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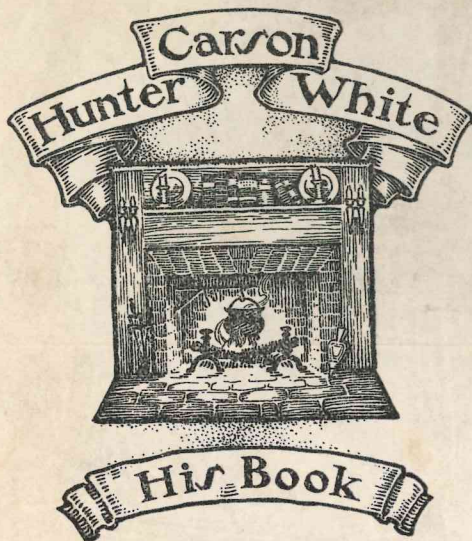
BRIEF
MEMOIR

OF THE
LIFE
AND
RELIGIOUS
EXPERIENCE

OF
CATO PEARCE,
A MAN OF COLOR.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.
Price, 12 1-2 cents Single.

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LIFE AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

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TAKEN VERBATIM FROM HIS LIPS AND PUBLISHED FOR HIS
BENEFIT.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.
1842.

Elizabeth Gardner

TO THE READER.

I deem it proper to say, as the writer of the following narrative, that I have scrupulously put it down, as near as possible, in the very words of Cato. There is an advantage, and, it may be, a disadvantage in this course. On the one hand there is the advantage of recognizing Cato himself, in his peculiar phraseology, and consequently, of admiring the riches of divine grace and wonders of redeeming mercy manifested through *his* weakness: on the other hand there is the disadvantage of not being able to expatiate on many points of his experience more largely, than his own language would permit. In my own opinion, the latter disadvantage is trifling compared with the loss of hearing Cato speak in his own language, and see him as he is—for *thus* to see and hear him, makes up much of the interest in his case.

Cato, as it will be seen by his own testimony, is entirely without an education—indeed, though he is fifty-two years old, he has never learned to count one hundred. Most persons may be ready to conclude that this must be owing to a want of native intellect. But this does not appear to be the case at all; for I am persuaded that all who know him will bear me witness, that his native intellectual faculties, do not appear below mediocrity. Moreover, he is now, at the age of fifty-two,

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the District Court of Rhode Island.

beginning to learn to read; and I think, would, if helped with proper instruction, yet attain the art.

Some things in Cato's experience are truly wonderful; especially what he terms his vision. I fully believe, that the ever blessed God did condescend to *teach* him in that remarkable manner which he sets forth. I believe it was a reality, and not an illusion. Those who may be disposed to dispute this, will find it difficult to bring themselves to believe that Cato ever could have invented such a story, if he had been wicked enough to do so; and I presume all who are acquainted with him, are satisfied that he is too *honest*, and loves truth too well, to do so. I know of no one that is acquainted with him, that disputes his honesty and piety.

Cato has often expressed a desire to have his experience written, and requested me to do it; and since I have undertaken it I have been made to rejoice in the work: for really, the Lord has done great things for him, in view of which all ought to be glad. I believe this tract will be read with interest and profit by those who love the simple, unvarnished religion of Jesus. Besides, those who purchase it, will contribute a mite to the *temporal* welfare of one of God's poor; which is certainly a pleasing work to one who loves the Saviour.

PAWTUCKET, November, 1842.

MEMOIR.

I WAS born in the year 1790—in North Kingston, R. I.,—bein' now fifty-two years old. My father was a slave to James Hazzard; and my mother to Giles Pearce. I can 'member but little about my parents. My mother ran away from her master when I was very small, and I have never seen her since. I 'member she told me to be a good boy and she would bring me somethin' when she came back. She left three children behind her; I was the oldest, and the youngest was only ten months old. I have always borne the name of Pearce—the name of my mother's master. I remained with my mother's master until I was eighteen years old. I then had an opportunity to run away. I went to Providence and shipped from there to go to North Carolina. Up to this time I was exceedingly wicked. I swore and cursed horribly, and played cards. Sometimes I had serious thoughts on 'ligion—used to go to meetin' and hear Elder Northup preach—used to see him baptize persons, and could n't help, sometimes, sheddin' tears, and wisned I was as good as they;—but did n't know anything about what 'ligion was—thought them who talked the best were the best.

I shipped on board of the schooner "Four Brothers," Capt. Bailey, for Wilmington, North Carolina; never intended to come home any more. The captain said on his return he was goin' into Boston; but the mate was sick, and he therefore went into Wickford, R. I., where he (the mate) belonged. We got into Wickford on Sunday; and at the very time my master happened to be out a fishing. He knew it was the vessel I went in, and came on board and took me on shore. He took

all my wages, gave me a floggin', and after that I remained with him two years. My master never took any pains to give me any edecation, or tell me any thing about 'ligion; although he used me well other ways.—I never went to school a day in my life. Since God has spoke peace to my soul, I many times thought how strange it was that my master was so blind as never to give me any larning, or tell me any thing about 'ligion.

After remainin' with my master two years from the time I first ran away, I took an opportunity to run away again. I went into Rehoboth, Mass., and hired out to a man by the name of Samuel Lyon. He was a dreadful wicked man, and while livin' with him I became more wicked and hard than ever. He had rum as plenty almost as water, and I got to drinkin' badly. I lived with him about three years. He died while I lived with him. His death was dreadful. I think he lay on his sick bed about a fortnight. He cried bitterly for mercy—mercy, and told his folks that he was going to hell. He said he couldn't be saved. O, he said, my feet and legs are in hell. He died in that dreadful state; and the last words that came from his lips were, "O Lord, gone!" I used to stand and look at him in this dreadful state, but I dare not go into the room. I then made up my mind that I would try to do better. I resolved that I would not swear, or get drunk any more. Here was the first time and place where I think God awakened me to think on the affairs of my soul.—But after this, this man havin' a son that went on about the old way of his father, I fell in with him, got to drinking again, grew as bad as ever, and forgot the death of the old man.

After this I shipped on board of a schooner belongin' to New London, Conn., Capt. Rogers, for the West Indies. On our passage out we fell in with a terrible storm, and thought we must certainly be wrecked. The captain gave all up for lost. I saw him stand crying, and I trembled. At this time, something seemed to speak to me and tell me if I died then I should cer-

tainly go to hell. It seemed then that I could plainly see the old man again in his dyin' agonies. Next day the storm somewhat abated. I then thought that I would try to pray. I did n't know how, but I thought I would try. After we had fitted up the sails that got damaged in the gale, and after I had eaten my dinner, I went down into the fore peak, and there tried to pray. I thought I would pray softly so that none of them would hear me; but I heard some of them say, "hark! what's that?" I then heard some one walk and stand still, over the fore peak. I thought I would try again. I began to pray again, and thought I would pray so *softly* that they would n't hear me; but my words got up, and they heard me; and one of them said, "It's that d—d nigger." Then the mate sung out, "Call him up." He begun to curse and swear, and told me he would n't have d—d niggers praying on board. He cuffed me, pinched my ears, and told me if he caught me praying again he would tie me over the windlass. But that did n't make any odds, for I thought I would try to pray if they killed me.

