

DAILY EVENING EXPRESS.

Richmond—April 3, 1865.

BY H. C. BALLARD.

From the Chicago Journal.

What joyous tumult none may drown
Is heard in every Northern town!
What clamor rises, wild and free,
And fills the land from sea to sea!
What countless banners flock the sky,
All hearts are glad, all hopes are high,
For Union boys march up and down
The haughty streets of Richmond town!

Ho, traitors do you hear the din
As Weitzel's black brigades march in!
See how the Union banner shines
Above their proudly marching lines!
What justice that the Freedmen's feet
Are first to press each gaiter's feet;
First drag the rebel ensign down
And plant our flag in Richmond town!

The land is wild with joy to-day,
The old seems young, the grave are gay,
The hours pass by with golden feet—
Joy fills the mart, the hall, the street;
A million voices swell the song
Borne on the Northern gales along,
The wild acclaim we would not drown
For Union men hold Richmond town.

Ring out, ye bells, ye cannon roar
Your sudden joy in shore to shore!
The earth and sky resound with cheers,
The pent up faith of weary years!
The end draws near, our hearts' desire,
We see the rebel cause expire,
The rebel flag comes sweeping down,
And Union blue fills Richmond town.

And thus for aye the stripes and stars
Shall triumph over treason's bars;
Our flag shall float o'er land and sea,
The symbol of the brave and free;
And Freedom's priceless heritage
Shall bless the land from age to age,
While Union songs ring up and down
The busy marts of Richmond town!
Chicago, April 3, 1865.

Frederick Douglass on the Fall of Richmond—His Speech in Faneuil Hall.

The "Cradle of Liberty" in Boston jubilated Wednesday afternoon over the Fall of Richmond. Robert C. Winthrop addressed the people eloquently, and was followed by Frederick Douglass, who spoke as follows:

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—I gratefully recognize your kindness, and the compliment implied, not merely to myself, but to my humble race, in the calls made repeatedly for my appearance on this platform. I am here, however, to day, not as a speaker, but as a listener; and it was farthest from my intention to occupy any of your time on this grand occasion, with anything that I might be able to say. Naught but the pressing calls made upon me by friends upon the platform, and the thought that there was, after all, a certain degree of fitness in one, at least, of the race to which I belong being present and somewhat prominent on the occasion, has induced me to step forward and say a few words. I have noticed that every gentleman who has undertaken to speak here this afternoon has found some difficulty in expressing the thought, the feeling in keeping and outspringing from this great occasion.

If they, the eloquent and the learned, have difficulty in giving expression to their sentiments and feelings on such an occasion as this, how incomparably more difficult must it be for one in my circumstances to express the profound gratitude which I feel, and which my race must feel, over the glad tidings that are flashed to us of the fall of Richmond? In those tidings you have announced to me the safety of the country. I, for the first time in my life, have the assurance not only of a country redeemed, a country regenerated, but of my race free and having a future in this land. Heretofore the black man in this land has had no future; he has scarcely had the hope of a future. But in the fall of Richmond, which is but another name for the fall of the rebellion—a rebellion which appealed from the right to the wrong, from justice to injustice, from the ever-increasing light of a glorious civilization to the dark and hell-black counsels of the system of bondage—I say we have in the fall of Richmond, the fall of this terrible rebellion, and the upholding of liberty through the Southern States. (Applause.) I have been making a new catechism. (Laughter, and cries of "Let's have it!")

Hitherto the race to which I belong has been sneered at as never having accomplished anything—never invented anything. But when an American asks me any question concerning my race, what ever they did to prove their man-

We were citizens again in 1813, when General Jackson had a little job for us to do at New Orleans. [Laughter.] He then addressed us, you know, as "fellow citizens." "Fellow citizens," he said, "by a mistaken policy of the government, you have not hitherto been called upon to bear arms in the service of your country. I am not in favor of that policy. I summon you to rally round the standard of the republic, and aid in beating back the invading forces of old England." We did come to the rescue at that time, and we were citizens during the war of 1812, and for some time after peace was declared. But through the machinations of the dark character you see represented on that canvass (the painting of Webster in the senate chamber) we were gradually read out of our citizenship, gradually crowded beyond the reach of your beneficent principle of liberty. But two years ago, and more, some of your fellow-citizens thought the country was again in need of the black man's service. Massachusetts—God bless her now and always [applause]—led the way; and in the twinkling of an eye, almost, two black regiments sprang from this old commonwealth.

