number, by no means inconsiderable, -evidently united against me in direct conspiracy! Even under these adverse circumstances, I did not hesitate to meet my adversaries in open Court, in presence of many hundreds of spectators, and to throw myself upon the decision of a jury of my country. That jury, the very Foreman of whom was a Freemason, after all the allegations, which the defendant, by one of the most adroit and able attorneys in the Commonwealth, could, either formally or informally, array against me; and after the closest investigation of two days, were constrained upon their oaths, to declare the plaintiff innocent, and the defendant guilty, awarding to the former merely nominal damages. Still, my enemies appear to retain their vindictive spirit, and are manifestly unwilling that the Public allow me the advantages of even such a verdict, obtained in despite of all the adverse and discouraging obstacles, which were thrown in my path.

With that public, then, I will plead my cause, and go on to canvass the various subjects, which have been presented by both

allegation and testimony.

# VI. AMOUNT OF DEACON AND MRS. POND'S ALLE-GATIONS.

It is probably already familiar to those who may read these pa-

ges, that Mrs. Jerusha M. Pond, wife of Deacon Smith Pond, has been the chief instrument in raising against me the late storm of scandal and abuse, by which my character has been assailed. She professes, and then swears, in open court, that she first accused me to her husband, and then to her husband's brother, of having, for years, been criminally lascivious with one, who had, for a like number of years, been a member of my own family. Having broached the subject of my alleged lasciviousness with the member of my family, she professes to have advanced a step farther, and accused me of having repeatedly, with some months' intervention, assaulted her own person, even so far as to place my right hand—where—I cannot have the indelicacy to write, though it seems she did not consider it indelicate to speak, even to her husband's brother, as well as other persons to whom she subsequently communicated the information of these astounding abuses!

Mrs. Pond, then, was the one who first made the allegations against me; and those which were subsequently made by her husband, were, as a matter of course, founded upon her testimony. If, by that means, she now finds herself in an unpleasant attitude before the community, she can certainly have no just occasion to blame me. It is not my object to injure her reputation. God forbid, that, were it in my power, I should ever be disposed to inflict upon her so deep a wound as she has inflicted upon herself. She knows, in the presence of her Maker,—as I trust will appear in the sequel,—that I have been desirous to save her character. Though I could not have considered her conduct more cruel, and a more flagrant breach of the moral law, had she mingled the baneful hemlock, and sent it to me and my family, with the design that we should drink it to the dregs; yet it is only in defence of my own innocence and the cause of truth, that I am constrained to parry her attacks with her own weapons, and class together the several features of her own portrait, which she has drawn in distinct and separate lines. The Searcher of hearts knows, that I harbor in my bosom not even the least degree of vindictiveness towards either Mrs. Pond or her husband; and could tears of pity wash out the foul blot, which she has brought upon her own reputation, in her endeavors to destroy me, that blot would, ere this, have been effaced from her character.

The allegations of Dea. Pond and his wife may be considered as one and the same thing; because he professes to utter merely what she has put into his mouth. What, then, is the amount?—Mrs. Pond states, that, six years ago last spring, I began to practice indecent familiarities with a female, not my wife; that I was "in bed" with that female not only at three different times, which she professes to designate, but "various and multiplied times;" that I had gone so far as to pollute her person, and continued this practice year after year; that the guilty female herself was her (Mrs. P.'s) author, "who told her these things as they happened,

for five or six years;" and that, during this lapse of time, I had violently assaulted the person of Mrs. Pond herself, and once, at least, solicited her to hold with me a private interview. During the whole time, specified above, Mrs. Pond admits, upon her oath, that she was a member of the church of which I am Pastor; that she kept up an intimacy in my family, and had no doubt whatever of my piety.—[Printed Report of the Trial;—Notes of Counsel, and memorandum of Benj. Rockwood, jr.]

Dea. Pond reiterates the story of his wife; and, March 16th, 1837, he affirmed to Capt. Benjamin Blake and Benjamin Rockwood, jr., that I had polluted the person of the female alluded to, "more than a hundred times;" and "had been with her in every place, from a bed, to his [my] old blacksmith's shop."—[Memoran-

dum of Benj. Rockwood, jr.]

On Saturday, late in the evening, March 25th, 1837, after I had brought against him and his brother, actions for slander, Dea. Pond called on Benjamin Rockwood, senior, a brother in the Church, and put into his hand the following complaint, with an urgent request that it might be prosecuted without delay.

" 1837. Wrentham, March 25th.

"To the Church of Christ in North Wrentham.

"I hereby complain to you of the conduct of your Pastor, Rev. Moses Thacher, in attempting to induce my wife to break the seventh command. ment. This conduct I consider as an injustice to myself, and a gross violation of the Law of God and of his solemn covenant obligations to you. If called upon, I am ready to prove the charge I have made against him. I submit the above complaint for your consideration and decision.

"Yours, SMITH POND."

This Complaint was submitted to the Church, the next day, at the close of divine service, and was disposed of for the time being, in the following manner.

## "CHURCH OF CHRIST IN NORTH WRENTHAM.

"Lord's day, March 26, 1837.—Brother Benjamin Rockwood, senior, stated to the Church, that he had a communication put into his hands from Dea. Smith Pond, purporting to be a complaint, that the Pastor of this Church had tried to induce his (S. Pond's) wife to break the Seventh Commandment.—

The Pastor then stated to the Church, that a process was already instituted, preparatory to a legal investigation of similar allegations, which had been uttered by Dea. Smith Pond and his wife; in view of which the Church must act as they shall see proper, under such circumstances. Whereupon,

it was unanimously voted,

1. That, in consideration of the legal processes which are now pend-

ing, the vote of the Church, passed last Lord's day,\* appointing Thursday next for an investigation of allegations made against the Pastor, be reconsidered.

"2. That the complaint preferred by Dea. Smith Pond, is of a very serious nature, and ought to be investigated; and that the Church will be ready to give said complaint a thorough examination, as soon as circumstances shall render such an investigation proper.

"3. That Dea. Smith Pond be certified of the preceding votes.

" MOSES THACHER, Pastor."

On the Tuesday following, I certified, and forwarded to Dea. Smith Pond, a copy of the foregoing Record, to which was subjoined the following note.

" Dea. SMITH POND,

"Sir,—In view of the complaint alluded to above, I hereby call upon you to furnish me, without delay, with specifications, stating when and where the alleged attempt to seduce your wife occurred.

"North Wrentham, March 28, 1837.

" MOSES THACHER."

Dea. Pond admitted, upon oath, in the Common Pleas, that he had received the certified copy of Church record, and the note subjoined; but he has not, to this day, furnished me with the specifications demanded. He did, however, at the time when he put the foregoing complaint into the hands of Mr. Rockwood, make to him certain verbal specifications, of which Mr. R. made a written memorandum; but they amount to nothing more or less than what has been already stated in this section, and I will not weary the reader with a repetition.

One other thing must be taken into the account, in connection with the allegations preferred against me. Mrs. Pond admits, upon oath, that, during the "five or six years," in which, according to her own statements, she knew I was living in habitual lasciviousness, amounting to adultery, with a female, who could be nothing less nor better than a harlot, and a "kept mistress;" that same female was her most intimate friend and associate, one whom she loved as her own soul, and whose society she sought, until the correspondence was broken off by the harlot herself! Still Mrs. Pond remains spotless as Lucretia, uncontaminated as the crystal fountain! Like the sensitive plant, she shrinks from every unhallowed touch of the flesh; and with that sternness of female vir-

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<sup>\*</sup>The Pastor had called upon the Church to investigate the slanderous allegations made against him; but very soon, he and brethren of the Church became convinced, that it was an imperative duty to take stronger ground, and that on which he could compel witnesses to attend. This will explain the reason of the appointment alluded to.

tue, which fortified and placed the wife of Cæsar "above suspicion," she could successively and effectually repulse her uxorious, lascivious and adulterous minister, in not less than three advances

to violate her person!!

I beg pardon;—I mistake in one of my figures: Mrs. Pond is not quite like the sensitive plant. Her virtue is more heroic. That shrinks before it is touched;—she holds still to be touched, by the "right hand,"—she has told where;—and then her expressions of virtuous indignation burst forth like the springing of a mine, or the first, terriffic fire which blazed from Bunker's rampart!!

I will not undertake to conjecture, whether, according to her own statements, Mrs. Pond is that "woman among the thousand, whom even Solomon never found;" but, for the present, will leave this most marvellous of all marvels, and go on to inquire whether or not she had any temptation to fabricate her tale of slander?

# VII. MRS. POND'S TEMPTATION TO FABRICATE HER SCANDALOUS STORY.

It cannot be reasonably demanded of me to lay open the recesses of the heart, and disclose all Mrs. Pond's motives, in her cruel and wicked conduct, from the time she first set herself at work, to ruin me and my family. All I can do, is to assign probable or conjectural reasons for the abuse I have received; and in attempting to do that, I may overlook ten thousand secret springs, which have influenced her mind in the course which she has pursued. To unravel the whole mystery of the business, is what I shall by no means undertake; and it is more than possible, that it will not be wholly unravelled, until the light of eternity discloses all its secret mazes and windings. I will not even insinuate, that the chief instrument in this work is one of those "strange women," whose "lips drop as a honey-comb, and her mouth is smoother than oil; but her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell. Lest thou shouldest ponder the path of life, her ways are moveable, that thou canst not know them."-Prov. v. 3-6. Perhaps there are those, who "know" all "her ways;" and if so, they are at liberty to trace her "steps." It must, however, be obvious to those, who are, in a measure, acquainted with her varied positions, that she had brought herself into very strong temptation to fasten guilt and blame upon other persons, that she might have the credit of effectually operating against the interests of a church and pastor, from whom she had torn herself asunder, and, at the same time, escape from deserved rebuke and indignation to which she had exposed herself by her own conduct.

It holds true by almost universal observation, that friends, turned to enemies are the bitterest enemies in the world. Mrs. Pond, for

a series of years, stood in the attitude of a professedly ardent friend to me and my family. She professed to consider and treat our friends as her friends, and our enemies as her enemies. She aspired, and even claimed to throw herself upon our implicit confidence, and laid herself out, systematically, to become acquainted with the minutest of our family interests, averring, as the reason of her officious inquisitiveness, her peculiar solicitude for our prosperity, usefulness and happiness. I will not say, that Mrs. Pond, at the time alluded to, was acting the part of a Jesuit; and if she were, it was impossible for us to be fully apprised of the fact; for, her impertinent inquiries were not directed to either Mrs. Thacher or myself, but chiefly to other inmates of our household. It is true, moreover, that she made our family many little presents, which were considered and appreciated by us as expressions of friendship; and it is no less true, that we did consider and treat her as a real friend. As her friends, we never betrayed her confidence; we were disposed, as far as possible, to throw over her foibles the mantle of charity; and though indulgent to a fault, we did deem it our duty,—as I shall show hereafter,—to admonish and rebuke her for what we considered censurable.

Standing in such a light, and placing herself in such a relation to us; Mrs. Pond was doubtless considered and treated as our friend, by those who, year after year, cherished against us the most implacable enmity, and continued to wage against us the most cruel and unrelenting hostility. As such she was regarded and treated by her husband's brother, of whom she could write even

to my watch-dog,

# "He hates your Master dear, And consequently you."

So she continued to be regarded and treated by that same man, who averred, that he had "set his face against Thacher, and would not rest, till he was driven from the North Parish in Wrentham." Accordingly, Mrs. Pond used to make frequent and bitter complaints of his cold and unkind treatment; and particularly that, in her three-miles walk to meeting, he would pass by her and take into his chaise, other females, who had no connection with the

family.

Gen. Pond at length perceived, however, that such open marks of hestility would not answer his purpose; and that, in order to effect the object, to accomplish which he "would not rest;" he must contrive some way to "plow with his brother's heifer." To do this, his sagacity very soon marked out the way; and no man, perhaps, was ever more capable of assuming the lion or the lamb, the serpent or the dove, as occasion required. Though his sisterin-law was repulsed by moroseness, he knew her to be accessible by flattery. He threw out the bait; and "the bait took." He

professed to be an altered man!—He averred that he had "lost all his hardness;" and she could now "hear her dear Pastor spoken of with kindness and affection, by those who once could not speak peaceably of him." He invites her to ride with him to evening meetings, and elsewhere. He writes her poetry, calling her, "My Sister;" and says, in reference to her minister,

" To kill another, I have wounded thee!"

At length, in conjunction with clerical exertions, he succeeds in bringing her entirely under his influence. Now, she tears herself away from the church with which she has been in covenant; and, having joined herself to the open and bitter enemies of her former pastor, she, of course, becomes identified with their interests, and it is perfectly natural for her to feel as they feel, and to act as they act. She is now prepared, to go even beyond my former adversaries in the "war of extermination;" and to prove the verity of that maxim,

"Friends, turn'd to foes, are bitter foes indeed!"

Here, then, we have the state of preparation; now, let us look

at her inducement to invent a tale of slander.

Mrs. Pond had been guilty of improprieties. When the difficulties commenced in North Wrentham and parties became organized, Mrs. Pond occasionally visited us; but no more frequently, than became any sister in the church. In some few instances, also, she wrote us friendly letters, couched in proper terms, and relating to subjects intimately connected with the interests of the church. Our adversaries, of course, were displeased at any expressions of her kindness, and taunted her that she was disposed to take sides in our favor. In consequence of those reproaches, she expressed herself to my family, that she would be glad to visit and write us occasionally, were it not for the disposition of her enemies to find fault. An answer was returned, in substance, that no taunts of the enemy need make any difference, and that we had esteemed her expressions of friendship like the presentation of a "cup of cold water to the thirsty disciple," as we had no doubt she intended them, and trusted she would "in no wise lose her reward." Sometime subsequently, however, she began to multiply not only her billets, but her visits, so far beyond the bounds of reason, that both my wife and myself became mortified. We discovered, that it became a subject of remark with our friends as well as enemies; and we consulted with ourselves in regard to our duty. Still, we did not admonish her for the frequency of her visits, -we probably neglected our duty in not doing it

<sup>\*</sup> See Letters, in the sequel.

—because we did not think it became us to say to any of the church or society, "you must not call on us so frequently." Her scores of letters we left unanswered, with the exception above mentioned, and four or five other instances, when I wrote a very few lines in reply to some errand, at the particular request of my wife, and subjoined both of our names. Were either the originals or copies of what we wrote in my possession, I would most cheerfully insert them in this Review.

Mrs. Pond, however, was admonished by sisters of the Church; and by one, in particular, who, in so doing, gave her great offence. Another has affirmed, that she would have admonished

her, but was afraid of making difficulty.

The great frequency of these visits will appear from the narration of a simple circumstance.—Four years ago, last summer, I had a hired man, by the year. He came in from his work, one evening, and said to my wife, "Well, Mrs. Pond has been here four days in succession!"—"No, she has not," was the reply, "you shall not make it worse than it is."—"Let us see,"—he answered,—"she was here on Saturday?" "Yes." "She was here yesterday?"—"Yes."—"She has been here to-day?"—"Yes."—"On other fact is to be taken into consideration; that is, Mrs. Pond lived three miles distant, and usually walked!

After the visits above mentioned began to be multiplied, the visiter began also to obtrude herself into my study.\* She would enter with that kind of familiarity,-pretending some errand, though evidently without any real one, -which occasioned me both disgust and embarassment. I accordingly took the precaution to fasten the doors of my room, whenever I had knowledge of her being in the house. If I had occasion, however, at any time, to leave my study, while Mrs. Pond was in the family, I was sure to find her there on my return. At length, I took occasion frankly both to admonish and rebuke her for those obtrusions; of which I am able to furnish at least circumstantial proof. I told her, plainly, that she came into my study too often; -that her conduct gave occasion of reproach; -and that, if she desired to see me at any time, she must come in with my wife, or some other members of my family. After receiving from me such an admonition, on one occasion, she went to Miss Eliza Perrigo, now Mrs. Simmons, and expressed great grief at her own indiscretion; and begged her to see me and learn, if she could, what I thought of her Christian

<sup>\*</sup>During the nine or ten years, that I lived in what is called the "Parsonage,"—with the exception of a few weeks the first summer, and one winter, I occupied for my study, a lower front room; one door opening into the room occupied by my family, and the other into the front entry.

character. On the same occasion, Mrs. Pond wrote me the foilowing letter.

If my Revered Pastor, will forgive me this once, I think nothing shall tempt me to trouble him again in this way. I can no longer rest while the guilt of deceiving you, and my Christian Friends, with regard to my real character, rests upon me. The hope I have hitherto indulged of being a Christian (though the least of all) must now be relinquished. I say this, with an almost bursting heart!—I came home last night resolved to undeceive you.—No one knew the anguish of my soul—I thought it best to conceal my grief as I could not explain the cause of it. I welcomed the gloomy night. "Its melancholy shade accorded well with my sadness."—Never did I feel more sensibly the truth of those lines,

"Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
"And I am drown'd in grief."

If I could have repeated the remainder of the verse,

"But my Dear Lord returns again, "He flies to my relief."

I should have been completely overcome with a sense of my guilt in sinning against such a Savior. O I know not what to do—How can I ever seat myself again with the true followers of Jesus at his table? He will surely say to me, "How camest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment." I never loved Christians so much before—and their society never appeared so desirable—but I am perfectly unworthy to be seen or spoken to, by them—I have written these lines in the bitterness of my soul—and if I ever spoke sincerely I have now—I no longer expect to enjoy your affection, and confidence—I have justly forfeited both—this is what I deserve but I am unable to bear it. Pity, and forgive the heart that bleeds for having offended God—Grieved and disgusted an Invaluable Friend and wounded the feelings of those he dearly loves.

I had much rather seclude myself from all human observation and weep till I can weep no more—than to assume an aspect which presents the least

suspicion of what I suffer.\*

Friday Morning.

That Mrs. Pond knew the reason why I fastened the door of my study there can be no doubt; because she inquired of members of my family, if it was on her account? and was answered in the affirmative.

Testimony of Mrs. Thacher.—'Some three or four years ago, Mrs. Pond came to our house, and spent the night. My husband, at that time conducting a weekly paper, was almost constantly engaged in writing. In the evening, after family prayers, when something was said about retiring, he remarked, that he must either sit up very late, or else rise very early in the morning, in order to finish an article he was preparing for the press.—

\*The greater part of Mrs. Pond's letters are without signature. Fourteen of them, however, she identified, in Court, on the stand; and all of the others, I am willing for any one to examine and compare. Their style and chirography are so uniform, that there can be no mistake.

As I knew him to be fatigued, I advised him to retire, and rise the earlier; —and we soon retired. In the morning, very early, Mrs. Pond came into our bed-room, and to our bed-side, and whispered,—"I have made a fire in the study;"—a whisper awakes me;—I then thought she leaned her head down and kissed my husband: I afterwards asked him if she did? and he answered in the affirmative.'\*

'I have known that my husband fastened his study door, many times, on account of Mrs. Pond's obtrusiveness; and the subject was a matter of conversation and advice between him and myself at different times. I also conversed with Mrs. Pond on the subject; said to her, that I thought females ought to be very discreet and guarded, especially as there had been so much said about Dr. Park; and that, as probably in his case, there was danger of thoughtlessly giving occasion of reproach. She replied, "O, most certainly;—we ought surely to be guarded;" or words to that effect."

Two years ago last Autumn, my family was visited with the typhus fever, by which every member, excepting two, were prostrated. The three younger children were taken first, and before they recovered, the disorder seized our eldest son, who was sick nigh unto death. His disease had not reached a crisis, before I was laid upon a bed with the same fever, though not so violent in its attack. Our case was distressing; but our friends and neighbors were very kind, so that we did not lack for assistance. Mrs. Pond, however, come down, -her usual walk of three miles, and volunteered her services to "watch," not less than three times, during the same week! These proffers of assistance, considered simply as acts of benevolent kindness, ought certainly to be duly appreciated; but, taken in connection with other circumstances, which will appear in detail, must furnish matter in view of which the public are to judge, and render an impartial verdict. At one time, when she came, at evening, a young gentleman from the Iron Foundry, half a mile distant, had been engaged to watch with me in my chamber; my son requiring the most constant vigilance of my wife and others below. Mrs. Pond expressed disappointment at the engagement alluded to, and, on her own responsibility, countermanded the request.

Testimony of Mr. Battey.—'I had engaged to watch one night with Mr. Thacher, during his sickness with the "typhus fever," in the fall of 1835. I went at an early hour in the evening, that I might assist others in husking some corn for Mr. Thacher. While engaged in husking, Mr. Perrigo came and said to me, that Mrs. Pond had come to watch, and my services

<sup>\*</sup>This, and subsequent testimony of my wife, were given in the public meeting, when I made my desence before the church and society of which I am Pastor. It may be said that she is an interested witness;—so is Mrs. Pond, not only for her own character, but for her husband, who has still a suit pending in the Common Pleas. I am perfectly willing that those who know them both, should strike the balance in favor of the credibility of either. I also have it in my power to prove, from Mrs. Pond's own confession, that she had made attempts at similar salutations, under other circumstances; and went away and wept to a friend, because she was repulsed.

would not be needed. I accordingly went home, after husking a while, and did not watch.'

James M. Perrico.—'While Mr. Thacher was sick with the "typhus fever," in 1835, I was requested to procure some one from the Furnace, to watch with him. I engaged Mr. Battey. In the evening, Mrs. Pond came, and desired me to tell Mr. Battey that she had come to watch, and that he would not be needed. I accordingly told Mr. Battey what Mrs. Pond said; and he went home. Sometime in the course of that same sickness in Mr. Thacher's family, Mrs. Pond inquired with great solicitude after him, and said, "We might as well have half the family die, as have him die."

I will not affirm that it was Mrs. Pond's intention and expectation to watch with me in the chamber alone; but certain it is, that her counter request to Mr. Battey occasioned no inconsiderable inconvenience and additional labor to my wife, in order to prevent such an indelicate and improper occurrence, as no other man had been engaged to assist us; and she felt herself constrained to make different arrangements from what was probably expected, so that Mrs. Pond did not, to my knowledge, enter my chamber that

night.

Before Mrs. Pond came to watch the third and last time, our son, who was still extremely sick, and we could hardly expect would live from one hour to another, was removed into the same chamber with myself, that he might receive the same necessary attention, with less labor and inconvenience. Mrs. Pond came, as above stated, and proposed to assist my wife in taking care of me and our son. I was so far restored as to need but little attention during the night; but he needed unremitted watchfulness and attention. As my wife had become almost wearied out by nightly vigils and daily toils, she was disposed to take a little rest, which she attempted on a narrow bed in the same room.

FURTHER TESTIMONY OF MRS. THACHER.—'Mrs. Pond came to watch the third time, after our son had been removed into the chamber with his father.\* As my husband needed but little attention, and our son was in a constant delirium, extremely nervous, and continually starting and throwing off the clothes, I particularly desired Mrs. Pond to sit by him, and give him her undivided attention. Expecting that she would comply with my request, I left her seated by his side, and laid myself down on another bed, to take a little rest. I had drowsed but little, before I was awaked by the starting of our son, when I arose and went to him. I then perceived that Mrs. Pond had removed her chair close by the bed-side of my husband, and that her attention was chiefly directed to him. This I found to be the case during the night, so far as I could judge at the many times I arose to minister to my son's necessities.'

Such is the testimony of my wife; and so far as the stupor and drowsiness resulting from a debilitating but departing typhus, al-

<sup>\*</sup> The chamber was very capacious.

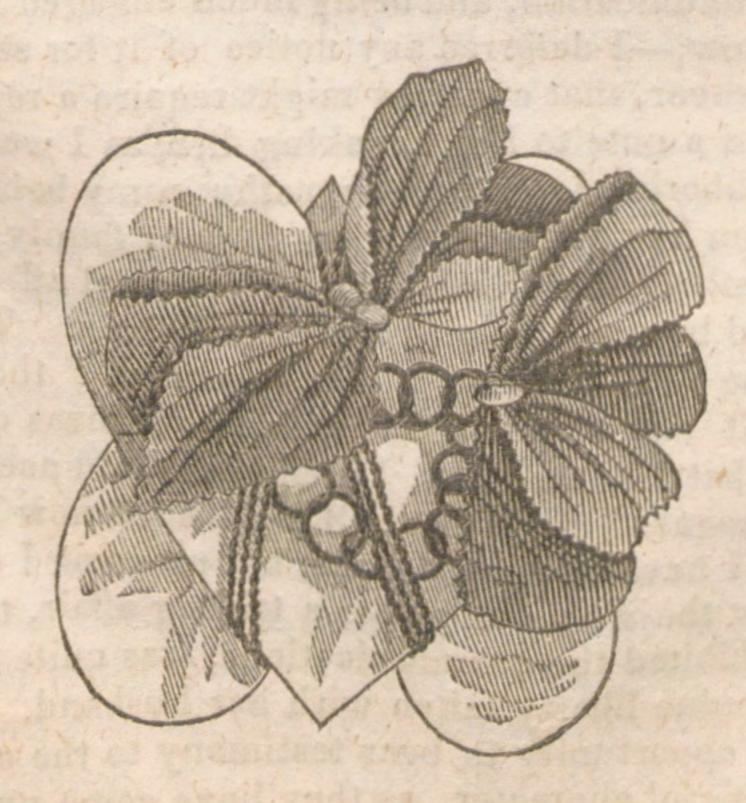
lowed me to judge, I can have no suspicion that she is under a mistake. One thing however, I know, that is, Mrs. Pond, during the night in question, was guilty of improprieties by which I was excessively annoyed; and, after I had, in a good degree, recovered my strength, I seized the first opportunity to administer to her direct and severe rebuke; a rebuke, the poignancy of which, united with her own convictions, I can have little doubt contributed toward raising the storm of scandal, which she has been the chief instrument in bringing down upon my head. Certain it is, also, that Mrs. Pond was admonished by one of the sisters in the church, of the impropriety of her being disposed to watch with a man; at which admonition Mrs. Pond was irritated to such a degree as to mimic the sister who was so friendly and faithful.