Well, so I made up my mind that I meant to pray again—so I did n't sleep hardly any that night. I could n't help cryin' almost all night. I wa' n't no ways mad with him at all about it—but I could n't sleep. I was just so in the mornin'—I could n't help cryin'—every once in a little while I would break out cryin'.—The Captain said, "Steward, what ails you? What makes you look so sour? Take somethin' to drink—may be you'll feel better; you ha' n't had your bitters this mornin'." I told him I did n't want any. Then I went up on deck and I made up my mind I would pray in the afternoon after I had done up my work.—Then I felt better in my mind. Seemed as if I could do my work very nice—seemed to take encouragement—got my dinner and cleared away, and seemed to wait for an opportunity to go below and pray.

I went below to pray, and I got in such 'stress—such 'stress of mind, that I could n't help hollering right out. Then they heard me again, and it happened to be

in the time of the mate's watch; and the mate hollered to me and called me on deck. "What did I tell you yesterday?" says he; "Did n't I tell you I would n't have no more hollerin' and prayin' on board?" Then he hauled me forward and laid me over the windlass, and made one of the hands hold me over while he laid on three or four hard blows with a rope, and made me promise not to pray again. Then I did n't know what to do. I thought if we got into another storm we should sartinly be lost; and I knew if I did not pray I should sartinly go to hell. I wept a good deal—pretty much all night long. Last I 'cluded to give it up untill I got on shore; and then I would have a chance to pray as much as I was a mind too. Expecting to have that privilege seemed to feel contented—felt better in my mind. But I soon got in my old track again.

When we arrived in port, in the West Indies, I got to drinkin', and was full as bad as ever; forgot entirely about my prayin', and remained so untill I returned back. On my passage home, I got along without much trouble of mind. Seemed almost to forget all about the poor old dyin' man: and what thoughts I did have did n't have much effect upon my mind.

After I got home I went on as bad as ever; and after I run out pretty much all my money I hired out to one Squire James Rhodes, Providence. I worked for him a year; and in the mean time there was one Elder Orsborne come there to preach. He preached altogether to the colored people. I used to go to hear him sometimes half drunk. By and by there was a revival took place. The minister used to say, "All them that want 'ligion—all that do n't want to go to hell, make it manifest by risin';" But I did n't mean to rise. I thought if I could n't get ligion here I could n't get it there.—And so they continued on in that way. Many came forward, and some of them, before they got up off of their knees would be convarted—be praising the Lord. But all that did n't have no effect upon me. I cared nothin' about it—no otherwise than I used to set and laugh at them.

One night I had but one that went with me to meetin'; and we agreed, that when the minister called upon them to rise, we would go out. I had n't dranked any thing that night. We placed ourselves close by the door, so as to be handy to go out when we wished. After the minister began to call upon them to rise, the young man who came with me began to hunch me to go out. We started, and when I got out on the steps it seemed as if something said to me, "you will sartinly go to hell—thought you was n't going to die as that old man died;" and the old man came right up before my mind. Then I stood trembling—the one that went with me had got down to the bottom of the steps, and he called to me to come down. I went down and he says—"Come, I've got some rum; let's you and I drink so they wont get us." "Well," says I, "you drink first;"—for I had made up my mind that I would n't drink any myself. He drinked, and handed me the bottle, and I made blieves drink, but did n't drink any at all. Then he wanted me to take the bottle and put it into my pocket, for he reckoned his pocket was so shoal the people would see it. So I put the bottle into my pocket. Then we went in again before the minister had done callin' on them to rise. The minister cried out again, "If there are any more come forward:" and my companion rose up and went right straight forward; and then I was left all alone. I thought every body knew I had the bottle of rum. I thought he gave it to me on purpose. There was I; and I felt so bad I thought I should fall off of my seat; but I dares n't go forward to be prayed for.

After meetin' I got out of the house as soon as I could—did n't want any body to say any thing to me; and as I got up against Peck's stable, I pulled out the bottle and threw it against the barn; said I never would have a bottle of rum in my pocket any more. So I went home and went straight to bed. I dares n't go into the other room 'cause the colored girl had lately come out in 'ligion, and I was afraid of her. In the mornin' when I waked up, I felt worse than ever; I felt as if I should die. I did n't know nothin' about what to do.

I thought if I had n't had that bottle of rum in my pocket, I might have gone up and been prayed for; and the *Elder* would have pardoned my sins. I thought he had the power to pardon sins, for a great many, before they got up off of their knees, shouted and praised the Lord; and I thought I might have had my sins pardoned if it had n't been for that bottle of rum in my pocket.

The next night I went to meetin', but dare not go forward: but that fellow that gave me the bottle of rum came out happy enough. Oh, I thought, if it had n't been for that bottle of rum I should have had 'ligion. The devil told me if I went forward with that bottle in my pocket I should sartinly break it, and the rum would run out; or the stopple would get out.

After this, Mr. Rhodes, the man I worked for, ownin' a farm about a mile and a half out in the country, moved out there; so I could n't get to meeting so often as I had done. Still, this conviction remained with me. I made up my mind then, if there was any 'ligion to be had, I would have it. I got my mind settled on this. I was under conviction so, and did n't want any body to know nothin' 'bout it. I got so I could n't eat, drink nor sleep—so that Mrs. Rhodes begun to take notice of it. Says she, "Cato"—she wanted to know what was the matter with me? "If you 're sick," says she, "any thing that 's in this house you can have"—says she, "there is nothing here but what you can have." I told her, says I, "The ain't nothin' the matter with me, Mrs. Rhodes: I ain't sick nor nothin', in body." So next mornin' 'squire Jim Rhodes come out and says, "Cato," says he, "they say you 're sick. You can't work if you can't eat—so you need n't do any thing to-day, but just do the chores," says he, "and your wages shall go on just the same." So I went into the house. Mr. Rhodes' little boy told the colored girl what the matter was—"So," says she, "I know what the matter is—and I hope God will *kill* you." I did n't know nothin' about what she meant—I thought it was droll 'spression, and thought I did n't want nothin' to do with her. The next day arter, Mr Rhodes come out where I

