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VISIONARY BIOGRAPHY

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COMMUNICATIONS FROM GOD,

FROM 1824 TO 1863.

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REV. DAINGERFIELD LEWIS.



SAINT LOUIS :

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VISIONARY BIOGRAPHY.

In as much as many wonderful things have been shown to me by visions from God, and a good many of them have come to pass, I take this opportunity to write a memorandum.

In the year of 1824, in North Garden, Albemarle County, Virginia, a man who was cradling wheat where I labored, striking a stalk with his cradle, wounded himself in the leg; after stopping the blood and dressing the wound he continued to work until night. At supper time the blood again commenced to flow from the wound, and from the loss of blood and fatigue he fainted. I coming in at the time and seeing him lying on the floor, was greatly frightened, and as I could not bear the sight, I immediately left and seated myself on the fence, about two hundred yards from the house, under a cherry tree, in the light of the moon. The foregoing accident had thrown me into a deep reflection about the uncertainty of life, and I immediately came to the conclusion that I was not safe in any condition of life. There was a certainty that I was obliged to die, and there was no knowing when it would take place, and I imagined I could almost see the spot where I was to be buried. While I was in this condition, some one spoke to me, and said: "You will not be buried in this country." I immediately asked where, then? It said: "You will have to go away to the West, to a place where there are no religious people, and where you will have to become a Christian and a Minister, and preach to the people in that country." I believed, with full confidence, that it actually was so, although there was no likelihood and no way, that I could see, how it was to take place. In 1825, my young master, who had been living in the West some ten or twelve years, returned home to his mother, got married, and drew another portion of his estate. My mother and children fell to him as part of the gift. While he was in the west he became indebted to Wm. Morrison, of Kaskaskia, Ills., to the amount of \$ 2,200.

Reuben Lewis having returned and married, settled on his mother's farm, taking my mother and us children with him. After living with him until near the end of 1826, the son-in-law (Sidney Brese,) of Mr. Morrison, having business in Washington City, came on to Charlottesville, Va. to Reuben Lewis, for the debt he had contracted with him in Ills. Mr. Lewis, having no money, Mr. Breese offered to take my brother and myself for the debt,

provided we would go. Mr. Breese, after returning to Washington City, again requested Mr. Lewis, by letter, to send us to him if we were willing; he thereupon came to us and inquired if we were willing to go west to Mr. Breese, telling us it was a good country and a good master, for he was personally acquainted with him. Thereupon we concluded to go, and on the 6th of Jan., 1827, my brother and I started for the west. Bearing in mind what had transpired at the aforesaid communication, I was not affected a bit when we parted from our parents, although the tears were flowing in torrents from their eyes.

After arriving at Kaskaskia, I immediately asked, Is this the place where I am to become a christian and a minister? It answered "No!" Living with Wm. Morrison seven years, and traveling constantly about on business for him, in distances varying from 500 to 1000 miles, I inquired at every place where I stopped, from the spirit, whether this was the place destined for me. It always answered "No." Mr. Morrison, after keeping us for seven years, and not being able to keep us longea, on account of it being a free State, sent us to Missouri, to his lead mines. His sons all having left him, except Wm. M., Jr., and his father being unable to attend to all the business, wherefore Wm. M., Jr., was authorized to dispose of us, and sold us to James McCormack, of Jefferson County, Mo., on Platin Creek. Being delivered to him at the mines, we followed him to his plantation. Crossing the creek, and seeing the farm at a distance, I inquired of the spirit whether this was the place? It answered "YES!" And thus I wandered about for nine years, until at last I arrived at the place of destination.