What were the "improprieties" to which I have alluded, I shall not here undertake to state. Dea. Pond, since the commencement of the suit, has been informed what they were; because, in friendly kindness, I thought it time for him to be undeceived. On his own responsibility he has published them to others, as a malicious attempt on my part to destroy his conjugal felicity; though he may rest assured, that I am able to present more proof on the subject, than he, or perhaps his wife may be ready to apprehend.

That Mrs. Pond has been assiduously obsequious to gain the attention of gentlemen, I have still further proof, which I deem it

my duty here to introduce.

Some few years since,—I am unable exactly to fix the date,—Mrs. Pond left upon my table, in my study, a little package, superscribed to myself. I opened, and found it to contain an emblem or token, represented by two hearts, cut from paper, bound together by silken cords, including a lock of hair, fantastically braided in a circular chain. The following cut is a very exact representation of the emblem, which was accompanied with the lines subjoined.



"Christian love, with silken cords
Binds most closely heart to heart;
Bliss so pure as this affords,
Nothing earthly can impart.

"Can this hallow'd passion glow
In a bosom cold as mine?—
None but those its sweetness know,
Who possess a heart like thine.

"'See that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently.'

" Love is the fulfilling of the law."

My first intention after finding the token here described, was, that I would hand it back, with an admonition of its impropriety, and an injunction never to make me, or any other man, not her husband, a similar present. Not having however an immediate opportunity of fulfilling my intention, the article got into my scrutoire, among other papers, and was forgotten, or hardly again thought of, until I began to collect testimony in the suits which I had instituted. I have since found, that others, as well as myself, have received, from the same hand, symbolical representations of the same kind.

Boston, Jan. 26, 1838.

REV. Moses Thacher:—Dear Sir—Yours of yesterday is just received, and agreeably to the request therein contained I would observe, that while boarding in your family, from spring to autumn, 1831, I received from Mrs. Jerusha M. Pond,—which she herself put into my hand, apologising at the same time for what she termed the liberty she had taken,—a sympathetic epistle, in which she expressed her feelings at what she considered my lonely situation in being separated from my family. I was at first at a loss to know how to treat her communication, and being much engaged in my business,as you yourself know,-I deferred any notice of it for several days. I at last concluded, however, that courtesy might require a reply from me, and accordingly pencilled a note to her, thanking her, as I was comparatively a stranger in the neighborhood, for her sympathy in my behalf, &c. I subsequently received from her, while an inmate of your family, neatly and tastefully executed, a symbolical representation of conjugal affection, in the shape of two hearts, united by a silken cord and a hair chain. This was enclosed in two envelopes, the outer directed "Mr. Yerrinton," the inner, "Mr. and Mrs. Yerrinton." It was accompanied with two stanzas of appropriate poetry, and a request that Mr. and Mrs. Yerrinton would accept "the trifle as a token of sincere regard" from her. This I have now in my possession. Mrs. P.'s first note I have not now by me, but presume I can find it among my papers. I view the whole as rather a trifling affair, though my former wife, to whom I exhibited the communications, was quite indignant at what she considered an undue liberty taken with her husband.

I would take this opportunity to bear testimony to the correctness of your Christian and ministerial character, as they have come under my notice for the fifteen or eighteen years I have had the honor of your acquaintance;

particularly when an inmate of your family. The pleasure I have derived from your edifying discourses and "chaste conversation," will never be forgotten.

Very respectfully, yours,

J. B. YERRINTON.

P. S. I have been much surprised at the ex-parte character given to the publication of your trial at Dedham. If all the testimony of your witnesses is caricatured like that of mine, the whole is a miserable burlesque. However, I find candid men are convinced, even by that, of your innocence. There is evidence enough, in this trial, that the dogs of persecution have again been let loose upon you by the old "Handmaid," but I hope the dirty pack will be driven back to their kennel, and, like their prototype, reserved in chains till the last day.

A third individual, who has received such a representation, is, Benjamin Rockwood, jr., a young mechanic, who, at the time, if I mistake not, was boarding at Dea. Pond's, and at work, in build-

ing an addition to his house.

There was, however, more color of an excuse for the presentations of the above described emblems to Messrs. Yerrinton and Rockwood, than for the one presented to myself. The latter was addressed exclusivley to me, without any reference whatever to my wife; while Mr. Yerrinton's was professedly addressed to him and his wife; and Mr. Rockwood's to him and the young lady whom he was expected to marry. But, the question immediately suggests itself, "Whose attentions did Mrs. Pond mean to attract, by these presents, those of the ladies, or those of the gentlemen?" Mr. Yerrinton was to her comparatively a stranger, and his wife she had never seen, and knew nothing about. By frequenting the printing-office, where he was then at work, she was seeking opportunities to become more personally acquainted with him; while she could hardly expect ever to find even an introduction to his wife, who was all the while residing in Boston. Besides, in her "sympathetic epistle," it seems that she expressed "her feelings at what she considered" his "lonely situation in being separated from" his "family," and not their deprivations and lonely situation, in being separated from him. The inference is natural, therefore, that it was Mrs. Pond's object to receive the attentions of the stranger, rather than of the stranger's family.

The same is really, though perhaps not equally obvious, in the case of Mr. Rockwood. If it were her chief object to cultivate an intimacy with his intended wife; it must have been a most easy matter to transmit the present to her; and then it would be thought

nothing strange, though she intended it for both.

Mr. Thomas, of Abington, one of the most dignified, and serious in his deportment, of any clergyman within the circle of my acquaintance, and one of the last, upon whose notice, any female of ordinary diffidence, would think to obtrude herself, was at my house, some few years since, on an exchange. Mrs. Pond had no personal acquaintance with him, and knew nothing about him

except by reputation, and having once or twice seen and heard him in the pulpit. Still, she made bold to put into his hand papers, upon which she had written passages of scripture, and stanzas of poetry, addressed to a lady, thirty miles distant, whom she had never seen, but for whom she had probably heard, that he had a particular regard. Mr. Thomas was, of course, surprised at the boldness of a stranger, and asked my wife if she could give him an explanation. She apologised for Mrs. P. as well as she knew how, and the matter passed off, for the time; but the circumstances could not easily be forgotten.

Such, it seems, from incontrovertible evidence, have long been Mrs. Pond's peculiar characteristics, which have no doubt gradually prepared the way for the late scene, in which she has been such a prominent actress. I will not say, that she has been like the good lady, in the time of the "New Lights," who said, "I cannot tell why it is; but somehow or other, I do love men Christians, much better than I do women Christians!" Of that matter, every reader must have the privilege of judging for him-

self.

Having been guilty of such manifest indiscretions and improprieties,—to call them by no harsher name,—it cannot be strange, that a person in Mrs. Pond's situation should eventually find herself in difficulty. Such was, at length, her case. It was impossible for her to conceal from her husband every thing which was adapted to excite his suspicions. He had obtained, or thought he had obtained a knowledge of facts, injurious to her reputation and his honor; and the latent fires of jealousy began to burn in his bosom. He began to reproach her with bitterness, and in the exercise of his marital authority, to demand of her an explanation. It has been affirmed, with confidence, that things had arrived to such an extremity, that the Deacon and his wife were nearly on

Her brother-in-law, too,—General Pond,—had got her into the very place, and under the very influence, which he had long desired. In her various evening rides with him, and her constant visits at his house, after he had buried his wife; he had made her believe, that she could confide in him implicitly;—that he had the most disinterested regard for her character; but, that he was in possession of facts, which if once made public, would make shipwreck of her reputation, and doom her to irremediable infamy during the residue of her life. He also gave her to understand, in no very indefinite terms, that if she would seize the occasion, to aid him in effecting his long determined object, to "drive me from the North Parish in Wrentham," and from the work of the ministry too; he would exert his influence to save her character from reproach.

Mrs. Pond then found herself in a dilemma. She was conscious of the course which she had pursued;—but she could nei-

ther stoop, frankly to confess her faults to her husband and ask his forgiveness, nor endure his indignation, if she did not make some propitiatory sacrifice. She hastily looked round for some way, by which she could extricate herself from difficulty. The first, but safer horn of the dilemma she refused, and with hasty steps, threw herself upon the latter. Without stopping to count the cost, or to survey the obstacles, which she would have to encounter; she determined upon a course, by which she should divert the storm from her own head upon that of another; retaliate the rebukes, admonitions and reproofs, which she had received on various occasions; and aid in satiating the long meditated revenge of her husband's brother.

#### VIII. THE VICTIM SELECTED.

It was now Mrs. Pond's object to represent me in the most criminal light; as one who had been guilty of gross lasciviousness, even that which was at least tantamount to adultery; but this she could not do, without associating with me an accomplice in crime. If it were possible, she would have me criminal alone; but this could not be done. There must be a victim. Whom could she select?—There was but one, in the whole circle of her acquaintance, against whom she could possibly succeed in raising suspicion, or upon whom she could hope to fasten imputations of guilt. That one, she had professed to regard as her most intimate, confidential, and faithful friend! The sacrifice was indeed great; but the victim must be bound to the altar!

Miss Adeline Hawes, of a reputable family, but now without a father to redress her wrongs; a young lady of clear and discriminating mind; of more than ordinary, though not superior education; conscientiously scrupulous in respect to the great moral precepts of the Bible, though not a professor of religion; endowed with a delicate sense of propriety, and more uniformly discreet and exemplary in her deportment, than perhaps a majority of professors of religion, was the individual seized upon to be associated in crime, and guilt, and infamy, with the principal object of

vengeance and retaliation.

That I do not estimate her character too highly, I have,—as I shall show,—at least the unequivocal testimony of Mrs. Pond herself, even during the time that she now says she knew her to be living all the while in nothing better than the character of a "kept

mistress!"

Miss Hawes lived in my family, as an assistant, for about six years; and has been with us, for short seasons, at various other times. Some part of the time, she worked for wages; and then again for merely her board, improving the residue of time for herself according to the circumstances of the family. She first came

3\*

to reside with us, on account of the lameness, and consequent feeble health of my wife, who fell upon the ice, and rendered herself incapable, for many months, of doing little more than to superintend her household concerns. Adeline took a lively interest in the welfare of our family; we always felt safe in trusting her with our children in our absence; and we ever found her vigilant and faithful in every thing which related to our usefulness, happiness, or prosperity. Of course, we treated her as a member of the family;—as we would a sister or a daughter. To such treatment she was justly entitled; and both my wife and myself would have been conscious of moral obliquity, had we treated her otherwise. As a member of my family, she occasionally rode with me, always with the perfect understanding of my wife, and not unfrequently at her instance. She had near and highly respectable relatives in Providence, R. I., whom she naturally desired to visit; and as my business not unfrequently led me there, and it was perfectly convenient, I carried her, in two instances, in the course of six or seven years, to visit those relatives. She had relatives, equally near and respectable, in Boston, where my business, while I was conducting a press, led me almost every week; and in two or three instances, I carried her there. As the master of a family, I claimed, and still claim to be the judge, when and where it is proper for any member or members of my own household to ride with me. But if others, whether my friends or my adversaries, assume to be the arbiters in this business; I pray them either to appoint over me a competent guardian, or else to designate the particular circumstances, in which it is proper for a member of my family to ride with me; or whether it is proper for them to ride with me at all. Until they can unanimously do this, and will draw the lines, and circumscribe my bounds, and determine where the rules of propriety begin and end; I must still use the liberty of a republican, and be, as before, my own umpire in the business.

After Miss Hawes came to live in our family, Mrs. Pond began assiduously to court her society. Under professions of peculiar regard to all our interests, as well as under the pretended lock and key of the most sacred and confidential friendship, she communicated many of her own secrets; and, with the art and inquisitiveness of a Jesuit, or a Roman confessor, aimed at the acquisition of every circumstance, which related to Adeline or any of her associates. In this way, she came in possession—to use the term of my able advocate at bar—of a "carte-blanche," which she had nothing to do but to fill up, as occasion required. She knew when my wife had been absent from home, and how long she had made her visits to her friends. She had treasured up in her memory particular instances, in which Adeline had taken opportunities of riding with me to visit hers. She had, with more frequency and importunity than all other persons in or cut of the society,

urged Adeline to ride with me to her house, when I had occasion to pass that way. In short, she had every thing, which was necessary to serve as outlines and land-marks for a map of just such dimensions as she might be disposed to draw; and, like some artful speculators, in eastern or western lands, delineating views of their respective tracts, she could locate a river here, and a mine there, which might most prominently and advantageously meet

the eye of the purchaser.

With such a knowledge of generals in her possession, it required no very great degree of art or ingenuity for Mrs. Pond to fabricate a story of particulars, which would represent me and her confidential friend (!) in the most criminal light, and make a credulous and jealous husband believe, that I was a very bad man. As Adeline had lived in my family, six years, she would naturally infer, that, if I were lasciviously inclined, I would be more likely to take indecent liberties with her, than with any one else. Consequently, regardless of the sighs of the widow, the tears of the orphan,\* and the many hearts it must necessarily wring with anguish, she frames and puts in circulation the cruel and infamous scandal, and leaves its tremendous results to be grappled with by those, whom it is adapted irreparably to injure, if not effectually to destroy.

### IX. MRS. POND'S DUPLICITY AND DECEPTION.

During the series of years, that Mrs. Pond now says she knew that I was holding illicit intercourse with a member of my family, and within the same series of years in which she dates the gross personal insults, which she now affirms she received from me; she was accustomed to call at my house with the frequency which I have already adduced evidence to prove. The multiplicity of those visits, as I have already stated, occasioned a like frequency of invidious and reproachful remarks. Of this, Mrs. Pond was aware; or at least she was conscious of so far over-stepping the bounds of propriety, as to give occasion for such remarks, if they were not actually thrown out. Accordingly, she took various precautions, to conceal from other persons, the mortifying fact,

<sup>\*</sup>The father of Adeline was Mr. William Hawes, a respectable mechanic; who, in consequence of impaired health, embarked for the South,—where he intended to pursue his trade for the winter,—just before the "September gale," in 1815.—The vessel was doubtless overtaken by the gale and lost; as no intelligence has ever been received from him or any of the company.—Her mother is sister to Hon. David Daggett, late Chief Justice of the Superior Court of the State of Connecticut; and the numerous branches of her own family, as well as a large circle of other relatives, have ever sustained a standing and reputation, which would do honor to any portion of the community.

that she often traveled, on foot, not less than six miles out and in, to make a single call, of sometimes perhaps not more than fifteen or twenty minutes. She would take opportunities when her husband was absent.—She would borrow articles of dress, of other persons in the neighborhood, and steal away in disguise; that she might not be known as she passed along the highway. For the same purpose, she would sometimes avoid the direct road, and travel one half, or three fourths of a mile "out of the way," to escape the recognizance which she feared; and the evidence is at hand, that she did not wish even the members of her own household to know where she had been.

Testimony of Mrs. Thacher.—'Mrs. Pond was in the frequent habit of calling at our house, professedly to see Adeline; and sometimes came with borrowed articles of dress.—Once, I heard a knocking, and went to the door; when I met a lady whom I did not know. She inquired if Miss Hawes lived there, and whether she was at home? which questions I answered, and asked her to walk in. Perceiving my deception,—her bonnet being drawn over her face,—she immediately burst into a laugh, and I at once discovered her to be Mrs. Pond, who had so disguised her dress and changed the tone of her voice, that I did not know her.—She told me that she came by Mr. Rockwood's, so as not to be seen passing by the "Stonybrook factory."—She has informed me, at other times, that she came by Mr. Rockwood's, which was considerable farther, in order to escape observation.

'After we had removed from the "Parsonage," Mrs. Pond came down, at one time, and stayed with Adeline most of the day. Toward night, when she began to talk of going home, she said to Adeline and me, "I have felt so guilty all day, that I don't know what to do." We asked her why? She said, "for deceiving my husband.—This morning, after breakfast, when I was combing his hair, I wanted to find out whether he was going away today; and if he was I meant to come down here. So I said to him, 'Now you are not going away, but will stay at home with me all day, won't you?' 'No,' said he, 'I must go right off into the woods, and be gone till night.'—This was just what I wanted; so as soon as he was gone, I ran away here, and I have felt guilty ever since."—'This circumstance occurred while we lived at the "Needham place."

'During the time that we lived at the same place, there was a young man sick for several months, between our house and Dea. Pond's, on the way which Mrs. Pond then usually came. She repeatedly told us, that her folks at home did not know, that she came to our house; for, said she, "I made an excuse to go and see how the sick young man did,—called in, and saw him a few minutes, and then came here; so I must hasten back, before our folks begin to wonder why I am gone so long."—She would sometimes come and not stay more than ten or fifteen minutes;—sometimes half an

hour.'

In corroboration of some part, at least, of the foregoing testimony, I will here introduce one of Mrs. Pond's letters. It is superscribed, "Miss Adeline Hawes;" was marked by my Counsel, No. 11, and identified by Mrs. Pond, on the stand, to have been written two or three years ago.

Very Dear Friends-

I feel truly anxious to hear from Adeline this morning.—I feel to blame for her exposure. And if she and my dear Hannah should be sick, in consequence, I could never forgive myself the wrong. O my heart is not

here to-day.

When Adeline is sick I am present with her in imagination. But never can I be sufficiently grateful to our Heavenly Father for placing her under the care and protection of so kind and tender friends.—With my beloved Pastor and his bosom friend, she has every kindness and attention shown her. May you all be rewarded in a better world for your love to the father-less.—I can but hope she will soon be well again if she is careful and obeys you instead of listening to the imprudent wishes of her affectionate J——

No one can know how unhappy I was last night, to think, she and H. were out in the mud and darkness. I fear they did not get home without some accident. Husband arrived almost 10 o'clock, quite overcome with his wearisome journey. He found the traveling so very bad he was obliged to come home as light as possible. Could not bring the grain for Mr. T. which he regrets very much. He was fourteen hours going in, and 12 coming out. He was obliged to get assistance of more team once—and many times felt wholly discouraged, about ever getting his load to market. I never saw him so beat out in my life; but I must bid you all good morning, and go to work. I shall consecrate this eve to work for ——. Shall mention it to our sisters. And wish A. to tell all she can see.

P. S. Those stockings I send to Mrs. T. that she make some for Martha out of them. If I could I certainly would "run away" to-day and just peep in to see how you are, but I could not do it without being found out. Hope you will all be careful of your health. This is a weary world to many, and I have sorrowful evidence that it is to those beloved friends who are very dear to us all. But every day brings us nearer to the rest of the grave, and I confidently trust (in regard to yourselves) to the rest of Heaven. O how sweet will it be to find a peaceful mansion in the skies, where sin and sorrow have neither "place nor power." Hope you often read that hymn,

### "Disconsolate tenant of clay,"-

You cannot know how lonesome is the heart that loves you.

Here we have Mrs. Pond's own declaration, that she "certainly would run away to-day," &c. but "could not do it without

being found out !"

Three years ago, last autumn, Divine Providence led me to preach two or three Sabbaths in Weymouth, South Parish, with some probability that I might eventually remove there; and a year ago, last Spring, I received a call from the Church and Robinson Society in that place, which, however, I deemed it my duty to decline. Since the propagation of her late scandalous stories, Mrs. Pond has averred, that she was desirous that I would remove to Weymouth, because she knew of my lascivious conduct.—The following Poetry, however, in view of my supposed removal to that place, was written at the time, and put into the hands of one

of the sisters of the Church. It is superscribed, "Miss Caroline Mann," and will speak for itself, without a comment.

#### "WHY WEEPEST THOU?"

Ask, ask not the reason, I pray you forbear; Know ye not that the richest of treasures is flown? To the shades of the forest I feign would repair, Henceforward to sigh and to sorrow alone.

Stay, stay, loving Shepherd, O tarry awhile, Still guard us by night and instruct us by day, For many and artful are those that beguile, And the lambs that thou lovest are learning to stray.

As in days that are past, so in days long to come Let us gather around thee on seasons of rest, While thou tellest of Heaven, the weary one's home, In mansions of light, the abode of the blest.

Bid the erring return, and the feeble be strong And gently bear onward the aged and weak, Teach the mourner to sing the true penitent's song, Nor suffer the "reed that is bruised to break."

But alas! for this flock—this is never to be; The Shepherd we love we no longer behold; For the voice of thy master is calling to thee To nurse and to tend a more numerous fold.

Now, now when the Sabbath of holy repose Returns with its joys and delights to the saint, The tear of deep anguish unceasingly flows, And the soul that is stricken is ready to faint.

Once sweet was the sound of the far distant bell. That call'd to the house of our Father and God; But the tone that was pleasant, is changed to a knell, And serves but to double the smart of the rod.

But why should we wonder that Jesus has frown'd? We are clinging to idols and make them our trust; Firm and fondly alas! to our hearts they are bound And the blow that would sever them holy and just.

Dear Pastor Farewell! may you find a sweet home 'Mid the many kind hearts thou shalt cause to rejoice; But remember from thence, that far off and alone There are those that forget not the sound of thy voice.

Henceforth may thy pathway to Eden be smooth; And many the souls thou art destin'd to save; Delightful reflection—sufficient to sooth. The anguish that sinks to a premature grave.

The present, is dark—and the future unknown; 'I will turn to the Lord, who is "good unto all," And humbly draw near to his merciful throne.

I will plead that my shepherd may tarry awhile,
To guard us by night and instruct us by day:
For many and artful are those that beguile,
And the lambs that he loveth are learning to stray.

The following letter, superscribed, "Rev. Mr. Thacher," was written on one of the Sabbaths that I went to Weymouth to preach.

This holy Sabbath morning I steal away to my little room to inquire after my beloved Pastor. How is he, and where is he? Is his weary aching heart comforted by the cheering influences of the Holy Spirit? I hope you will find this day a nearness to Jesus—and lean your head on his bosom. May your labors be blessed of the Lord, and many souls be found at the last great day to rise up as the fruit of your toils this very Sabbath, who shall bless and praise God forever that you came among them at this time. I shall think of you to-day when I ought to be thinking of other things—my heart is bound, it clings to you, and it sometimes seems that a separation would certainly be insupportable, on my part. But I have no right to love you so. My heart is not my own, its best and holiest affections should be given to him who made it. Dear Pastor, you will pray for your poor Daughter.

P. S. Feel sorry I forgot to ask you what sermons you intended to preach to-day—then I could know just what Weymouth people were enjoying; but no matter, I am sensible their hearts will be warm'd and cheered by a clear demonstration of gospel truth. O had I the "wings of a dove" I would be one to listen to the sweet accents of your voice, and find it good to be there.

The following, superscribed, "Miss Adeline Hawes," was written at a much later period, and after the call from Weymouth, to which I have already adverted.

"Beloved Friend.—As I cannot see you to-day, permit me to say to you, I regret exceedingly that my last billet was so expressed as to occasion grief to my dear Pastor. Nothing could have been farther from my intentions. All I wished to say was, that if the old church wished to make propositions I thought we ought to be willing to hear them. I feel that I have felt wrong and acted wrong many times toward those we have left—and I feel too that they have injured us. And now this thought is ever present—if I am unwilling to forgive, how can I ask to be forgiven? O my dear Pastor, I am distrest exceedingly, and know not what to do or say. I feel not the least inclination to go back to the old church—so far from this that if the churches should ever unite we should leave and go to some other. But however this may be, I can safely say, that to have our Pastor go away, would be the

sorest trial I ever met with; and I cannot think what I wrote in that billet that led him to think I was willing he should leave us. I am half craz'd, and have been ever since those Ministers were here. I do not know what to do with myself. O for direction "from on high." My heart is broken to think of the grief I caused my dear Pastor; will he forgive and know that we were never more attached to him than now—and have no desire to unite with the old church, only I felt as though those wrong feelings ought to be repented and forsaken. I must bid you adieu in much grief.

Your own J.

(Am obliged to stay to take care of Grandmother.)

Sabbath Morning.

It may be proper to remark, in view of declarations made in this last letter, that Mrs. Pond has since gone "back" "to the old Church;" and of course she does not always have the same inclination. On the other parts of her letter, expressing her great reluctance to part with her "dear Pastor," while, at the very time, and years before,—according to her late testimony in Court,—she knew he was one of the vilest of the vile, I shall leave the reader to make his own comments. I must ask him, however, to bear in mind, that this letter was written after Mrs. Pond now affirms, that she had received from this same "dear Pastor," not less than three personal insults, in one of which his conduct was too gross and indecent to be described upon paper.

