

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.—The "facts—facts, terrible and almost incredible, 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 overturned.

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 positive and persistent memory begins in the human being." And, like Hugh Miller, he must have been a shy, old-fashioned child, occasionally oppressed by what he could not well account for, peering and poking about among the layers of right and wrong, of tyrant and thrall, and the wonderfulness of that hopeless tide of things which brought power to one race, and unrequited toil to another, until, finally, he stumbled upon his "first-found Ammonite," hidden away down in the depths of his own nature, and 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 visible horizon on Col. Lloyd's plantation, and while every thing around him bore a fixed, iron stamp, as if it had always been so, this was, for one so young, a notable discovery.

"To his uncommon memory, then, 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 kindled a desire to search out and define their relations to other things not so potent, 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 most desirable; a will; an unflinching energy and determination to obtain what his soul pronounced desirable; a majestic selfhood; determined courage; a deep and agonizing sympathy with his imbruted, crushed and bleeding fellow slaves, and an extraordinary depth of passion, together with that rare alliance between passion and intellect, which enables the former, when deeply roused, to excite, develop and sustain the latter.

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"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 own bonds, and who in his every relation—as a public man, as a husband, and as a father—is 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 its noble example. You may do likewise. It is an 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 earnest struggle for the right. It proves the justice and practicability of immediate emancipation. It shows that any man in our land, "no matter in what battle his liberty may have been cloven down, \* \* \* \* \* no matter what complexion an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him," not only may "stand forth redeemed and disenthralled," but may also stand up a candidate for the highest suffrage of a great people—the tribute of their honest, hearty admiration. Reader, *Vale!*