

You will con- sider a paper containing  
Whistlam's stand bill? Belfast Ireland  
of ladies, she objected to it. The fair  
before it ends. Dr. Buffum is with me - he is a good man. I hope to see you  
before it ends. Dr. Buffum is with me - he is a good man. I hope to see you

Auto - (See let. 16:19) Belfast, Jan. 1. 1845  
I find no difficulty in <sup>here</sup> obtaining admission into any place  
of worship, instruction or amusement, on equal terms with people  
as white as any I ever saw in the United States. I meet nothing to  
remind me of my complexion. I find myself regarded and treated  
at every turn with the kindness and deference paid to white people.  
When I go to Church, I am met by no upturned nose and scornful lip  
to tell me "We don't allow niggers in here!" I remember about two  
years ago, there was in ~~Memphis~~ <sup>Boston</sup> near the south west corner  
of Boston Common, a ~~meeting~~ <sup>meeting</sup>; I had long desired to see  
such a collection as I understood were being collected there,  
never having ~~had~~ an opportunity, while a slave, I resolved  
to seize this my first since <sup>my escape</sup>. I went, and as I approach-  
ed, the entrance to gain admission, I was met and told  
by the door keeper, in a harsh and contemptuous tone, "We don't  
allow niggers in here!" I also remember attending a revival  
meeting in the Rev. Henry Jackson's meeting-house, of New  
Bedford, and going up the broad <sup>steps</sup> to find a seat. I was  
met by a good deacon who told me, in a pious tone, "We don't  
allow niggers in here!" Soon after my arrival in <sup>New Bedford</sup>  
from the South, I had strong desire to attend the <sup>city</sup>  
meeting, but was told, "We don't allow niggers in here!"  
While passing from New York to Boston, on the steamer, Mass,  
a churrito, on the night of Dec. 1843, when chilled almost  
through with the cold, went into the cabin to get a little warm  
I was soon touched upon the shoulder, and told, "We don't  
allow niggers in here!" On arriving in Boston from  
an anti-slavery tour, I, hungry and tired, I went into an  
eating-house near my friend Mr. Campbell's, to get some  
refreshment. I was told by a lady in a white apron, "We  
don't allow niggers in here!" I ~~left~~ <sup>stayed</sup> a week or two  
before leaving the United States, I had a meeting appointed  
at Weymouth, the home of that glorious band of true  
abolitionists, the Weston family, on ~~the~~ <sup>at</sup> attempting  
to take a seat in the omnibus, to that place, I  
was told by the driver, (and I shall never forget his  
friendly hat), "We don't allow niggers in here!" Thank  
heaven for the respect I now enjoy! I had ~~not~~ been in  
Dublin but a few days, when a gentleman of great re-  
spectability, kindly offered to conduct me through all

Public buildings of that beautiful city; and a little later afterwards,  
I found myself dining with the Lord Mayor of Dublin. What a  
city there was not some American Democratic Christian at the  
door of his splendid mansion, to bark out at my approach,  
"They don't allow niggers in there!" The truth is, the people here  
know nothing of the republican negro hate prevalent in  
our glorious land. They measure and esteem men according  
to their moral and intellectual worth, and not according  
to the color of their skin. Whatever may be said of the aristocra-  
cians here, there is none based on the color of a man's skin. This  
species of aristocracy belongs preeminently to "the land of the  
free, and the home of the brave." I have never found it so broad in  
any but Americans. It sticks to them wherever they go. They find it  
almost as hard to get ~~into~~<sup>their skins</sup> ~~the doors of their skins~~ as to get rid of it.  
The second day after my arrival at Liverpool, in company with my  
friend Buffum and several other friends, I went to Eaton Place,  
the residence of the Marquis of Westminster, one of the splendid buildings in England.  
On approaching the door, I found several of our American passengers, who came  
over with us in the Cambria, waiting at the door for admission -  
as but one party was allowed in the house at a time. We all  
had to wait till the company within before we could enter.  
When we came out - As pale the faces, expressive of shame, those of the  
Americans were preeminently so. They looked as if they were ashamed, and bitter  
as gall, when they found I was to be admitted on equal terms with  
themselves. I knew they were annoyed, and although it might  
have been wicked in me to take advantage of their disaffection was quite for  
me. I think I did nothing to ease their pain. When the heavy door  
was opened, I walked in, on an equal footing with any white  
American fellow-citizen, and from all I could see, I  
had as much attention paid me by the servants that  
showed us through the house, as any with a paler  
skin. So I walked through the building, the statues did fall  
down, the pictures did not leap from their places, the  
doors did not refuse to open, and the servants did  
not say, "We don't allow niggers in here!"  
I happen now to write to you all the friends of freedom.  
Excuse this imperfect scribble, and believe  
me to be ever and always yours,  
Frederick Douglass.