### X. MRS. POND'S STORY IS ABSURD AND CONTRA-DICTORY.

The public mind, by a kind of infatuating hallucination, is sometimes thrown into a state to believe anything, and especially to seize upon the marvellous. It is but a few years since, that an ingenious editor threw the whole community into a fever of curiosity, by publishing what purported to be a graphical description of Dr. Herschel's new and wonderful discoveries of various phenomena in the moon, in his observations taken at the Cape of Good Hope. The article went the rounds of the periodical Press; and some religious editors, of no small pretensions to physical science, gave their readers long didactic lessons, and many moral reflections, upon the new and astonishing facts which had sprung to light, in the researches of that distinguished proficient in Natural Philosophy. The attention of a moment, to a single principle in the science of Optics, must have at once convinced any man of ordinary understanding, that the pretended Lunar discoveries were beyond the bounds of possibility; and that, of course, the professedly official report from Dr. Herschell could be nothing else than a sheer fabrication, designed and adapted to play

upon the minds of those, who refuse to receive instruction from sober realities, and are constantly exerting their powers to grasp

at fictions and phantoms.

But, the alleged discoveries of Dr. Herschel were no more inconsistent with the laws of vision, than the fabrication of Mrs. Pond is in direct opposition to every trait and characteristic of human nature. It must, therefore, be as really a moral impossibility, for circumstances to have occurred as Mrs Pond has related them, as it was a natural impossibility for the philosopher above

named, to make the pretended discoveries in the moon.

Mrs. Pond was a member of the church. She had a professedly stern regard to moral virtue. She was the professedly ardent and faithful friend of her minister and his family, as well as of Adeline and her connections. She bears testimony to Adeline's general good character, discriminating mind and sense of propriety; at any rate, she was so well satisfied of these excellent traits, as sedulously to cherish her friendship and make her an intimate associate for a long series of years, down to the very last act of the drama, when the cord was severed, not by Mrs. Pond, but by Adeline herself in view of unparalleled slander and abuse. Mrs. Pond swears:—

"I have been the intimate and familiar friend of Adeline Hawes.—The intimacy between us continued till after she knew I had told my husband and Gen. Pond these things.—She broke off the intimacy.—I wrote Adeline friendly letters;—and I loved her dearly.—She was a woman of good reputation.—I never heard any thing against her.—I loved Adeline to the

last .- I loved her when I told these things to Gen. Pond."

"I was intimate with Mr. Thacher and his family down to the time we left his church.—My correspondence was very frequent.—Not so much down to the time we left.—For the last year I did not write so often.—Did not leave his church on account of any representations made by Adeline, or of any misconduct of Mr. Thacher.—I thought Mr. Thacher was an eminent Christian.—I loved his preaching very much, and generally his conversation was very rich and instructing."—[Notes of Counsel.]

Such are the relation and attitude in which Mrs. Pond—according to her own testimony—stood to me and my family, and to her friend Adeline;—and, all the while, she was a member of the

Church of which I am Pastor.

Now, during this series of years, Mrs. Pond makes not even the slightest pretension or insinuation that she has ever seen any thing improper between me and any member of my family. She has no personal knowledge of any conduct on the part of either me or her friend, that is not within the strictest rules of moral virtue. She has been to my house, by night and by day, and, with a domiciliary familiarity, has taken the liberty to visit every apartment; and, during the whole term of "five or six years," she has never, for once, found me out of place, or Adeline out of place. She has

never, for once, surprised us, in any of our unholy amours; nor seen any thing in the appearance of either, which was adapted even to excite her suspicion. No; all Mrs. Pond's knowledge of this whole business, is of the hearsay kind; and that too, coming, not from any one who had been the fortunate or unfortunate spectator of our criminal intercourse, but derived from the almost every-day confessions of one of the criminal party! Adeline receives to her bed and to her embraces, her infamous and profligate minister: and, the very next morning, she meets her friend, Mrs. Pond, and tells her what has been done! In a very little while, the same adulterous transaction occurs again; and, the second time, the affair is whispered in the ear of Mrs. Pond!! It transpires a third time; and, a third time, the secret is safely deposited in the faithful breast of Mrs. Pond!!! So on, year after year, until Mrs. Pond declares, that the infamous affair has been repeated "various and multiplied times;" and Dea. Pond is bold to affirm, on her authority, that the person of the debauched and degraded female has been polluted by me "more than a hundred times," and that I "had been with her in every place, from a

bed, to my old blacksmith's shop!!!"

Now, I ask the reader, if such a story comes at all within the bounds of human probability? Is it at all in accordance with the well-known traits of female character? How many a female, of even suspected virtue, has sealed her own lips, with the signet of death, rather than unlock them, at the imperative demands of the law, to disclose the secret of her own shame and ruin to any one living! From what class, even in the school of infamy, can the female be selected, who will go voluntarily to another female, of supposed virtue, and recount to her "the various and multiplied times" she has been debauched? I know not but one harlot may go to another harlot, and boast, that she has entertained more lovers, or held more amours with the same lover, than her infamous sister; but it is not in human nature to believe, that even the "woman of the town," will go to a female of supposed, established virtue, and say, "on such a night, I was with Mr. such a one, and then again, I received, from this, that, or the same individual, visits of the same character." Had Mrs. Pond been one of a seruglio, she might have said to her sister in infamy, or her sister in infamy might have said to her, "My lord lodged with me on such and such nights; or I have accompanied him to such and such places, to promote the object for which we are held in community." But no; Mrs. Pond remains immaculate; and, month after month, and year after year, like the "ghostly confessor," receives these disclosures of guilt, not from a "woman of the town," not from a woman whose virtue is suspected by any one but herself, and not even by herself, aside from the concessions; but from "a woman of good reputation," and one whom she is still pleased to hold as her dearest, most intimate and confidential friend!

Viewing the subject in this single attitude, no man of common candor and common sense, can consider the subject matter of Mrs. Pond's story, as falling within the compass of moral possibility.

But, there is another relation in which this business is to be contemplated. Mrs. Pond is all the while a member of the church, of which her infamous, debauched and debauching minister, is the stated pastor. She is well apprised, that, year after year, he is holding illicit intercourse with her female friend; but she still attends upon his ministry, and comes, from one communion season to another, and receives from his polluted hands, the sacred memorials of a Savior's love, and of a Savior's body and blood! She continues the first, and the second, and the third, and the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth year, in the same communion—with the man, who, she was authentically informed, was violating his marriage vows at every opportunity! Even when she leaves the Church at last, she swears, that it "was not on account of any representations made by Adeline, nor any misconduct of Mr. Thacher!"

But, Mrs. Pond endeavors to get over this difficulty on the

ground of my penitence.

TESTIMONY.— "Adeline always told me and assured me of Mr. Thacher's penitence, and I believed her.—That those instances were isolated, and that he always told her of his deepest penitence.—She told me repeatedly of his keeping days of fasting and prayer;—not after these occasions particularly, but on these occasions also;—that no one could tell how much he abhorred himself in dust and ashes."—[Minutes of Mrs. Pond's testimony by Counsel.]

We must, then, look at the subject in this light. The adulterer repents; and he must be forgiven. Well:—what is Mrs. Pond's evidence, that he has repented?—Why, 'Adeline says he has repented, and I believe her.'—Besides;—she tells me, that 'he has kept days of fasting and prayer,' on account of his lascivious conduct; and that is certainly evidence of his penitence, though he commit the same offence again, within twenty-four hours!

How does this matter look? There is an absurdity upon its very face. Mrs. Pend, according to her own testimony, has only Adeline's word, that I have repented;—and she has Adeline's word, too, that I do not turn from the sin,—which is the only legitimate evidence of repentance,—but continue to gratify my sensual and unholy desires, month after month, and year after year!

Mrs. Pond dates my first act of gross lasciviousness, in the Spring of 1831.—My wife, she says, is at their house during the night. In the morning, Mrs. Pond takes her into the chaise, and brings her home. What does she learn?—Why, her intimate friend, Adeline, takes her one side, and says, 'Your beloved pastor was in bed with me, last night!' 'What do you mean?'

Mean! I mean as I say. We were undressed, and in bed together, for several hours.—But then, he has repented;—he is very sorry;—there can be no doubt of his penitence.'—'O, very well; if he has repented, we must forgive him!'—But, how long time has he had, to manifest his penitence, and to observe days of humiliation, 'fasting and prayer?'—'O, he has had some two or three hours!'—'Surely, then he must be penitent;—Adeline says

so, and I believe her!'

Mrs. Pond goes home, and, in some few weeks or months,—no matter how long or short the time,—she again meets her friend Adeline, who says to her, 'Well, our minister has done the same thing again;—only a little worse;—he was guilty of actual pollution, this time.'—'Why! how you talk!!'—'But, then, he has repented.'—'Has he?—well, then, the account must be balanced:—I can love him just as well as ever;—I will hear him preach, and go to the communion;—and every thing shall be forgotten!'\* So it seems, according to Mrs. Pond's testimony, that her "beloved Pastor," as her letters so frequently style him, continued, year after year, for "five or six years," habitually lascivious and habitually penitent;—for she says, "Adeline always told me and assured me of his penitence, and I believed her!"

It cannot certainly diminish the inconsistency of Mrs. Pond's narrative, nor add to the evidence of my genuine, penitential sorrow, to take into the account the gross personal insults, which, she says, she received from me, during this same series of years,

which have been so distinguished for my voluptuousness.

But, even taking Mrs. Pond at her word, that I repented, and she forgave me; the question arises, 'What reparation did she demand of Adeline?' We have not even a particle of testimony, that Mrs. Pond ever sought for either penitence or reformation in her. No matter, if she has, for years, prostituted her honor, and her chastity, and her person to the foul and polluting embraces of her voluptuous minister; Mrs. Pond still clings to her till the last; 'loves her dearly,' and 'loves her to the last;' and, for the whole period of time, till Adeline herself dissevers the cord, binds the prostitute to her heart, as her dearest, most intimate and confidential friend! We have, indeed, no intimation, that the warning voice was ever raised, to reclaim this 'dearly beloved' friend

<sup>\*</sup>Those who heard Mr. Merrick's Plea, in the late trial at Dedham, may accuse me of plagiarism in thought.—I acknowledge myself indebted to him for some part of the foregoing illustration. I have no fears, however, that any one will accuse me of plagiarism in language; for it is wholly beyond my power to express myself with his force and eloquence of style. I would take this opportunity to speak in praise of his argument, had it not already spoken for itself; and were I not wholly unable to find epithets which could fairly represent its power and excellence.

from "the paths of the destroyer," or to expostulate with her against sacrificing her body and her soul to the vile and beastly passions of a clerical libertine! No;—but on the other hand, Mrs. Pond, with her own hand, aids to extend, and strengthen, and render the deadly snare still more complicated and dangerous. She often "teases" Adeline,—to use her own expression,—to ride with her nefarious seducer; writes her letters of congratulation, that she has the privilege of residing in my family; and tells her, that she cannot be sufficiently thankful for "such a pastor and teacher." Indeed, wherever we bend our steps, in this whole business, we meet with nothing but absurdity; and Mrs. Pond must evidently either relinquish all claims to moral virtue, and acknowledge herself accessory, both before and after the fact, to the crime which she charges upon Adeline, or else she must yield her pretensions to truth and veracity.

Mrs. Pond's story is not only absurd, but extremely contradictory. It was evidently formed by piecemeal; and the whole fabric is mere patch-work of various colors. It is manifest, that her friends, from the beginning, in order to assist and render her perfect in her part of the drama, have really posed her with one difficulty after another, and pointed out breach after breach, in her disjointed narrative; so that she has put on a piece here and a piece there, without looking to see what accorded with this circumstance, or what contradicted that fact, until the whole story

is a complete refutation of itself.

Mrs. Pond swears, that she first told these things to her husband, who extorted the facts by his marital authority. She had then such a sense of delicacy, such strong convictions of my piety and penitence, and so many scruples of conscience, in respect to betraying the confidence of her friend Adeline, that Dea. Pond had to lay upon her his peremptory commands, in order to come at the facts, which from time to time, for six long years, had been locked in her breast. But, in a very "few weeks," she loses all her delicacy, and all her convictions of my piety and penitence, and all her conscientious scruples in betraying the confidence of her nearest and dearest female friend, and goes voluntarily to Gen. Pond, and tells him the whole story! Yes, she tells him all. She tells him when, and where, and how many times I had been in bed with Adeline. She tells him, in terms, too indecent to be repeated, how I had polluted her person. She tells him of the gross and violent insults, she had received herself, and where I had presumed to place the sacrilegious "right hand!"\* There was no marital authority here; no stammering nor choking;

<sup>\*</sup>It may, perhaps, be queried, whether some ladies, of rather nervous temperament and violent motions, would not have repulsed the "right hand" a little sooner; and whether they would have had sufficient cool reflection to remember whether it was the "right hand" or the left.

no qualm of conscience; no lingering regard for her former "dearly beloved Pastor;" no estimation of the number of hearts to be wrung with anguish; no yearnings of mercy toward the orphan, who was yet as unconscious\* of the cup of wormwood and of gall which was mingling for her, as her father, who had for a score of years, been sleeping in the bosom of the deep! All was plain, smooth, straight-forward work! She could converse with her husband's brother with the coolness of a philospher, on the most indelicate subjects, and lay open, circumstantially, the most disgusting details of corruption, without even dreaming, that it was out of course, or at all incongenial with the feelings of a most delicate sensibility. Not even Goldsmith could seem more in his element, in penning the history of Greece or of Rome, than this woman, judging from her own testimony, appears to have been in her element, while talking to General Pond!

Now, the presumption, all the while, is, that Mrs. Pond is a modest woman; and she appears with such sanctimonious simplicity, and sheds so many tears upon the Witness's Stand, that, to question her sincerity, or intimate, that she could be even in a mistake, must be almost as preposterous, as to question the oath of a Petrarch! But, who has not sufficient knowledge of human nature and of female character, to be aware that no woman of delicate virtue, in conversation with any man, would spontaneously enter into details of such a nature, as those communicated to Gen. Pond? Such topics are not natural subjects of conversation, even between a man and his wife;—and they are such topics as no man, of becoming modesty, without the most imperative reasons, would

ever think of broaching to another.

A gentleman of no inconsiderable sagacity, who had read the printed Report of the trial, very shrewdly remarked,—'That conversation between Gen. Pond and the Deacon's wife had a beginning. It could not have been the first conversation of the kind, which had passed between them; and the way must have been prepared by little and little. No woman, of ordinary modesty, is spontaneously inclined to converse familiarly on such subjects, even with her own husband.' This is, unquestionably, the correct view of feminine delicacy. It might not seem strange, that Mrs. Pond was very reluctant to enter into conversation with her husband, upon such nauseous and revolting topics; but it must appear

<sup>\*</sup> According to Mrs. Pond's testimony, she told these things to the Defendant, before Adeline left North Wrentham, to spend a few months with her sisters at Ward (now Auburn.) But still, the fact she sedulously concealed from the friend she "loved so dearly" and "loved to the last!" Adeline heard nothing of the business, until the rumor reached her ears, at Auburn. It was, evidently, one part of the "plot" to take the advantage of Adeline's absence; so that she could have no opportunity to contradict the infamous scandal, until it had become widely circulated in the community.

unaccountably strange, that she would voluntarily enter into such flowing details, with another man, with whom she had never before held any conversation of the like nature. It is, indeed, a moral impossibility. Her confabulations with the General, and her lessons from him in such matters, must have been many and often; and his efficient aid must have been of essential service, in throwing the materials into the proper shape to produce their legitimate effect upon the public mind. Accordingly Mrs. Pond is obliged to admit, upon her cross-examination, that

"These matters have been talked over by herself and the Defendant very often."—[Notes of Counsel.]

Another thing which sets Mrs. Pond's testimony in a very contradictory light, is the fact, that her pretended scrupulosity and delicate sensibility, and holy reluctance to betray the sacred trust of confidential friendship, are very soon so entirely obliterated, that she not only goes with the whole affair to General Pond, but makes it a business to circulate the foul scandal as widely as possible, through the community. She tells the tale, until she cannot repeat it twice alike; and then reduces it to writing, and begins to travel for the express purpose of making both the friends and foes of the Plaintiff, acquainted with his infamous and libidinous behavior. She fills her sheet with generals and particulars, and then passes 'up and down among the people,' in that character, which is well defined, but as peremptorily forbidden in "the law and the testimony." She passes from house to house, and from family to family. She calls on Lewis Harding, Esq., and reads it to him and his household. She goes to Capt. Benj. Blake's, and reads it there. She passes to the widow Perrigo's, and reads it to her and her daughter. She enters the families of the Messrs. Rockwood, and reads it to them. † She visits Mr. Salmon Mann and family, and reads it to them, and neighbors who happen to be present. She sketches "an outline," and gives or sends it to Abigail Fisher, to be read in a neighboring town. She forwards another transcript of the matter, in detail, to Dr. Pond, of the Theological Seminary, Bangor; and subsequently, the important manuscript, as a kind of "magna charta," is committed to General Pond to be deposited with his Counsel, not merely to define the limits of the case, but to aid in the examination and cross-examination of witnesses, who might happen to be called upon the stand.

Here, then, we have a practical exemplification of character, and a like practical exhibition of facts, rising up in direct contradiction of all Mrs. Pond's pretensions to those delicate sensibilities and conscien-

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out: so, where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth.—The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly."—Prov. xxvi. 20—22. "Thou shalt not go up and down among thy people as a tale-bearer."—Lev. xix. 16.—Query.—Is not this prohibition as peremptorily binding as the seventh commandment?—and is not the ninth commandment as binding as either?

<sup>†</sup> These calls and various readings are said to have appertained to the peregrinations of a single day.

tious scruples to betray the trust of friendship, which almost defied the commands and threats of a jealous and angered husband; unless we suppose, that her moral features, in a very few short months, underwent such an astonishing metamorphosis, that she could not be considered the same woman!

But, letous look a little farther at Mrs. Pond's testimony in point of

fact.

Mrs. Pond affirms to others, and then testifies in Court, that I began to have criminal intercourse, with Adeline six years ago last Spring, -that being the time, that my press came up from Boston, -and that I continued the practice "five or six years." But, on the 18th of March last, she declared to Aaron Hawes and Mrs. Benj. Blake, that I had been guilty of no impropriety for more than two years; which would leave from the "five or six years," something less than four !-Again, she affirms to others, and swears in Court, that the stories about me first came from herself, founded on what Adeline had told her; and that she made the disclosures, because she was compelled by her husband. But, she says to Mr. Hawes and Mrs. Blake, "These things would never have come out, if it had not been for the 'necessary scrape.' " Again, she alleges as the occasion of the stories about me, that I had admonished her for writing in time of divine service. But, to Mr. Hawes and Mrs. Blake, it was the anonymous scrawl, which she charged me with writing to Mr. Cummings, that "was the dear letter," and was to prove the occasion of my downfall, because they, (my enemies) were "so mad" with me. Again, she declares, that I had been in bed with Adeline many times, and had very frequently polluted her person; and makes such representations, that her husband charges me with having committed the latter offence "more than a hundred times!" But, she positively swears, in Court, that these were only "few and insulated instances;" and then, again, she as positively swears, that in January last, she wrote, and put a letter into my hands, apprising me that she knew I had been "in bed" with Adeline "various and multiplied times," specifying three instances, and adding, "and many other times." Again, she swears, that, in November or December last, she told her husband and General Pond all these things; and then she swears, that, on the 15th of January. following, she admonished me by letter, in these words, referring to what she had already published,-"If you have any wisdom keep. things as quiet as you can or the whole will certainly come out." Again, after telling Mr. Hawes and Mrs. Blake the whole story, which she had told to General Pond, she says to Mr. Hawes, "Your sister is innocent, Mr. Hawes, I know she is innocent." Mr. Hawes, with some warmth, says, 'How do you make that out, if your story is true?' "O, Adeline told me so; and Adeline wont lie; -you are bound to believe her."

But, leaving this catalogue of contradictions to reconcile themselves; I will close this section, by introducing the testimony of Eliz-

abeth Daniels, and a certificate from another individual.

Within the successive number of years, that Mrs. Pond now charges me with having been guilty of all the moral turpitude which was attempted to be proved in Court, she affirms, that I repeatedly solicited her own chastity, and went so far, in one instance, at least, as to make a violent assault upon her person!

Testimony.—'I was in Mr. Thacher's family, assisting them, in their sickness, two years ago, last Autumn. Saw Mrs. Pond there. We were in the chamber where Mr. Thacher was sick, and conversing in a remote part of the room, while he was asleep. Mrs. Pond was speaking of his personal character, and said, "He is a perfect gentleman, united with the Christ-

ian; a man of superior excellence; -one of the best of men."

'While Mrs. Pond was there, Mrs. Thacher had occasion to ride to Walpole, to procure some necessaries for the family. She desired me particularly to remain in the chamber with the sick,\* and have Mrs. Pond do some work below. Mrs. Pond delayed going down, till I thought it was time for the work to be done; when she said to me, "Will you be so benevolent, as to go below, and allow me the privilege of staying up here?"—I was determined at first, that I would not leave the chamber; but perceiving that the work, alluded to, was not likely to be done, and I expected Mrs. Thacher would soon return, I went below, and left Mrs. Pond in the chamber.'—[Testimony of Miss Daniels in Court, and in the Public Meeting at North Wrentham.]

#### CERTIFICATE.

"Attleborough, January 17, 1838.

"I hereby certify, that, on the first Wednesday in September, 1836, I was at the house of Rev. Moses Thacher, in North Wrentham. Mrs. Thacher was confined to her room by a slow fever; and he, I was told, had gone to Providence, R. I., to attend the exercises of commencement. I there saw Mrs. Jerusha M. Pond, wife of Dea. Smith Pond, who appeared solicitous about the welfare of Mr. Thacher's family, but said she could not stay to assist them then. She asked me if I expected to see or meet Mr. Thacher on my return to Attleborough? and said to me, two or three times; "If you do see Mr. Thacher, be sure and tell him to come by our house, and I will ride home with him and take care of his wife." Mrs. Pond's repetition of this request made such an impression upon my mind that I could not forget it.

[Signed] "LYDIA WALTON."

Let me ask that married gentleman, who confides in his consort, and may happen to read these pages,—Do you believe that your wife would thus overlook and forget personal insults, of the grossest character, from the man, too, who had debauched her most intimate female friend?—Would she be solicitous to ride with him?—Would she consider it a "privilege" to remain in his sick chamber?

# XI. MRS. POND'S STORY CONTRADICTED BY HER. OWN LETTERS.

The following letters from Mrs. Pond, were all written within the last six years, and a great portion of them within two years and a half and three years. Some of them are superscribed to Adeline, some, to my wife, a few to me, and some, sent in envelopes, which have been lost, so that the superscription cannot be ascertained. They were all, however, with a very few exceptions, considered by the writer, as common to the family. None, which are here inserted, were ever answered by me, and I have no knowledge that any of them ever were

<sup>\*</sup> This was after my son had been removed into my chamber.

by my wife. Perhaps Miss Hawes may have replied to a very few of them,—it is presumed not many;—but had they all been answered, it would have no effect in changing their character. The simple object for which they are introduced, is neither in condemnation nor justification of the correspondence on the part of Mrs. Pond, but to present her own testimony to the good character of those, whom she now represents in the most base and infamous light; and affirms that she knew, at the very time she was addressing to us, many of these extraordinary epistles, we were living in the habitual violation of the seventh commandment.

Fourteen of the letters in the order here numbered, were identified by Mrs. Pond herself, upon the Stand, and their dates fixed according

to her own testimony.

Mrs. Pond assumed the familiarity to address me and my wife, as father and mother Thacher, and frequently to style herself our daughter. This circumstance will explain to the reader some peculiarities of expression, which might otherwise lead him into a mistake.

#### No. 1.

Identified by Mrs. Pond, as having been written two years ago, last Autumn, about the time that she received a visit from Messrs. Ide and Brigham.

Wednesday afternoon.

My dear Pastor,-"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Permit me therefore at this time to come and sit down by you, as heretofore, and tell you all my sorrows and difficulties at the present hour. You have been made acquainted with the ground of my perplexities; and now I wish to tell you still farther cencerning the subject. Our division in heart and interest with our brethren here, is most certainly a source of grief unspeakable to me, especially of late. I know not what to do, or in what way we can become reconciled. and again unite on gospel grounds .- But that we ought to be thus united is most deeply impressed on my mind. Are not the members of the old Church -some of them at least-Christians in deed and in truth? Do they not embrace the same faith identically, that we embrace? and is not their covenant and ours precisely alike? This we all know to be the fact. That they have not erred in past days no one will pretend: but have we not reason to believe they are as sensible of this as we are, and willing to retract the same? Of this, I for one, have no doubt. One wrong step has already been retraced. And now let us just look at our own conduct for a few years past,-but I will not speak in the plural,-I will say, let me look at my own "wayward wanderings," and here I am confounded. My conscience does tell me plainly, that I am "verily guilty." I have not loved my brethren and sisters from whom I withdrew. I have felt a wicked coldness toward them, and have not sought "to do them good." I have watched all their movements with a jealous eye, and judged their motives, doubtless wrongfully, and spoken of their failings to those with whom I am associated, in a spirit of unchristian censoriousness. O, my Pastor, this I have often done, and countenanced the same in my brethren and sisters times without number. Will not my blessed Redeemer say to me at the judgment day, "In as much as ye have done these things to my disci-ples, ye have done it unto me?" Shall I not be speechless then;—how can I answer for it at the last? How shall we meet those dear, erring Christians at that dreadful tribunal; and how will they meet us, erring Christians, too? I cannot, no, I cannot rest longer in this divided state—this state of alienation.