Although I was then a wicked man, yet I was confident that it was God who had called me there, and yet I made no pretence to anything, not even as much as morality; but in that same summer of 1834, he came to me again and talked to me, although he was invisible; and who could resist him? He brought to my remembrance a promise which I had made to him when I was a boy but ten years old; he set before my mind the teaching and example of my fore parents; he points back to me my course of life from my cradle until that period; he plainly told me that if I die in that state I will go to destruction. "As you came from your cradle to this place, so you will go to your grave, without you make a preparation now." This was at midnight, four or five miles from my residence. After these expressions he left me in silence. I returned to my mind in surprise how it could be that some one should be walking and talking with me, and I could not see them. This alarmed me, and I concluded that this was the hour of my dissolution, and God was warning me, and filled my mind with the most solemn reflections, when he announced to me that this was the express time—not to proceed any further, but to begin to seek for a better home. I told him I did not know whether there was such a thing. He told me that greater fools had found the mystery and wiser men than I have found out the mystery. "And

now," said he to me, "who is the fool?" I asked how could it be possible; how could I go about it. He told me, "The wringing of the nose would bring blood, and the churning of milk would bring butter; so in praying to him would bring religion." He said not to put off the time any longer, but to commence right there. Being alarmed, distressed and excited, I made my first attempt to offer my services before him, and when I arose from my knees he said, "Now you have promised God that you will serve him, and if you turn back I will cut you right off and send you to hell." I proceeded until I found relief; for after many teachings in my endeavors, he came to me of a sudden and stripped me of my troubles, and placed me in a condition I could no longer doubt. He then commanded me to attach myself to the church, and when I had done so, he commanded me to study and go to the minister, against which I rebelled for nearly two years, until, by express and plain communications from him, that convinced me thoroughly that it was him that commanded me; but I felt my weakness and was unwilling to take it, but he, by severe reproof and plain evidence, which was miraculous, convinced me; and when I had consented to do so, I did not know how I would do it, being destitute of any education. I told him that "I will go to the mines, where there are plenty of christians and several ministers, and there I will obtain strength." He said to me, "Where harvests are large and plenty of laborers, they will not thank you for your help; but where the harvests are large and laborers are few, there they will thank you for your labor. Go to Herculaneum and help Gilbert!" But I refused to do it, and started to go the other way, and proceeded for nearly a mile and a half, when, overpowered by weakness and fatigue, in that short distance, I proceeded to the first neighbor's house. After inquiring of me what I was going to do, they prevailed upon me to go where I was commanded, and I immediately turned back to go to Selma, which was near to Herculaneum, where I was commanded to go, and as soon as I turned my course I was relieved of my fatigue and weakness. I went to Selma and remained there for six months or more, but refused to go to Herculaneum with Gilbert. On one Sunday a man came and took hold of me, and in a manner compelled me to go with him to Herculaneum with entreaties; with reluctance I yielded. I went with him to the place, dreading that I should be called upon to take part in the address to the auditory, (being day of service.) When I had got there the people had not yet assembled. During all this time I was ignorant of any knowledge of Scripture, and made no pretence to speak in public, and dreaded the very idea. When the people had assembled in the meeting house, the preacher came in and found me there. He sung a hymn, and called on me to open the meeting by a prayer, in doing which I found no difficulty. Immediately he opened service, and after pointing out his text, proceeded to address them, and during this time something spoke to me: "Go and pick up that Testament that lies