We are citizens again (laughter)—citizens in this time of trouble; and by the force of old Massachusetts' example, almost every Northern State has been induced to call upon her black citizens to aid, in this day of trial, in upholding the flag. We have come; and you are here welcoming me to-day, as you did not twenty-four years ago, (laughter and applause,) and want me to make a little speech to you. As I know more about the useful than the ornamental, I know a little more of the language of complaint than of the language of exultation and joy—for the experience I have had in the United States has taught me more the language of complaint than that of joy and exultation—and as you want a speech from me, let me tell you what I want. What I want, now that the black men are citizens in war, is, that they shall be made fully and entirely, all over this land, citizens in peace. (Applause and cries "They shall be.") If Faneuil Hall says yes, it will be done. (Applause.) If Massachusetts speaks the word it will be done. I will not doubt it for a moment. I believe Massachusetts does speak the word.

I believe it is not your intention, in your extreme charity, now that Jefferson Davis has shown you his coat tails, and the rebels are marching out to find the last ditch, to take to your bosoms these men, who with broad blades and bloody hands have been seeking the life of this nation, and invest them with the right to vote, (voices—"never!") and divest the negro of the right to uphold the flag by his vote. You will not go down to the South, and say: "We will enfranchise our enemies and disfranchise our friends; (cries of "never!") and applause) we will protect our enemies and forget our friends." I hold that the American people, in calling upon the black men to take part with them in this great struggle, have bound themselves by every consideration of honor to protect them from the consequences of their espousal of their cause. ("Hear, hear." "That's so," and applause.) They are bound to do it. And remember that hereafter, at the South, the negro will be looked upon with a fiercer and intenser hate than ever before. Every one of those who have been interested in the rebellion will look upon the negro as one of the causes of the failure of the rebellion.

I tell you the negro is coming up—he is rising—rising. (Laughter and applause.) Why, only a little while ago we were the Lazareuses of the South; the Dives of the South was the slaveholder; and how singular it is that we have here another illustration of the Scripture! Once there was a certain rich man who fared sumptuously every day, and was arrayed in purple and fine linen. He came North, clothed in silk and satin, and shining with gold, and his breast sparkling with diamonds—his table loaded with good things of this world. And a certain Lazarus sat at his gate desiring the crumbs that fell from his table. Such was the record. But now a change has taken place. The rich man is lifting up his eyes in torments down there, (tremendous applause,) and seeing Lazarus afar off, in Abraham's bosom, (tumultuous laughter and applause,) is all the time calling on Father Abraham to send Lazarus back. But Father Abraham says, "If they hear not Grant nor Sherman, neither will they be persuaded, though I send Lazarus unto them. (Prolonged and vociferous applause.) I say we are away up yonder now, no mistake. (This was said with an expressive gesture, that called forth another outburst of applause.)

My friends, I will not inflict a speech upon you. (Loud cries of "Go on!") Oh, no; I am afraid I shall spoil it. (Great merriment.)

FEBRUARY 6, 1884

MEN OF THE HOUR.



FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The Distinguished Colored Orator.

The colored people of America are now very thoroughly organized for the protection of their rights, and at their national convention in Louisville, Ky., Frederick Douglass, the famous colored orator and journalist, was elected permanent chairman. The colored men could not find among their number a more able and trustworthy leader, or a man of more influence in political councils.

Mr. Douglass is not aware of the exact date of his birth, but thinks that it was in the year 1817. His father was a white man and his mother a negro slave, and Tuckahoe, on the eastern shore of the Maryland, a place noted for the sterility of its soil and the wretchedness of its inhabitants, was his birthplace. He was reared as a negro slave on the plantation of Colonel Edward Lloyd, and at ten years of age was transferred to a relative of his owner at Baltimore. He endured great sufferings as a slave, which were the more keenly felt on account of his extraordinary intelligence. The story is familiar how he first learned to make the letters of the alphabet, by studying the carpenter's marks on the planks and timbers, in the ship-yard at Baltimore. He used to listen to his mistress reading the Bible, with a curious interest, and he longed to learn the secret which enabled her to read and enjoy the holy book. One day he asked her if she would not teach him to read. The good lady consented, and he proceeded with such aptitude and rapidity that his master, who did not believe "in teaching niggers to read," summarily put an end to the good work. In spite of every obstacle which was thrown in his way, he at length learned to read, and in company with another young man started a Sunday school. This excited the righteous indignation of the church people, and the Sunday school was rudely broken up at one of its sessions. His sensitive nature began to chafe under the hardships to which he was subjected, and the ignominy which rested upon his race. His whole soul was in rebellion and he resolved, Heaven helping him, to break away from his bondage. For many years he kept secret the manner of his escape, but it was made known not long since.