My dear Pastor, ought we not to try to settle our wrongs, given and received? Must we always feel that we are two in every sense of the word; and so completely separated that we must not hold Christian communion with each other? And not only so, it is deemed wrong even to assemble in the same place for Divine worship. I must think our Saviour meets them in their acts of devotion; and shall we refuse to join in such solemnities? I must say that the last monthly concert, for prayer, became a trying season to me. There we were, two little companies of Christians, I hope, praying for the same blessings precisely, and both hoping to be heard and answered. But notwithstanding we agreed in sentiment and object, and in hope of acceptance, we were so entirely divided in affection, that we could not meet together on any account; and it would have been viewed exceedingly wrong for one of us to have met with them; and perhaps equally wrong for one of them to have met with us. Now let me ask, if we have always got to live in this way? Is there no hope in our case? I am ready to sink when I think of the guilt that lays upon me, in thus indulging a cold and bitter spirit toward those from us separated. In the sincerity of my soul I can say, I do not love you and my dear brethren and sisters with whom I am connected, any less than I have done; but it is equally true, I do love the others more; yes, I do, and I cannot regret it either. I do most sincerely forgive every one that has in any way injured me, in feeling, or good name. O, from the bottom of my heart, it is all forgiven; and most truly do I wish to be forgiven of them. You cannot know how happily we live now; all is perfect kindness and good-will. We do indeed hold sweet communion together in prayer and praise-in studying the scriptures, and daily social intercourse. If such perfect harmony could be restored to the whole body, as is now enjoyed by individual members, how would angels and saints rejoice; and how would Jesus delight to come and bless us with the influences of his holy spirit. Shall it not be the burden of our prayer, that God would visit us for the glory of his great name, and by the sweet influences of his holy spirit, melt every heart in true contrition, and true Christian love? Let us pray daily and fervently, that all those who love the Lord in this place, may become one in principle and affection. O, let us strive to promote the spirit of the gospel; let us all seek to imitate the meek and lowly Jesus. I feel that we ought to make the promotion of Christ's kingdom our grand object, and in this object cannot we be united? If those from whom we differ embraced another faith, all would be plain at once; but so long as they love the same truths, and embrace the same creed, how can we wish to be separated?—and since we both feel we have done wrong, and felt wrong; how reasonable it is that we should try to settle those wrongs, whatever they may be, whether in principle or in practice. O, my Pastor, I fear I grieve you. You think I want to have you go away, and wish to go away from you myself; but let me in perfect sincerity and kindness say, you were never dearer to me than now; and to give you up, would be like cutting off a right hand, or plucking out a right eye: yet if the greatest good requires the sacrifice, ought I not to be willing to make it? Could we all be united in another faithful minister, and you more extensively useful than you can be in this little place, ought we not to say "the will of the Lord be done"? I have a broken heart, I can assure you, when I look at this part of the subject. But I bid you adieu for the present-weeping.

## No. 2.

Written two years ago, last autumn, when my family were sick with Typhus fever.

Wednesday afternoon.

With much pleasure we learned from Mr. Perrigo this morning, that you were all comfortable as could be expected. Yesterday morning I heard

Moses was not likely to live but a very short time. It was hard work to stay at home; but it was necessary I should, and when I received E.'s billet at night, I was glad I did not come over. You can't know the anxiety we have all endured for two or three weeks past. How can we be sufficiently thankful that the Lord has dealt so kindly with us? The life of our dear Pastor never appeared so precious, and may we not rejoice and be "exceeding glad" that it has been thus far preserved? May "laws of gratitude" be written on every heart; and may this whole people render suitable praise to Almighty God that he has bowed a gracious ear to their petitions, and spared the shepherd of this little flock. In this "evil day" witnesses for the whole truth are few; but how desirable then that those few faithful ones may not be taken from the earth. We hope, dear Elizabeth, you will stay with Mrs. Thacher as long as it is possible for you to leave home. Be assured you are about a "good work." Your kindness and constant attention to the wants of the sick and the well, shall not be forgotten. It has no doubt been an unspeakable pleasure to you to nurse and tend those dear suffering ones, and thus mitigate in some measure, their sorrows. You will find, I trust, another day-your labor has not been "in vain." When Jesus comes in his Father's glory, and calls for thee to stand before him, will it not be "reward sufficient" to hear him say, "In as much

as ye have done it unto this my disciple, ye have done it unto me."

Your note was very acceptable last evening. I thank you very much for it; but it occasioned some anxiety I can assure you. You said Mr. T. had walked down stairs three times, and laid down in the bedroom, and had written as much as he did the day before. Now this looks something like presumption to his anxious friends. Why does he do so? We very much fear he will take cold, and get overdone; then we all know what the consequences would be! Does he forget how weak and feeble he is?--how little it would require to place him beyond recovery? His situation is peculiarly critical, and demands constant care and caution. Can't mother Thacher persuade him to desist from writing and from leaving his chamber? Why not move Moses into the study, and let Mr. T. remain quietly above? But I must stop writing, for we are now to receive and entertain company. O how I do wish we could have a little time to be alone. I send these pies to our dear Pastor, if you dare to have him eat them. When Moses gets so as to have an appetite, it will be a pleasure to cook for him. Tell my dear Adeline I want to see her, and shall expect her tomorrow if it don't rain, without fail. Forget not one who will never forget you. I hope to call on you Friday afternoon a little while. If I had not been a coward, I should have left the singing school, and spent the evening with you.

#### No. 3.

## Written after the visit of Messrs Ide and Brigham.

Tuesday Afternoon. Very Dear Friends-I am all alone, and rather sad to-day, wish my dear Adcline was here—feel almost grieved to think she came not yesterday—but she doubtless had a good reason for staying away. You feel as though J. had forgotten you, and grown cold in her love for you; this is a sore grief to me, though I frankly confess my remissness of late, in regard to writing, and calling on you, as formerly, has given you reasons to think as you do. But in the utmost sincerity of soul, I can as frankly say, you are just as dear to me as ever. If I know my own heart, you my beloved friends are cherished there in fond, though sad remembrance. Sad, because I feel I have grieved you exceedingly, and you think me carried away with feeling-there is most certainly great danger of this. I am treated with the utmost kindness-and more than this, I see my dear Pastor cordially received, and tenderly spoken of from time to time, by those who once, "could not speak peaceably to him." O I wish you could live where I do one week, and see the change-sweet and social intercourse-perfect kindness,

and good will, mark every day. If you could only know as I do, you would not think me so much to blame. But I feel you are conscientious, and are looking at my best good, in all that you say, and fear for me. Never while I live, can I be so ungrateful as to forget those so justly dear. I pray you forgive my seeming coldness. It certainly has not been owing to any lack of affection, that I have not written, and been to see you. For more than a year past, (save when you were sick,) I have not called half as often, if a quarter part, as I used to; this has been owing to reasons that I may not name at this time, but be assured I have not stayed away from choice. As to writing, of late, my mind has been sorely tried, and very much disquieted in regard to our unhappy division. You know how differently I feel toward the church we left, and how wrong it looks to me, to live at so great a distance from each other-all these things have from time to time came up before me in very vivid colors, and I have felt wholly unprepared to sit down and talk with you as I have done. I knew my views were different from yours. I felt I had already grieved you all exceedingly, by conversing with you, and acting the part I have—this is the true reason of my not writing. I know I must write the feelings of my heart, if I write at all, and those feelings, I am sensible do not accord with yours. There is but one, who knows the anguish I endure in consequence of this. But if I am not wholly deceived, I wish to act from a sense of duty. A few remarks in your sermon last Sabbath afternoon were so painful to me, I verily thought, I could not command my feelings enough to appear decently. The sermon was excellent. Do not think I blame you-but it was trying. It is very true, I do feel and act differently from what any of my friends would have supposed, and entirely differently from what I could have believed myself. At the time Mr. Ide and Brigham came here, my mind was at rest. I felt perfectly established. But it is a fact, before they left the house, my conscience was on their side; but my heart rose against the unwelcome conviction. I tried every way to calm myself again, and feel that we were right, and all the others wrong. Sometimes, I succeeded, but after all, those words of Mr. Ide rang in my ears-"The cause of our blessed Savior is bleeding."-O my beloved Pastor, is it not so? But I forbear, only let me entreat you not to think I am turned against you, and feel disposed to forget former friendship and dear esteem. I know not in what way, we can ever be united, but it does seem to me, we ought, at least to try to be one again on the principles of the gospel. One of which, is Love. O how I do wish I could see you. I can tell you all my heart, just the same as ever, and you know my disposition too well to think I wish to go away and leave you, or wish you to leave us, unless the greater good absolutely requires it. And now let me say, my heart is broken, at the thought of a separation. O for "wisdom from on high."-This from your own Daughter JERUSHA.

#### No. 4.

Superscribed, "Rev. Tyler Thacher, Hawley, Mass." It seems to have been founded on the following circumstance;—or at least, Mrs. Pond made the circumstance an excuse for writing.—After my brother was settled in Hawley, he was probably very much occupied in parochial duties, and in arranging his domestic affairs, and neglected to write me. It was natural for me to feel more or less disappointed at his silence; and doubtless, in moments of perplexity and discouragement, amidst contending difficulties and embarassments, I might have made, if not repeated the remark,—'I wonder why my brother does

not write;—I believe he has forgotten, or else cares nothing about me, and does not wish to keep up a correspondence!'—Mrs. Pond, ever officiously inquisitive to become acquainted with the minutest affairs of my household, seems to have got hold of the secret, that there was an apparent interruption of correspondence between me and my brother, and took it upon herself to be a mediator. The letter came into my possession last July, when I first received information of its existence. The reader will judge, whether its style and expressions of sympathy must have been the spontaneous effusions of one who knew, at the time, that her minister was living in habitual lasciviousness, amounting to adultery.

North Wrentham, August 3, 1834.

My Dear and Respected Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thacher.

This holy Sabbath evening I retire to commune a while with those who, though far away, are very dear to my heart. It is long since I have had the pleasure of seeing you and your little ones, yet let me assure you, you are not forgotten. I can never forget the pleasure of meeting Mr. Thacher Sabbath morning, in the Bible class. O how sweet it was to listen to his voice; how rich the instruction. he gave us. Dear Sir, let me thank you now again and again, for all the kindness you was pleased to show us when with us. You are now laboring in a distant field-may the good seed you are sowing spring up and bear much fruit. O I often think of you, and sometimes weep for joy, that a day is coming when you and our dear, beloved Pastor, will bid farewell to every sorrow, and sing forever the songs of heaven. Now you are separated, then you shall dwell together to all eternity. Happy and holy spirits, conformed to the image of your God and Father. Will it not be a blessed meeting, "When all the saints get home?" Do you not think we shall know each other in heaven? If so, what will be the joy of the faithful Shepherd to meet many a precious soul brought into the fold of Jesus through his instrumentality? But I must leave this pleasant subject, and turn to earthly scenes. At present the church militant, seems to be in a great measure scattered and broken. It is a melancholy picture that many of the branches present. The church in Foxborough is rent, and a new one about to be formed. Those members who were dissatisfied concerning the treatment of Dea. Rhodes, are now excommunicated, nine in number, and there are others who as yet remain in the church, who will join the new church as soon as it is organized.

Mr. Fisk's society are on the point of dividing in the view of many. A Universalist meeting has often been holden at 5 o'clock Sabbath eve, but to-day the meeting was appointed at half past ten, in the school-house by the meeting-house, and so large a congregation collected that they could not be accommodated with seats. To-night they meet in the meeting-house. Many of Mr. Cushman's hearers attended, consequently his thin audience was more thin than usual. I do not know as any one from the Cleveland Society went to hear the Universalist. Our meetings are generally well attended, and oftentimes a deep solemnity pervades the assembly. Two ladies have been added to our number since you left; the last that joined was Mrs. Jared Wilson. You doubtless recollect the name if not the person. Need I tell you we have good preaching—most of the time we have the happiness of hearing our own dear Minister. To-day, however, we have had the pleasure of hearing your revered Father Thompson. He gave us two most excellent sermons. Can you tell why all good ministers dont preach as he does? This afternoon his text was this, "Ye cannot serve the Lord be-

cause he is a holy God." He showed us most plainly the difference between natural and moral inability, and his "Inferences" were calculated to find the heart and conscience of every one present. He had his youngest son with him, who is indeed a "son in his own likeness." Your dear Brother preaches for him to-day, and returns to-morrow; he has much-O too much on his hands, and on his mind. He will certainly sink ere long. Am I not writing to friends -dear and confidential friends?-then let me speak plainly and frankly. My poor heart aches, it is broken, when I think of the sorrows of my beloved Pastor. You doubtless know something of the many sources of his grief-but there is one which perhaps you are not sensible of, and which I almost tremble to name to you. I fear I do wrong to even hint it to you. Did I not love you both most sincerely I would not have mentioned it. But my dear Friends, have you never thought your "long silence" in regard to writing him, is a sore affliction. I beg you to forgive me. I cannot think there is any thing intentional about it; but I fear he does, indeed I know it, not however from him, but from my dear Adeline. O you cannot, you would not for worlds wound his feelings in this way meaningly. He often feels himself alone, yes all alone-not one friend left. And often appears ready to sink beneath the burdens he has to bear. My dear Friends, you will receive this as a confidential communication. Your beloved Brother knows not that I have ever been made acquainted with the circumstance of this silence, and I would not have him know it for any thing. But now I do beg you to write him a long and a comforting letter, assure him of your undiminished affection, and O encourage him to hope for rest, sweet rest in heaven. Will you please to write to us as soon as you receive this, though you may not have time to write but little. You have much to do no doubt, but do not forget us—we shall never forget you. O do not think strange of what I have written, but overlook all the past, and forget every thing that is unpleasant to remember, and write a long, long letter to the dear Brother who is indeed a sorrowful Pilgrim in this weary world: Do not wait for him. He has every thing to do and to think of, and beside the great Adversary often throws so dark a shade of sadness over his mind that he fears a letter from him would not be acceptable. You will not of course mention any thing of this.

P. S. Mrs. Moses Thacher has been sick, very sick for a short time, but is now able to go to meeting. May we not look for a letter very soon. Dear Mrs. Thacher will write too. Kiss your little darlings for me, and try to make them remember "aunt Jerusha." Accept much love from us all and receive this hasty scribble as a token of sincere affection, from your friend

## No. 5.

Superscribed, "Mrs. Dr. Brown, Medway" and was written the next day after Dea. Pond and his wife asked a dismission from the church of which I am Pastor. As the letter is long, and much of it irrelevant to the immediate subjects of this review; I shall insert only extracts, which will show the unremitted extraneous exertions used, to divide the members of the church from me, and consequently compel me to remove from North Wrentham; as well as exhibit expressions of Mrs. Pond's regard for me, at the time she left our communion.

It may be said, that the exposure of this letter is a breach of confidence, on the part of Mrs. Brown. It is not so. Dr.

Brown and his wife are too high minded and honorable, and have too much regard for Christian principle, to be guilty of meanness. The truth is this:-The letter was transmitted to Dr. Brown and his wife, at Mrs. Pond's request, through the agency of my family. That circumstance gave me a knowledge of the fact, that a letter had been written. I inferred, naturally enough, that the letter contained expressions in my favor. After my suits had been commenced against Dea. Pond and his brother, I intimated to Dr. Brown and his wife my apprehension that they had in their possession a letter of Mrs. Pond, and the probability that it contained some expressions, which might be advantageous to me, compelled, as I was, to stand in defence of my own character. They admitted the fact. I then stated, that I had a legal right to all the evidence in my favor, which the law placed within my reach; and that, though I did not wish to involve them in any thing, which looked like favor to either party, I should probably feel constrained to request the privilege of using the communication referred to, or else, of citing them to Court, either to exhibit or to swear to its contents. Under such circumstances, the letter in question, was intrusted to my hands; and of course, neither Dr. Brown nor his wife can justly be charged either with a breach of confidence, or with 'passing by and meddling with strife which belongeth not to them.'

"North Wrentham, Sept. 11, 1836.

"Dear and respected Friend Mrs. Brown.

"I fear you will not excuse me for troubling you with so much scribbling, but I feel so unhappy at the present time, I cannot but wish to open my mind to you on the subject which weighs so heavily on my heart. Allow me to come and sit down close by you and Dr. Brown, and frankly tell you all. \* \* \*

"When the church divided, we thought we acted conscientiously in sustaining our Pastor, and we still think the same. \* \* \* \* \*

"Sometime last Autumn, Mr. Ide and Mr. Brigham called on us for the purpose of conversing on the state of our affairs, and trying to bring some plan into view that we might again be united on gospel terms. Mr. Pond was not at home, consequently he did not see them. I was never more firmly persuaded in my own mind that we were right, than I was when they came in. But, let me tell you, before they left, I did feel that we were doing wrong in not trying to bring the controversy to a close. Mr. Ide conversed in the most tender and feeling manner. Spoke much of the necessity of union among Christians—told me plainly that the cause of Christ was that moment bleeding on account of our contentions in this place. His solemn remarks went like an arrow to my heart, and from that day to this it has not been removed. \* \*

"Feeling the need of counsel, we wrote to Mr. Brigham, for the same, and he gave us a most excellent letter, advising us to go back to our old place of worship—and Mr. Ide has done the same; not directly to us, but expressed his mind to a friend of ours, who told him something of our perplexities.

"" Mr. Thacher is dear to our hearts—and all the members of the new Church are dear to us. \* \* \* \*

"We have waited, hoping the Church would act in concert on the subject—but they do not think it best to do any thing about it—so we were constrained as individuals to become reconciled ourselves—and last night presented a communication to our church—stating our conviction of duty in the kindest manner we were able, and asking a dismission, for the purpose of uniting again with those from whom we have so long been divided. Never, never did I know anything about grief till then—to leave Mr. Thacher's ministrations and our dear brethren, seemed more than I could endure—our Pastor is bound to our hearts, and he is justly dear—but we feel that we ought no longer to remain a separate church—

\* and the painful task is done,—I feel perfectly broken hearted to leave those dear ones behind, and almost fear we may have done wrong in not waiting longer.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have written in haste, and you will find many errors-excuse them all, and

believe me to be, with profound respect, your affectionate Friend,

Seeldiening Hale no could be with the "JERUSHA M. POND."

## No. 6.

Written during the sickness in my family.

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Dear Friends-will you let me come and see you a little minute though I have but just left you? Adeline is gone home and you cannot know how lonely I am. My heart is not here-no I am "present in spirit" with my beloved, suffering . friends. I find it hard work to stay from those who languish on beds of sickness and distress, but every event even the most minute, is ordered in infinite wisdom, so we should cheerfully submit. Our dear sick Pastor has taught us both by precept and example the duty of unreserved submission to the will of Providence -but how nature rises, and pleads to reign-vainly wishing to have her own way. Miss Daniels must and doubtless does feel grateful that she is allowed the privilege of being nurse to one whom "Jesus loves." O my friend, this is no small favor. If the kind shepherd of this little flock must be sick—be thankful for the honor bestowed upon you in as much as you are permitted to minister to his necessities; and rest assured that if the "giving of a cup of cold water to a disciple" of Christ does not go unrewarded, your present love and kind attention to the sick shall in no wise be forgotten. Watch over your precious charge with all fidelity, feeling it an unusual favor so to do. Hope the Lord will be very near and gracious to you all-forget not that this affliction is among the "all things" that shall work together for your good. Jesus sees and pities all your sorrows-his gracious hand is underneath your weary aching head, and his tender arms encircle you. "Be of good cheer"-forget not those who love you so dearly, and to whom you are bound by the best of bonds.

P. S. If possible send us word how you are to-morrow. Can we wait longer than that before we know? Perhaps John will take a walk towards night up here and bring us particular word. Accept this from your Daughter J.

Adeline is very low spirited to-day, but trust she will soon be better—try to comfort her—she is dear to us all. Receive this in much love from one who pities you all.

Ask John\* from me to come and take tea with me to-morrow night, and then send word just how you are. If it don't rain very hard shall expect him.

Please send the Telegraph.

<sup>\*</sup> A colored young man, who worked in my Printing Office.-R.

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# Written after the visit of Messrs. Ide and Brigham.

Sabbath evening, 6 o'clock.

Very Dear Friends. It al who do noishivnos mi

Though our beloved Adeline is not with you, yet I can feel as though you were all together, and come and see you to night for the purpose of opening my full heart to you as formerly. The visit of those dear and respected clergymen, has discomposed me most wretchedly.—I cannot get over or forget, their affecting conversation. I only wish you could have heard it. Though they did not convince me it was best for our dear Pastor to go away, yet they made my heart ache in view of the suffering cause of Christ, on account of our contention and division. To think how the enemy triumphs when the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus "fall out by the way," how Christ is thus "wounded in the house of his friends" is truly painful. And this thought has been present with me ever since that visit—ought we not to be willing to try to come to a settlement with those from whom we differ, on right principles?

Sabbath night, 8 o'clock.—I was obliged to leave my writing and attend to other duties-and now my dear Friends, I feel too full of grief to think of finishing my billet. I went to milking in rather a sorrowing mood, meditating on the same subject on which I had been writing. I came in as usual, and was washing my hands when I heard Father and Nancy talking over the proposed union; this arrested my attention, and as the door was open, I could not help hearing unless I had stopped my ears, or gone into another room, neither of which I felt at all inclined to do. Father said "he had talked with me about coming together, and told Nancy how he dwelt upon the necessity of looking forward in this matter. Mr. Thacher was dreadfully involved, and would eventually be obliged to go away, and the good of the rising generation ought to be considered, and we ought to come together"—and so on, and so forth. Nancy said the reason of your being so unwilling to go away, was because you knew you could not settle again-and besides, Mr. Cushman says there is no where upon earth he can go. O this made "old Adam" rise, I can assure you, but then N. went on to state further particulars—and among other things said she presumed Smith would be glad to have a union take place. Yes, said father, "he never would have been where he is if it had not been for Jerushait is all her doings. O she has a dreadful will." This broke my heart-I heard no more, nor did I wish to, and they know not that I heard a word. N. came into my room and found me crying-what she thought I do not knowbut I dried my tears and tried to be sociable; she appeared rather confused. but we talked on different subjects awhile, and she went out; must confess I was glad to be left alone, for I found it hard work to repress my tears.

Now don't you think this was cruel? How can they charge me thus? Ever since father was sick last winter, and I took care of him so much, I thought he seemed to feel very differently toward me, and I really thought he loved me, and all those hard feelings were done away. But now you see in what light I am viewed by those I do sincerely love. But this is not the worst of it-to hear my beloved Pastor spoken of in this way, and to find out the duplicity and low cunning meanness of Cushman, makes me so angry with the little rascal, that I cannot express myself with decency. But I guess you will think I am in no danger of dying with grief so long as this resentment lasts, what am I to think? Do those good Ministers imagine you could not settle again and therefore labor for your dismissal here? Can it be possible they have this in view? No I know it cannot be. Mr. B. and Mr. Ide could not talk as they did if they harbored one such thought. As for the other folks and little Cushman, I do not care what they think or say. I find my views have undergone a thorough change about uniting, not that I have thought for one moment that you had better go away-but since those clergymen talked to me so, I felt half inclined to think we ought to be willing to listen to the proposals they might

make, whether we accepted them or not. And I felt as though I had done and felt very wrong many times toward them, and wished to be able to settle all these wrong things here. I must meet them at the judgment seat, and all these things must be brought before us. I do not know as we acted on wrong principles when we separated, (though I must confess those Ministers made me tremble) but I know it is wrong to feel as I have toward them at times, however much they may have been to blame. But to think of Cushman; banishes at once every better feeling, and makes me wish to see him that he might for once know what he is, and what we think of his management in getting those ministers here. I am so vexed and some grieved withal—that I can only add I love you most sincerely, and wish I could be worthy of your affection. Our good sermon to-day I hope will not be forgotten, though I have found my heart distracted with other things. Pray burn this and let none see it but the three to whom it is written.

## progress me. I feel that an is " saming here," and would gladly nonforward to a dying day, if prep.8 c.0 In a better wind. I have no.

Written a year after the sickness in my family, and the next day after Mrs. Pond and her husband had asked a dismission from the church.

## Monday morning.

Very dear Friends,-Having a good opportunity to send you a line, I embrace it, though my heart is too sad to write much. This world looks like a wilderness indeed to me; but the Christian can cast a longing eye to a "better land," even "an heavenly." I doubt not you will both ere long find and enjoy the high and peaceful mansions prepared for you in glory. I hope to see you soon, and feel truly guilty in not calling on you more the year past; but certainly it has not been thus because I felt indifferent to your society, but for other reasons which I may not name at this time. I fear you will now withdraw, or wish to withdraw social intercourse; but if so, our hearts will certainly break, for you are dear to us as ever; if it were not so, it would not cost us what it has to leave those who are bound to our hearts by the tenderest ties. We have sincerely desired to be led in the right way. We love all on both sides who love our Savior, and it is our heart's desire to commune with all the children of God in this place. But what is for us I know not. Onr sermon yesterday was one of the best I ever heard. When I shall hear our dear Pastor again is not for me to say now; but if it is in my power, I shall hear him again. Never did I know any thing about grief till yesterday. Dear mother Thacher, I hope you will get well soon, and come and spend the day with us. Pray for us, and love us some if you can. Give my best respects to Dr. Brown when you see him; tell him I want to see him very much.

