

## LEWIS CLARKE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

This is a remarkable book—relating with great clearness the experience of a white slave. The title of the book is itself a lecture.

"NARRATIVE of the sufferings of LEWIS CLARKE, during a captivity of more than twenty-five years among the Algerines of Kentucky, one of the so called Christian States of North America. Dictated by himself."

The book is out. For sale at this office. Price 25 cents single, \$20 per 100. Read a small specimen :

Since coming to the free States, I have been struck with great surprise at the quiet and peaceable manner in which families live. I had no conception that women could live without quarrelling, till I came into the free States. After I had been in Ohio a short time, and had not seen nor heard any scolding or quarrelling in the families where I was, I did not know how to account for it. I told Milton, one day, what a faculty these women have of keeping all their bad feelings to themselves. I have not seen them quarrel with their husbands, nor with the girls, or children, since I have been here. "O," said Milton, "these women are not like our women in Kentucky; they don't fight at all." I told him I doubted that; I guess they do it somewhere—in the kitchen, or down cellar. "It can't be," said I, "that a woman can live, and not scold or quarrel." Milton laughed, and told me to watch them, and see if I could catch them at it. I have kept my eyes and ears open from that day to this, and I have not found the place where the women get mad and rave like they do in Kentucky yet. If they do it here, they are uncommon sly; but I have about concluded that they are altogether different here from what they are in the slave States. I reckon slavery must work upon their minds and dispositions, and make them ugly. It has been a matter of great wonder to me also, to see all the children, rich and poor, going to school. Every few miles I see a school-house here, I did not know what it meant when I saw these houses, when I first came to Ohio. In Kentucky, if you should feed your horse only when you come to a school-house, he would starve to death. I never had heard a church bell only at Lexington, in my life. When I saw steeples and meeting houses so thick, it seemed like I had got into another world.