find no difficulty in obtaining admission to any place of worship, instruction or amusement at equal terms with people as white as any I ever saw in the United States. I met 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 hostile wave and scornful face to tell me "We don't allow negroes in here!" I remember about two years ago, there was in Boston near the South West corner of Boston Common, a collection of such a collection as I understood were being studied there. Never having had an opportunity while a slave, I resolved to be one. This my first since my escape. I went, and as I appeared in the entrance of the grand orum, I was met and told by the door-keeper, in a harsh and contemptuous tone, "We don't allow negroes in here!" I also remember attending a service meeting in the Rev. Henry Jackson's meeting-house at New Bedford, and going up the broad steps to find a seat. I was met by a good lady who told me in a pious tone, "We don't allow negroes in here!" Soon after my arrival in N. Y. I had a strong desire to attend the grand orum, but was told, "They don't allow negroes in here." While passing from New York to Boston on the Steamer was a chillie, on the 9th Dec. 1843, when chilled almost through with the cold. I went in to the cabin to get a little warm, but soon touched up on the shoulder and told, I don't allow negroes in here!" On arriving in Boston from an abolition town, hungry and tired, I went in to an eating-house and asked my friend Mr. Campbell to get some refreshment. I was told by a lad in a white apron, "We don't allow negroes in here!" A week or two before leaving the United States, I had a meeting appointed at Weymouth, the home of that notorious band of true abolitionists, the Weston family. On attempting to take a seat in the Omnibus to that place, I was told by the driver, "I shall never forget his black dish hat, "I don't allow negroes in here!" Thank heaven for the relief! I now live in joy! I have not been in Dublin but a few days, when a gentleman of great repute and stability, kindly offered to conduct me through all
public buildings of that beautiful city, and a little afterwards, I found myself dining with the Lord Mayor of Dublin. As a city there was none American and no American Christian had the door of his splendid mansion to be opened at my approach; "They don't allow Negroes 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 antianexica lies here, there is none based on the color of a man's skin. This species of antianexica be longs here, to the land of the free and the home of the brave. I have never found a broad-minded American. It sticks to them wherever they go. They find it, almost as hard to get rid of the antianexica as to get rid of the Deacon of the American Passengers, who came on 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 came out. At all the faces, expression of the glee, three of the American were prominent. They looked down as if to say, 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 quite for me. I think I did nothing to ease their pain. When the door was opened, I walked in, on an equal footing with any white American can fellow citizens, and from all I could see, I had as much attention paid me by the servants as to the door opened wide through the house, as any with a fair skin. As I walked through the building, the statuary 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 Negroes in here!" I had a New York to you all the friends of liberty and freedom.

God curse this wretched hered, and believe me to be ever and always yours.

Frederick Douglass.