From your own,

## JERUSHA M. POND.

I send you this withered lemon; perhaps it will do you a little good in cleansing your mouth.

Mrs. H. W. Thacher.

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Superscribed, "Mrs. Henrietta Thacher."—Written after the sickness in my family.

ever mach they may have been to blame.

it once every better feeling and names

Very dear Friends,-

If Adeline is with you, let me say to her, Wealthy Ann would like to have Aaron come after her tomorrow morning if he can, as she wishes to go to the meeting part of the day. Our horse is in constant use, or we would bring her over I need not say I think much about you, and hope mother Thacher will soon be able to ride here and spend the day. Tell Elizabeth I love her, and hopes she loves me enough to pray for me. I feel that all is "vanity here," and would gladly look forward to a dying day, if prepared for a better world. I have no doubt but you will go to beaven, and there see the Savior's face, and "never, never sin." I often look upward and think of the glorious mansion that is prepared and reserved for my dear Pastor, and feel ready to weep for joy that a shining crown awaits him. My heart is sad and ever will be in view of all and every thing that relates to myself.

This from your own,

P. S. Ask Enoch \* to call as once he called;—it is a long time since he come.

# series indeed to me, but the Christian can cast of heading series to a

## Written within three years.

My dear Adeline.-Having a good opportunity of sending you a line, I cannot but improve it, although I have no news to write, excepting, Mr. Holman is to preach at the schoolhouse next Saturday at five o'clock, and Sabbath day. Mr. Hopkins from Pawtucket the Sabbath following. All I have to say is, I hope they will preach as well as Mr. Howe-how very solemn his sermon was in the morning—can we forget it? And in the afternoon, how comforting, to the heart of the Christian. Though I could not apply one word of the precious promises it contained to myself, I felt happy to think our dear Pastor could receive them all as a cheering cordial for his fainting heart. Don't you think it was very consoling to him? And doubtless there were many of the "people of God" present, who felt exceedingly comforted. O if I was a christian how happy I should be to think a time was coming, when I should be free from sin. Surely, to be made perfectly hely must be the height of happiness. But I have no reason to hope I shall ever taste such bliss. Dear Adeline, let me entreat you not to follow my example in vanity and lightness, but give yourself wholly away to God, and walk in the path of his commandments. In a very little while we shall all be in the grave - and at the bar of God we must meet our Pastor to give an account of the manner in which we have improved his faithful instructions, warnings and reproofs. Solemn indeed, will that meeting be !- Dear Adeline, shall I meet him then for the last time!! How can I endure the thought of being separated forever, from those I love, and all holy beings, and take up my abode with apostate spirits! But I am in the hand of a sovereign God, whose holy law I have violated ever since I came

<sup>\*</sup> Another colored young man who worked in my office .- R.

into existence, and my mouth must be shut if I am doomed to bear its righteous penalty. Perhaps my dear Adeline may wonder why I write thus-it. may be you have not seen any thing uncommonly offensive in me, but you have never seen my heart! And the little portion I have seen of it fills me with fearful apprehensions of my future destiny. Sin, loved and practised, has shrouded my mind in gloom and sadness. I think a christian never sins as I have done without exercising the most bitter repentance-but alas, penitence, true and genuine, is, I must think, a stranger to my bosom. But I must leave this dreadful subject, and once more beg you to come to a solemn determination to be on the Lord's side-to give your heart to him without delay, if you have not done it already. If I am lost, I pray that you may be saved. You must be sensible that your privileges are very great, it is certainly a great blessing to live in such a family, where you see the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus daily manifested in the lives and conversation of its members. I must close with telling you I have thought much about you of late, and although you have long known that I love you very much, I must say, you are dearer to me now than ever-because I think I never before felt such an ardent desire. for the salvation of your precious soul. Sometimes I hope you are a christian (indeed I am constrained to say, you live much more like one than the unworthy friend who loves you so much). Yet God alone knows whether you do indeed possess "the pearl of great price." My own dear Adeline forget not that Christ has said "he that is not with me is against me;" be assured there is no neutral ground. But when I began this letter I had no idea of writing half as much, and I beg you to excuse me for addressing you in the manner I have; you have no need of my instructions, but receive what I have written as a token of love and sincere affection.

P. S. I want very much to hear from Mrs. Thacher, give my love to her.

### No. 11.

Has already been inserted.—See page 33.

## No. 12.

Superscribed, "Miss Adeline Hawes, Ward, Mass." The date determines when it was written.

May 6th, 1833.

Very dear Adeline. I sit down to tell you not to be at all frightened about my last billet. I felt when I wrote that, as though I could not have you stay another day. But fear you will blame me for insisting on your coming home as I did. O my beloved Adeline, you know "we" dont know how to have you gone. Let me tell you I went to Lecture yesterday, and very unexpectedly spent the night. Need I tell you I had a pleasant visit? You know there was but one thing wanting, and that was your company at night. You can't think how lonely it seemed. I had a severe headache, and laid down in the eve, but no Adeline came to see me, and this was a favor and a pleasure I am in the habit of enjoying when at your "dear home." I said we went to Lecture, and now let me tell you, we had the best sermon we ever had in the world; the sermon was preached from this text:- "And he wist not the Lord was departed from him." It was exceedingly solemn and interesting. I felt so guilty while listening to it, I could not look at our dear Pastor, for it seemed that every word was meant for me. You doubtless think much

about "home," especially morning and evening—then you would gladly fly, to meet your dear friends, and with them gather round the "family altar." But my dear Adeline let me assure you your absence is felt, and you are most affectionately remembered in every prayer that ascends to Heaven from that hallowed spot. O we can never be sufficiently thankful for such friends as are bestowed upon us.

I would most gladly open my whole heart to you on this subject, but my feelings are so ardent I dare not trust myself at this time—when we

meet again, we can then say all we wish.

But Sister, shall we ever be so ready and so happy to speak of earthly friends, whom we love-and shall we never remember that "Friend" whose love is stronger than death, who has even laid down his life to save us? O what cruel ingratitude. Let us henceforth speak often one to another of this "Heavenly Lover" this holy and gracious Redeemer. And may we give him our hearts in a new and everlasting covenant, never to be forgotten. O how happy should we all be to see our own beloved A. come out from the world and give in her name to be the Lord's. It seems to me I should be for the time being, almost perfectly happy. And what prevents her doing this? Alas you will say, you have a wicked heart full of sin. But is this a calamity, or a crime? I anticipate your answer; why then will you not love and obey the God that made you, instead of continuing as you are. Dear Adeline I feel so self-condemned when I speak thus to you, I am obliged to desist, for you know with what propriety you might say to me "Heal thyself." I hope I sometimes feel sensible of my vileness in some measure, and sometimes mourn over my coldness and stupidity—but how far have I wandered from the paths of duty, and how strongly is my heart inclined to love the forbidden objects of time and sense. I have no reason to think any one else lives so inconsistently as I do, and I know there is no excuse for me. I am condemned every day of my life for neglecting to watch and pray more constantly and earnestly. It is now almost sun down, Saturday night, and am looking forward to the morrow with anxiety—feel so unprepared to come to the table of our Lord and Savior.

I hope you will find it convenient to come home before another Sabbath—but fear you will not. You must if it is possible. We certainly do want you to come very much. Mrs. T. is in usual health. Martha has the hooping cough, and Thomas will probably have it soon. Stephen is going to stay a few weeks with Eliza, and go to school. I don't think Mr. T. is quite as well as he was in the winter. Fear his cares and anxieties will yet sink him to the grave. And I sometimes feel that it is nothing but selfishness that makes us so unwilling the hour of his departure should come. We can never doubt his preparation for heaven, how then can we desire him to wander long in this wilderness world. O this is a painful subject—we must say concerning it, "the will of the Lord be done."-Next week Mr. T. goes to B. and to Randolph, and Abington. R. Perrigo and Sally are going to B. with him on businesswill have a pleasant ride no doubt. Wish in my very heart you would take the stage at Worcester, and come to B. on Wednesday, then you could come home with them. I will gladly pay your passage. Tell your friends we all want you to come very much indeed. Lucy said to me last night, she did not think she could do the work at your house a great while, for health is poor. Do plead our necessity, and they will be willing you should come. Your brother Aaron is sick with the Canker rash; you must come and nurse him. Give much love to all Ward

friends—tell them from me you must come home. I don't know when ther Mr. T. will move or not—hope not. I believe Whiton has not returned, but don't know certain. Have a thousand things to say, but can not write them. I shall expect a long letter to-morrow, when you come I will pay the postage of my last billet.

From your own sister J.

Mr. W. has not come; sent his answer to them in the negative. Now Mr. T. will not have to move we hope. If I send this by mail, I will pay the postage when you come. Do come home. Write me next week if you can't come.

#### No. 13.

Identified by Mrs. Pond to have been written two or three

years ago.

Note.—The severe language and invidious epithets applied to Mr. Cushman, in this, and a preceding letter, need not be received by the reader as any disparagement to that clerical gentleman, but as exhibiting characteristics of Mrs. Pond. It is susceptible of proof, that Mrs. Pond used to treat Mr. Cushman, "to his face," with great courtesy; and once was known to take his arm, on returning from a meeting where she had been to hear him preach, while her husband walked in the rear.

## Monday, 2 o'clock.

Dearest Friends,-All alone-and until within a half hour, very much grieved about our Mary's going away. The goods are gone, and she and Nancy are now setting them up. But I must now tell you that Mr. Rockwood has just returned to his work-said he had been to Medway this morning-saw a Mr. Blake, who began to congratulate him on the speedy settlement of troubles in this parish. Mr. Rockwood asked him what he meant. Why, said he, Mr. Cushman tells us that Mr. Thacher is going away-has had a "call" from Hardwick-and you are now going to be happily united. Well, Rockwood said it was all news to him-he knew nothing of it. Well, he went on to Dea. Walker's in Medway; and about the first word was, "well, you are now coming together; I have seen Mr. Cushman, and he informs me he brought a "call" from Hardwick to Mr. Thacher, and he is going to leave immediately, and you are all going to be united." Now I will just let you know that resentment has taken the place of grief, and I really think I could and would give Cushman such a lecture as he never had—and such a one he would never wish to hear again, provided I could see him. O, well may he exclaim, "Ruinous North Wrentham!" so long as his little frame remains in it. It is a wonder if Prescott is any the better for him. I do feel wholly out of patience with him-it is actually insulting to be treated in this way. But I must stop, for I have not a moment to lose in scolding, especially since I cannot scold at the right one. Rockwood says, a short time ago his brother Elisha heard Cushman tell Esq. Fisher that "Mr. Thacher told him, he knew not where to go if he left North Wrentham." So you see how kind

he is in trying to provide for him. But I am so angry with the little scoundrel that I cannot write.

P. S. Guess our dear Pastor will think I did not profit much by the sermon I heard last night. But this is so provoking I cannot help feeling it. Shall try to come and see you this week, if I do n't stay five minutes.

## No. 14.

Written two or three years ago.

Sabbath night.

er eval mur like the

My dear and best beloved Friends,-

Feeling a great desire to converse with you a little while, I retire to my chamber for the purpose of so doing. Our sermon to-day was most excellent, and to me very trying. O, my Pastor, what shall I do? I am "weighed in the balances and found wanting." How have I deceived myself and deceived others! Your reasoning was plain and convincing. I am condemned, and that without excuse. The last hymn you read, almost broke my heart. "Amidst temptations sharp and long, my soul to this dear refuge flies." could I say that? How could I, when conscious of so willingly yielding to temptation-and sin instead of resisting and fleeing to Jesus for help? Could you once see the load of sin and the wretchedness it causes, you would most certainly pity, but could not love me any more, or indulge the hope of my being a christian. You would in kindness bid me throw away my delusions, and return without delay to a sin-hating God, with a penitent and broken heart. Though lost and ruined myself, I trust that you and my dear Mrs. Thacher were very happy to-day-met your Savior at his table and held sweet communion with him, "leaning, as it were, on his holy and tender bosom." O I was happy to think of your blessedness and of the glorious prospects before you-here you see many troubles and trials, both from within and without—but a beautiful mansion I trust is prepared for you; where sin and sorrow are known no more. My dear Adeline is not forgotten, and her present and future felicity are subjects that deeply interest my feelings. O my sister, you are dear to us all. I often wish you could know how fervently our revered Pastor prays for you when absent-and can it be those prayers will remain unanswered? Last Friday evening 1 had the pleasure of being present at family devotion at your house-and the petition offered up for my dear Adeline brought tears into my eyesand can Adeline be thankful enough for such a friend? You have no father, but do you not find a father's care and a father's love in your worthy Pastor? But to return to our sermon-do you think there was one present to-day, who did not discover the beauty and excellence of the "christian character?" The character of Job never appeared to lovely as it did to-day—and those in the assembly whom I viewed as pious seemed more precious than ever. To be a christian is indeed a great thing—and to profess so love the Savior when, in fact we do not "keep his commandments," is dreadful beyond expression. It is getting dark and I must bid you good night, after inquiring how Mrs Perrigo is this evening. You have done every thing for that dear creature, that you could have done for an own child. I have often thought how tenderly our kind Pastor took her in his arms and laid her on a good cool bed-how much you watched over her and ministered to her wants, and those of her feeble husband. We trust your love and faithfulness will be rewarded in another and better world. Accept this from your own affectionate but sorrow-ful friend J.

Tuesday Morning—My dear A.—I want you to come over here this afternoon with Sally and Emeline. Do not disappoint me. Shall expect you without fail. O you will come, wont you? I do want you to come very much indeed. I want to see you all. It is a great while since dear Mother Thacher was here—hope she will come before long.

Much love to all.

I have inserted all the letters which Mrs. Pond identified on the stand. I shall now present the reader with others, equally explicit in their testimony, numbering onward from the last; and shall fix their dates as faithfully as I can, from particular incidents to which they often allude.

#### No. 15.

Written three years ago the present winter.

Tuesday Morning-

Dear Father and Mother Thacher-I have but a moment to talk with you, therefore must do my errand without any preface. We do want you to come and take tea with us tomorrow evening; but if you can't tomorrow, the next night. It does seem to me we can't be denied. I have made a nice cushion for your great rocking chair, and I intended to have given it to you last night, but forgot it entirely. We have some other things for you too, and if you will only come, you shall certainly be paid for your trouble. It is a pleasure to you to make others happy—and you will do this most assuredly by complying with our very earnest request. I feel really mortified about that worthless piece of poetry. Mr. Chapman has certainly bestowed an unmerited compliment. I must say, let us expect you one evening this week in season to take tea; it is so long since you have done us the favor, you will not refuse this time. If it had been pleasant to-day, I should have called on you and teased you verbally, but the storm has saved you the vexation for once. Adeline said you was going to Providence this week, but perhaps you can come this way and leave Mrs. T. to stay with me while you are gone-but do come tomorrow eve, if you can. If I had not so large a family to look after, I should be teasing you to come this way when you go to Providence, and let me go with you as far as Father G.'s. But I must bid you adieu, after saying, we are very much pleased with the Editorial remarks concerning the poor Pirates. And not only with those, but with the whole paper. Who in the world, is "Alonzo?"

P. S. Do come dear, dear Friends this once, I do want you to very

much. This from your most affectionate

Perhaps it will be convenient to come this evening—if so, do come, and we will be so glad. I will not complain a word if you dont get here till 5 o'clock, if you will only come.

#### No. 16.

Written three years ago, the present winter. The sermon, alluded to in the second part, was preached, February 1, 1835.

## Tuesday Afternoon.

My dear, very dear friends. Feeling both home sick and heart sick, I steal away to talk a while with you. I need not say it is sweet to commune with those we love, even through the medium of the silent pen. I have been looking for Father T. all the day, and feel so disappointed that he comes not; I am sick and very "babyish," and feel much inclined to weep at the slightest cross. I have been thinking much about our dear Adeline to-day, and cannot help indulging the secret hope that she will come to us this eve. I have just been reading her letters, and they are the very image of herself-so trank and easy. Is she not a dear, good daughter? And O is she not one whom Jesus loves, and will finally own and bless as his covenant child? Perhaps she will at last be found among the happy number saved through the instrumentality of our beloved Pastor; and will sing with him forever, together with all the redeemed, the song of "Moses and the Lamb."-O my friends may I hope to bear an "humble part" in that ceaseless anthem, learned only by the fallen, but rescued children of Adam! In my present state of deep stupidity such a glorious hope, seems like presumption. I was sorely disappointed in not coming to meeting last Sabbath, but dared not complain. I thought of the many misspent opportunities I have enjoyed, of listening to your instructions, and felt constrained to sit down in submissive silence.

My dear husband was very much pleased with the sermon last Sabbath, told me much about it—hope to be able to go out next Lord's day, and again meet with the saints, to join in worship before the mercy-seat, and listen to the pleasant voice of him who ministers to us in holy things.

Sabbath Night.—Though I very much fear my dear Pastor will not call to night, yet I cannot refrain from talking a few moments with those who are so dear to my heart; the two past weeks have been long and lonely to me I can assure you. Every day I looked many times for some one to bring the papers, and almost every day I thought our beloved A. would certainly come. Until to-day I thought she had forgotten J. and never more intended to write or come to see us. How can she stay so long? How much we miss her, and how much she loses. O how she would have enjoyed our sermon to-day. I thought of her many times, and as often wished her present. I never thought so much about the conduct of the three lovely captives before to-day. What a shining example of holy obedience.

## No. 17.

Written four years ago, last summer.

## Tuesday Afternoon.

My Very Dear Friends.—Will you (after so long a time) permit me once more to tease you over here? Now don't you know it is a very great while since you favored us with a call. Have you been here to spend one half hour since last winter, when Smith cut his leg? I can't recollect as you have. It is true you have just stopped a little minute once or twice, but we want to have you come and take tea with us." Will you not indulge us this once, and come to-morrow? If Mr. T. dont know how to spare all the afternoon, come toward night; O will you give us the pleasure of waiting on you then? I know you will if it is consistent, for you delight to make people happy. Do not think I intend to

flatter—most certainly I should not dare to treat you thus, if I had the disposition; but I speak perfectly sincere when I say, you love to make others happy. I could produce ample proof of this were it necessary. Now may we not expect you to-morrow about 4 or 5 o'clock. Smith wants to see Mrs. T.; he has a little present for her, and I would say to her, if she can come, she had better bring that straw braid if she has not disposed of it—for I received word to-day, to stop braiding it. If I have her braid to-morrow, I can probably sell it with mine.

Much love to my dear Lucy, and accept much yourselves. From your own daughter

I am not certain whether I shall send this by the Rathbon boy or not, but if I do send it by him I dont want you to send those baskets, for one of them is Mary's, and I dont want her to know I have "sent an express." I do want you to come very much indeed, if it is any ways consistent. Do write me a good long billet, if I send this by Albert Rathbon. Tell me every thing you think I shall want to know, and if you cannot call on us to-morrow, say when you think you can. Next week Mr. T. will be gone all the week, and Mary will go home week from next Saturday or Monday. S. will carry her, and if our dear Adeline does not come before, he will bring her then. Can I wait so long before I see her? Suppose I shall be obliged to. If Mr. T. will make me a pen, when he comes, I will promise a better looking billet next time. I have many things to say, but my pen is so very bad I cannot write, nor you read. If you come as we ardently wish you to do, please to bring a large bottle that you may carry home some milk, and bring something else for a little sweet cream, for your coffee. You can just step into the Sulky, and come very "snug" indeed. Dont you think you can?

## No. 18.

Superscribed, "Miss Adeline Hawes," and written three years ago last July.

Friday Morning.

My dear, very Dear Friends.

Mr. Simmons has just informed me of the illness of Mrs. Thacher. I am grieved to hear you are sick, and especially do I sympathize with you in the affliction with which you are visited in the loss of your beloved and excellent mother. I have been anxious to come and see you this week, but the weather has been so extremely warm I know not how to walk so far; yet had I known however, that you was sick, I should have come notwithstanding the heat. Our dear Pastor has been absent, the most of the time, which circumstance has rendered your situation truly lonely. We all feel somehow alone when he is away, and the days appear long till he returns. But we must learn not to place our affections, and hopes of future happiness on creatures of the dust. I mean inordinately: it would be wrong not to love what is truly lovely, but I must close my letter for Mr. Simmons is impatient to leave. I shall come soon as possible, and wish you to come here.

J. M. POND.

Please send those "Pilgrims" for sister Eliza.

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## No. 19.

Written during the sickness in my family, two years ago last Autumn.

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Sabbath Night.

eccioner acoust to atopy benighing it. If I hippe My very Dear and deeply afflicted Friends. I left you to-night with a sorrowful heart. O what can support us in such a time of trial but the high and holy hand that afflicts? To see our beloved Pastor lay prostrate with sickness and sore distress, to see his little son pining away with the same disease in another room, is deeply affecting. Our hearts are bleeding and trembling for you. But it is a sweet and precious thought that you are at the entire disposal of one who loves you—whose ears are open to every cry, and who kindly listens to all your moans, and pities all your distress; and is not this consoling? I thought last night when I heard our Pastor sing and pray, that religion was worth possessing-to have a filial confidence in God-to have a heart to praise him when smarting 'neath his correcting hand looked beautiful indeed-never can my soul forget the sweet hymn that was sung last night, or the prayer that was offered, when the song was finished. It seemed to me those notes were heard in heaven, and those petitions surely ascended on high. Never can I be sufficiently thankful that I was permitted to be present -been allowed the privilege of ministering in my poor way to the wants of one whom Jesus loves. Our hearts' desire and prayer to God is, that he may be spared—we are unworthy so rich a blessing, but we are not as yet treated according to our deserts. May the Lord be with you this night and lay underneath you his arm of mercy. We hope and trust that dear Mother Thacher will be supported and carried through her afflictions in great love and kindness. I must bid you all adieu for this evening. May your rest be quiet and your sleep refreshing.

Monday Morning.-How do you do Dear sick Friends to-day? I feel unwilling to wait long for an answer. You are not out of mind sleeping or waking-when asleep I am with you, can talk and see you all as plainly, as Father Thacher saw that old lady dart round his room Saturday night. Hope we shall hear from you to-day. Hope our good sister Adeline is with you by this time. She must try "to be of good cheer" and think how much better she is than those she so kindly nurses. When you get better we shall bring Adeline over here and cure her. I must say good-bye after telling you this nice Rabbit is a present from Albert Rathbon-he feels very anxious about Moses-says he hopes he can take a little broth, and Adeline can eat the meat. Hope to bring some oranges when I come Wednesday. Let Stephen come any time after dinner. Accept this in much love from your own Daughter J.

That hymn Mr. Thacher wanted to find is the 80th, 1 book.—Dont forget J. will you?

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Written during family sickness.

Saturday Morning.

Dear Mother Thacher.—This mead I sent for yesterday noon, but did not receive it until this morning. I sent both to Wrentham and Walpole but could get no oranges—am very sorry. Shall send to Boston next Monday. I want you to send word very particular how you all are—the anxiety we endure cannot be expressed. Our sick Pastor and son are not forgotten at the Throne of Grace. Prayer is made without ceasing, by this little church for you all. May the Lord in mercy spare the rod we so richly deserve. Shall wait with great impatience for the return of the lad that brings this to you—shall hope to see you to-night.

Your afflicted Daughter J.

#### No. 21.

Written two years ago last Summer.

Tuesday Morning.

Dear Friends, need I say I was truly disappointed yesterday not coming to see you-but we had company all day long, and therefore I could not call. Hope to come on Friday next, but must not depend too much upon it. I really feel "babyish" enough to cry sometimes when thinking how seldom I see the dear Friends we love so much. O good Ade. lives with them, there is her home. Will the time ever come when we shall dwell together in a better world? The sermons we have had recently have torn away many a pleasing hope of this-and made me feel that my lot would be cast in the eternal world far, far from the abodes of the blessed. Yesterday Mr. Fisk called here. After he had gone Father Pond said "he was one of the most peaceable men in the world," and had no enemies. Mr. Rockwood said-"Let Mr. Fisk preach as our Minister has, for five Sabbaths past, and see how "peaceable his people would be." Well, I remember our Pastor told us last Sabbath, that "we must stand or fall to our own Master." I ought not to "judge" Mr. F., suppose he thinks he is doing right. Have thought much about the pleasant ride and good meeting we had Sabbath night-feel under great obligations to our kind Pastor. Hope to see you all on Friday afternoon -if nothing occurs to prevent. Wish Adeline would come here when Mr. T. goes to Providence, and stay till he returns. I do wish it very much. Must say good-bye for the present. Give much love to Mr. and Mrs. Perrigo, and accept much yourselves.

From your own J.

## No. 22

Superscribed, "Miss Adeline Hawes," and written two years ago the present winter.

Sabbath Morning.

