The sin of holding slaves is not only against one nation, but against the whole world, because we are here to do one another good, in treating each other well; and this is to be done by having right ideas of God and his religion. But this privilege is denied to three millions and a half of the people of this our own “free” land. The slaveholders say we have not a true knowledge of religion; but the great Teacher said, when he came on his mission, “The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted; to preach deliverance to the captive, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised, and to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.” This ought to be the work of the ministers and the churches. Anything short of this is not the true religion of Jesus.

This is the great command of the New Testament—“Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.” “Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you,” is the golden rule for all men to follow. By this rule shall all men be judged. We have got to hear, “Come, ye blessed; depart, ye cursed!” These are my convictions, and my belief of the religion of Jesus, the wonderful Counselor of the children of the created Adam, our great progenitor.

This I respectfully submit to my readers, and earnestly beg of them to renew their interest in the anti-slavery cause, never turning a deaf ear to the pleadings of the poor slave, or to those who speak, however feebly, for him. The anti-slavery cause is the cause of HUMANITY, the cause of RELIGION, the cause of GOD!
stretched out so as to keep their skin tight for the lash, and thus lie until they receive as much as they choose to put on; if they move, they must receive so many lashes extra. When the slaveholder expects to give his slave five hundred lashes, he gives him about half at a time; then washes him down with salt and water, and then gives him the remainder of what he is to have. At such times, the slave-owner has his different liquors to drink, while he is engaged in draining the blood of the slave. So he continues to drink his rum and whip his victim. When he does not flog his victims on the ground, they are tied by their hands, and swung up to a great tree, just so the end of their toes may touch the ground. In this way, they receive what number of lashes they are destined to. The master has straw brought, that the blood may not touch his shoes. Ah, reader! This is true, every word of it:—the poor slave is whipped till the blood runs down to the earth, and then he must work all the day, cold or hot, from week’s end to week’s end. There are hundreds of slaves that have not the same skin they were born with.

—Overseers.

THE first overseer I served under was Henry Hallingwork, a cruel and a bad man. He often whipped my mother and the children, and worked the slaves almost day and night, in all weather. The men had no comfort with their wives, for any of the latter who pleased him, he would take from their husbands, and use himself. If any refused his lewd embraces, he treated them with the utmost barbarity. At night, he watched their huts, to find out if the slaves said anything against him, or had any food except what he had allowed them; and if he discovered anything he disliked, they were severely whipped. He continued this conduct for about three years, when Mr. Edloe discovered it, and discharged him.
This public whipping in the jail was not altogether like a circus or a picnic—the more times you went to it the more you wanted to go. But the opposite was true: the strongest and stoutest, after they had embraced the whipping-post, and received what was for them, rarely cared to visit that place again. A colored woman with her child in her arms was on the streets without a pass; it is said that Mr. Mayo slapped the child’s face and sent the woman to the whipping-post, thereby, verifying his statement, that he had a whipping for every “negger in town.”

There was a time when Nero no longer sat on the throne with undisputed sway; his sceptre of power had departed. So with Mr. Mayo when I first saw him in Richmond. His fine residence, where the silver had been buried in the garden—but not so deep that the Yankees could not find it—was occupied by General Roberts, and Mr. E. D. Bean, of the New Hampshire second Regiment. As I beheld him, he excited my sympathy and pity; and I was reminded of the words of the sacred poet: “O Lucifer, thou Son of the morning, how hast thou fallen.” Yes, and fallen never to rise again. The old man died and was buried. But the colored people looked on his grave without a tear, and though there was no epitaph written on his tombstone, they could easily supply it by saying:

“Here lies ‘old Joe Mayo’ in his grave dead,
Often he whipped us till we bled.
He will send us no more to the whipping-post,
For he has gone to join the silent host.
To the judgment seat he must come
To give account for the deeds he has done.”
I have just finished reading your valuable book, “From the Slave Cabin to the Pulpit,” and after recalling some of the principal anti-slavery works and the great good that resulted from them when our country was a vast slave-pen, I cannot refrain from thinking that the Great Father of us all has selected you, as he did men in other days, to be an instrument for his use in arousing the people of this guilty nation to a sense of the duty they owe to the colored people in the South. I thank you for the vindication of the race, in the very fact that you could and have sent to the world such evidence as your book contains, of the capacity of a member of our race, born in slavery and held in such until he was over twenty-seven years of age. I wish that your book could be read by every man and woman in the land.

Edwin G. Walker.

From the Boston Evening Transcript

From Slave Cabin to Pulpit.

“From Slave Cabin to Pulpit” is the title which Mr. Randolph gives to his autobiography, in which he outlines his early life under a bitter oppression, and recalls later days when his freedom had been obtained and he was working for the freedom of his race. The chapters dealing with a phase that is past are profoundly interesting, revealing all the horrors of slavery: those that touch on the race question now demanding the attention of every citizen of the United States, are written with a keen perception of the complications the situation offers, and are wisely suggestive in tone. Mr. Randolph has been intimate with many noted Bostonians in the past, and counts in his list of friends the names of prominent men of today.