

You will con-ter a favor on, me if you will send a paper containing
this to James Standfield Belfast Ireland I am for in y anti-slavery Society
of ladies. the object to aid the fair. A triepar. Meet year - I hope to see you
before it ends. J. N. B. happens with me - he is a good man. Sends love to you.

Auto- (See let. 16:19) Belfast, Jan. 1. 1845
I find no difficulty ^{here} in ~~obtaining~~ ^{gaining} admission in to 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 Boston, near the south west corner
of Boston Common, a ~~manuscript~~ ^{manuscript}, I had long desired to see
such a collection as I understood were being exhibited there,
never having ~~had~~ ^{had} an opportunity while a slave. I resolved
to seize this my first since ^{my} escape. 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 ^{aisle} to find a seat. I was
met by a good beacon, who told me, in a pious tone, "We don't
allow niggers in here!" Soon after my arrival in New Bed-
ford from the South, I had ^{strong} desire to attend the Syn-
cum, but was told "The South allow niggers in here!"
While passing from New York to Boston, on the steamer, Mass
achusetts, on the ^{night} 9th of Dec. 1843, when chilled almost
through with the cold, I went in to 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, ^{hungry} and tired, I went in to an
eating house ^{near} my friend Mr. Cambell's, to get some
refreshments. I was told by a lad in a white apron, "We
don't allow niggers in here!" ~~I had~~ 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, ^{and others.} 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
fiendish 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

