This is a work which will be gladly welcomed by the friends of freedom. As a writer, Frederick Douglass has few equals. Bold, vigorous, truthful, eloquent, he pictures with startling intensity the curse of slavery. And, if any more evidence were needed to show the damning character of this ‘institution,’ the very fact that it has held in chains a man of his intellect, is enough.

In the face of this, how can one die? For man may die, but it may be—yet facts, nevertheless—which this book gives, press home with fearful power. Here is no fiction, but ‘names and places are literally given,’ and ‘every transaction described actually transpired.’

This is one great reason why the book will prove a strong lever against slavery. Facts are what we want in battling against a giant wrong. They carry a convincing weight which cannot be overthrown.

The introduction is written by James McCune Smith. We quote from that:

* * * Like the autobiography of Hugh Miller, it carries us so far back into early childhood, as to throw light upon the question, ‘when possible, what can be done for the white man’s soul.’ And, like Hugh Miller, he must have been a shy, old-fashioned child, occasionally oppressed by what he could not well account for, pondering and pining about among the layers of the mind, and finding there the barest possible hints of the wonderfulness of that hopeless tide of things which brought power to one race, and unrequited toil to another, until, finally, he stumbled upon the daguerreotype and became a fireman.

In the depths of his own nature, which revealed to him the fact that liberty and right, for all men, were anterior to slavery and wrong. When his knowledge of the world was bounded by the narrowest limits, he pressed on, eternally in the wrong, while every thing around bore a fixed, iron stamp, as if it had always been so, this was for one so young, a notable dis-covery.

In this second momentous, hidden, we must add a keen and accurate insight into men and things; an original breadth of common sense which enabled him to see, and weigh, and compare whatever passed before him, and which tended to a desire to get to the bottom of things not so potently, but which never succumb to the marvelous nor the supernatural; a sacred thirst for liberty and for learning, first as a means of attaining liberty, then as an end in itself—no an effort to learn, to be, to do; a determination to obtain what his soul pronounced desirable; a majestic self-hood; determined courage; a deep and agonizing sympathy with his fellow man; an extraordinary depth of passion, together with that rare balance between passion and intellect which enables the former, when deeply roused, to excite, develop and sustain the latter.

* * * It is not without a feeling of pride, dear reader, that I present you with this book. The son of a self-emancipated bond-woman, I feel joy in introducing to you my brother, who has rent his chains, and is now, like the publican, as a husband, and as a father—such as does honor to the land which gave him birth. I shall place this book in the hands of the only child spared me, bidding him strive and emulate the heroism and fortitude of my beloved American book, for Americans, in the fullest sense of the idea. It shows that the worst of institutions, in its worst aspect, cannot keep down the energy, truthfulness, and courage of a struggle, and the primacy of immediacy of emancipation. It shows that any man in our land, ‘no matter in what battle his liberty may have been cloven down, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him,’ not only may ‘stand forth redeemed and desirous, but may also stand up a candidate for the highest office, of the shades of a great people—the tribute of their hon-