on the stand before the preacher." I objected for a while, but after being insisted on so strongly, I stretched out my hand, took the Testament, opened it, and immediately saw the text that the preacher addressed the people from. If I had been studying the scripture for twenty years, I could not have had a more complete understanding than I obtained at that moment. After he had addressed the congregation, he invited me to take part. I arose, picked up the Testament, explained the text, divided it into four parts, and proceeded to speak from the same. I must acknowledge that I was astonished at the wisdom with which I was inspired, and the powerful language I used. The auditory were perplexed upon hearing such a wonderful discourse. After retiring, I accompanied the minister home. He was completely astounded, and began to reproach me for eclipsing him in his capacity. I informed him that I had just received it from a supernatural power, and was as much astonished as he was. But this did not pacify him. He still seemed troubled about it, which also made me uneasy. Knowing that I willingly gave no occasion for offense, I used every means to console him. After arriving at his house he still seemed to be troubled, and I then retired, resigning the night to contemplation. I arose in the morning, retired to my secret devotion, and proceeded to perform the labor of the day, bearing in mind what had transpired the day before in the meeting, and continued thus until about 12 o'clock that day. I was accustomed to retire in secret to pray, so about the hour named it came in my mind that it was time to attend to my duty, being engaged in the Shot Factory, polishing shot at Selma. I walked out of the door and started to go down to a large rock near the river bank, and as I turned the corner a very loud and heavy voice hailed me and said, "I am well pleased." I inquired who is it that is well pleased? He answered, "God is well pleased." I asked what for? He said, "For the sermon you preached yesterday." I answered, Oh, it was not me—you did it. He said, "I will show you your work through life." Immediately I found myself standin in the midst of a boundless wheat field. I was amazed with the sight presented before me, being conscious that there was no wheat there, yet every other object was blotted from my view. While so standing, a voice hailed me, saying, "CUT LOW AND CLEAN!" Turning my eyes to the object that was to be cut, I perceived a long broad sword, about six feet, in each of my hands, stretched out each way, to the full length of my arm. I looked before me, and perceived my right foot at the edge of the grain, but could not see an inch further into it than my toes. I raised my eyes and looked around me, but perceived no bounds; yet it seemed so ripe that the heads bent over. I cast my eyes behind me, and saw a large cut, parallel with the swords, as far back as the eye could reach, and not a head standing. I said to myself, I wonder what this means? I have heard tell of visions, and this must be one. Then he spoke to me: "I will tell you what the vision means. Don't make your own little narrow

way to heaven whilst so many thousands are perishing on each side for your help, but do all the good you can through life, and when you get into heaven your work will follow you." Then all disappeared. It was now a year that I had been at Selma, and after that event I again returned to my master, at Platin Creek.

In 1837, after contracting my second marriage, at Herculaneum, I removed to a shot factory, on the Mississippi River, owned by my master. This being a place of retirement, I embraced every opportunity for the study of the bible. One day, as I was walking to the factory, I looked up and it appeared to me as if regiments of soldiers were marching in the air in battle array, in a certain direction. I went to the Clerk, Mr. Boyd, and asked him if he thought there would ever be a war with the United States again. He answered "No, it never would be." I told him, when it transpires, tell me of it, that I told you. In a few years my master sold out, and we all returned to Platin Creek. Some time thereafter the United States were making preparation for a war with Mexico. I asked Mr. Boyd whether he recollected what I had told him. He said, "Yes, I do, but I did not believe it at that time." I told him that is not all. I see every day multitudes of people, of all sizes and classes, traveling and crowding the road, in a certain direction, but I could not tell what it meant. It is my supposition that those meant the crowds that were going to California.

In 1839, having commenced a law suit for our (me and my brother) freedom, against our master, Jas. McCormack, for keeping us in the State of Illinois over sixty days, in violation of the law. We supposed we had a legal right to our freedom. Having proceeded against him for two years, and making no progress, being my manner of doing, I appealed to the Almighty to know whether I was right and whether I would prosper. I therefore fasted three days and nights, to ascertain from him whether I would prosper; and the second morning, having went out in secret prayer, I returned into the house and set on the side of the bed, there stretched out before me a blank sheet of paper, about four feet wide; and, while looking at it, it folded up in the twinkling of an eye, sat upon its end, and became a sheaf of rice. The interpretation of the blank paper meant that I would be defeated in my law suit; and its changing into a sheaf of rice, meant that I should be rescued from impending danger. I proceeded to fast, and saw nothing else during the time; and after eating my dinner, I knelt down and prayed once more; and when I arose, I saw a river which was very low, the sand bars appearing in every part almost, and the channel appeared to be no more than ten feet wide; a multitude of vessels seemed to be lodged on every sand bar and shore, and some few were stemming the current in the channel. He said to me, "This is the condition of the church," and told me to go to the mines, and tell the people there to prepare themselves, for he would commence a work there that would likely include the whole world. This he ex-