was, and asked me how I did. "Oh," I told him, "I did well enough." "Well," he said, "you ain't very well, and I do n't want you to do much to-day. All I want you to do to-day is to tackle up the horse and go down and git a load of sea-weed." "Well," I told him. Well, I had made up my mind if I could git where that minister was, I meant to git him to pardon my sins. But I did n't know how in the world to git to him—but it come to my mind to git George (Mr. Rhodes' boy) to go and drive the horse round, and I would run across into town, and git the minister to pardon my sins; and then I would meet George on the shore. So I asked George, and he went and asked his father whe'er he might go; and his father said, "Yes." So George drove the horse round, and I started for town. I had to run pretty fast, for fear Mr. Rhodes, in comin' down to his store, would overtake me. I did n't want to let him know what I was goin' for. When I got into town, I went right up stairs where the minister lived and knocked to the door; and he said, "Do you wish to see me?" Says I, "Yis, sir. I want you," says I, "to pardon my sins. I am goin' to hell," says I: "I do n't see as I can be saved." "Oh," says he, "I can't pardon your sins—I can n't do anything for you," says he, "you must pray—pray for yourself." Then, instead of sayin' any thing to me, he went straight off into t'other room; and left me there all alone. I thought he was desput (desperate) hard, after I had run so far to come and see him, to get him to pardon my sins, that he would n't take no notice of me. I thought he had pardoned a good many's sins, and it seemed dreadful hard that he would n't pardon mine. I run a mile to git there, so that Mr. Rhodes should n't see me; and I 'spected to git right down on my knees as soon as I got there, and the Elder would pardon my sins: and I should git up happy. He did n't come out—and I was in a great hurry, so I had to go and look for the boy. Oh! no one knows my feelin's at that time—I can't 'spress 'em myself. Well, I started to go and find George—and when I come in sight of the wagon, who should I

see ridin' just behind but Capt. Jim Rhodes, that I thought had gone into town. He did n't see me, though I was close by; and he rode up and asked George—says he, "Where's Cato?" George says he, "He's gone into town." Then Capt. Rhodes turned and see me, and asked me where I had been. He thought I was sick, but now he thought I had been in town to get rum. "Cato," says he, "I am intarmined to know what shop you have been to. You must follow me and carry me to the shop you have been to." So I turned and follow him. At first, I thought I would lead him all over town, and make b'lieve I could n't find the place—but then I could n't do that. I was under conviction. So I turned up side of the fence and fell down, and told Mr. Rhodes I went to see a minister, to get him to pardon my sins. "Oh!" says he, "sorry! sorry! you need n't go after any sea-weed"—and he wept with me. He then had the horse fetched up, and I got into the horse-cart and rode into town.

Oh, how I felt then!—wish I could 'spress them so you could write them—but I cannot. Then I thought I was sick enough. I rode home and got George to untackle the horse; and I went into the barn and fell down upon the hay. I had n't been there long, before Mr. Rhodes come home, and asked George what had become of me. So he told him—and says he, "Tell him to come into the house." So I went in, and he told his wife what ailed me. When I got into the house, it seemed to me as if they all looked like strangers to me. Mrs. Rhodes come out and said, "Oh, how glad I am, Cato, that you are tryin' to seek 'ligion. Why had n't you told me of it before? I would have sent for our minister, and he would have talked with you, and may be you would have felt better in your mind." There was another old lady there, who belonged to the Presbyterian Church, and she talked with me: and she had a prayer-book, and said she would read a prayer. So they all kneeled down—and Mr. Rhodes, he kneeled down with us. But I happened to cast my eyes upon her, and see her look upon her book and then shut up

her eyes and say over what was in her book; and "Oh!" thinks I, "such a prayer as that will never do my soul any good." Seemed as if all the talk did n't do me any good—I wanted to be out of the house. After they had done, Capt. Rhodes said, "Cato, you need n't work till you feel better. If you want the minister to come and pray with you, I will go right in after him." I told him, "No."

Well, I felt as if I could n't work. So I thought I would go away into the woods alone—whether I ever come back again or no. The minister told me I must pray; so I thought I would go away into the woods and try. Well, I went into the woods; but it seemed as if I could n't find any where to pray; for I did n't want any body to hear me, and I dares n't pray. I wandered about in the woods, and by and by I fell down and tried to pray. But I dares n't shut my eyes, because I was so wicked I thought I could not be saved. The minister would n't save me, and what to do I did n't know. So I had to get up and go away from there. Then I thought I would go down to the shore where I was goin' after sea-weed. There was a large bunch of bushes, side of the road down there, that looked very beautiful. I thought I would crawl into them out of sight, where no body could see or hear me; and there I would try to pray. When I got there and tried to pray, still I dares n't shut my eyes. Oh, I felt dreadfully—I can't 'spress my feelings. I had heard 'em tell a great deal about the devil, and I thought he was close to me, and that I could almost feel his shadow. I felt mad with the minister, to think he would n't pardon my sins.

Well, I felt as if I was lost, and I lay down on the ground and thought I would rest myself. I wa' n't asleep—and seemed as if something said to me I must get up and pray—'t was a good time to pray. Well, I got up on my knees again, but I dares n't shut my eyes up when I prayed. Then it seemed to me that something spoke to me and told me that God would n't hear my prayer, if I did n't shut my eyes. Well, what to do I did n't know—but finally I thought I would risk it, and

shut my eyes. So I shut my eyes, and glory to God! I do n't know whether I was praying or no, but I felt right off delivered from all my 'stress—and oh, how happy I felt! Seemed as if I felt a great burden roll off of me. How I come out of the rabbit briers, I can never tell. It seemed as every thing praised the Lord that I see. I looked off into the river and see the vessels, and it seemed as if all of them were sailing right up to heaven. I loved every body. I loved the minister that I had been so mad with because he would n't pardon my sins. I have thought since, may be if I had n't had that bottle of rum in my pocket, I might have gone up and been prayed for, and thought that my sins were pardoned, and so taken up with something short of 'ligion: but now, blessed be God! I believe I have got the rael marrow.

Then I went back to the house happy and light as a feather—givin' God the glory; and the maid and children, as soon as ever they see me, begun to laugh. Then I went into the house, and they all seemed glad to see me—rejoiced with me, and I told 'em where I got 'ligion—under the rabbit briers—told Mr. Rhodes I wanted him to pray and get 'ligion too. Oh! I can't tell how I felt—can't 'spress my feelin's; but I can say glory to God! After that, I had a very good time in my mind. I could work well, and on Saturday night I went into town to 'late my 'sperance to the Church. I told the minister how mad I was with him because he did n't *convart* my soul. I told him I thought he convarted all the rest, and I thought it was desput hard when I went so far to see him, that he wouldn't say hardly any thing to me—but now I could give glory to God that I had found 'ligion. Then the minister, after I got through exhortation, got up and told them that I come to him to get him to pardon my sins, and it made him feel so that he could n't say nothing to me; but was obliged to go in t' other room and weep.

So, after that they asked me if I wanted to join the class—and I joined the class and got along pretty well in my mind: but I could n't be baptized till I had stood

six months. I wanted to be baptized right away. But before the six months run out, the Elder went away—and then the wa' n't any body else that I wanted to baptize me—no body else that I could think of, for I loved him desputly. I remained in the class about a year after he went away; and then I started and went to Westerly, R. I., to work for one Sanford Noyes. Then I got cold in 'ligion. I had 'ligion enough to keep me from swearin' and drink—but was nothin' more than kind o' moral.

