

I wish to call your attention to some important truths which lie at the foundation of our highest and fondest hopes. They are of so much interest, that should I pass them by, I should be false to my trust, and recreant to the principles which I profess. Beware of the baneful and hell-born doctrines which are cunningly scattered among you, and that, too, with an industry worthy of a better cause. I speak plainly and pointedly, because the poison which I am about to analyze emanates from a high, and a respectable source, so far as talents and influence are concerned. Mr. Frederick Douglass tells us, that we have no country. Believe it not. The assertion is empty declamation.—There is no man who has not a home and a country. America is our country, and here we will live and die. No people ever became free and independent who had no national spirit. The slaveholder affirms that we have no country in this hemisphere, and Mr. Douglass says amen. Both are wrong. The land where our fathers toiled, groaned, bled, and died—whereon our feet first pressed—whereon our eyes first gazed—wherein the ashes of our dearest and best friends are laid, that is our country, and mark the man who would teach you otherwise. This same gentleman speaks lightly, and contemptuously of your religious connexions, and your religious hope. He would tear down the hypocritical frame work, of an unfaithful church, which is well so far as the act is to be taken into the account, but we have the clearest reason to question the motive. He tears down, but he offers not to

I wish to call your attention to some important truths which lie at the foundation of our highest and fondest hopes. They are of so much interest, that should I pass them by, I should be false to my trust, and recreant to the principles which I profess. Beware of the baneful and hell-born doctrines which are cunningly scattered among you, and that, too, with an industry worthy of a better cause. I speak plainly and pointedly, because the poison which I am about to analyze emanates from a high, and a respectable source, so far as talents and influence are concerned. Mr. Frederick Douglass tells us, that we have no country. Believe it not. The assertion is empty declamation.—There is no man who has not a home and a country. America is our country, and here we will live and die. No people ever became free and independent who had no national spirit. The slaveholder affirms that we have no country in this hemisphere, and Mr. Douglass says amen. Both are wrong. The land where our fathers toiled, groaned, bled, and died—whereon our feet first pressed—whereon our eyes first gazed—wherein the ashes of our dearest and best friends are laid, that is our country, and mark the man who would teach you otherwise. This same gentleman speaks lightly, and contemptuously of your religious connexions, and your religious hope. He would tear down the hypocritical frame work, of an unfaithful church, which is well so far as the act is to be taken into the account, but we have the clearest reason to question the motive. He tears down, but he offers not to

build a better—he builds not again. Trust not yourselves in the hands of those, who would even destroy your old leaky boat, and would not only neglect to give you another, but would leave you to the mercies of a stormy ocean. He was once a preacher in the respectable connexion of the Methodist Church, composed principally of colored people, but he deserted them, and now derides and ridicules them. Being matchless in mimicry, and unrivalled in buffoonery, he amuses scoffers and infidels, by imitating their religious exercises.— Having once gathered the leaves of the Bible from the gutters of Baltimore, that he might learn God's word from them, he now declares that that same book would make the slave wretched while in slavery. Once he pressed that sacred volume to his bosom, and owned it as his chart of life, but now [he] denies its inspiration.

In looking at this chapter of his life, I am at a loss whether to be the more grieved and astonished at his hypocrisy or to rejoice with the Methodists for the escape which they have made from the scourge and curse of his association. Like myself—he was born a slave.— He knows what the slave suffers—he has felt the lash—he knows the length, and breadth, of the licentiousness of the slave system—he thinks it God's service to use a man's arm for the defence of his own rights, and yet he tells you to bow down to the unreasonable and unnatural dogmas of non-resistance. He tells you it is wrong to smite the incarnate devil that

build a better—he builds not again. Trust not yourselves in the hands of those, who would even destroy your old leaky boat, and would not only neglect to give you another, but would leave you to the mercies of a stormy ocean. He was once a preacher in the respectable connexion of the Methodist Church, composed principally of colored people, but he deserted them, and now derides and ridicules them. Being matchless in mimicry, and unrivalled in buffoonery, he amuses scoffers and infidels, by imitating their religious exercises.— Having once gathered the leaves of the Bible from the gutters of Baltimore, that he might learn God's word from them, he now declares that that same book would make the slave wretched while in slavery. Once he pressed that sacred volume to his bosom, and owned it as his chart of life, but now [he] denies its inspiration.