pressed three times. This was one year before it actually did transpire. My master, yet having us in his power, determined to run us off down South. I had earnestly entreated the Almighty not to suffer me to be sent off. A few months after my master determined to put into effect what he had designed, went up to St. Louis and bargained us to a trader, and after a few weeks the trader came to him and desired him to take us back, that a large amount of money died on his hands and he was not able to pay for us. Being determined to dispose of us, he sent to St. Louis to get a steam boat and hand cuffs, to send us off himself. While he was gone, the news came to us what he was going to do. He promised to come on Sunday, with thirty men, but comes on the Friday previous. On Friday evening, at dark, me and my brother went to one side and held a council, to conclude what we should do. My brother concluded to go into the house, and stay there until he would hear a noise, which he would suppose came from the parties that were going to take us. I told him that I would not go into the house that night. You may go into the house if you want to. And so we parted. I went my way and he went into the house. Wandering around until 12 o'clock that night, I went to a shop, on the plantation, near the road, and laid down in the straw. I here heard a drove of bells, as if there was a drove of out horses coming up the lane; and when they had passed me I got up and followed them on towards the house. Drawing near the house, I stopped to listen. I remained there a few minutes, and immediately a candle was lighted, the door opened and again shut, and my name called to make a fire. I did not go. Immediately two torch lights appeared to be leaving the house, towards the cabins where the black people lived. Arriving at a ravine, they part, going in adverse directions. The one party arriving at one of the cabins, burst the door and went in, while the other party were standing off at a distance. After the first party had entered, the other party proceeded to go to the other house. They also burst the door of this house, where my brother was. Listening to hear if he was in there, I heard them say: "Ike, we have got you safe enough." Hearing this, I said "God Almighty guide my feet, and preserve me where ever I go." After saying this I fled through the darkness, and wandered through the woods until daylight. Not knowing where I was, I hid myself under a cliff of rocks, and stayed there all day. In the night I again traveled, I don't know where. The next morning I found myself on a high hill, in the woods, and remaining there that day, I heard the boat going down the river, and saw her land to take my brother aboard. Now, said I, God Almighty, I have heard great things of you; such as stopping the mouths of lions, quenching the violence of fire, dividing waters, and wonderful things past telling. I have given myself to you long since; my father was a preacher, and my mother was belonging to you. They both asked not to let us (me and my brother) be separated. My brother has left his parents to follow me. If you are

God, and can do these things, bring my brother back. Disappoint his master at every attempt, and bring him back to me. If you will do this you are my God forever, but if not I cannot trust you. I threw myself on my face, in the leaves, lying there three days and nights, without eat or drink. After this I wandered about from place to place, as a fugitive, exposed to rain and weather. In about three weeks afterwards, on the river bank, near a landing, in the night, I met with an acquaintance, who inquired of me if I did not want to see my brother. Astonished, I answered yes. He answered, "Stay here until I return," leaving immediately. He returned in a short time with my brother, who was at that time working on the steam boat "Preemption." We met once more, and spoke loud, with tears of joy. He told me by what wonderful means he was rescued from the trader's hands, requested me to be careful not to be caught, informing me under the distress he had labored on my account. We departed again in peace. After this I came to a cellar, in which I stayed a few weeks. During the time I was there, something spoke to me, "Return to your home, then your enemies will be your best friends." I answered in the negative. I know that old man. A few days after this occurred he came to me again, and repeated the same thing. After this he carried me and my boy into the woods, to a place where I saw them bury his mother. Me and the boy returned home. Then he carried me on a high hill, and piled up something like a heap of brush, and set it on fire, and after burning it he drew out the fire brands, one by one, called them by name, and said, "That is such a one, take him and put him on his portion of ground;" and so he continued until he had portioned out every one that was against me. Then said he, "All that were opposed to you shall be put into the ground." A few days thereafter, lying on my face, in that cellar, an angel came to me, took me under my arm, raised me to my feet, and told me to go home, and said, "I will fight for you—I am the angel of the Lord." Staring him in the face, I saw a man rise up before me. The angel extended his hand, laid it on the man's head, and drove him into the ground, saying to me, "Go home, your place is waiting for you." At night I walked out of the cellar, and passed by where my nearest friend was. She wanted to know where I was going. I told her I wanted to go home. "Now," said she, "you are going into danger, and putting me into distress." I answered, the angel of God told me to go home. She seemed to have little confidence, seeming to learned the danger I was exposing myself to. To pacify her, I told her if I did not prosper I would return to her. Leaving her, I started for home.