After I had done work there, I thought I would go to sea. So I went to New London, and I happened to go a-board of a sloop. The Capt. wa' n't a-board, but the Mate said they wanted a Cook. By and by the Captain come on board and asked me if I wanted to go to sea, and I told him, "Yes, sir—I should like to go to sea—lieves go a whalin' vige as not." "Well," says he, "you look like a good smart feller"—and then he asked me what I had been doin'. I told him I had been workin' at farming pretty much. "Well," he said, "there is somethin' in you that looks too good to go to sea:—the man that lives on my farm wants to hire a man; and I guess he will hire you right off."

So he carried me in his *shay* out to his farm and said, "Here, Mr. Potter, I have brought you a good, smart hand; and I do n't know," says he, "but what he has got 'ligion." But I was so cold I kept still about that. I did n't mean to let 'em know I ever 'sperenc'd 'ligion. Well, they said they should like to hire me; and they wanted me to keep the seventh day. I told them I did n't want to agree to keep the Seventh Day, for I did n't know as I could. The woman said she had no doubt but what if I could read, I should be satisfied it was the right day. So I made a bargain with them, and went to work, and found them very clever people, and had pretty good time with them. A brother Rogers lived there, and he kind o' sarched me out; and I used to go to the Seventh Day meeting, and they wanted me to join; but I told them I could n't because I could n't keep the Seventh Day. They give me all the

privileges in their meetings, and I used to talk and get much engaged in 'ligion. But I did n't feel right, because I could n't go to a Sunday meeting. So I made up my mind if I could find where there was a Sunday night meeting I would go. So the first man I 'quired of told me there was one about three miles off.

Well, I was intarmined to go to it; it was three miles off. So I told Mrs. Potter, and she said, "Well, Cato, you can do all your chores up and go 'arly, if you please." So I went. When I got there I felt to give God the glory, as soon as I got into the house. I was glad that I had got among the Sunday people, for I did n't feel right to keep the Seventh Day. I was an entire stranger to them all, but they give out liberty to speak, and I got up and spoke, and had a good time. When he got through they invited me to come again, and I told them, says I, "I want you to 'point a meetin' for me." "What," says they, "to preach?" I told 'em "Yes." So there was a couple there that had just gone to keepin' house, said might have the meetin' at their house—and it was 'pointed there. I felt desput glad they had 'pointed a meetin' for me. So I went home rejoicin', and told Mrs. Potter I had got a meetin' 'pointed to preach. Well, she said she was glad of it—glad to see me so much engaged in 'ligion; says she, "Cato, if you could read you would see that the Seventh Day was right." So then I wanted to get a text—I did n't know what to do for a text. I asked Mrs. Potter what I should do for a text. "Oh," she said, "Cato, the Lord will give you something to say." But I wanted a text; so I thought of what I heard an old minister preach from a good while ago: "And as ye go, preach—repent, the kingdom of heaven is at hand." I heard of ministers studyin'. So I went out into the woods to study what I should say, and sound it out there; and swing my hands. So I got it all to my mind, and when the time come, I went; but I thought I would n't go into the house till the people all got seated; for I thought ministers did n't ginerally go in till along about the last *tolling*. So I staid till

it got considerable dark—then I walked in; and the *stand* stood there, with the bible and hymn book on it; and I hauled off my hat and set down just like a minister! I asked my brethren to sing, and I got up and talked, and we had first rate meeting.

Then they 'vited me to stay all night. Well, thinks I, all the ministers stay all night when they preach any where—now I'm a minister, and I'll stay all night; though I always went home before. When I waked up in the mornin' I thought I ought to 'point another meetin', now I'm a minister. Finally I thought I would n't 'point another there; but as I was about two miles from New London, I would go there and have one in the old meetin' house, where they did n't have any meetin' now. I thought they would all know me because I was now a minister.

So I went down into New London, and see the old meetin' house had all the windows broken out; and I thought no body would come there. Then I thought I would go down into the town; may be some of them would see me and 'vite me to preach. Then I went down into town, and see a school house right over on Groton side. I got right into the horse boat and went over to it, and knocked to the door. The school master came to the door, and I said to him, "Do they ever have meetin's here." "Oh yes," he said, "all ministers—free for all." "Well," I told him, "I should like to have a meetin' here." "When," says he. I told him next Thursday night—for I could n't wait any longer.

I felt proud enough to think I had got another meetin' 'pointed. I had 'siderable money in my pocket—so I began to think that ministers dressed very nice; I had got to be a minister and I must dress nicer than I did then. I had on a very fine nice shirt: so, thinks I, I will get a ruffle and have it put on to this shirt; and I got a great *breast-pin* and put it in it. So I bought me a pair of white gloves to wear when I was preachin', and went home proud enough. "Well," says Mrs. Potter, "what for a meeting did you have, Cato?"

"O," says I, "a glorious meetin', and got 'nother one 'pointed," "Ah, have you, Cato? Where?" "Over in Groton;" says I, "here, Mrs. Potter, I have some cloth to make a ruffle to put on my shirt!" "Oh well," says she, "I'll put 'em on, Cato." Well, I told her if she would I would do almost all her washin' for her: for I had got a new pair of white gloves, and white cotton stockin's to preach in, and I wanted to look very nice. So I felt pretty nice in my mind, and then I began to think—what shall I preach from now? It wo'n't do to take the same text that I preached from over there; may be some of them will be over. After a while I thought of one I heard a minister preach from a number of years ago—"What I say unto one I say unto all—watch." Then I went to studyin' to get it all fixed just right: used to go into the woods every night and say it over to myself, so as to get to preach and pray like other ministers. So when the day come, I told Mr. Potter that I thought I would n't work any that day—had about four miles to go and I wanted to be to meetin'. Mr. Potter said he was goin' in to New London by and by, and if I would help him awhile he would carry me in. So I did—and when he was ready I got into the wagon with my ruffle shirt on, and breast-pin and white gloves and stockings. I thought every body would know I was a minister, and never hardly any body felt as big as I did.

