

(See Lib. 16:19) Belfast, Jan. 1, 1845

Chato - I find no difficulty in obtaining a 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 ~~as~~ 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 Boston near the south west corner of Boston Common, a ~~menagerie~~. I had long desired to see such a collection as I understood were being exhibited there, never having ~~seen~~ an opportunity while a slave. I resolved to seize this my first since ~~my~~ escape. I went, and as I approached the entrance to gain a ~~des~~mission, 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 ~~aisle~~ 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 New Bedford from the South, I had strong desire to attend the sycnum, but was told "The sycnum don't allow niggers in here!" While passing from New York to Boston, on the steamer Mass, a slave, on the night of the 9th Dec. 1843, when chilled almost through with the cold, I 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 anti-slavery tour, "hungry and tired, I went into an eating house near my friend Mr. Campbell, to get some refreshments. I was told by a lad in a white apron, "We don't allow niggers in here!" ~~I~~ 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 taking~~ attempting to take a seat in the omnibus to that place, I was told by the driver, (and I shall never forget his perfidish hate,) "I don't allow niggers in here!" Thank heaven for the respite 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 aristocracy  
here, there is none based on the color of a man's skin. This  
species of aristocracy belongs pre-eminently to "the land of the  
free, and the home of the brave." I have never found it a broad in  
any but Americans. It sticks to them wherever they go. They find it  
almost as hard to get ~~off~~ ~~theirselves~~ as to get rid of ~~it~~  
their skins, day

The second after my arrival at Liverpool, in company with my  
friend Buffum and several other friends, I went to Eaton Hall,  
the residence of the Marquis of Westminister. <sup>one of my friends</sup> 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 or~~ ~~came~~  
came out. Of all the faces, expressive of the men, those of the  
Americans were pre-eminent. They looked as sour as vinegar, 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~~ their dissatisfaction was next for  
me. I think I did nothing to ease their pain. When the ~~story~~ door  
was opened, I walked in, on an equal footing with my white  
American fellow-citizens, and from all I could see, I  
had as much attention paid me by the servants as  
showed us through the house, as any with a paler  
skin. As I walked through the building the statuary did fall  
down, <sup>not</sup> 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!"  
A happy New year to you all the friends of <sup>a</sup> freedom.

Excuse this imperfect draft, and believe  
me to be ever and always yours,

Frederick Douglass.