Procuring what was called sailors' protection papers from a friend who had been a seaman, and making himself up to answer the description in it as nearly as possible, he boarded the train at Washington and succeeded in reaching New York. Thence proceeding to New Bedford, Mass., he married a colored woman and settled down. He worked here until 1841, when he attended an anti-slavery convention at Nantucket and spoke so eloquently that he was immediately employed as a lecturer by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and for four years he occupied the platform with great success. In 1845 he published his autobiography and accepted an invitation to make a lecturing tour in Great Britain, where a £150 were contributed for the purchase of his freedom. In 1847 he established a weekly abolition newspaper at Rochester, N. Y., called "Frederick Douglass's Paper." He was not in favor of the extreme measures employed by John Brown, and during the war he insisted on the active co-operation of the colored people.

In 1871, he was secretary to the Santo Domingo commission, and was made a presidential elector for the State of New York in 1872. He was appointed United States marshal for the District of Columbia, by President Hayes, which position he still holds. He is a forcible and fluent speaker—very formidable in debate. He was again married on the 24th of January to Miss Helen Pitts, described as an estimable lady, 45 years of age, who for some time had been a clerk in his office.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

THE HOME OF FRED. DOUGLASS.

Society at the "Cedars"—The Young Colored Men of Washington—Elizabeth Peabody—Reminiscences of Douglass—His English Friends.

Correspondence Louisville Courier-Journal.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—There are few public men in Washington to-day whose appearance upon the street, or in any public place, excites more attention than that of Frederick Douglass. He is recognized wherever he may go, and is treated with marked deference by many whose toleration of the average black is chilly, to say the least. A visit to his delightful suburban home, "The Cedars," high up on the hillside, across the Potomac—a magnificent landscape on every side—is considered by no few visitors to the capital hardly secondary to going to the White House. A roomy, unostentatious house, simply furnished, built by the former owner of the estate, who used to speculate, in selling a piece of the land, that it should never pass to the ownership of a negro. Here, as a prosperous landowner, we find the man, who, some fifty years ago, was the chattel of a Maryland slaveholder, and who, discontented with that state of life into which it had pleased God to call him, fled to New England, where he fell in with "that pestilent Garrison," and was soon arousing the land by his eloquent denunciation of slavery. * * * It has been given me," he says, "to see what I never dreamed of seeing in the brightest of 'the old anti-slavery days'—the emancipation of the American blacks. But my work is not yet done. That emancipation of the race, and that elevation of the race will not be accomplished in a day."

That it will come, however, he does not doubt. A guest at "The Cedars" has exceptional opportunity for studying the forces, political and social, which are accomplishing that elevation. Questions of great moment in circles where color prejudice is dominant would be senseless at the hearthstone of Frederick Douglass as asking if an Egyptian may bunk with a Jew. "Is it possible for the races to walk together?" may be a serious question to answer by the good Christians who took care that the tickets to Mr. Moody's meetings in Washington were withheld from the blacks, but meaningless to those of both races who gather at the board of Frederick Douglass—all shades of complexion represented, from the marvelous whiteness of Elizabeth Peabody's face to the ebony cheek of the Rev. Dr. Crummell.

It is the young colored men who gather around Frederick Douglass as a venerated leader that most interest the thoughtful student of the future of the black man in America. They are awake to that question, if the white man is not. They are reading history with an eye to its relation to their elevation. They surprise one by their knowledge of the principles of a true democracy, their intelligent interpretation of the Constitution, the comprehension of the trend of popular thought, and

their estimate of caste feeling—the odium cast upon their race, and which they feel more keenly than is supposed. It may be doubted if the average young white man, employed as are many of these young black men in the departments of Washington, could creditably hold his own in unprepared debate with these bright fellows some of them slave-born—and who have their debating clubs weekly, at which public men and public measures are handled without fear or favor. I overheard two of these young men discussing State rights in Mr. Douglass' library one evening, all in a corner by themselves.

