

After I parted from my family, I continued to toil on, but not as I had done before. My home was darker than the holds of ships in which I worked. Its light, the bright, joyous light of love and sympathy and mutual endearments, was quenched. Ah me, how dark it left my poor heart. It was colder than the winter wind and frost; the warm sunshine was snatched away, and my poor heart froze in its bitter cold. Its gloom was deeper than prison or cave could make it. Was not there the *deserted* chairs and beds, once occupied by the objects of a husband's and a father's love? Deserted! How, and why? The answer, is it not the unqualified condemnation of the government and religion of this land? I could not go into my cold, dark, cheerless house; the sight of its deserted room was despair to my soul. So I worked on, taking jobs whenever I could get them, and working often till nearly morning, and never going to my home for rest till I could toil no more. And so I passed four years, and I began to feel that I could not live in utter loneliness any longer. My heart was still and always yearning for affection and sympathy and loving communion. My wife was torn from me. I had ceased to hope for another meeting with her in this world of oppression and suffering; so I sat down and wrote to Lucilla, that I could live alone no longer, and saying to her the sad farewell, which we could not say when we were sundered. I asked Mary R. Moore to come and cheer me in my desolate home. She became my wife, and, thank God, *she* has been rescued from slavery by the blessing of God and my efforts to save her. She is now my wife, and she is with me to-day, and till death parts us, secure from the iron hand of slavery. Three of our dear children are with us, too, in the old Commonwealth. I cannot say they are in a *free* land; for, even here, in the city of Boston, where, I am told, is kept the old cradle of liberty, *my* precious children are excluded from the public schools, because their skin is black. Still, Boston is better than Wilmington, inasmuch as the rulers of this place permit me to send my children to any school at all. After