It seemed to me that every star in the heavens were singing. I proceeded to the water course, which was supposed by the people to be impassable. I concluded that the angel would guide me, and followed his direction. Coming to the shore, I found two yawls. Embarking in one of them, I safely

landed on the opposite shore, where I kneeled down and returned God thanks for his care, and proceeded on my journey towards home. Coming to a stable, I stopped during the next day. While there, the angel came to me again, setting a table, and spreading a cloth even, and putting two books on it, said, "There is your place, it is waiting for you," and said, "Now proceed home." As soon as it was night I proceeded homeward, arriving there that night. The next morning I met my master, and he was happy to see me, and prosperity and peace. A few days after a minister came to me, and wanted to know whether I enjoyed the presence of the Lord now. I answered yes, and proceeded to tell him the wonderful discoveries I had made, and the dreadful threats that God made towards those who intended to injure me. He inquired how I knew them. I told him I had seen God's angel, who informed me what was intended to be done. After that I told my master's son-in-law that I would see the overthrow of all that interfered against me. He inquired how I was agoing to do it. I told him that I had given the case into very bad hands. He inquired into whose hands? I told him into God Almighty's, and my heart leaped, for it was destruction, and God told me that I should see the last one burried. All the foregoing prognostication transpired to the letter.

In 1845, being at work in the field, I saw a vision of the following description: A large army corps, moving onward, had nearly encircled me, which caused me some fear of being run over by them; but after a considerable time had elapsed, they passed away. I was informed that they were going to battle in the United States.

In 1847, being at making a fire, I saw a dark, heavy, fluid mass, like lava that burst forth from a volcano. It spread over the earth, and it seemed as if it would drown all that was before it. I was raised up, by some latent power, an inconceivable distance from the earth, into a large circle of transparent air, and there I laid flat on my back upon nothing; and while I laid there, a multitude of turtle doves ascended and decended around me, while the world below seemed to be ruined by the dark mass beforesaid. I told my master's father, and my mistress, there was some destruction coming upon the earth, that seemed as if it would destroy everything as it went along. He said to me "God will not destroy us all." I said to him, Sir, when it comes to pass, tell me of it. On the next spring, cholera broke out and carried off multitudes of ppeople. I said to him, "What did I tell you?"

In 1855, I think, being a very dry summer, we had to water our gardens. I petitioned to some of the members of our church that we should fast and pray, one day, for rain. The day was appointed, and we executed the vow that we had made, and received no rain. I, having affirmed to them that God would answer prayer, and being disappointed, I returned to water my garden. When there, I implored God to send us rain, therefore a blue