"The time will come," said one, "when we will be the grand majority of the South, and when we can demand representation in the Executive Government, or the privilege of serving the Union as a people by ourselves with a territory and Administration of our choosing. No—not secessionists—we will stand by the Union as long as it will let us stand for it on an equality with the white man." "But that is not in harmony with the idea of the age," said the other, and I doubt if he was much beyond twenty. "The tendency of all governments, as of everything else, is to concentration—combination—the homogeneous."

The few days spent by Elizabeth Peabody at The Cedars were memorable to the guests who chanced to enjoy that visit with her. How could Henry James hold that dear little lady up to a world's ridicule—as he has in his portrait of her as Miss Birdseye? He was simply brutal. Elizabeth Peabody is now an octogenarian—her hair as white as snow, her health broken—but the intellectual vitality of the woman, her marvelous gift of conversation, has by no means disappeared. One would think to hear her talk on any subject—and mind you she never descends to a trivial one—the subject was her special hobby. She has no nobbies, not even the Pinte Indians, for the recognition of whose rights she came up to Washington, winning Miss Cleveland at once to her cause. She had come to The Cedars, she said, to have one last, long visit with Frederick Douglass, and sitting there in the study-chair of Charles Sumner, grand reformers watching her from the walls, she talked on and on, and how we who heard her lived over with her the youth of Dr. Channing, the days of Brook Farm, reminiscences of Wendell Phillips, Hawthorne, Emerson, and all the rest. How to get to bed at all became a momentous question. How long we lingered at the table, for to break into any one of Miss Peabody's monologues was no easy matter.

"Now tell me your earliest memory," said she to Frederick Douglass one day as the opening of a conversation. "Your first questioning of things." After a moment's meditation Douglass told his simple first memories—the lizards on his grandmother's fence, the well sweep, &c. "But my first questionings. These I remember well enough. 'Why am I a black boy, and why is Dan Floyd white? Why can he strike me and why must I never strike back? Why do some of us live in the cabins and go hungry, while some live in the big house and have enough to eat? If God is good, why did he make me a slave?'"

Miss Peabody's answer to the lady at dinner who asked her what she thought of Julian Hawthorne's attack upon Margaret Fuller may be fitly be given here. She bravely rallied from the surprise the question gave her and us all, and expressed sincere regret that her nephew had not been more discreet, as she did not consider the extract from Hawthorne's journal the writer's true estimate of Margaret Fuller, and she knew that estimate if any one did. That it must have been an early jotting down, she believed, a sort of memorandum for subsequent consideration, as it was written in a private journal never intended for the public eye.

The report widely circulated that Frederick Douglass is immensely wealthy, brings him begging letters by every mail. The keynote of most of them is that the writer did much in some way to help emancipate the slaves, and so it is only just and right that Douglass should dispense his great wealth to the needy the world over. The publication of a few of these letters would be entertaining reading. One woman describes the house she can get for \$5,000, if he will buy it and let her live in it the rest of her life. Another would go to Florida, where she could do something for his people, etc., etc. He answers more of these absurd letters than most men in his position would do, contradicting the report which annoys him keenly in many ways. Letter writing is no easy task for one whose right hand was crippled years ago by a mob at Indianapolis.

Frederick Douglass has nearly completed his three score years and ten. He has a comfortable competence, and if he loses his office as Recorder of Deeds has enough to relieve him of anxiety, even if he were not popular upon the lecture platform. His children have not been blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods, his sons finding the same difficulty in obtaining employment as all black men do who are not content to be waiters, barbers or whitewashers. The housekeeper at The Cedars, a mulatto, claims to be the great grand daughter of George Washington, and really she has a Washingtonian profile and is the descendant of a favorite house servant at Mount Vernon.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas anticipate visiting England this summer, the third visit of Frederick Douglass. The first was when he was a fugitive slave, when British gold bought his freedom; the second when he fled the country after the arrest of John Brown, a narrow escape, giving us one name less on our list of martyrs for freedom. His third and last will be all that the hearts and homes of his many English friends can make that visit for one who may come to them at last, with the prayers of his countrymen for his safe return.

ROCHESTER.

Daily Eagle.

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THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1888.

Fred Douglass at 70 Years.

