

SOJOURNER TRUTH.

Her Story as Told by Herself.

At the emancipation celebration in Boston on the 1st, the well-known negress, Sojourner Truth, was among the speakers, and her remarks are thus reported by the Boston Post:

Well, chilem, I'm glad to see so many together. Ef I am 83 years old, I only count my age from de time dat I was 'manicipated. Then I 'gun to live. God is a fulfillin', an' my lost time dat I lost bein' a slave was made up. W'en I was a slave I hated de white pepul. My mother said to me when I was to be sole from her, 'I want to tole ye dese tings dat you will allers know dat I have tole you, for dar will be a great many tings tole you after I sta' out ob dis life inter de world to come.' An' I say dis to you all, for here is a great many pepul, dat when I step out ob dis ex-laince, dat you will know what you heerd ole So-journ' Trute tell you. I was boum' a slave in de State of Noo Yo'k, Ulster County, 'mong de low Dutch. When I was ten years old, I couldn't speak a word of English, an' hab no eddicatin' at all. Dere's wonder what dey has done fur me. As I tole you w'en I was sole, my master died, an' we was goin' to hab a auction. We was all brought up to be sole. My moder, my fader was very ole, my brudder younger 'en myself an' my mother took my han'. Dey opened a canoby ob ebben, an' she sat down an' I an' my brudder sat down by her, en she says, "Look up to de moon an' stars dat shine upon you father an' upon you mother when you sole far away, an' upon you brudders an' sisters dat is sole away," for dere was a great number ob us, an' was all sold away befo' my membrance. I asked her who made de moon an' de stars, and she says, "God;" an' says I, "where is God?" "Oh," says she, "chile, he sits in de sky, an' he hears you w'en you ax him w'en you are away from us to make your marster and mistress good, an' he will do it." When we were sole, I 'rd what my mother tole me; I said, "Oh, God, my mother tole me ef I asked you to make my marster an' mistress good, you'd do it;" and dey didn't get good. [Laughter.] "Why," says I, "God, mebbe you can't do it. Kill 'em." [Laughter and applause.] I didn't tink he could make them good. Dat was de idee I had. After I made such wishea my conscience burned me. Then I wud say, "Oh, God, don't be mad. My marster makes me wicked;" an' I of'm thought how pepul can do such 'oomfiable wicked tings an' dere conscience not burn de. Now I ony make wishea. I used to tell God this—I wou'd say, "Now, God, ef I was you, an' you was me [laughter] and you wanted any help, I'd help ye: why don't you help me?" [Laughter and applause.] Well, ye see, I was 'n want, an' I felt dat dere was no help. I know what it is to be taken in de barn an' tied up an' de blood drawed out of yere bare back, an' I tell you it would make you think 'bout God. Yes, an' den I felt, "Oh, God, ef I was you an' you felt like I do, an' asked me for help, I would help you—now why won't you help me?" Trooly, I don't know but God has helped me. But I got no good master until de last time I was sole, an' den I found one an' his name was Jesus. Oh, I tell ye, didn't I fine a good master when I used to feel so bad, when I use to say, "Oh, God, how can I libe? I'm sore'y 'prest both widin and widout." W'en God gi' me dat marster he healed all de wounds up. My soul rejoiced. I used to hate de w'ite pepul so, an' I tell ye w'en de lobe come in me I had so much lobe I didn't know what to lobe. Den de w'ite pepul come an' I thought dat lobe was too good fur dem. Den I said, "Yea, God, I'll lobe ev'ibuddy an' de w'ite pepul too." Ever since dat, dat lobe has conunued an' kep' me 'mong de w'ite pepul. Well, 'manicipation came, we all know: can't stop to go troo de hull. I go fur adgittatin'. But I believe dere is works belong wid adgittatin', too. On'y think ob it! Ain't it wonderful dat God gives lobe enough to de Ethiopins to lobe you! Now, here is de questin dat I am here tonight to say. I been to Washin'ton, an' I fine out dis, dat de colud pepul dat is in Washin'ton libin on de government dat de United Staas ort to gi' 'em lan' an' move 'em on it. Dey are libin on de gov'ment, an' dere is pepul takin' care of em coastin' you so much, an' it don't benefit him 'tall. It degrades him wuss an' wuss. Therefo' I say dat these pepul, take an' put 'em in de West, where you ken enrich 'em. I know de good pepul in de South can't take care of de negroes as dey ort to, care de ribils won't let 'em. How much better would it be for to take 'em culud pepul an' give 'em land? We've alrn' lan' enough for a home, an' it would be a benefit for you all, 'an God would bless de hull of ye for doing it. Dey say let 'em take keer of der-selves. Why you've taken dat all away from 'em. Ant got nuff lef. Get these culud pepul out of Washin'ton off ob de gov'ment, an' get de ole pepul out and build 'em homes in de West, where dey can feed 'emselves, and dey would soon be able to be a pepul among you. Dat is my commision. Now, agitate 'em pepul an' put 'em dere. Larn 'em to read one part ob de time an' larn 'em to work de adder part ob de time.