bucket descended from heaven and poured out water towards the ground. Seeing this, I said, "No, send us rain, we have watered, but in vain." He sent down another blue bucket and washing tub, and again poured out water towards the ground. I then said, "Lord, send us rain I have watered in vain." Turning my back upon the vessels, there appeared before me three angels, standing with their heads inclined to one another and looking towards the ground, seemed as if they were holding a council. Neither of them seemed to notice me. The one in the middle was all white—the two right and left were all black. After gazing on them some time, I turned away, walking towards my house. As I was about thirty paces from them I was told that the two black ones were the destroying angels that were to be let loose upon the United States. When I got to my house, I told my woman that I had seen the most awful antagonists that was ever known. "Why?" she inquired. There is agoing to be the greatest war in the United States that was ever heard of, and you will live to see it, and so will I. To reconcile God, I fasted three days and nights, and after fasting two days, and commencing at 12 o'clock in the day, I continued to pray to him until the third morning, a little before day. I went out in the grove, knelt down a few paces under a large tree, with a limb extending south, and commenced expostulating with God, requesting him to show me my error, and "If the nation has offended you," said I, "*who* am I that I should bear it. Take it off of me." Immeidately I heard the report of a shot from a large cannon, that seemed to have been fired from the branch named, towards the South. Therefore I was freed from my burden and all my troubles, and felt as a son to his father. I talked with the Almighty, and asked him to send rain. I had no more than spoken, when a thick cloud gathered in the clear sky, over my head, the cloud changing a little lighter, and the rain commenced to fall in torrents, until the ducks and geese began to swim in it. I then looked above the cloud and saw something wonderful. It appeared to be a sea turtle, and was as active as a squirrel. I arose from my knees and went towards the house; and when morning had come, my lady got her breakfast and eat it, saying that she was going to visit her neighbors. I told her not to get wet. She said there was no such good luck. I told her yes, "There is a sound of much rain." She started on her journey, and before she had gone a great distance, a shower of rain passed before. She returned home at 2 o'clock, in the afternoon, and at that time a heavy black cloud arose in the west, accompanied with thunder; it came over with haste, and it then rained all the afternoon and night, until the next morning.

In 1856, immediately after Mr. Buchanan was elected, and had taken his seat as President, a conversation arose in my room, in relation to the election of a President. The general idea was that, as Fremont, the first free

soil candidate was defeated for the Presidency, therefore there was no hope of salvation for the poor oppressed colored man, but that God had sealed their destiny. During the whole of this conversation I remained silent, but yet my deepest sympathies were with them. I then cast my eyes to heaven, and asked the Lord whether there ever would be a change. Immediately a large copper vessel appeared before me, and seemed to be about one-third full of muddy water. I said to God that if the deliveration would not take place until that vessel would be full, then it would not take place during my life time, Upon saying that the water began to rise very fast, though I could not discern where it came from; and shortly it rose so much that the water seemed to pour in, over the top, from the outside, and filling it two feet over the top, it gently rolled off on all sides. Then I spoke to the men. "Gentlemen, the next President is the man."

In 1861, while fixing a plow beam, to plow my young corn, at my wheat house door, there appeared passing before me an endless strip of beautiful wet grass, similar to a garden walk, between four and six feet wide, moving briskly and gently. I gazed upon it with astonishment, and wondered what it could mean, whence it came, and what would follow. While I was gazing upon the object, a man of pure gold came, apparently floating in a sitting position, above the surface of the grass, from the north to the south; and when before me he suddenly stopped, looking intensely towards the south. He was a large, portly, intelligent looking man, with a high forehead, casting a benignant ray from his vesture. Remaining before me for some time, he passed on. About two hours and a half afterwards, I think, having gone to the house for another instrument, and returning to my work, the same strip of grass was again passing on, and I said to myself, "I will see if this is an imagination or not," and while looking upon it a golden man, of the same description of the other, appeared before me, and again stopped, and while I was looking at him, I saw him bite his lower lip twice, and he then started on. In the evening, after sun down, having finished my work, I went into the house, and studying upon what I had seen that day, walking to the door and looking out into my yard, I perceived the same canopy of grass passing along, though it seemed somewhat divided. Small bushes had grown up in it, and the tops of the grass seemed to be dead. Whilst meditating upon it, a man came up before me. His color was black as a coal; tall and poor, his face had fallen in, and the bones projected from his cheeks; his head, closely shaved, and looking over his left shoulder towards sunrise. After tarrying some time, he passed on. Some time thereafter, as I was driving a team around my farm, God spoke to me, and said, "You saw a gold man?" I immediately stopped my team, and answered, "Yes, I did." He said, "I gave unto man a golden rule, and I did not change; and you saw a golden man the second time?" I answered "Yes."

