

Mrs. Elizabeth Alexander

DAVIES CO.

By Cecelia Laswell

The following is a very old Negro sermon I found in an old scrapbook dated 1839, belonging to Mrs. Elizabeth Alexander, Frederica St. She says she has heard her family refer to parts of it at different times in her early life and supposed that the negro preacher belonged to her people.

“My dear friend: If there’s one thing that the Lord abominates worse than any other; it is a wicked nigger! A wicked white man’s bad enough, the Lord knows! But they so dam white, an so kussed sarcy, they don’t know any better, so there’s some apology for them; but I begin you for you know as to how a wicked nigger can never escape from the vengeance of the Lord day’s - no use playing possum any more than there was of Jonah coorin it into the whale’s belly!
(Glory from the congregation)

Let him go to the North Pole, or to the South Pole, to the West Pole, or to the East Pole, or the Poles in any of the words; he ain’t a bit safer than he would be in a cellar at 5 pints, with ole Hays after him! (groans)

Oh! niggers! I think I see you looking around. You’d better! For what I tell you is the truth! God Almighty’s truth! Verily, I say unto you! When the court’s in session and the last day comes, you’ll recollect what I say at this time! When you have the Lord for Recorder, and a jury of angels and Gabriel to report the trial for the heavenly "Herald" (deep groans)

Yas! Then you’ll turn up the white of your eyes! (Sighs) Then you’ll call for the rock to cover you! And the hill to fall on top of you. No, you don’t. Because, in the first place they wouldn’t do it; and in the second place, if they would, it would be no better than riding in a cart in the big city or getting under the butcher’s stall in the fly market; for the Lord can move more mountains in one minute, than the biggest nigger in this congregation could shake a stick at twixt now and next forth of July! (clapping of hands, sighs, groans, and grunts)

Think, you black sinners, of the bottomless pit, deeper than the hole Holt bored for water. Oh! you’ll wish you could bore for water there! But there’s no water there, and the deeper you go, Oh, my brethren, the deeper it gets! And then the smell! You’d give your soul if you had any left, just for one smell of a rotten egg! Oh, my dear friends, some of you hold your nose when you go

by the gas works. How do you suppose you'll feel where you smell nothing but brimstone and gnashing of teeth! (deep groans)

Oh, I hear your groans, but I ain't begin to come to the worst yet. Oh! my toenails almost shake off in my stocking when I think of that heat of inferno region! Then you'll think melted lead is as cold as the young gentlemen at the big houses think a mint julep is now, and besides my brethren, it keeps a burning night and day to the end of everlasting; you needn't think by and by you go from thereto heaven like the Roman Catholic—No, in the first place you don't; and in the second if you could, you'd get your death of cold going from one place to the other.

And now, my beloved brethren, let's investigate how to get bail; how to avoid the Sing Sing of the world that's got to come. Fiddling and dancing won't do it. You'll never get to Heaven by loafing, pitching cents, and dancing Juba! The only way is to support the preacher, give your money to me, and I'll take your sins on my shoulder. And now I beseech you not to leave this here holy place and go around the corner, around the corner and forget the words you have heard this night. Next Wednesday evening there will be a service in this place the Lord willing, but next Thursday evening weather or no. And now we will sing the 40-olebent hymn the particlarest meter.

Old Abel he was the second man for Adam was the first
A black man's made of ebony, a white man's made of dust.

Methuselah was the oldest man, but Sampson was the strongest
Cats, rats, and puppies all have tails, but monkeys are the longest.”

(While they were singing the 11th verse, I took my departure.—B.L.)