

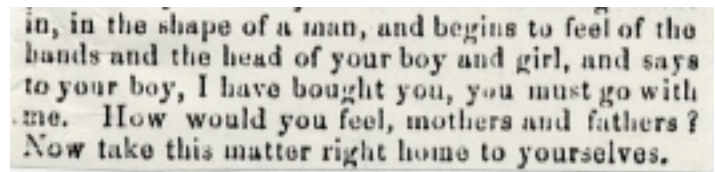
AT a recent Free Will Baptist meeting held in Providence, the Rev. Edward Scott, a negro minister, was called on to speak. He said—I was thinking, while Brother Dunn was speaking, of Christianity among slaveholders. Now, I am a kind of President of the Underground Railroad, and once helped to get one of Henry Clay's slaves away. He used to drive old Henry round. A few years before he ran away, he said his master thought he experienced religion. But all he could say was, whereas I was once blind, now I see. And yet, said the runaway, he sold my son. Good Christian still. I tell you, Mr. President, I believe but little in the religion of the South. My old mistress was one of the greatest Christians you ever saw. Why, she was brimful of religion. I want to tell you just how she used to serve me. She used to tie me to the bed-post and whip me. I remember one time, just as she was doing it, the minister came in. And O you ought to have seen the long face she put on as she said, they are so bad, I am obliged to correct them. And so the minister prayed. And heaven knows I was all the time praying that the devil would take both woman and minister. I have known much of religion in the South. In many places, where the blacks are to be preached to, the smallest boy can tell what the text is to be. They have got it by heart—'*servants, be obedient to your masters.*' So time-serving are Southern ministers. And many at the North are not two cents better. Mr President, you all know that I am a fugitive. And knowing what I know of slavery, and feeling

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what I have felt of it, if called upon to go back to it, I would say, give me liberty or give me death. This is the doctrine preached down there in Pond Street [his church is on that street.] Ministers preach against fighting. That is very well. But in the name of God[,] how can fugitives join the Peace Society, with Judge Taney at their back! White folks' religion wont do for black folks anyhow. The devil is at our heels every day in the shape of slaveholders. Mr President, a few weeks ago I sat in that great gathering in this city of all the great ministers in the country. I watched their prayers, and heard not one of them pray for the sin of our nation. I looked at them, and was so wicked—I confess it to you, but I would not to one of those creatures—that I said in my heart, O you pale-faced hypocrites! They had agreed to keep still, and did. Send missionaries to the heathen, and shed great crocodile tears as big as your fist! [Let the reader bear in mind that Brother Scott is a fugitive.] In the name of God, how is it that God calls so many to preach to the heathen, and none to the South! This is a puzzler to me. I should think somebody would be called to take their lives in their hands and preach to the heathen of the South. To-day while standing here as a representative of three millions of my brethren, I feel grateful as a man and as a Christian that my lot was ever cast among Free Will Baptists And now all I want is that you should take this subject right home to yourselves. Go with me for a moment into the South. You are sitting with your family around your fireside A being walks

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