Well, after I left Mr. Potter I went down along, and thought I would call in and see Elder Dodge, the Baptist preacher—he has since turned Universalist. So I went in. He kept tavern, and asked me if I would n't take something to drink. I told him, "no—I did n't want to drink nothin'." Says he, "wo'n't you take a little wine?" "No," I told him. I did n't want he should know I had a meetin' 'pointed over the other side, for I thought he was a *greater* preacher than I was, and I did n't want him to go. I was dreadful 'fraid he would ask me—so by and by a man came in and went up to the bar to get somethin' to drink, and I slipped out. I stood round a while—tho't I would n't

go over just then, as there was nobody over there I knew. By and by I went over—the horse-boat was crowded with passengers, singin', going' over to meetin'—though I did n't know it then. Well, I got over and went to a shop; and the man asked me, says he, "Was there a colored man come over with you?" Says I, "no, sir." "Well," says he, "there is a colored man comin' over from Waterford to preach here to night—one of the greatest preachers in the world! You had better stay and hear him." Then they kept comin' in and kept talking about "this great preacher." I did n't like to hear it. So I went out, and the boys begun to holler out—"there goes that great preacher—there's that nigger preacher—there's that nigger preacher." So to get rid of that, I went into the tavern. Soon as I got in the woman run to me, says she, "Be you the man that's a-goin' to preach here to night?" Says I, "Is there a-goin' to be a meetin' here to-night?" "Yes," says she, "there's a great preacher comin' from Waterford here to-night, and my house is full." Then I went out; and oh how bad I begun to feel. Thinks I, here I have 'pinted a meetin'—all these folks comin' to hear me—I've no larning, and I can't preach. I tried to pray and I could n't pray a bit. I could n't think of any thing to say. I had lost my text and could n't 'member any thing about it. Oh how I felt. I took and tucked my ruffle out of sight, and pulled off my white gloves and put 'em in my pocket. Oh I felt like lying right down in the dirt.

Well, the time come for the meeting, and so I went up—but oh the folks and carriages! Hundreds of folks all round the house that could n't get in; and there was sich a crowd round the door, that I did n't know how in the world I should get in myself. Howsever, I crowded up on to the steps, and a sailor—I do n't know as I ought to speak the words that he said—but he said, "keep back, you d—d black son of a b—h; the minister ha' n't come yet." Oh how I felt; but I crowded

in, and by and by the school master saw me, and says, "Open the way and let the Elder come in." Oh dear, then I thought I was gone. And he said to me, "walk along—I want you to begin as soon as you can; and talk loud so that they can hear you out doors. Oh, I can't tell nothing 'bout how I felt. "Well," says I, "you 'll sing 'wo' n't you?" He said, "Yes." So they sung all over the house and out doors. Well, I can't tell whether I prayed or not; but they sung again—and then the first thing I knew two men were holding me up. I 'spose I fainted away. After that all the people seemed as nothin' to me. I told 'em I could n't preach, for I had no larning; these words come to me: "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God;" and I could and did speak freely, and had a good time. After I had done a great number spoke. After meeting a man asked me to make another 'pointment. I told him "No;" and I never went to meeting again for a year. After I got home I told Mrs. Potter, says I "here, Mrs. Potter, 'I 'll give you the ruffle on my shirt to make you some cap borders." Well, I never went to meetin' as I said, for more than a year after that, for I was afraid that some body would ask me to preach. By and by Mrs. Potter sent me on an errand to her father's house—but she did n't let me know there was a meetin' there—but when I got there I found the people all seated, and I could n't get out very well; so they set a chair for me and I set down; and as soon as I set down the Lord began a good work in my heart, and I did n't go away untill I let 'em know what the Lord had done for me, and tried to move my stumblin' block out of the way.

Well, I got along rather better in my mind, but I did n't feel as I wanted to, and as I used to—felt kind o' cold and dark. I thought if I could get into the spirit of prayer I should feel as I used to. So on a certain day I made up my mind that I would pray before I went to bed, and try to get into a spirit of prayer. But when it come night I almost forgot my promise, but I finally

thought of it; so I kneeled down side of the bed and I tried to pray—but I did n't feel no better. I sung a varse,

"My soul doth magnify the Lord."

and went to bed.

Well, I can't tell whether I was asleep or not, but all at once the Lord come to me, and says, "Cato, Cato." "Sir." He had a candle-stick, with a candle in it lit, in one hand, and a bible in t' other, and the room was as light as day. He handed me the bible and told me to read. Well, I looked into the bible and I know'd every letter, but could n't pronounce the words. Says I, "Lord, I can't read." Says he, "Try again." Says I, "Lord, I can't read." He said the third time, "Try again," I says, "Lord, I can't read—I can't pronounce the words." "Well," says he, "follow me—go to my house and I will teach you." Then I went right straight along and followed him—but he traveled so much faster than me that he got out of my sight—and I thought I could find the house—did n't discourage me any. Then I went on and I came to a turnpike gate; and there was a gate keeper there; and I asked him whe'er this was the way to the Lord's house? And he said, "Yes;" and he unlocked the gate; he had a large key like one of these large store keys—and I went right through. When I got through, I see some soldiers marching, about quartering: their backs partly towards me; and as soon as they see'd me, their Captain said, "Right about face!" and that brought their faces right towards me; and the captain cried, "There goes one—rush him right through!" So they rushed right at me with their bagonets to run me through—but I cried out, "Lord, have marcy on me;" then they turned away. Then I went on 'till I come to another gate—and there was a gate keeper there. I asked him, "Is this the way to the Lord's house—my master's house?" He said, "Yes"—and opened the gate and I went right through. Then I come to the foot of a hill; and that hill 'scended gradually—you could see miles

ahead. Then I traveled on 'till I got pretty well up on the hill, I saw a great smoke. And I cried, O dear, what is a fire; I never see'd so great a smoke. It would rise up and spread all over the 'arth. Well, I kept goin' on 'till I got way up the hill so I could 'scover the top of the blaze. I never see'd such a blaze in all my life. The smoke would rise up on it and spread over all the 'arth. I went on till I come so as I could see the bottom of this fire. Then I stood right on the side of the bank. The first 'scovery that I made, that I view-ed, there was some cuttin' down wood and some throwin' it on the fire; and the people was comin' from every part—from all, from every road, and goin' right into this fire, and crying out, "Lord, have marcy on me!" And the devil cried out, "Too late—too late; hell's your portion." Oh what a sound this was! seemed as if you could hear it as far as Boston.* And I stood side of the bank and tremblin' and cryin', and said to myself, this is hell!

Well, there was a great gulf 'twixt me and that fire; and I said to myself, this is the place where the rich man lifted up his eyes in hell, for we read there was a great gulf 'twixt the rich man and the poor man—this must be the gulf. Then I felt I must sartainly go to hell now. I see no way to 'scape—I can't go back through them gates. And then I thought, a good many holds that there are children in hell—and I looked to see how old the youngest was; and it seemed as if the youngest was from fourteen to sixteen, and so along—'peared so. But old men walkin' with a staff—bendin' over and cryin' out, "Lord, have marcy on me," and all ages cryin' out, "Lord, have marcy on me!" Oh what a sound it was! Hearin' sich a sound sot me more tremblin'. And I stood close by another gate, right on the edge of the bank, (and if you stepped through, you 'd go right down to hell) and I thought I would go and ask the man who kept the gate if that was the way to the Lord's house. And he said, "Oh yes;" and unlocked

*About forty miles from where this was written.

the gate very quick and said, "step through." I cried, out to him, "I'm not a-goin' through that gate, if I do I shall go right down to hell." So I see'd a great common out one side; and I thought, before I would go through that gate, I would go out on it and lie down and die. And he cried out (the man at the gate,) "that's all I wanted, to get you through this gate—this is the last gate; if I had got you through here, hell would have been your portion."