My dear Adeline, as I cannot see you to-day, I set down to inquire how you are this cold morning, through the medium of the pen. I miss you very much—seem almost lost—though it breaks my heart to see you so low spirited—what would we not give to restore you to your former self! Why, my own dear Sis, will you not believe what all the Physicians say? Do turn away from these melancholy thoughts and trust in the mercy of a gracious God to restore you to perfect health. That you are dear to us all you need not be told—our daily prayer is that you may

6

soon be healed; and again be cheerful and happy. But I must bid you adieu for a short time—hoping you will ride over here this week some day—if you dont stay more than an hour or two. You know how unpleasant it is to stay at home from meeting—this I must do to-day. Be assured my heart will not be here. I shall think of the dear friends gathered around their beloved Shepherd, and of the deep interest his sermon will produce—of the pleasure of singing and praying, where "God appoints to hear,"—and of you my dear Adeline confined at home. Much love to all. Shall hope to call on you some day this week—before Wednesday.

P. S. The winter will seem long to me, to have you and your Mother both away—but knowing it will be for your good I must submit.

#### No. 23.

Written a year ago last summer.

Beloved Pastor.—The light of the holy Sabbath shines, but it brings no light to my aching, sorrowful heart. I feel just like a lost wanderer in a pathless wilderness; without friend or shelter. Last Monday night, can never be forgotten; I wept, till I could weep no more, in view of the conversation that had passed. Are you not my Pastor? Can you think I have any other? In the grief and most perfect sincerity of my soul, I can say, if you are not my Pastor, then I have no Pastor. The remarks you made Friday eve, deeply impressed my heart. I am wholly at a loss what to think; O when will the day come that you will see and know that J. loves you, and has not acted the part of a deceiver. You do know this now; your kind and generous heart will not admit so cruel a thought. Dear Father Thacher, will the day ever come, when we shall feel as we have in days past—when all my sorrows, and all my joys, were made known to you without reserve? If you knew all my feelings now, you would not blame me so much, for loving those on the other side-and wishing to be again united-all I want is to have true christian love reign in every heart in this place, and then how easily all wrongs could be settled. But however this may be, know for a certainty my love for you will never wane, nor my prayer cease, for your happiness here and in a better world.

This from your own

J.

## No. 24.

Written within the time during which Mrs. Pond now declares, that I was living in licentiousness with the person to whom it is addressed. The attention of the reader is particularly invited to the Postscript.

My Dear Adeline, while meditating on the solemn and interesting truths we have this day heard, I cannot forbear asking you, how you feel in view of them? Let me be plain and explicit. Did your heart rise in opposition? Can you say you felt disposed to contend with the doctrine of Election? Are you not willing that some of the human family should

be saved, even though you may not be of the happy number? Dear Adeline, I do wish to know where you are; but perhaps you will say you do not know yourself. Well then let me ask, when you intend to know? How much longer are you going to live in uncertainty whether you are a friend, or an enemy of God? O be persuaded to settle the point immediately. Give yourself no rest, till you are satisfied you have given your heart to God. I beg you would retire to your closet, and sit down and look at the true character of God your Maker, and then learn in view of it, what it is to be his declared and open enemy! Consider it well; the subject deserves the most minute attention. Are we not all hastening to eternity? Is there any time to be lost? But, my dear, while I am speaking thus to you, something whispers, "Physician, heal thyself" "you are but a hypocrite; you never was a Christian, and you never will be." Such fearful and painful suggestions, have often deterred me from saying many things to those I love, on the subject of religion; but I am determined to be deterred no longer in this way. If I am finally lost I desire to be the only one. The souls of those around me, are as precious as mine, and I will do what I can for their salvation. You must be sensible, that you are under the highest obligations to love and serve your Creator. Do you not feel that you ought to obey this lovely command, "Give me thy heart!" Is not the Savior looking upon you this moment to see if you will comply with the terms of salvation? Shall he look in vain! Will you turn a deaf ear to his entreaties? Can you any longer refuse to give him that place in your affections which he requires and deserves? O, I feel that I cannot have it so. When will you yield the controversy, if not now? I must leave you; but I leave you in the hand and in the presence of God; who will surely take cognizance of your present decision. Accept these lines from your own affectionate

#### JERUSHA.

P. S. I must say, that I never felt so interested in a sermon, as in the one we had to-day. I could not feel willing to have our dear Pastor say "Amen." I have abundant reason to fear I am not a Christian, but surely I loved the sermon. O the truth is precious, whether I am saved or lost. I fear you will think hard of me for writing as I have, but be assured, sincere and sisterly love prompted me. After all, I can but hope you are a child of God; but if you are, I want you to make it manifest; come out openly on the Lord's side-but if, on strict examination, you find yourself unreconciled to God, I pray you to become his cordial friend without the least delay. I cannot close, without saying, we can never be sufficiently thankful for such a Pastor and Teacher as God has given us; but let us remember that he has nothing, "which he did not receive." He was once "a child of wrath, even as others." O let us praise the Lord that he "called him with an effectual calling," and made him a "faithful Minister of the New Testament." May he have "many souls, as the seals of his ministry, and crowns of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus."

One word to our Pastor, and I have done. Can you not be persuaded to publish this sermon, either abridged or entire? We should rather have it entire, but will be contented with an abridgement. Now dont you know you ought to do it. It will comfort and edify the Christian, and is calculated to awaken the sinner. Who can tell the good which might arise from this one sermon, should it be sent abroad. Dr. Emmons writes good pieces, but he never wrote so good a piece as that ser-

mon; this is the truth, so you may believe it. But you will think my billet long and tedious, so adieu. Accept this from one who delights to subscribe herself your most affectionate friend and sister J.

Second P. S. We want to have Mrs. T. come and stay a few days with us very much. When will you gratify us? I will do any thing I can to make you comfortable and happy. I need not say, we are always glad to see you all. You can never visit, where you will be more cordially welcome; though you may find many friends far more deserving your society.

Such is the general tenor of Mrs. Pond's letters. They are her own, voluntary recommendations. They are couched in no equivocal terms. They endorse my moral, Christian and ministerial character, for a long series of years, down to the day after she asked a dismission from the church of which I am pastor. They place me higher in the rank of piety and Christian morality, than I ever could dare to assume for myself. They represent a mansion in the heavenly paradise, as my sure inheritance, as the "home" at which I am certain to arrive; though, for myself, I could indulge, for such a possession, at best but a trembling hope. They describe her "grief," at being constrained to leave her "dear Pastor," as most unutterable; and say to me and my wife, as she is about to leave the church, that, if we "withdraw or wish to withdraw social intercourse," her heart "will certainly break!"-But now, Mrs. Pond affirms, that she knew me, all the while, "for five or six years," to be living in adultery!!

The same general good character, her letters, through the whole series, certify of the person whom she now represents as a harlot, an adulteress, and a "kept mistress," for the same term of years! She moreover asserts, that this same prostitute, whom she "loved dearly," and "loved to the last," was her most intimate friend, and told her of the libidinous and infamous intercourse between herself and paramour, "as every day news!"—beginning to communicate the information, in the Spring of 1831, when my "Printing Press came up from Boston."\*—INotes of Counsel, and Memorandum of Benj. Rockwood, Jr.]

I have in possession something like fifty more of Mrs. Pond's letters, of the same general character, as those which I have inserted; but as many of them contain an exposure of family se-

<sup>\*</sup>The circumstance that Mrs. Pond now declares herself to have received from me very gross personal insults, within this series of years, is not to be overlooked.

crets, and family conversations, which occurred under her own roof; I shall not place them under the eye of the public, unless she or her friends oblige me to do it in self-defence. It may be presumed, that very nearly as many of her communications, as are contained in this pamphlet, were consigned to the flames immediately after their reception; and these should have met with a similar fate, had not a merciful Providence wonderfully preserved them, to parry the shafts of a cruel and relentless persecution. Considering the attitude, in which I have been placed before the public, and the destruction which has been threatened to my character and family; I have no doubt that a candid public will hold me justified in doing what would otherwise be considered an unwarrantable breach of confidence.

The question is not now, whether it was proper or improper for Mrs. Pond to write these letters; but they are introduced as a mere matter of testimony. Do they corroborate or destroy the truth of her present allegations? Let me ask any sister in the church of which I am Pastor, or any sister of any other church, who may happen to read these pages, Would you have written thus to your minister, while you knew him to be living in lasciviousness amounting to adultery, especially after you had

received from him gross personal insults?

But, Mrs. Pond says, 'She had forgiven me.' Well; and what then? Was she under any obligation to endorse my character, from time to time; especially when she saw, that the 'fruits of my repentance' were again to commit the same offence, and return to the practice of sensual pollution, "like the dog to his vomit, and like the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire?" Would you,—I ask any sister in any church,—would you have thus endorsed the character of such a minister, even though you had forgiven him "seventy times seven?"

Mrs. Pond, however, affirms, that I taught her the principles of Dr. Park's Moral Philosophy:—'That a deed forgiven, was the same as blotted out; so that we might truly say, it had never been committed!'—Dr. Park never taught me any such philosophy. In justice to that theoretically accurate metaphysician, whom, in college, I ever honored and respected both as a Professor and an Instructor, I am bound to say, that Dr. Park's Moral Philosophy was the philosophy of the Bible; nor have I ever, either in public or in private, either in lecture or in conversation, heard him advance any thing analogous to what I am

represented as having derived from him. Not only so; but all my own public and private discourses have been in direct opposition to the sentiment which is now affirmed to be inculcated privately as a part of my system of ethics. This, all those, who have listened to my preaching for nearly fifteen years will bear me witness; and, in no instance, according to my understanding, has any of my public discourses been in collision with what were inculcated, as the first principles of Moral Philosophy, by the competent and critical instructor above named, but to whom such an invidious and ungentlemantly allusion has been made by my adversaries. This being the case, not even my bitterest enemies can believe me to have been "such a fool," as to inculcate, privately, a principle which any of my hearers must know to be in direct opposition to all my public discourses, in order to

induce an individual to cover up my own sins.

There are one or two other things of which notice should be taken, before closing this section. One is, Mrs. Pond has never been in the habit of keeping secrets. Of this fact, the most abundant evidence has come within my reach, since I commenced the suits against her husband, and her husband's brother. To those with whom she has sought an intimacy, she has told every thing relating to herself, and relating to her husband, and relating to both herself and husband, and relating to the family of her husband's father, upon which no discreet and prudent person, of either sex would ever think of opening the lips. These things she has disclosed, not to one individual, but to multifarious individuals; and if the names are demanded, by her, or by her husband, they can be furnished. I am constrained to advert to this unpleasant and, indeed, disgusting part of the subject; because Dea. Pond has accused me of maliciously and falsely endeavoring to stir up disaffection between him and his wife. It is not so; and if he demands it, I am not afraid of pledging myself to convince him, that such circumstances, as the adjustment of a pillow, the burning of a light, and the accidental obtrusion of a nephew into a lodging-room,-to name no more, -could never have been disclosed, except through the volubility of his bosom companion. It is enough for me, if Dea. Pond and his wife know what I mean; but, it is a notorious fact, among a large circle of her acquaintances, that she has not been accustomed to keep either her own secrets, or those of her husband.

Now, if Mrs. Pond has been thus communicative on those

subjects, which, of all others, it might well be supposed she would keep secluded in her own heart; it must have been morally impossible for her to keep locked in her breast, for six long years, what she now says she knew concerning my licentious and adulterous behavior.

In the last place, Mrs. Pond has been addicted to speak injuriously of the reputation of others. She has done this of relatives of her own household. Does she demand names of persons, and circumstances? those names and circumstances she shall have; but, for the present, I shall satisfy myself with asking her a few questions.—Who told, that two of her husband's near relatives, one of whom stands high in the Christian ministry, and was united to one of the most discreet, exemplary and amiable women in the community, were obliged to hasten their marriage? Who told, that her sister-in-law slept in the same bed with her intended husband, at the Bromfield-house, in Boston, before they were joined in wedlock? Who told sundry individuals, professedly on the authority of her husband's brother, that he "knew" another relative of the family, "to be guilty of the meanest whoredom in Boston that he ever heard of?" Who told, that this same relative had been, once into his garret, and another time into a chamber, in the 'dead of the night,' and was surprised to find his apprentice asleep in the same bed with a woman of dubious character, who lived in his family?and who said, she had no doubt of the purpose for which he visited the garret and the chamber? Who told, that this same relative visited the woman alluded to, when she lived in another house, and there could be no doubt, for criminal purposes?

Now, I speak of these things as slanders, and take it for granted that they were uttered without any foundation. I am willing to believe that the victims of the slander were all innocent; and that even the last individual alluded to has so 'little glass in his own house, that he can hardly be better employed, than

in throwing stones at his neighbor's windows!'

But, if Mrs. Pond could slander then, she can slander now. If it was congenial with her feelings and habits to utter this kind of slander against relatives of her own family, with whom she was then at variance; it cannot be very astonishing, that, having joined herself to my bitter enemies, she is disposed to

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utter the same kind of slanders against me.

## XII. DEA. SMITH POND'S TESTIMONY IN COURT.

The allegations and testimony of Dea. Pond are founded principally upon the declarations of his wife. Having shown the absurdity and contradiction of her declarations, of course the foundation of his testimony, so far as it respects the matter at issue, is wholly subverted. It is true, that Dea. Pond and others lay great stress upon what they call my confession; but having proved the absurdity and utter contradiction of Mrs. Pond's whole story, the whole ground of the alleged confession

is necessarily removed.

I do not mean to insinuate, that Dea. Pond has been guilty of an intentional dereliction of the truth, nor that he had not a scrupulous regard to his oath. But, it is very easy to see, that his extreme deafness might lead him into a mistake; and his intensity of feeling and great personal interest in the business, placed him under peculiarly strong temptations to testify as favorably as possible for the defendant. It was, in point of fact, though not exactly in point of law, precisely the same as if the Deacon had testified in his own case. The defendant was his brother. The reputation of his wife was at stake. He had himself a case pending precisely the same in nature with the one now to be decided; and the decision of this would, in his view, materially affect the merits of that. Had Deacon Pond been questioned as to his real interest in his brother's suit, I can have no doubt that a true and honest answer must, on the ground of interest, have set him aside from the stand. But, I could have no reasonable apprehension, that a private conversation, which I perfectly recollected, could be distorted into evidence against me. He proceeded, however, and a more rank distortion of what had passed in a private interview, was never uttered. But, even taking Dea. Pond's testimony just as it stands, there is nothing which amounts to a confession of matter which it was attempted to prove. On the other hand, it is evident, from the Deacon's own declarations, that I denied his allegations, and challenged the proof. I shall, however, give a plain statement of facts, in respect to the conversation upon which Dea. Pond professed to ground his testimony, and then introduce circumstantial evidence, that it was possible for Dea. Pond to misrepresent the conversation, or at least to have fallen into mistakes.

It is true that Dea. Pond called upon me as he has stated, and sought a private inverview. I was already aware, that reports

prejudical to my character had been put in circulation by my enemies. I was already apprehensive that a conspiracy was forming to do what was worse than take away my life, entirely to ruin my reputation. Conscious of my own innocence, I was determined to meet the base and cruel slanders whenever they might assume a tangible shape, so as to admit of a full and fair investigation. I had, likewise, been apprised, that a portion of the slanderous matter had originated in Dea. Pond's family. On these grounds I told Dea. Pond, when he asked leave to state what labored in his mind, that 'I would not hold myself responsible to answer to him, personally, or either to admit or deny any allegations which he was disposed to prefer against me.' As he had already taken the responsibility of publishing slanderous imputations against my character, and had never before called to see me on the subject, I was determined that the responsibility should still rest upon him, until I could have an opportunity to defend myself before some tribunal, either ecclesiastical or civil, which should be competent to investigate the whole matter.

When Dea. Pond called at my house, we were about to attend evening prayers. After family devotion he said to me, 'I want to have some conversation with you alone; and I will say to you, as Dea. Hawes said to an individual with whom he wished to converse, "I won't hurt a hair of your head!" 'This expression, which was made before the family, and which my wife well recollects, Dea. Pond, in his testimony, has incorpotated with the main conversation! I invited Dea. Pond into my study, and he commenced the conversation by saying, that there were in circulation reports, injurious to my reputation. I told him I was well aware that there were such reports in circulation, and of the source from which they originated, as well as of their entire destitution of truth. I then mentioned certain slanders, of long standing, which he must know to be false, such for instance, as the report that I had met his wife in "Londonbridge woods," \*-and that slanders of more recent date had no more foundation than that. He said he knew that some of the reports were false, but that there were others, which he had reason to suspect were true; and asked leave to specify one or two

<sup>\*</sup>The name of Mrs. Simmons was not mentioned during the conversation. The "London-bridge" report was mentioned by me and not by Dea. Pond; and I never had heard that I was charged with meeting Mrs. Simmons any where.

instances. I told him he might specify if he pleased, but I would not hold myself responsible to answer to him, personally, or either to admit or deny any allegations which he was disposed to prefer against me. He then went on to specify two or three instances, in which he said Adeline had told his wife that I had been in bed with her! I told him I had never been guilty of any such conduct; and although I did not wish to impeach the veracity of his wife, I could not believe that Adeline had ever, seriously, told her any such thing. He then mentioned one instance, in which he said I had, several years ago, left my wife at his house, when Adeline told his wife, the next day, that I came home and slept with her; and she had no doubt that I left my wife at his house for that very purpose. With a mixture of astonishment and indignation, I replied, "Dea. Pond, what do you mean by making such allegations against me?-do you mean to play upon words?-or really to accuse me of illicit and criminal behavior!" I put the questions in this form, because I did not know but Adeline might at sometime, have said playfully or in jest, 'Mr. Thacher came home to stay or lodge with me last night!'-and the expression might now be seized upon to charge criminality upon me.\* This was the only possible conjecture which I could form; because I knew that Adeline could not have said in earnest, any thing which Dea. Pond suggested, without being guilty of falsehood and slander, which I had no reason to suspect. Dea. Pond, however, replied, 'I mean, that you undressed and went to bed with her, and lay till morning.' I immediately said, 'Dea. Pond, Ideny the charge; if you mean that, and could believe me disposed to such criminar conduct, you could not believe any such thing of Adeline, who has ever been an example of discretion and modesty.' He replied with apparent warmth, 'My wife has told me that you have — on that girl more than a hundred times!' I answered, 'Dea. Pond, it is not,—as I have said,—my object to dispute the veracity of your wife, as to any thing Adeline might have told her, for of that I have no personal knowledge; but how is it possible, that she should have known, for years, what you now affirm, and yet profess such implicit confidence in me, as she has done in her own communications? I have in my possession a large amount of unequivocal evidence, which must wholly invalidate her present statements; -and why have

<sup>\*</sup> Adeline was at Ward, now Auburn, at the time of Deacon Pond's visit.

not you, Dea. Pond, been to demand of me an explanation, instead of going to others with such scandal and abuse?'\* Dea. Pond then said, 'I acknowledge myself to blame that I have not been to see you before; and I know that I have not any tangible proof on the subject;—that I cannot prove it, and that I cannot say any thing about it, without exposing myself to the civil law.' I said, 'I am aware of that, and you may have thus exposed yourself already.' He answered, 'Mr. Thacher, I don't know what to do about this business; I have no means by which I can prove it. You have tried, Mr. Thacher, to break up my family—to destroy one of the happiest families that ever existed!—You have solicited my wife to hold with you a private interview; †—you have had your right hand where it had no business!'

I now began to perceive the depth of the Deacon's sore, and the nature of the disease, which occasioned the acceleration of his pulse. It was jealousy which drove him to my house; and I saw a fire kindling in his breast, which could be easily fanned into a flame that would burn down his own habitation. I knew enough of human nature to be aware, that, if I disclosed to him his wife's indiscretions, it would doubtless destroy his conjugal felicity, if not put him and his wife asunder. To be even the innocent occasion of such deplorable results, my feelings revolted. I felt a benevolent regard to his domestic happiness; and I regarded the respectability, feelings and apparently devout piety of his wife's connexions, whom I had been happy to number among my most esteemed and valued friends. I determined, if possible, to quench the coal, even at the risk of a portion of blame, which I knew I did not deserve. I consequently replied, - You accuse me of what never entered into my heart. I have a family dearer to me than my own life;—I cannot be that monster who would bring down ruin and infamy upon their heads, for the sake of destroying the connubial felicity of my neighbor, even if I had no regard to Christian morality or my reputation.—Now what course do you mean to pursue? You seem determined to charge me with infamous crime. You have accused me of the overtact of adultery .- I have never com-

\* I had been already apprised, that Dea. Pond had taken pains to talk with Mr. Simmons on the subject, the preceding Lord's day.

<sup>†</sup> It must have been a marvellous "superfluity of naughtiness," to solicit a private interview with one whom I had felt constrained to admonish for coming into my study, and against whom I had actually fastened my doors, to prevent her obtrusion.

mitted it, either with Adeline or any body else, nor done any thing which externally approximated to the commission of that crime. I know the passions of human nature, however, and I will not aver that I never, in my heart, violated the seventh commandment, according to our Savior's strict and just exposition of the divine law. I am aware, too, that, during the fore part of my ministry, when I had not the experience which I now have, I was not always so much on my guard as I ought to have been; but, for several years past I have been particularly on my guard.' In this connexion, I showed to Dea. Pond a resolution, which, three or four years ago, I had written on the blank leaf of a Pocket Bible in the following words:- "RESOLUTION FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK .- Resolved, that, with a view to honor and please God, I will not do any thing, nor say any thing to-day, which I should be ashamed to have known by my best friends, or my worst enemies."

I said, moreover, 'it is not improbable, that, during the almost fourteen years of my ministry, in this place, both you and your wife may have seen many things in my life and conversation, which did not in all respects accord with the principles and spirit of the gospel; and for whatever aberrations you may have seen, I feel bound to ask your forgiveness, as I would ask the forgiveness of any other persons. But, as to asking forgiveness for any thing of which I am not guilty, I could not thus

violate my conscience.'

Dea. Pond answered, 'I feel satisfied;—I understand you as asking my forgiveness?' 'Yes, in the sense which I have explained.' He said,' You have it,' giving me his hand, 'and I feel bound to ask yours, not only for any thing amiss, which you may have seen in me, but for not having obtained this interview long before.' Thus ended the conversation, and Dea. Pond passed with me into the other room, and after saying to my wife, that he intended soon to bring his wife and make us a visit, he took his leave.

Such is a faithful and very minute account of the conversation \* between Dea. Pond and myself, out of which he framed the materials of his testimony in the Court of Common Pleas,

<sup>\*</sup> I have here given a much more extended and circumstantial account of the conversation with Dea. Pond, than what I had time to do in the public meeting at North Wrentham; and although I will not vouch, in many instances, for precise expressions, I know that I have given a faithful report of every material circumstance.

and endeavored to distort into a confession of the principa lcrime alleged against me. In that conversation, I have no recollection of using the term "improprieties." I said nothing about "breaking away," nor did I say any thing about the term of "two years." On the other hand, Dea. Pond has put into my mouth some of his own expressions; and the alleged abandonment of lascivious practices "for more than two years," is a part of his wife's story, which she told to Mr. Ide, Mr. Hawes, Mrs. Blake, and sundry others, and which Dea. Pond has in-

corporated with a part of our conversation. \*

That Dea. Pond's deafness, misunderstanding, and intense interest in his brother's suit and his wife's reputation, led him to testify as he did, I am full willing to believe; for it is not my disposition to impeach his general character for veracity. All who know him, however, are well acquainted with the fact, that, on subjects which excite his feelings, he is accustomed to express himself in very extravagant terms; and that he is liable to fall into very great mistakes,—which is common to all persons of difficult hearing,—I shall have occasion to show before I have done with his testimony. But, it must not be forgotten, that, even in his testimony,—distortion as it is,—he admits that I denied the main charge which he preferred against me; and so far, at least, he corroborates my report of our conversation, and agrees with what he told Benjamin Rockwood, jr., and Capt. Benjamin Blake, in March, 1837.

The next day after the conversation with Dea. Pond, I went to Mr. Simmons's, in Attleborough, where, at his request, I had made an appointment to preach, and baptize his child. I found that Dea. Pond and his wife had been there, on the Tuesday previous, and had made such statements as seriously to affect his mind, in consequence of which Mr. Simmons thought best to have the meeting for preaching and baptism relinquished. I accordingly left, without performing the services which I had expected. The sword had been drawn. The blow had been given. The onset had been made; and one of the first attempts of the assailing adversary, was evidently to sever from me my firmest, most valued and faithful friends. The wound

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Mrs. Pond said that Mr. Thacher had been guilty of no impropriety for more than two years; but had behaved with the utmost propriety."—[Minutes of Mrs. Pond's conversation with A. Hawes and Mrs. Blake.

<sup>†</sup> Mr. Simmons, however, did no tsay to me, nor did I represent him as saying what Dea. Pond testified in Court.

was deep, and the poignancy of the anguish was inexpressible. I determined to return by Dea. Pond's, and seek a reparation of injury. I called accordingly. Dea. Pond and wife were both within, and received me with customary salutations. Mrs. Pond then said to me, in the ordinary tone of conversation, which her husband could not hear, "Mr. Thacher, are you here again? When my husband came home last night, I expected my doom \* was sealed." I replied, "Mrs. Pond, I buried your indiscretions in silence, and bore imputations, which I did not deserve to screen you from the fire, which I perceived was enkindled, in the bosom of your husband." She said, "I know it; and when I learned the result of the conversation, my heart was relieved of a load with which it had been ready to burst."