In looking at this chapter of his life, I am at a loss whether to be the more grieved and astonished at his hypocrisy, or to rejoice with the Methodists for the escape which they have made from the scourge and curse of his association. Like myself—he was born a slave.— He knows what the slave suffers—he has felt the lash—he knows the length, and breadth, of the licentiousness of the slave system—he thinks it God's service to use a man's arm for

the defence of his own rights, and yet he tells you to bow down to the unreasonable and unnatural dogmas of non-resistance. He tells you it is wrong to smite the incarnate devil that



would, by violence, dishonor your daughter, and that would cover your hymenial altar with disgrace and infamy. And this is the man that would instruct a people who are already dispirited, and whose greatest fault is that they have lost the spirit of their fathers. In such a man's veins, there runs no blood—no! not even clear water. Whoever the colored fugitive may be that advocates such trash, he is either a coward, a hypocrite, a fool, or a knave. Unfaithful in the one great trust which his God has committed to his keeping, (I mean his eternal rights) he is not to be trusted in the least—for whenever pressed by the hunger of fame, he would sell a thousand birth-rights for a mess of pottage.

He affects to have no confidence in political action, he regards the political measures of Gerrit Smith, as visionary and utopian, and calls the Constitution of the United States “a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell,” and then encouraged men to vote for Martin Van Buren. He is as unstable as Reuben—as doubtful in principles as the colors of the chameleon, and as changeable as the weathercock.

One more allusion, and I am done with this part of my work. Mr. CHARLES LENOX REMOND, a friend and pupil of Mr. Douglass, has unfortunately imbibed many of the dangerous, and insidious views of his more competent master. He plays a miserable Catesby to Mr. Douglass' Richard. This gentleman has often said that he would rather take his gun and dog,

would, by violence, dishonor your daughter and that would cover your hymenial altar with disgrace and infamy. And this is the man that would instruct a people who are already dispirited, and whose greatest fault is that they have lost the spirit of their fathers. In such a man's veins, there runs no blood—no! not even clear water. Whoever the colored fugitive may be that advocates such trash, he is either a coward, a hypocrite, a fool, or a knave. Unfaithful in the one great trust which his God has committed to his keeping, (I mean his eternal rights) he is not to be trusted in the least—for whenever pressed by the hunger of fame, he would sell a thousand birth-rights for a mess of pottage.

He affects to have no confidence in political action, he regards the political measures of Gerrit Smith, as visionary and utopian, and calls the Constitution of the United States “a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell,” and then encouraged men to vote for Martin Van Buren. He is as unstable as Reuben—as doubtful in principles as the colors of the chameleon, and as changeable as the weathercock.

One more allusion, and I am done with this part of my work. Mr. CHARLES LENOX REMOND, a friend and pupil of Mr. Douglass, has unfortunately imbibed many of the dangerous, and insidious views of his more competent master. He plays a miserable Catesby to Mr. Douglass' Richard. This gentleman has often said that he would rather take his gun and dog,

and spend the Sabbath on a hunting excursion, than to go into the pro-slavery churches on that day. Alas! could he think of no other substitute for even a pro-slavery church. I am informed that he acts according to his declarations. He can also prate about Temperance, and yet, to my knowledge, drain the wine cup. After inculcating from our pulpits the precepts of frugality, wisdom and piety, he frequently descends from the consecrated desk and repairs to the Ball chamber, and there plays Lord Chesterfield till the break of day. Beware of such teachers. Let the world know that you do not follow them. Suffer not yourselves to be misrepresented by them. Their sentiments are not entertained by one in fifty of our people. Tear off the mask, lest through their egotism, and bold blasphemy, the whole people suffer detriment. Such leaders will do but little for the elevation of their people. When you[r] sceptical, fame-seeking, and sporting men, reform this or any other nation, then may we expect to see the English fleet sunk by an army of frogs, and the millenium brought about by the tinkling of cymbals, and the sounding of brass.

One of the gentlemen above named has denounced me before the American and the British public, in his paper, of a recent date, because I have uttered such sentiments as you have just heard, *in his presence*, AYE, IN HIS PRESENCE. I tell you beware of such teachers, for they would lead you astray. Their sentiments are unworthy of men.

and spend the Sabbath on a hunting excursion, than to go into the pro-slavery churches on that day. Alas! could he think of no other substitute for even a pro-slavery church. I am informed that he acts according to his declarations. He can also prate about Temperance, and yet, to my knowledge, drain the wine cup. After inculcating from our pulpits the precepts of frugality, wisdom and piety, he frequently descends from the consecrated desk and repairs to the Ball chamber, and there plays Lord Chesterfield till the break of day. Beware of such teachers. Let the world know that you do not follow them. Suffer not yourselves to be misrepresented by them. Their sentiments are not entertained by one in fifty of our people. Tear off the mask, lest through their egotism, and bold blasphemy, the whole people suffer detriment. Such leaders will do but little for the elevation of their people. When your sceptical, fame-seeking, and sporting men, reform this or any other nation, then may we expect to see the English fleet sunk by an army of frogs, and the millenium brought about by the tinkling of cymbals, and the sounding of brass.

One of the gentlemen above named has denounced me before the American and the British public, in his paper, of a recent date, because I have uttered such sentiments as you have just heard, *in his presence*, AYE, IN HIS PRESENCE. I tell you beware of such teachers, for they would lead you astray. Their sentiments are unworthy of men.