Then I turned to go out on the common; and as I turned to my right I saw a narrow path—a beautiful, straight, level path, that led right back by the side of the gates where I came up. I thought, strange I had n't seen that path before. Then I traveled right on that path, and see the gates again; and just before I got where the soldiers was, something spoke to me and said, "keep right in the middle of the path." When I come up to the soldiers, they was marchin' just as they was before; kind o' quarterin' on me. Soon as they see'd me the captain said, "right about face! yonder is one—rush him right through!" Then I kept right in the middle of the path, and they come and tried to stab me, but they could n't get their bagonets in that path; they tried all they could, but they could n't cross that path. They seemed to be as mad—Oh dear, how mad; but they could n't hurt me. So then I passed on, untill I come in the sight of a house; and I thought that was the Lord's house. And so when I come to it, seemed as if there was nothing but briars and thorns and brambles and bushes; and it seemed an old house that nobody lived in. And as I passed that house, it seemed as if there was a fence that run from the north and struck the corner of that house. And there was that same devil; I knew him, only he had turned into a dog and lay there. And as I got right square against him, he leaped from that fence and struck right side of the path, with fire that fell from his mouth down to the ground. But I thought he would devour me, and I cried out, "Lord, have marcy on me;" and I dares n't look at him; and I went on and left him settin' there. And I went on till I saw

a great *green*—sich a beautiful green I never see'd in my life no where. It was sot out with all manner of beautiful fruits, and you could see miles and miles, as far as the eye could reach—a beautiful level. Then just before I stepped on it something told me not to eat any of that fruit; the fruit lay all long side of the path—looked beautiful and temptin'. Then after he spoke to me not to eat any of them I did n't want any of them. Then as soon as I stepped on to the green I was taken speechless—could n't speak a word. All I could do was to motion with my hands and make a little noise.

I went on till I got to about the middle of this green, I saw a large new house. I thought that was the Lord's, my master's house. I felt to rejoice. When I came to the house, I went into the door—into the kitchen—sich as we call here the kitchen. There was a man settin' before the fire, as 'peared to me, and I asked him, by motionin' with my hand, where the Lord was. He told me to go in through that door. And I went in. When I went in, the angels seemed over my head—they seemed to be flyin', but did n't go any ahead. And they was singin', and, Oh my soul, such beautiful singin' I never heard in all my life; and their wings was as white as the drippin' snow: and there sot the Lord in his great chair, with his robe on. I knew him; and I could see miles in that room; and they were comin' in there jest as they was into hell. They were comin' from all parts and every way—east, west, north and south. And they come in—and it 'peared as if they sot down upon seats; but yet they wa' n't seats. And they looked as nat'ral as we do here. Feelin' earnest to larn to read, I went right to the Lord and made signs to him to larn me. There was a Bible lay there on the shelf, and he went and took the Bible—and it seemed as if the leaves of the Bible turned over and over *as easy*. He looked and said my name wa' n't there. Then I was taken—I could n't stir hand nor foot. He (the Lord) stood right up before—his wife stood upon one side of him and his darter on the other. And they never said any thing to me: they stood much as a minute look-

ing right at me. I could n't speak—move hand nor foot; but I could hear and I could see. Then the Lord spoke and said, "Darter, go in 'tother room and fetch me out the New Testament." And he took and laid the Testament on his arm, and the leaves flew over one by one—he did n't shuffle 'em, as we do—and he said, "Your name is written in this book." Then he gave the book to his darter, and told her to carry it back; and she did, and come and took her place again—and seemed to stand nearly a minute before me. Then his wife spoke and said, "I can give him something that will make him pray or preach or sing." And she goes into the other room and brings out a cup like one of these communion cups—only far brighter than any cup I ever saw—and there was a spoon in it. And she said, "Open thy mouth and run out thy tongue," and she put only one drop on my tongue, and I cried out, "Glory to God;" and all heaven shouted, and sung sich singin' I never heard; we do n't begin to sing here.—Then the Lord said to me, after they got through singin', "I'm a-goin' up into the pulpit and goin' to preach, and after that you must preach. And when he give the token for 'em to sing, he had small bells round the bottom of his robe, and he would shake his robe and they would sing all over heaven. And they kept comin' in from all directions; and as soon as they come in they would catch the singin', and you could hear 'em sing fur as your eye could see 'em. Sich singin' I never heard; and do n't know as ever I 'spect to till I get to heaven. And then he prayed and then sung again, and then he preached; and while he was preachin' there would be shouting every once in a while all round. Then he shut the bible up after he got through preachin, and opened it again and told me to preach. And then he said, "You do n't know the rules of our singin' here—I will ring my bells;" and they all sung and I prayed: and then he rung his bells and sung again. Then I begun to preach—and I could read and preach—I could read in any part of the bible, and I could

'splain upon it; and I *never* was so happy in all my life—I can't 'spress my feelin's.

Then after I got through preachin' then we come down out of the pulpit. And he took his place before me, and his wife and his darter just the same as they stood at first, and stood a minute, and then he laid one hand on my head and the other on my breast, and said, "Your sins are forgiven—and you must go back and preach my gospel, and tell 'em what I have done for you." Says I, "Lord, I do n't want to go—I want to stay here." And he says, "You must go; and when I come again you may come here." Says he, "I will always be with you." Then I come home. I felt so happy I shouted; I could n't lay a-bed; and I got up and told Mrs. Potter, and she got up and called the folks; and we had a wonderful time. I felt so happy in the mornin' I could n't work that day; and I went round and told the neighbors—and in the evening we had a meetin', and had a wonderful time. Then we had meetin's every night; and the Lord was with us and begun a good work, and many souls was convarted to God.

Then I felt as if it was my duty to be baptized. So I told the brethren I thought it was my duty to be baptized, and I should like to join them, but I could n't keep the Seventh Day. And as I could n't keep the Seventh Day I did n't know where bouts to join. I felt as if I wanted to 'point meetin's but I did n't dare to because I did n't belong to any church. I had full liberty to attend meetin's, and speak, but I did n't dare to 'point meetings of my own. So I thought I would pray the Lord to teach me where to go—what church to join. I began to pray, and one night, in my sleep, a minister come and led me down into the water and baptized me: and I knew that minister, and I thought to my myself, if ever I come across that minister he should baptize me. And then my time was out, and I went to Jewit City. I knew there was a good Baptist minister there, and I thought I would go there and join. I staid there in the month of July, and hired out to mowing, and 'tended the meetin's there. We had glorious times there, I