I now turned to Dea. Pond, and said,—'I have called to say to you and your wife, what I said at the close of our conversation, last evening; and I cannot but hope, that confidence is so far mutually restored, that you will be willing to do every thing you can to counteract the influence of reports which have been put in circulation, injurious to my character.'-Mrs. Pond immediately replied, 'O, most certainly;' and the Deacon, 'I am perfectly willing to do every thing in my power.' I then gave a brief account of the reception I had met at Mr. Simmons's, in consequence of the statements which they had made, injurious to my character and influence; and remarked, that I had been apprised of similar statements made by them to other persons. These circumstances were mentioned as a special and sufficient reason why something effectual should be done by them, to counteract the tendency of the evil reports, which were doing me and my family such immense injury. Dea. Pond said, his wife had already written to Mr. Simmons, and I might see the letter; and that she either had written, or would write,-I am not cer-· tain which,—to her brother, Joseph B. Gerould.

I then proposed to have Dea. Pond and his wife subscribe a card, or brief statement, that the misunderstanding between them and me, had been satisfactorily adjusted, and that confidence had been mutually restored; which I might show to my friends, or eventually publish, if I found it necessary. Dea. Pond and his wife made no objection; but immediately proceeded to furnish me with pen, ink and paper. I wrote the card, and, to my surprise, Dea. Pond utterly declined putting his hand

<sup>\*</sup> I am not certain that the expression here used was "doom" or "fate;" but I think it was doom.

to any such instrument? He said, however, that he would endeavor to counteract the influence of the evil reports, by conversation with individuals to whom he had made statements similar to those which had been made to Mr. and Mrs. Simmons. The conversation then turned, for a few minutes, on general subjects, and I left and went home. In that general conversation, Dea. Pond mentioned, with much apparent feeling, the case of Elder Potter, and spoke of it as greatly exciting his compassion. I replied, that he was an object of pity, or words to that effect. I might have said, 'Poor man! I pity him;'as I most certainly did pity him. But as for ever feeling that I 'knew how' to pity him, unless from the personal abuse which he had received, aside from the commission of his offence, it never entered into my heart. Nor can I, after taxing my mind to the extent, in order to recall every item in that conversation, have any impression, that any thing was said in respect to "fasting and prayer." That part of Dea. Pond's testimony, must have been incorporated from the story of his wife, who has repeatedly urged the fact of my fasting and prayer, as evidence in years past, of my penitence, and as a reason for her long silence. Had I communicated any thing on the subject, it must have been in direct opposition to fixed principles and habits; for, as a matter of conscience, I have never been accustomed to speak of my own private religious exercises. Of what inferences Mrs. Pond or others, who have been often in my family, may have drawn, in respect to my habits of retirement, I have nothing to say.

In a short time after the conversations with Dea. Pond, I was apprised, on unquestionable authority, that he and his wife were repeating, to various individuals, their slanderous allegations, and that more assiduous efforts, by themselves and others, were constantly made to destroy my character. There consequently remained for me no alternative, but to seek redress by the only

effectual method that I could hope to obtain it.

But, in what attitude and spirit does Dea. Pond, by his testimony, place himself before the public? In Court, he swears, that he 'had forgiven, and more than forgiven me;' and yet, he revived and put in circulation charges of the very offences, which, upon oath, he avers had been forgiven! He not only swears, that he had 'forgiven, and more than forgiven me;' but he also testifies to the fact that after the "double forgiveness," and before he knew that he was sued he made out a complaint

to the Church, charging me with 'trying to induce his wife to violate the seventh commandment!'

A writer in a weekly periodical, who has felt a peculiar interest in calumniating me, ever since I renounced freemasonry, and especially ever since I wrote "Letters to a Brother in the Church;" and who now seems to think himself equivalent to all "North Wrentham," alleges, that 'series of falsehoods' must inevitably rest upon me, and supposes it impossible for Dea. Pond to have fallen into any mistakes, in reporting our private conversations. I will accordingly endeavor to refresh his memory with certain items of evidence, which may perhaps place his present sanguine temperament a little upon the "reducing system."

'To the Rev. Moses Thacher, Pastor of the Church in North Wrentham. Dear Sir,—As it has been publicly stated and published, that the Masonic members of 'the Church in the North Parish in Wrentham' have renounced Freemasonry, and I believe this was the expectation of members of the Ecclesiastical Council last convened in North Wrentham, I

feel it my duty to make the following statement:

Soon after the meeting of said Council, I had a conversation with Mr. Daniel Blake, Jr. a member of the 'Church in the North Parish in Wrentham,' on the subject of our ecclesiastical difficulties. In the course of the conversation I told him I understood that he had renounced Masonry, and that so far, a principal bar to the settlement of difficulties was removed. His reply was with emphasis, 'I have not renounced Masonry; I have only withdrawn from the Institution for the present, so long as it may be for the peace of the church. I shall feel proud to have the time come when I shall be excommunicated from the church on account of my Masonry.' On the day of our Annual Parish Meeting, in March last, I had further conversation with Mr. Blake on the same subject. I told him, that, in our previous conversation, I understood him to say, 'he had not renounced Masonry.' He answered, 'I did tell you so then, that I had not renounced Masonry, and I tell you so now.

As this last conversation was after the publication of the 'Report' of 'the Church in the North Parish in Wrentham,' which stated that the Masonic members had renounced; I felt somewhat surprised, and I feel it my duty to submit this statement for you to use as you may think the cause of truth requires.

Yours respectfully, Smith Pond.

Wrentham, Sept. 7, 1831.

This certifies that we, the subscribers, heard all the conversation between Smith Pond and Daniel Blake, Jr. on the evening of the 16th Declast, two days after the session of the last ecclesiastical council in North Wrentham. After Mr. Pond had read the result of said council, (which was at that time in possession of Daniel Blake, Jr.) he was asked how he liked it? His reply was, 'I like it much, except that part of it which does not recognize the new church—for I do think it is a church.' He was then asked if he was satisfied with what the Masonic brethren had done? He answered, 'Perfectly; Masons have met me more than half way; the bars of separation are entirely removed, and the church ought to come to-

gether again.' He further remarked that Masons had done all he could reasonably desire. He seemed to understand the extent of the resolution which the Masonic brethren had adopted perfectly. He was asked if it would be generally satisfactory to those who adhered to Mr. Thacher? He replied he 'presumed it would be, or if it was not, still he should be satisfied.' Daniel Blake, Jr. then remarked that he had been called upon to make a great sacrifice for the peace of the church; he had complied with the advice of a council, and if what he had done made for peace, he was happy that he had left the Masonic Institution. He said that he had done all that he could conscientiously do, and if his brethren were determined that he should go as far as Mr. Thacher had gone, he should be proud to be excommunicated from the church on that ground. Mr. Pond was so far from manifesting the least surprise or dissatisfaction, that some of his last words were, 'Brother Blake, I am perfectly satisfied.'

Signed

DANIEL BLAKE, JEMIMA BLAKE.

North Wrenihom, Sept. 16, 1831.

Sir-You request me to give you the substance of a conversation that I had with my brother, Smith Pond, on the morning of the 17th Dec. 1830, it being the next day after his conversation with you, and I feel bound to comply with your request. He said to me, at the time specified above, that he called on you the evening before, for the purpose of reading the Result of the Council, and of knowing how you understood it; and said that he was 'entirely satisfied with you-that Masons had done every thing that could be required of them; that the bars were now completely down, and that the new church had nothing to do but to accept the result of the council.' I then said to him that the Masonic members of the church had made a great sacrifice for the sake of peace. He said, 'I know it; and I have been acting for a party; and have not been actuated by one christian feeling for a year past, and I can never rest until I have made a humble acknowledgement before the whole church. He then said, with a strong emphasis, and with much weeping, that 'Masons had met him more than half way, and had left him nothing on his part to do.' You have liberty to make such use of this as the cause of truth may require. PRESTON POND.

MR. DANIEL BLAKE, JR. North Wrentham, Sept. 14, 1831.

Dear Brother: I have read the statement of Mr. Pond relative to a conversation with his brother, Smith Pond, on the morning after his interview with you, and it is substantially as he related it to me immediately after the conversation was held. I cannot be mistaken, for it made a deep impression on my mind, and so much was Mr. Pond affected by the apparent humility of his brother, that it was with great difficulty that he could command his feelings, so as to give me a history of the conversation. ABIAL POND.

MR. DANIEL BLAKE, JR. North Wrentham, Sept. 17, 1831.

This certifies that Mr. Smith Pond told me, the subscriber, a few days after the ecclesiastical council in North Wrentham, which convened Dec. 14, 1830, that he was perfectly satisfied with what his Masonic brethren had done by their withdrawment from the institution, and if his brethren of the church were reasonable, they would likewise be satisfied. Wrentham, Sept. 19, 1831. JOSEPH COBB.

Now, it is apparent, that "North Wrentham" and every other considerable portion of the community, must take, in respect to those certificates, one of three positions:—Either the five witnesses who contradicted him, falsified, or Dea. Pond falsified, or else the Deacon had fallen into a "mistake," and consequently misrepresented and distorted private conversations. I shall take the ground, that the Deacon fell into a "mistake;" because I am unwilling to charge him with intentional falsehood, and equally unwilling to suppose that the five witnesses who contradicted him,—some of whom are now sleeping in the dust of death,—all combined together to falsify what he had certified.

But, if Dea. Pond could fall into a "mistake," so as grossly to distort and misrepresent private conversations, in 1831, it is certainly no lack of charity to suppose, that he could fall into a "mistake," so as to distort and misrepresent private conversations, in 1837; especially when we consider that his deafness has, of late years, greatly increased, and he was as really and intensely interested in his brother's suit, as it would seem possible for him to be in his own.

It may be proper to remark, before closing this section, that neither Dea. Pond nor his wife expressed any dissatisfaction with me at the time they left the church of which I am Pastor; and, according to Mrs. Pond's testimony, she never had told her husband any thing about my misconduct, until the November or December following. Still Dea. Pond has stated, that he told his wife's brother, Joseph B. Gerould, what his wife said to him, "in order to satisfy" his father Gerould's family, "of the purity of his motives" in leaving the church!

The insertion of two or three documents will likewise show what dependence can be placed on Mrs. Pond's statements in

respect to chronological facts.

Mrs. Pond swears,

"I had a general conversation with the defendant, last November or December;" and in that conversation, she affirms that she told him the whole story.

"This I told defendant in November or December, 1836."
"I told my husband a few weeks before I told Gen. Pond."

"I continued a member of that (Mr. Thacher's) church, till October, 1836. I then united myself with the church of which he was formerly a member."

"Mr. Thacher called at our house in November or last of October, 1836; and said I had written billets in time of divine service.—My husband then came in and Mr. Thacher left. I was weeping. My husband asked me the reason. I said, inadvertently, 'to think that Mr. Thacher should talk

so to me, when he knows what he has done.'—After we had retired, he insisted, and I had to tell him."

"I told Gen. Pond in November or December."

"We joined the old church the first Sabbath in October, 1836."

Now, the communications of Deacon Pond and his wife, when they were about leaving, and did leave the Church, will fix the time; for they were received into the old Church the very day on which they withdrew from the one which they left; and early the week following, I had the conversation with Mrs. Pond concerning the grief which she had occasioned members of the church by writing billets in time of divine service, and which conversation she gave as the occasion why she first told her stories about me. This fact will evidently appear from a subjoined certificate.

To the Church of Christ in North Wrentham.

REV'D. AND BELOVED:

Actuated by the purest motives (as we trust) we, the undersigned, beg leave to present to you the following communication. For some time past our minds have been very much exercised in view of the unhappy division of the friends of truth in this place. The duty and importance of union among those who worship the same God and Redeemer and embrace the same faith, is most deeply impressed on our hearts; and it is needless for us to say that the sad effects of contention in this place are very visible—the view of which cannot but deeply affect us all. But as we are constrained to differ from you, beloved brethren and sisters, with regard to measures adopted to remove difficulties, and which have been urged upon us by those from whom we separated; and feeling truly desirous to bring this controversy to a close as far as we are concerned as individuals, we do, with the kindest feeling, ask for a dismission from the church to which we now belong, and letters testimonial that we may be reunited with the Church in the North Parish in Wrentham under the Pastoral care of Rev. Preston Cummings. It is trying, indeed, to leave you, but we trust we are acting under the influence of right motives, and how shall we resist them? If we are not deceived, we do desire that love and good will may reign in our hearts towards all Christ's followers.

And now brethren and sisters, we ask you to pray for us, that we may be led in the path of duty the little time we have to sojourn here below. We feel that we are hastening to eternity, and how can we appear before our Savior in a state of unreconciliation to those for whom he laid down his life, and whose dying command was, 'see that ye love one another.' It may be thought by some that we are only changing sides of the controversy. But we wish it to be understood by all, that we now cease to contend, and feel none other than a spirit of sincere love and friendship

to all God's people in this place.

Signed

SMITH POND, JERUSHA M. POND.

Wrentham, Sept. 10, 1836.

To the Church of Christ in North Wrentham:

REV'D. AND BELOVED,—We, the undersigned, having presented our request for a dismission from your

body that we might again be united with the Church in the North Parish in Wrentham, and you having refused to grant said request, we therefore take this method to inform you that we withdraw ourselves from your church, and shall probably this day be received as members of the Church in the North Parish in Wrentham, under the Pastoral care of Rev. Preston Cummings.

Signed SMITH POND, JERUSHA M. POND.

Wrentham, Sept. 25, 1836.

CERTIFICATE.

This may certify, that on the 7th day of October, 1836, Mrs. Jerusha M. Pond was at my residence on a social visit; and at that time related to me the substance of what she said was a conversation between herself and Mr. Thacher, in regard to the dissatisfaction of some of the members of the church in North Wrentham on account of her writing in time of divine service.

At the same interview, Mrs. Pond expressed the utmost confidence in Mr. Thacher,—said she "liked him as well as ever," she "did and meant to do as much for his support."

BENJ. ROCKWOOD, JR.

North Wrentham, Feb. 1838. .

# XIII. MRS. POND'S STORY IS DIRECTLY CONTRADICTED BY ADELINE HAWES, WHOSE TESTIMONY HAS ALWAYS BEEN CONSISTENT WITH ITSELF.

Adeline was spending a few months with her sisters in Auburn,—where her widowed mother has been accustomed to sojourn during the winter, -unconscious of the deadly scandal and mischief which were emanating from the place of her nativity and the perfidious woman who was now assidiously employed in ruining her reputation, until she was apprised of the fact by the correspondence of her friends. In answer to that correspondence, she promptly and unequivocally contradicted every thing in which her character was alleged to be implicated; and her subsequent verbal negations were always consistent with her first declarations. She and her mother returned to North Wrentham, in the Spring; and in August following, she was cited by the Defendant and his brother to appear before two Justices of the Peace, to give her deposition in perpetuam. Whether this business was thus forestalled, in order to give the Defendants opportunity to ascertain their own strength, or their own weakness, or to gain some undefined advantage of the victims of their slander, I shall not undertake to express any opinion. I have not, at command, the testimony of the deponent, certified in legal form; but as my Counsel took down every question, and every answer, I shall publish from his minutes.

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confident that they vary in no material circumstance, from the legally certified Deposition. I shall preface the Deposition with a letter, addressed by Adeline to Mrs. Simmons, and an extract from another, addressed by her to her brother's wife.

#### LETTER TO MRS. SIMMONS.

Ward, Feb. 20, 1837.

My dear Mrs. Simmons,

I received a letter from you two or three days since, and intended answering it ere this, but I have been almost sick with a cold.—I will now say to you, that the story about Mr. Thacher's being with me all night, is an absolute falsehood. I will also say, that Mr. Thacher has uniformly treated me with all the delicacy and courtesy becoming a Christian and a Christian minister, and I believe him to be a humble though persecuted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I had heard by a letter from Sister Emeline, that there was a storm raging in N. Wrentham, about Mr. Cummings and Mr. Thacher, but she did not write the particulars. I am very glad you wrote me on the subject; and given me an opportunity to say what I have in defence of Mr. Thacher's character. Things have been thrown out about me, years ago, which have of late come to my knowledge, which have not the least particle of truth in them, as well as about others. I cannot but hope that the storm will soon be over, and all will be quiet again.

I should be very glad to see you, and hope to ere long. Mother and sisters unite with me in love

to you. My respects to your husband.

From your friend,

#### EXTRACT.

" Ward, March 5, 1837.

" Dear Sister Emeline,

"I conclude by what you said in your letter, and from information which I have had from some other sources, that there is a great storm raging in N. Wrentham. I do not suppose that I know but little that has been said, by what you wrote, and it makes but little difference with me whether I do or not. But the stories that I have heard about me, are as scandalous falsehoods as ever were told. I do not doubt but my character will suffer on account of these stories, by some, but I have the satisfaction of knowing them to be absolutely false. I know that it is the intention of some to persecute Mr. Thacher even unto death; and it matters not with them, who suffers with him, if they can but accomplish their object. But one thing is certain, there is a day coming, when the secrets of all hearts will be revealed, and then it will be made fully to appear who are guilty, and who are innocent. But I hope that I shall be willing to bear all that is laid upon me. "ADELINE."

# DEPOSITION.

## QUESTIONS BY CROWNINGSHIELD, DEFENDANT'S ATTORNEY.

Q. Do you know the parties to these suits, and how long?

A. I have known Mr. Thacher 14 years—The defendants ever since I knew any body. Q. Please state if you have lived in Mr. T's family, and how long, and on what terms. A. I lived there 6 years, from 1829 to 1835, as an assistant in his family.

Q. Do you know Mrs. Jerusha M. Pond, wife of Dea. S. Pond-and how long, and how intimately?

A. I have known her, I should think, as long as 12 years, very intimately. Q. How far did Dea. Smith Pond live from Mr. Thacher's?

A. About three miles.

Q. Have you ever known Mr. Thacher guilty of any improper conduct towards any female? A. No.

Q. Have you ever known of his being in bed with any female other than his wife?

A. No.

Q. Do you remember when Mr. Thacher received a Printing Press from Boston, and where was Mrs. Thacher that night?

A. I recollect that a Printing Press was received from Boston, but not precisely when, and I think Mrs. Thacher was at Dea. S. Pond's.

- Q. I ask you upon your oath if you do not know that Mr. T. slept with a female not his wife that night-or had improper intercourse with, or took improper liberties with such female that night? A. No.
- Q. Have you not told Mrs. Jerusha M. Pond, that Mr. T. did those things, or any of them, that might? A. No.

Q. At what time did Mrs. Thacher return from Dea. S. Pond's at the time before mentioned?

A. Sometime the next day. Q. Did you or not then tell Mrs. Jerusha M. Pond about staying there at that time, and if so, what? A. I might have told her something about staying—but I cannot recollect what.

Q. Did you tell her about Mr. T's improper conduct at that time, and if so, what?

A. I cannot recollect.

Q. Do you swear that you do not recollect telling Mrs. Jerusha M. Pond of any improper conduct of Mr. Thacher at that time?

A. I did not tell her of any such conduct as she has reported.

Q. Do you swear that you do not recollect that you then told Mrs. Pond that Mr. T. had been guilty of any improper conduct?

A. I have answered as near as I can.

Q. Did you not then tell Mrs. Pond that Mr. T. had been guilty of any improper conduct?

A. No.

Q. Did Mrs. Pond say any thing about Mr. T. looking sad, when she brought Mrs. Thacher home?

A. Not to my knowledge.

Q. Do you recollect that Mr. Thacher left his wife at Foxboro', and came home late at night, and who let him in?

A. Mr. Thacher sometimes left his wife away over night—I recollect no such particular time.

Q. Do you recollect that Mr. Thacher staid at Mr. Read's in Attleboro' over night?

A. Yes.

Q. Did he, or did he not, let a cat out of his room, or pretend to do so, that night?

A. He told Mrs. Read the next morning that he did let one out, and I supposed he did.

Q. Did Mr. Thacher have any improper intercourse with any female, or lie in bed with any female, or take any improper liberties with any female, that night?

A. Not that I know of.

Q. Did you ever tell Mrs. Pond that Mr. T. did any of those things there?

A. No. I may have told her about the cat.

Q. You say you have not told her what she has reported—what have you told her?

A. I cannot recollect particularly.

Q. Do you recollect that it thundered and lightened one night when Mrs. T. was away, and what Mr. T. said, and what was it?

A. I recollect no such time.

- Q. Did you ever hear Mr. T. say it would be just in God to strike him, or him and another person, dead with lightning?

  A. I never did.
- Q. Did you ever hear Mr. T. say that he had done wrong, and talk very seriously about the wrong he had done?

A. I may have heard him say he had done wrong—recollect no particular time.

Q. Do you not know you have heard him say that he had done wrong?

A. I think I have.

Q. What wrong did he say he had done?
A. Do not recollect any particular wrong.

Q. Do you recollect a gimlet-hole in the door of the house at the Bird Place.

A. No.

Q. Did you ever show any such hole to Mrs. J. M. Pond?

A. I have no recollection of ever doing so.

Q. Do you recollect on any occasion going to see the Northern Lights?
A. Yes.

Q. Was Mr. T. that evening, or night, or about that time, guilty of any improper conduct?

A. No.

Q. Was Mr. T. in the front entry that night with a female not his wife?

A. Not that I know of.

Q. Did you not tell Mrs. Pond so?

A. No.

Q. Did you not tell Polly Merrifield so?

- A. No. I never spoke to her on the subject.
- Q. I ask you distinctly, upon your oath, whether or not you have told Mrs. Pond, or Polly Merrifield, any thing about Mr. T. being in the entry that night; and that you feared she, said Polly, mistrusted it?

A. I have not.

Q. Did you ever know Mr. Thacher to kiss any females except his wife?

A. Yes.

Q. Who were they?

- A. When he and his wife returned from Pennsylvania, he kissed Mrs. Simmons, Polly Merrifield, and me.
- Q. Do you recollect that Mr. T. showed a book, written by Robert D. Owen, or one Owen, to any female, and if so where?

A. I do not know of his ever showing any such book.

Q. Did you ever know Mr. T. to take any improper liberties with a female, in a wagon, between Dea. S. Pond's and Timothy Hill's, in the evening?

A. No.

Q. Did Mr. T. ever write letters to you, and if so, how many?

A. He has written several, 4 or 5, while'I was at Ward.

Q. Please to annex them, or copies of them.

- A. I have not any of the letters or copies with me—but have no objection to any person seeing them.
- Q. Did you ever receive a letter from any one about Mr. T's conduct, which you dared not show your sister—if you did, from whom?

A. I received one from Mrs. Pond, not relating to any improper conduct of Mr. T., which I did not show my sister—but not for that reason—but because Mrs. Pond requested me not to—which I burnt as soon as I read it.

Q. Why did you burn it?

A. Because I did not wish to keep any such letter. It did not relate to Mr. T., but to Mr. Cummings.

Q. Did you never receive any letter from Mrs. Pond concerning Mr. Thacher's improper conduct?

A. No.

Q. Did you answer Mrs. Pond's letter?

A. Yes.

Q. Was Mr. T. at Ward about the 20th of February last past?

A. He was there last winter, I don't recollect the time; I should think once in February, and once again in April.

Q. What conversation have you had with Mrs. Pond, at any time, relative to Mr. Thacher—state

particularly and fully.

A. I cannot recollect.

Q. Do you recollect receiving a letter from Mrs. Pond, at Mr. Thacher's, by Walter Fisher—and where is it?

A. Yes-and it is burnt.

Q. State as nearly as you can the contents of said letter.

A. She stated she wished to see me, but did not state the reason why.

Q. Did you go to see her?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. Please state what she wanted of you—and what passed between you at that time.

A. I do not recollect any thing that I can tell—I was there but a little while.

Q. Do you mean to say you do not remember, or do not feel bound to state what passed?

A. I mean to say I do not remember.

Q. I ask distinctly if the subject of that conversation was not Mr. T's improper and criminal conduct with some female, or females?

A. It was not.

Q. Was your interview at that time, or a portion of it, private?

A. We were a part of the time alone—and a part of the time Dea. Pond was present. Q. Have you had any conversation with Mr. Thacher, [relative] to these suits?

A. I have talked with him-cannot tell what was said.

Q. Have you had any conversation with Mr. T. in relation to testifying in this case?

A. I have not.

Q. Did you, soon after receiving the summons, go to Mr. Thacher's, and what passed between you?

A. I did—I told him I had a summons to attend here, and asked him [if] I were obliged to attend, and he told me he did not know. Cannot tell how long I was there—might be an hour.

Q. Who carried you to Mrs. Pond's, when you went as mentioned in your former answer?

A. Mr. Thacher.

Q. In that interview, did not Mrs. Pond tell you that you had better let Mr. Thacher know how matters stook in relation to the reports in circulation?

A. I do not recollect that she did.

QUESTIO

QUESTIONS BY PLAINTIFF'S COUNSEL.

