

white brethren have. By these means we can sooner become useful citizens in this great republic of freedom. Only a few generations ago our forefathers were rude barbarians in the African wilds, and surely it is much to our credit that we are so ready to adopt the usages of civilized life, not only ready but anxious to learn anything and everything that will help us to be useful members of the community and good citizens of the nation. As yet let it be remembered we are not freemen but freedmen. We are but emancipated slaves, the law struck off our shackles and left us where we stood crippled and poor, with shoulders so long bent to bear a master's burden that we could not stand erect when it was removed. I am only one sufferer, unfit for hard work and obliged to travel while I can, that kind hearts and ready hands among our white brethren may keep me from the poor house when too infirm to help myself. Each one of these little books that I can sell is a small contribution to me that the buyer will not feel, and it is not too much to hope that he who reads it will not have spent his time in vain. I thought it would add some interest and value to the book if a few selected poems on slavery were added to my story, and accordingly the reader will find them and, I hope, to his liking. So I have come to the end of my narrative. With many thanks to the kind Providence that has moved my fellow creatures to aid me, and the wish and hope that the same hand will guide me safely to the end of this long and painful earthly pilgrimage.