loved the brethren there, and they thought I ought to be baptized. I told them I was goin' to stay there so short a time I thought I would n't join there. There was a man there down from Killingly said that one Saunders, in Killingly, wanted to hire. So I started when my time was out, and went down to Killingly. When I got there he hired me, and I liked the place very well indeed. In the course of the week I asked him if they had any meetin' round there? And he said, "Oh yes;" said they had a beautiful minister there—one that I should like to hear. That pleased me much, and I thought I would go next Sunday—and they took me into the wagon and carried me up there; and much pleased I was. And the gentleman I worked for went and showed me the *box* for the colored people. I pretty soon found out it was a Presbyterian church. I was so far off from him, and he preached by note, that I could n't understand hardly any thing he said—only once in a while, "Lord Jesus Christ." I thought to myself I wished I had n't come; for the meetin' did n't do me any good. When the meetin' was out we returned home; and they began to tell one another what a beautiful meetin' they had, and by and by they asked me how I liked it. I told them I could n't understand it, for the minister preached by note and I could n't understand that. When a minister preached with spirit I could understand that. Then I asked them if any Baptist minister was near by? They said, "Yes; about three miles off." Then I made up my mind to go to that meetin' next Sunday, if it was five miles off. And the Sabbath come—I did up my chores early in the mornin', and went to the meetin'; and when I went in there was that same minister that I saw in my dream lead me down in the water and baptize me. As I went in and stood in the vestry many pew doors was opened for me to come in and set down. I felt afraid; I did n't know but that they would carry me up and set me down in the box—such as we call "nigger pews" now, as they did to the t'other meetin' house. But I went in and set down, and I felt as if I was to home—for them was my people;

I loved them right away. And the minister he preached in the spirit: and his text was, "God is love." My soul was happy, and I could n't give God the glory enough—I could n't thank him enough that I was there. I could understand him, and had faith to believe that he preached in the spirit.

Then after he got through he gave liberty to any one that felt to speak. The brethren spoke freely, but I being a stranger there, I dares n't take up my cross and speak. I wanted to tell 'em my mind, but I did n't know what to do. Well, the minister said, "There is a colored brother there; may be he would like to speak." By that time I was up on my feet; and then I told them my dream, and laid my 'mands on the Elder to baptize me—and join the church. My soul felt happy, and the brethren rejoiced with me, and were 'ceedin'ly glad to see me. The Church was much pleased, and the minister come down out the pulpit and laid the case before the Church. The Deacon of the Church was willing to hear me, but he wanted to hear my 'sperance; and I rose and begun to tell it, and the minister said there were so many that wanted to hear it he called me forward to stand under the pulpit, and wanted me to talk loud. I felt rather bad at the thought of going up there; but I went, and I believe the Lord helped me, and I told my 'sperance with freedom. They were all perfectly satisfied with my 'sperance and was willing to receive me; the deacon said they had better let it be to the next covenant meetin'—then more of the brethren would be there. Then they closed the meetin' and 'pointed one that evenin'; and I went home with the Elder, and went with him to the meetin'. We had a powerful meetin'—God worked, and there was many weepin' souls—and they continued the meetin' till one o'clock at night. They 'pointed another, another night; and we had a more powerful meetin' than we did before: three souls was convarted and about twenty mourners. They continued the meetin's through the week, and Friday I went home—could n't stay with them any longer.

I was thankful for one thing when I got home. They

had got the news that I was goin' to be baptized next Sunday and jine the Church; for I hated to tell on 't myself. The next Saturday was covenant meetin' day; and I went on Saturday and told my 'sperance 'gain. They was all satisfied with it—and they 'ceived me as a candidate for baptism next Sunday. Then after meetin' I 'turned home, feelin' pretty well in my own mind.

Within this time news got down to Elder Cole's church that I had been baptized and belonged to Elder Northup's church, and had got as bad as ever. And Elder Cole sent word not to receive me. I knew nothing about it, but went up the next day, 'spectin' to be baptized. I felt very happy in my mind, and met some of the candidates—and there was great love and union. And I went into the meetin'. But I had n't sot long before the deacon come and whispered to me and wanted me to go out doors. And I went out; and he said, "We understand, Cato, that you have joined Elder Northup's Church; the news has come from Elder Cole's church, and it wo' n't do for us to take you in. I told him I never joined Elder Northup's church and never offered myself to it. "I was brought up close by him, but I ha' n't never been there since I 'speranced 'ligion—and I guess he do n't know as I have 'speranced 'ligion, 'less some one has sent the news." He said, "Accordin' to what Elder Cole said, you must be the one." Then I told him I knew who he meant—it was Cato Stanton—I see him baptized. Then he went and called the Elder and Clark out. The Elder said he was satisfied to 'ceive me—so was the Clark—but the deacon said he wanted to wait till they could be sure. "Well," says the Elder, "I tell you what I 'll do. I Cato will wait, we 'll write down there and see." So there was a man there that was a-going down to Kingston the next day—and he went to see Elder Northup's brother, deacon of the church, and he sent me up sich a recommendation as I should n't hardly thought. So next baptizin' day, four weeks from that, I was baptized with twelve other happy convarts, and oh, a hap-

py, happy day it was! The church was the "Chesnut Hill" church, town of Killingly, Conn. Elder Cooper was pastor. Then I staid there a season, and I thought I would go down and visit my master and folks down there. They asked me if I did n't want a recommendation. I told 'em no: if I could n't live my 'ligion without a recommendation, I could n't with it. So I went down and begun to have meetings with 'em—and I preached to 'em all through the winter—both nights and Sundays. I had several meetins to my master's house. When it come spring I could n't 'tend meetin's as I had done, but had to hire out to work by the month: I hired out to Elisha R. Potter at Kingston.

Four weeks from the time I hired out, I was to have a meetin' at my master's house on the Sabbath. When I had worked four weeks I asked Elisha R. Potter if he was willin' I should go down to my master's—yet I did n't let him know what I was goin' down for. He did n't give me no answer, not till next mornin'; then he come out to the barn—and says he, "You 're the best hand I ever hired." Says he, "You want to go down to your master's?" I told him "Yes." "Well," says he, "you may go." Then I goes, after he told me yes, and hired a colored man to do my chores if I did n't git back. And he went, and Mr. Potter would not have him, and ordered him off of his place. I did n't know it—but had my meetin' afternoon and evenin' and had a glorious time. Then after meetin' I was notion of goin' home; but my mistress begged of me to stay all night and git up arly in the mornin' and go. So I staid. Arly in the mornin' I started. It was about four miles I had to go—and I got back jest at the risin' of the sun in the mornin', and went right about my chores and did 'em all up nicely. While they was eatin' breakfast I went to cuttin' wood. When Mr. Potter had done his breakfast he come out with his horse-whip in his hand. Says he, "Why wa' n't you here last night to do the chores." I told him I hired some body. He said he would n't have him on his place. He said he hired me. He said he understood I went away to preach. Says