He again said "I gave unto man a golden rule and have never changed." He said, "You saw an iron man." I said, "I did." He said, "That is my chastening rod; with it I will bend the Nations and make them know who I am."

In 1861, in September, I heard a report from Cairo, that the Confederates had taken it, and the army would be through here, (Jefferson Co.,) and would slay all, white and black men, who were not for them. A few colored men had been killed near where I lived, and I concluded I was not safe. In the morning, about daylight, I went out to secret prayer, and complained to the Almighty for leaving me in ignorance like an infidel. Kneeling down to pray, he poured out his spirit upon me, and I said "Oh! I know you by feeling, but you will not show me what is going to happen." Then rising to my feet, and wondering off to my stable, with a distracted yet enlightened mind. Reaching my stable, I sat down upon a rail that was resting between the stable and the corn crib, with my cheek resting on my hand. I had not been sitting there a minute, until I saw before me a muddy and square inclosure, of about ten or fifteen acres, which was turning with the sun. Upon seeing this, I inquired of myself what is the Lord agoing to show me? and immediately I found myself standing in said inclosure, with my face towards the South; and looking that way, I saw a man standing on the outside of the fence, with his face towards me, and his heart encased and open. His heart was white and about the size of a water bucket. I inquired who it was, and the Lord said, "It is you." I said, "No, here I am;" and looking for myself I saw nothing. He then inquired, "Where is the gold?" I looked around and said, "There is none." He said, "Where is the silver?" I answered, "There is none." "No," said he, "not so much as brass, and for this cause I will bring it to a final end." The enclosure changed its course in an adverse direction, lost one-third of its size, and moving with increased velocity, decreasing in size from minute to minute. I then saw a small, steel cross-barred chain, similar to a watch chain, which closed around it in the form of a belt. It came from above, but by what means it fell around it I could not say. The enclosure was still moving in the same direction, with the belt around it. A strip, about a yard long, seemed to be torn off of the chain, leaving it together by the remaining part, being about the size of a telegraph wire; but what tore it off I could not say. I concluded that the chain would break, but to my surprise it still held fast. "It is stronger than I thought it was." I had no more than said it, when the chain broke, fell to the ground and disappeared. The enclosure still turned with increased velocity. I was now removed to the east, on the outside of the enclosure, looking upon it, when at a sudden I heard a loud and heavy crash, and that was the last of it—it had disappeared. I went to the spot, and there was nothing left but a little ashes, similar to that

of a brush heap that had been burned before a rain. The vision had left. I arose and proceeded to the house, satisfied that it meant destruction in some way. I now proceeded home, and when I got outside of my lot, I concluded that I would tell no one, for they would not believe me. The spirit then said, "Who is that you saw outside of the fence?" said, I "You say it is me, but I have got no white heart." He said, "I made your heart, and I made you, and made you for what I made you, and I will do with you what I will." I said, "Put it on some intelligent man whom the people will hear—I am a negro." He said, "I made you and I will do with you what I will. What did I tell you in the State of Virginia? What did I tell you two years before the Mexican war? and what did I tell you before the Cholera? How long will you be stubborn, and how long will you disobey me?" Working for my neighbor that day, I determined to keep it secret, and remained so until in the afternoon, and then, becoming unusually excited, I could withhold it no longer. When I had told my neighbor what had happened, I became reconciled. A short time thereafter God said to me, "What is meant by the gold?" I said, "I don't know." He said, "It is Equity and Justice." Then said he, "What is the silver?" I said "I don't know." He answered, "It is Judgment and Mercy, and the brass is common Reason, and as they have not so much as common Reason among them, I will bring it to a final end!"