- Q. Was Mrs. Thacher present when Mr. T. kissed you, and Mrs. Simmons, and Polly Merrifield, when they returned from Pennsylvania?

  A. Yes.
- Q. When you called at Mr. Thacher's, after receiving the summons, was the conversation general with the family, except when you asked him if you were obliged to attend, and he told you he did not know?
- A. It was.

  Q. Did you ever see or know of any conduct of Mr. Thacher towards any female, inconsistent with the character of a Christian or a gentleman?

A. I never did.

As Adeline's testimony in Court accords with her deposition, I shall not take up room, nor weary the patience of the reader by its insertion. Nor is it necessary, perhaps, to say any thing in respect to her general good character. Those who have known her from infancy, whether they are now her friends or her foes, know that very few if any females of their acquaintance have ever been more discreet, modest and exemplary. To them, I am neither afraid nor ashamed to make the appeal; and let those know, who have dared to drag this innocent girl before the public, and represent her as clothing herself with infamy by her own vices, that there is a GOD in heaven, who has styled himself the 'God and Judge of the widow and fatherless in his holy habitation!' There may still be those who continue to occupy seats "in high places," and regardless of the very first principles of humanity, to say nothing of the first principles of

Christianity, delight to imprint the name of a defenceless and unoffending female on the pages of scandal, and to exhibit the prowess of a military chieftain in assailing the reputation of the poor and the needy, even as one who is so immaculate as to feel authorised in 'casting the first stone;' but God will raise up those, who shall regard his injunction to "judge the fatherless," as well as "plead for the widow." Adeline is an "innocent" girl, even by the testimony of her primary slanderer;\* and Dea. Pond and his wife were both so thoroughly self-convicted of the utter falsehood of their own calumnies, that no longer ago than May, 1837, they severally gave her pressing invitations to visit them, as she had done formerly. Dea. Pond invited her to go home with him, and spend several days; and Mrs. Pond invited her to come and spend "a fortnight!" †

# XIV. SLANDEROUS MATTER SET FORTH IN THE DE-FENCE.

In this Bill of particulars set forth in his defence, and filed by order of Court, the Defendant says, that he "will offer evidence to prove that the Plaintiff has been guilty of indecent liberties and familiarities and obscenity of conduct and behavior with and towards Asenath Holbrook and Susan Holbrook—both now deceased, and Livonia H. Hall, inconsistent with and disgraceful to his character, station and profession as a Minister of the Gospel."

This part of the Plea, not coming within the compass of the Writ, was not admitted in the defence, and might be passed over in this review. As however, it is a gross calumny, sent down to posterity on the files of the Common Pleas, and I was prepared to meet it, had it been submitted to investigation; I shall take this opportunity to give it a few moments consideration.

Mrs. Holbrook once rode with me from Boston to North Wrentham. It was at her request, and to confer a favor, I took her into my chaise, at the "Mansion House" in Boston, then kept by her brother-in-law, where I usually boarded when I was in the city. It was about nine or ten years ago, and the only time that I ever rode with her in my life. She was a professor of religion, appeared to be grateful for the favor I had conferred, in carrying her home, and I could never have suspected, that, in some two or three years afterwards, she would repay my kindness with slander and abuse. That I did not treat her in an uncourteous or ungentlemanly manner, at least in her view at the time, is very certain, because three or four months after the ride alluded to, she came down from Wrentham-Centre to my residence—four miles—to solicit the favor that I would bring her daughter from Boston; as I was then going down almost every week.

Mrs. Holbrook never intimated, to my knowledge, that I had not treather with perfect propriety, until after I had renounced Freemasonry, the church of which I was pastor had divided, and she was identified with the opposing party. On the other hand, she was so well satisfied with my treatment of herself, that she was solicitous to entrust to my care and protection, an amiable daughter, at the age of sixteen or seventeen years. During a sharp political contest, however, in which I was, without hav-

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Your sister is innocent, Mr. Hawes,—I know she is innocent!" [Declaration of Mrs. Pond to Mr. Aaron Hawes, March, 1837.

<sup>†</sup> What could the Deacon want of a harlot?!—whose person had been polluted "more than a hundred times!!"

ing been consulted, or either directly or indirectly given my consent, held up before the people as a candidate for the Senate; Mrs. H. was suborned to bear testimony, that I had abused and insulted her, while riding with me from Boston. About the same time, the story was put in circulation by the opposing party and assiduously propagated by the Defendant, that I had also abused and insulted Mrs. Holbrook's daughter, named in the Defence.

After the commencement of this suit, Livonia H. Hall, now residing at Saratoga Springs, whose father was a Freemason, and both, while residing in North Wrentham, were members of the church opposed to me, —communicated to the Defendant, that I had treated her with unbecoming familiarity. She has since forwarded a Deposition, stating, that the mal-conduct occurred, in my study, ten years ago last May; that she never mentioned it even to her parents; but that she thought it her duty to tell her husband, with whom she had never any acquaintance, until several years after the alleged transaction!

Having thus briefly stated the commencement and source of this class

of slanders; I proceed to furnish evidence for their refutation.

#### DEPOSITION OF SUSAN BLISS.

I, Susan Bliss, of Wrentham, in the county of Norfolk, wife of George Bliss, of lawful age, being duly cautioned and sworn, do testify and say that the several answers to the several questions hereinafter written by me subscribed are the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

#### QUESTIONS BY REV. MOSES THACHER.

1. Do you know the parties to the suits, in relation to which you are called upon to testify, and if

yea, how long have you known?

Ans. I do. I have known Mr. Thacher ever since he was settled in this place. I have known the Messrs. Ponds perhaps twenty years, and have been intimately acquainted with Dea. Smith Pond ever since he has been Deacon of our Church?

2. Did you know the widow Asenath Holbrook, deceased, and if yea, how long did you know her? Preston and Smith Pond object to the question.

Ans. I did. I have known her fifteen years.

3. Did the said Asenath Holbrook ever tell you that she had ridden with me, and if yea, please to state the conversation which passed between you and her, and the circumstances that led to it?

Said Messrs. Ponds object to this question.

Ans. She did. She came here and wished to have me stay at home from Boston and let her daughter ride up with Mr. Thacher, because she (her daughter would come perfectly safe, for she herself, Mrs. Holbrook) had ridden with him before, and knew him to be a safe man. I asked Mrs. Holbrook why her daughter could not come home in the stage, as well as to have me stay at home. She replied that Irishmen sometimes rode in the stage, and girls were frequently insulted, and that if I would consent to have her come up with Mr. Thacher, she (her daughter) would come perfectly safe, and she should feel no anxiety about her.

4. Had you previously requested me to carry you to Boston?

Said Messrs. Pond object.

Ans. I had.

5. Was Mrs. Holbrook very solicitous that you would relinquish going to Boston, so that her daughter might ride with me?
Said Messrs. Pond object.

Ans. She was.

6. About what time did this conversation between you and Mrs. Holbrook take place? Said Messrs. Pond object.

Ans. I think it was in the fall of the year one thousand eight hundred annut twenty-nine.

7. Have you from time to time been in my family? and if yea, how long at any one time?

Ans. I have been repeatedly in your family, and staid there three or four days or a week at a time, at one time I staid ten days.

8. Have you ever known me guilty of any indecency either in word or deed, towards yourself or

Ans. I never have.

# QUESTIONS BY GEN. PRESTON POND AND DEA. SMITH POND.

1. Did you consider Mrs. Asenath Holbrook a person of truth, and had the reputation of being a person of truth while living?

Rev. Moses Thacher objects to this question.

Ans. I do not think that she always spoke the truth; I should not think she would have wanted to trust her daughter where she had been insulted herself. I should think she had not the reputation of being a person of truth the latter part of her life.

2. Where did she live at the time when she had the aforesaid conversation with you?

Ans. I think she lived near Wrentham-Centre meeting-house, but am not positive.

3. Did you and the mother of Adeline Hawes ever accompany the said Adeline Hawes a part of the way from the place where Aaron Hawes now lives, to the Parsonage or the place where Mr. Cummings now lives, in the evening?

Ans. I never did. I was not able to walk half that distance, during the year which I lived in SUSAN BLISS.

t ie house with Mr. Hawes.

CONMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, NORFOLK, ss. Town of Wrentham this Sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, personally appeared before us the subscribers, two Justices of the Peace, in and for the County of Norfolk, one of whom is a Counsellor at Law, the aforesaid Deponent after being carefully examined, and duly cautioned to testify the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, made oath that the foregoing Deposition by ther subscribed, is true. Taken at the request of the Rev. Moses Thacher, to be preserved in perpetual remembrance of the thing. And we duly notified Preston Pond and Smith Pond of said Wrentham, which were all the persons living which we knew to be interested in the subject matter to which said Deposition relates; and the said Preston Pond for himself, and said Smith Pond attended.

MELATIAH EVERETT, Justice of the Peace and Counsellor at Law,

EBEN. BLAKE, Justice of the Peace.

Dedham, Nov. 25, 1837. Received and entered with Norfolk Deeds, Lib. 118, fol. 134. Per ENOS FOORD, REG.

I, Sally Barron, of Wrentham, in the County of Norfolk, the wife of William Barron of lawful age, being duly cautioned and sworn, do testify and say that the several answers to the several questions, hereinafter written, by me subscribed, are the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth

#### QUESTIONS BY REV. MOSES THACHER.

1. Do you know the parties to the suits in relation to which you were called upon to testify, and

if yea, how long have you known them?

Ans. I have known Mr. Thacher ever since he was settled in this place. I have had some slight acquaintance with Dea. Swith Pond for about twelve years. I have no personal acquaintance with Gen. Preston Pond.

2. Did you know the widow Asenath Holbrook, deceased, and if yea, how long have you

known her?

Said Messrs. Pond object to this question.

Ans. I have known her more than twenty years.

3. Did the widow Asenath Holbroook call at your house in the summer or autumn of 1829, and if yea, what was her business?

Said Messrs. Pond object also. Ans. She did. She called and requested my daughter Susan not to go to Boston, so that her daughter Susan might ride home from Boston with Mr. Thacher, she herself had rode with Mr. Thacher, and knew that her daughter would come perfectly safe if she could come with Mr. Thacher.

4. Did Mrs. Holbrook appear to be very anxious for your daughter to stay at home, so that her:

daughter might come home from Boston with me?

Said Messrs. Pond object.

Ans. She did.

### QUESTIONS BY GEN. PRESTON POND, AND DEA. SMITH POND.

1. Did you consider Mrs. Asenath Holbrook a person of truth, and had the reputation of being a. person of truth while living?

Mr. Thacher objects.

Ans, I considered that she was not always a person of truth. She had not the reputation of being a person of truth.

2. Where did said Mrs. Holbrook live at the time you had the aforesaid conversation with her?

Ans. I cannot tell.

SALLY BARRON.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS, NORFOLK, ss. Town of Wrentham, this sixth of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, personally appeared before the subscribers, two Justices of the Peace, in and for the County of Norfolk, one of whom is a Counsellor at Law, the aforesaid Deponent and after being carefully examined, and duly cautioned to testify the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, made oath, that the foregoing Deposition by her subscribed is true, taken at the request of the Rev. Moses Thacher, to be preserved in perpetual remembrance of the thing. And we duly notified Preston Pond and Smith Pond of said Wrentham, which were all the persons living which we knew to be interested in the subject matter, to which said Doposition relates; and the said Preston Pond for himself and said Smith Pond attended.

> MELATIAH EVERETT, Justice of the Peace, and Counsellor at Law. EEEN. BLAKE, Justice of the Peace.

Bedham, Nov, 25, 1837. Received and entered with Norfolk Deeds, Lib. 118, fol. 145. Per ENOS FOORD, REG.

Mrs. Olive Shaw .- I conversed with Susan Holbrook, after it was reported that Mr. Thachez had abused and insulted her. She said the story was entirely false, and desired me to contradict it.

Susan Holbrook is dead, and cannot now speak for herself; but Mrs. Shaw, a lady of undoubted veracity, was ready to make the above declaration, upon oath, had she been called upon.

The following statement, made by Mrs. Metcalf, wife of Mr. Cornelius Metcalf, of Foxborough, a highly respectable lady, and aunt to Livonia H. Hall, was taken down, at the time, by Mr. Benjamin Rockwood. Mrs. Metcalf was ready to testify the same in Court; and I have much evidence of the same kind, from other persons, of unquestionable truth and respectability, which I shall hereafter furnish, if necessary.

Mrs. Metcalf states—That Livonia Hayward (now Livonia Hall,) being at her house on a visit, in the summer of 1833, the conversation being concerning the reports then in circulation against Mr. Thacher, she asked her, if she ever saw Mr. Thatcher fasten his study door, and draw the curtains? She answered promptly, "No, Aunt, I never did." She then asked her, if she believed the reports concerning his being too familiar with young women? She answered, that she did not, and that her father did not. She then said that she "never saw any such'thing in him, but that he had had opportunities enough, for she had been in the study alone with him, and that her sister Lucy had been there more than she had, and that if she had ever seen any such thing in Mr. Thacher, she knew she would have told her of it; but she never did." She then said, that "she came up from Newton with ----, and that while riding through a piece of wood, he put his arm round her neck, and called her a charming pretty girl, and kissed her." She then said, that "if Mr. Thacher had done so, she did not know what she should have done."

January 2d, 1833.

# XV. CHAPTER OF ABSURDITIES AND CONTRADICTIONS.

JERUSHA M. POND versus JERUSHA M. POND.

he continued the practice "for five or six years."

I told Gen. Pond that Adeline told me, "Mr. Thacher had wet her more than once;"—these were the exact words.

"Adeline told me, that the instances were few and insulated."

I told these things to Gen. Pond in November or December, 1836.

Mr. Thacher has been in bed with Adeline 'various and multiplied times,' and' the fact I have so represented to my hus- will finally own and bless as his covenant band, that he affirms, that Adeline has child?'-Letter 16, written 3 years ago. suffered her person to be polluted by Thacher 'more than a hundred times.' Mr. Thacher has been in bed with Adeline Perhaps she will be found among the and he has in many instances polluted her person.

I learned from Adeline five or six years I have been the intimate and familiar ago, that Mr. Thacher had "BEEN IN friend of Adeline Hawes. The intima-BED WITH HER;" and she told me that cy contined till after she knew I had told my husband and Gen. Pond these things .- I loved her dearly. I loved her to the last.

I was intimate with Mr. Thacher and his family down to the time we left his church .- I thought Mr. Thacher was an eminent christian.

In January last I warned Mr. Thacher by letter, that I knew he had been in bed with Adeline 'various and multiplied times.'

In January, 1837, I admonished Mr. Thacher by letter, 'If you have any wisdom, keep things as quiet as you can, or THE WHOLE WILL CERTAINLY COME OUT.

'Is she not a dear good daughter? and O is she not one whom Jesus loves, and

Hawes 'various and multiplied times,' happy number saved through the instrumentality of our beloved Pastor; and will sing with him forever, together with all the redeemed, the song of Moses and the Lamb .- Ih.

spring, and continued the practice 'five has behaved with the utmost propriety. or six years.'

Adeline told me these things as they hap-

pened, for five or six years.

Mr. Thacher has, in not less than three instances, grossly insulted my own perright hand where it had no business.' men.'-Testimony of E. Daniels. some measure the cause of her illness.

I knew long since, that you had been in bed with Adeline 'various and multiplied times.'

polluted her person.

Adeline has been in bed with Mr. Thachhim has suffered her person to be pollut. ed more than once.

him' all these stories.

Mr. Thacher told me that I had written in time of Divine service, which was the occasion of my telling these things.

Mr. Thacher began to have illicit inter- | Mr. Thacher has been guilty of no imcourse with Adeline six years ago last propriety for more than two years; but

> Sept. 11, 1836. Mr. Thacher is dear to our hearts.—Last night we presented a communication to our church -ashing a dismission. -Never, never did I know any thing about GRIEF till THEN-to leave Mr. Thacher's ministrations and our dear brethren, seemed more than I could endure-our Past or is bound to our hearts, and he is justly dear.' -Letter to Mrs. Brown.

Mr. Thucher is a perfect gentleman, united with the Christian; a man of son, and once used violence, putting his superior excellence; one of the best of

Adeline told me, that Mr. Thacher said 'Can Adeline be thankful enough for he thought his treatment might be in such a friend? You have no father, but do you not find a father's care and a father's love in your worthy Pastor ?-1.14. 'I shall think of you to-day when I ought to be thinking of other things-my heart is Bound, it clings to you, and it sometimes seems that a separation would certainly be insupportable on my part.'-Letter p. 35.

Mr. Thacher's treatment has been the But never can I be sufficiently grateful to cause of Adeline's illness. He has for our Heavenly Father for placing her years been holding illicit intercourse under the care and protection of so kind with her; and in various instances has and tender friends. With my beloved Pastor and his bosom friend, she has every kindness and attention shown her. May you all be rewarded in a better world for your love to the fatherless. I can but hope she will soon be well again if she is careful and obeys you, instead of listening to the IMPRUDENT wishes of her affectionate J-.'-Let. p. 33.

Adeline 'is innocent; I know she is iner 'various and multiplied times,' and by nocent.' 'Adeline says so, and she wont lie; you are bound to believe her.'-Declaration to Mr. Hawes and Mrs. Blake. My husband 'insisted, and I had to tell 'These things would never have come out, if it had not been for the NECESSA-RY scrape.'--Ib.

The anonymous letter to Mr. Cummings will 'prove a dear letter, to Mr. T., they are so mad with him .'-Ib.

This chapter might be extended indefinitely, but I forbear. The attentive and intelligent reader will at once perceive Mrs. Pond's self-contradictions, without their being pointed out. Let her letters be faithfully compared with her parole testimony, and I have no fears whatever for the result.

# REMARKS.

It was my intention to have pointed out the deficiencies and inaccuracies of the printed "Report of the Trial;" but having already extended this Review far beyond my expectations, I shall defer that business, at least for the present. Its exparte character, in the view of candid men, who were present at the trial, will not, on the whole, operate to my disadvantage. Many of the witnesses have complained, that important parts of their testimony are omitted in the Report, and again, that they are represented as saying, in many instances, what they did not say. The testimony which I have quoted in this Review, I have compared carefully with Notes of Counsel; and if, in any particular, I have not given a fair representation, I am very desirous of being corrected.

Two or three inaccuracies, in point of fact, ought not to be passed over without correction. In one or two instances, injustice is done to Mrs Pond. In one part of the Report, she is represented as saying, that she told Gen. Pond her main story in September; whereas, according to my best recollection, as well as the notes of my Counsel, she affirmed, that she told him in November or December. The printed Report quotes what Mrs. Pond swore to be a copy of a letter, which she declared she put into my hands, as bearing date, June 13, 1837; but, according to the notes of my Counsel, Mrs. Pond said it was dated in January, 1837. Joseph B. Gerould is brother to Mrs. Pond, and not brother to my wife, as represented

in the printed Report.

Mr. Merrick did not express that "respect" for Mrs. Pond, which is represented in the Report, and I have his authority for contradicting it.—In a letter to George Roberts, Esq., Publisher and Proprietor of the "Boston Times," in answer to a request, that Mr. Merrick would write out in full, for a second edition of the "Report," his argument addressed to the Jury, he excuses himself on account of imperative engagements, and then adds:—

"As it is, I beg of you to do me one favor—that is, in your second edition, strike out in the Report of my argument the following words, which you will find beginning at the 16th line from the bottom of the 26th page. "I respect her, said Mr. Merrick—all who have seen her on that stand, must respect and pity her."—Now as to the respect, I altogether demur.—I felt no respect for that woman on the trial, and I feel none now; and I am unwilling to appear to have said any such thing.—I pitied the woman undoubtedly; as I do many other persons against whom it becomes my duty to press most hardly.

"I am, Sir, in great haste, most respectfully, &c.

" PLINY MERRICK."

It is sufficient to say, that I have the consent of both Mr. Merrick and Mr. Roberts, to publish the above extract. An important circumstance, which occurred in the Trial, is worthy of distinct consideration. Mrs. Pond did not swear directly in the case. She was only introduced to swear that she told her story to the defendant; which nobody disputes. In being thus advoitly introduced by his Counsel, she was saved from perjury; while, at the same time, it was doubtless intended that her story should have the same influence upon the Jury and upon the public, as if she had testified directly against me. It ought not to be overlooked, however, that Mrs. Pond has never as yet sworn that Adeline told her these things; but only that she told General Pond, that Adeline told her these things. We have, therefore, hitherto, Adeline's oath, against Mrs. Pond's bare declaration, with its multifarious absurdities and contradictions.

My enemies exult, because the Jury assessed merely nominal damages. That, to me, is, comparatively, a trifling consideration. I have never

I am poor,—yet, standing acquitted at the bar of conscience, and by a jury of my country, of the crimes alleged against me, I esteem it an infinitely greater boon, than if I had received thousands and tens of thousands in gold and silver, while at the same time I had been overwhelmed with conscious guilt. The defendant stands recorded in the Court of Common Pleas, as a slanderer; and he is as really a slanderer, as if I had

recovered the whole sum at which I laid the damages.

The jury, however, a part of them at least, were under a mistake. One of them came to me, after the verdict was recorded, and conversed some time. He said, "We conversed the matter over, and considered that you had gained your object;—that your character stood in a much better light, than it did before the investigation. We concluded you were not vindictive; and we supposed, that, if we rendered any damages in your favor, the defendant would have all the cost to pay on both sides. This, we thought, would not be less than four or five hundred dollars, which, we apprehended would be a pretty serious rebuke to him, and sufficient to admonish him in future to bridle his tongue." "Had I known," continued this juror, "that the defendant would have only his own cost to pay, if we assessed damages under twenty dollars, I would have staid in the jury-room till this time, before I would have consented to such a verdict."

The same juror, who was a stranger to me, and with whom I had never before spoken, mentioned, with grief and disgust, the conduct of two or three clergymen, who seemed to exult and be well pleased, when any thing was uttered by witnesses, or advanced by Counsel, in the defence, which reflected upon my character. "I thought," said he, "that, even if those things were true, it was a matter for weeping, rather than laughing." He inquired respecting one clergyman, in particular, who often looked round about him, upon the congregation, to find somebody to laugh with him! and judged that he must be remarkably hostile in his feelings. He doubtless judged rightly;—and it may well be questioned, whether that clergyman, possessed the "charity" which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but

rejoiceth in the truth."

I have sought an investigation, and I still seek it. Let my friends and enemies call upon all persons, male and female, who have lived in my family, ever since I had a family; and let them testify, if they have seen aught in my conduct or conversation, incompatible with Christian courtesy and morality. I will not even except the highly respectable lady, who 'listened in her stocking-feet,' and who lived in my house fifteen months. Let her say, what she has seen, known, or heard of me, even in 'whispers,' against the rules of propriety. Indeed, in the good providence of God, I have her testimony already, in reply to my questions, asked and answered, last April, in presence of her husband and her husband's brother.

Q. "Mrs. Harding, how long did you live in my chambers?

A. "Fifteen months.

Q. "Did I ever, during that or any other time, offer you any personal abuse or insult?

A. "No sir.

Q. Did I ever treat you any otherwise than with courtesy and decorum?

A. "No sir.

Q. "Did you ever see or know of any conduct in me, toward any

female or females, inconsistent with the character of a Christian or a gentleman?

A. "No sir."

The above questions were asked by the consent of both Esq. Harding and his wife; and when I had received the answers, which were given without hesitation, I immediately said, "I have nothing more to ask; but I felt desirous to put these questions, because, it has been reported, that you have received from me personal abuse."

Mrs. Harding immediately replied, "Reports of that kind have come to me, and I have been asked about them; and I always said, that no one ever conducted more like a gentleman toward me, than

you had always done."

I now appeal to the families, in which I have visited, since my settlement in the ministry. What has been my deportment? Have I looked with a lecherous eye upon your wives, daughters or sisters? Have I, by inuendoes, double entendres, or low allusions and insinuations, excited your suspicions, that 'I had eyes full of adultery, and that could not cease from sin?' Where is the evidence?—bring it forward;—tell me the place where and the time when. Either prove me guilty; or else hold me innocent. This I have the right to demand;

and there is no medium between innocence and guilt.\*

In conclusion, I cannot forbear to express my grateful acknowledgements to my learned Counsel, for their assiduous and faithful labors in my behalf. I thank them for the important and essential services which they have rendered me, in the midst of my trials, and for the patience which they have manifested during a necessarily protracted and tedious investigation. I can but thank them, too, that they treated my cruel and bitter adversaries with kindness and courtesy;—that they did not abuse the defendant, nor insult his witnesses;—but that, through the whole of their investigations and pleadings, they maintained that urbanity of deportment, which always characterises every Barrister, who possesses a truly magnanimous mind, a learned head, and an honest heart.

To any of my adversaries, who remain implacable, and think to triumph in my final overthrow, I will say, —"Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. I will bear the indignation of the Lord because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me: he will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness. Then she that is mine enemy shall see it, and shame shall cover her who said unto me, Where is the Lord thy God?"—Micah vii, 8, 9, 10.

<sup>\*</sup> The Church in North Wrentham of which I am Pastor, has acquitted me by a unanimous vote, and requested me to continue with them my ministerial and pastoral labors.

ERRATUM. Page 33, seventh line from bottom, for Robinson Society, read Edwards Society.

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