he, "I wo' n't have no nigger preachers—I 'll horse-whip you;" and he swore. Says I, "Do n't strike me, Mr. Potter: 't was n't but a little while ago you was sick and 'spected to die—I should n't think you would strike." Well he said they had a good minister there, and they would n't have no nigger preachers, and said he would put me where he could find me. So he went and got the officer—the jailer—and put me into jail. It happened to be in Court time, and it 'larmed the people and they wanted to know what I was put in' prison for. I told 'em for preachin'. I staid in there two nights and part of two days. I could say with in myself, "Thank God that I was n't put in for nothin' but preachin'"—and I was willin' to lay my bones there—and I could give God the glory. And I had another comfortable thought—that Elisha Potter had n't got all the power—but God had the power in heaven and earth. And I could pray and could sing there, and felt as happy as if I was in meetin'. Well, sheriff Allen and a number of the great men come in to visit them that was in prison, and asked me what I was put in for. I told 'em for preachin'—but yet I could n't help weepin'. He said, "You wo' n't stay here but a few minutes—he has done perfectly wrong—we will have you out in a few minutes." Then they give me some money and went out and told Elisha Potter they would give so long to take me out in—they was goin' to prosecute him if he did n't. About half an hour after that, I could see Elisha Potter through the grate, comin' up the back side and in the back way, and got the jailer to talk with me while he stood down to the bottom of the stairs. And the jailer took me in another room and told me that Mr. Potter said I might go every Saturday night and stay till Monday mornin' and have meetins where I was a mind to. I told the jailer I had nothin' to do with Elisha Potter. "If he has put me in here, amen—if I have got to stay here and die, amen to it: I have nothin' to do with him about it. I never have stole nor cheated nor done any thing wrong to him." Says I, "I want you to put me back into my room—I don't want to talk any more about

it." I said I had n't nothin' 'gainst Elisha Potter: I loved him as well as ever. At that Elisha Potter come up stairs and said I had better go to work—he liked me well, and I might go to meetin' when I was a mind to. I told him I did n't calculate to work for him any more. Then he told me to go and git my things, and I come out. And I went in singin', and come out singin' and praisin' God. When I stepped out into the street, my soul was happy. 'Mediatly I was surrounded by many friends and brethren. I went singin' through the streets, and felt to give God the glory that I wa' n't put in for any thing but preachin'. The next Sabbath evenin' I had a meetin', and had a glorious time.

Many things I should like to state, which have taken place from that time to this; but I have room to say but little more.

In the fall after I was put in prison I went to Newport; there God blessed me, and many souls was converted to God. I staid there two months. Then I went on to Block Island. I believe God sent me there. I had n't been ashore more than an hour before I had a meetin' 'pointed. I continued meetings every night and Sabbath. I felt that God would begin a good work. I felt the power and spirit and love of God in my soul. But my brethen bein' cold and dark in their minds but very few spoke. I prayed to God to show me my duty. Then I turned my meetin's into 'quirin' meetin's. It wa' n't long before the brethren got waked up and engaged in the cause. Backsliders began to return home to God. Then I begun to thank God and give him all the praise. It seemed as if the good work of the Lord increased and many souls was converted. I continued praying that God might carry on his work.

One evenin', before we 'tired to bed there was three or four of us kneeled down and prayed that God would give us an evidence that his work would go on. When I laid down, whether I was asleep or not I do n't know, but seemed as if a man come to me and told me that Dea. Thomas Cole, wanted me to come down and help him carry some corn in a boat down to the mill. It seemed

to me as if a river run right through the island, and this boat that carried the corn was in it. As I was runnin' down where the deacon was, I met a man and he asked me where I was a-goin'. I told him I was goin' down to help the deacon carry his corn to the mill. Says he, "You sha' n't go." "Yes," says I, "I will go. The deacon is a very clever man, and I make my home there, and I mean to help him." "Well," he said, "if you do go, you 'll be sorry." "Well," I told him, "I do n't care any thing about that; I mean to go and help him." So I went right down and got a-board with the deacon, and we sailed right down—did n't row a bit. The river run right side of a woods—and in them woods I see a great ship. Says I, "Oh Deacon! what ship is that in them woods?" The deacon said he did n't know: and says he, "I intend to go and see what ship it is." When we got to her she wa' n't launched. The deacon said, "We 'll go aboard of her and see what they are doing of." As quick as ever we got aboard the Capt. sung out, "Deacon, where 's that corn?" "In the boat," says the deacon. "Bring it aboard," says the Capt., "for we are all but starved to death!" So the deacon went and brought some; and they put it on to the table, and immediately it seemed as if it become meat, potatoes, bread, and every thing good—and oh how they eat!

Then the Captain said, "Yoke up the oxen and put 'em on the cart, and take part of the hands over t' other side of the river; we can't launch the ship with all on board." Then they yoked up the oxen and took a great many of them aboard of that cart. Then I thought how in the world will they ever get over the river—seemed to me as if the oxen would drown. Then I saw them drive right down the bank, and it seemed as if they went right under the water—dry ground on which they went—seemed just like an arch; I could see way under ever so far; and by and by I saw them come out the other side.

Then they launched they ship—hoisted all sail, and weared round and come up long side, and took them

all on board. Then she bore away and come up this river—it run clear through the island—and was just wide enough for the ship to run along; and the people of Block Island stood along this river, and could step aboard if they would. Then the Captain sung out, “Get aboard—get aboard, all that want to; he that dont’t get aboard now never will.

I saw a great many get aboard, but yet there was some that would not. This ship went across the island right over the sound on the main land; and she went on the land just as she did in the water. She struck on to Wakefield, in South Kingston; from there to Hopkinton City.

After this, I had great faith that God’s work would go on. I told my dream to the brethren, and it had a powerful effect. God’s work did go on in a most wonderful manner; and there wa’ n’t many souls on the Isl- and but what was converted. So there was reformations at Wakefield and Hopkington city, where I see the ship strike. I had to leave the Island, but the work of God went on.

The Dea. Cole I have just mentioded is Dea. Thomas Cole, of Cranston. I have made it my home with him many years. He and his wife have been very kind to me.

Many other things I want to say, but now I must stop—hopin’ God will bless what I have here said to all who may read it. I feel that I’m on my way home and shall soon git there.

HYMN.



BONDAGE.

HARK! and hear the captive pleading,
Listen to his plaintive cry,
Look, and see the tears a-falling—
“Must I in my bondage die?
When I stood in my own country,
With my children by my side,
Cruel white men came upon me,
Dragged me o’er the deep so wide.

Of I think of my sweet children,
And my dear companion too:
I no more on earth can see them—
I must bid them all adieu:

I will try to live so faithful
To that God that rules on high,
That I may obtain his favor,
And with him shall reign on high.

I must wait until that moment,
When the trump of God shall sound,
And the nations will be gathered,
There to hear their awful doom;
There I'll meet my dear companion,
That I bid a long adieu;
There I'll meet my smiling children,
And my blessed Savior too.

Then let cares like a wild deluge,
Roll upon this mortal frame;
Death shall soon break off my fetters,
Then I'll drop the tyrant's chain;
Soon I'll pass from grace to glory,
Soon I'll shout my sufferings o'er,
There, where all the groans of sorrow
Never can be heard no more.