In Dec., 1862, I saw the enclosure again. It appeared to be green, and turning with the sun. I said to myself, "You have changed your motion." Still continuing its course, on a sudden turned upon its edge and disappeared. After this, in the evening, I saw black stars. The whole atmosphere was studded with them, and moving in every possible direction. After this they parted in the centre, and stretched a belt south-west to north-west, and continued to north-east, and before they closed in the south the vision disappeared. After this I saw a balcony in the air, from north to south, and upon it there were innumerable scores of angels, arrayed in spotless white, looking towards the east. The next morning, after breakfast, I saw the black stars again, nearly in the same manner as before; and in the south-west I saw a light spot, as though the sun would break out, and while looking upon it a person appeared, with a silver crown upon his head, looking upon the earth.

Some time after the above, while in my field, I was carried away by the spirit, into a valley, and there I saw an army coming from the south like a flood of darkness, and a flood of darkness came down from the north, and the darkness contended with darkness. A flood of water came from the north, through the darkness of the north, and rushed into the darkness of the south at different parts. The whole earth was covered with darkness, and storms of darkness rushed down from the north, and storms of darkness came from

the south, and darkness continued to contend against darkness. And as I was gazing upon the commotion, the storms of darkness I was changed towards the east, upon the west bank of a river, and there I saw a beast standing upon the bank of the river with its head towards the north. It was large as an ox and was made like a bear; its eyes in its face like a rat about the size of half a dollar. As the storms of darkness were beating around it, and it was looking steadfast up the river, I saw it turn to the east. It stood there for a while, and then turned to the south and disappeared. The darkness still continuing, I walked to the west and wished for light, but there was none. The darkners then began giving way, leaving the earth in a red and gloomy light. Then all disappeared.

In the same year, (1862,) while preparing to feed my cattle, three persons passed by me, and said to me, "Come with us." I immediately followed closely behind them, and looking through between them, I saw a rugged, hilly and rocky landscape before them. As we drew near, it split assunder and flew away, and left a wide level place before them. Shortly I discovered that they were approaching the sea, and said to myself, "St. Peter could not walk on the ocean for the want of faith, and what will become of me." I fastened my eye upon the middle one and did not look to my feet lest my faith should fail me. We continued on, and walked on the face of the water until entirely out of sight of any land in any direction. Walking this way for some time, we eventually came in sight of a distant object, like a blue mountain. Coming nearer, I perceived it was land. Coming within a half a mile of the land, some one above spoke to me, and directing my attention to the one that walked in the middle, and saying, "That is the Great One!" repeating it three times. And the third time I understood him that that is the Great I Am. He showed me his crook, but I could not understand it. Drawing within a rod of the shore, we stopped on the face of the water, and the three spirits held a council for near three-quarters of an hour, and not a word was to be heard, and it seemed as if it was by electricity that they communed. The shore was enveloped from my sight by a dense white fog, although I could see the land below the water mark. I thought while they were counseling I heard one thing upon the shore amidst the fog, like sheep. Ending their council, the one in the middle spoke: "Let us go!" then turned and walked back over the same space and in the same order as we started, until we arrived on the shore from where we first started from. Walking out on the shore about thirty yards, I here expected to remain. He said, "Come with us." Turning to the right, we went through the very same operation as when I joined them; and after this we went to the left to another place of the same description, and in the same order as the first, until we got to the starting point; and after arriving there, he said, "Now, let us go!" and going up horizontally

towards the north star. I remained looking after them until they disappeared. I returned then to the place where we first met, and here the vision fled.

In 1863, the last vision I saw a large buck deer, lying on his side and appeared to be dead. He was swelled up and was in the blues. Turning over towards me, he remained in that position a while, and then his belly began to cave in, and down he went into a bottomless abyss, and as his carcass sunk a body of black air went up.

Dear is war in vision or dream.

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