Fred Douglass has just entered his 71st year. He told me the other day that he marveled at the fine preservation of his faculties. He had been without a home nearly all his life, and had been traveling continually. Generally he had to put up with poor food, badly ventilated tavern rooms and damp beds. He had also suffered not a little violence. This reflection led him to show me the hand that was once broken by a mob. He believes that temperate habits have been his salvation. He never smokes or drinks, and he says that his indulgences have always been moderate.—Washington Cor. Boston Globe.

FRED DOUGLASS IN EUROPE.

How He has Been Received in England and France.

From a Private Letter from Paris to a Friend.

I have everywhere been received in this country and in England with civility, courtesy and kindness, and as a man among men, as I expected to be. I have felt, however, that my presence here, even in silence, has a good influence in respect to the standing of the colored race before the world. The leprous distillment of American prejudice against the negro is not confined to the United States. America has her missionaries abroad in the shape of Ethiopian singers, who disfigure and distort the features of the negro and burlesque his language and manners in a way to make him appear to thousands as more akin to apes than to men. This mode of warfare is purely American, and it is carried on here in Paris, as it is in the great cities of England and in the States, so that to many minds, as no good was thought to come out of Nazareth, so no good is expected of the negro. In addition to these Ethiopian buffoons and serenaders, who presume to represent us abroad, there are malicious American writers who take pleasure in assailing us as an inferior and good-for-nothing race, of which it is impossible to make anything.

These influences are very hurtful, and not only tend to avert from us the sympathy of civilized Europeans, but to bring us under the lash and sting of the world's contempt. I have thus far done little to counteract this tendency in public, but I have never failed to bear my testimony when confronted with it in private, with pen and tongue. When I shall return to England, as I hope to do in the spring, I shall probably make a few speeches in that country in vindication of the cause and the character of the colored race in America, in which I hope to do justice to their progress and make known some of the difficulties with which as a people they have had to contend.

Notwithstanding what I have said of the malign influences I mentioned, the masses of the people, both in France and in England, are sound in their convictions and feelings concerning the colored race. The best elements of both countries are just and charitable toward us.

I had the great pleasure yesterday of an interview with a member, I may say a venerable and highly distinguished member of the French Senate, M. Schoelcher, the man who in the first hours of the revolution of 1848 drew up the decrees and carried through the measure of emancipation of the slaves in all the French colonies. Senator Schoelcher is now over 80 years old, but like many other European statesmen, is still able to work. He attends the Senate daily, and, in addition to his other labors, he is now writing the life of Toussaint, the hero of Haytian independence and liberty. A splendid testimonial of the gratitude of the French colonies is seen in his house in the shape of a figure of Liberty in bronze breaking the chains of the slave. The house of the venerable and philanthropic Senator has in it many of the relics of slaveholding barbarism and cruelty. Besides broken fetters and chains which had once galled the limbs of slaves, he showed me one iron collar with four huge prongs, placed upon the necks of refractory slaves, designed to entangle and impede them in the bushes if they should attempt to run away. I had seen the same hellish implements in the States, but did not know until I saw them here that they were also used in the French islands.

M. Schoelcher spoke much in praise of Thomas Jefferson, but blamed Washington. The latter could have, he said, abolished slavery, and it was his fault that slavery was fastened upon the American Republic. I spoke to him of Alexandre Dumas. He said he was a clever writer, but that he was nothing in morals or politics. He never said one word for his race. So we have nothing to thank Dumas for. Victor Hugo, the white man, could speak for us, but this brilliant colored man, who could have let down sheets of fire upon the heads of tyrants and carried freedom to his enslaved people, had no word in behalf of liberty or the enslaved. I have not seen his statue here in Paris. I shall go to see it, as it is an acknowledgment of the genius of a colored man, but not because I honor the character of the man himself.

I have seen much here in Paris in the way of ancient and modern sculpture and painting which has deeply interested me. The Louvre and the Luxembourg abound in them. I have long been interested in ethnology, especially of the North African races. I have wanted the evidence of greatness under a colored skin, to meet and beat back the charge of natural, original and permanent inferiority of the colored races of men. Could I have seen forty years ago what I have now seen, I should have been much better fortified to meet the Notts and the Gliddens of America in their arguments against the negro as a part of the great African race. Knowledge on this subject comes to me late, but I hope not too late to be of some service; for the battle at this point is not yet fought out, and the victory is not yet won.

Yesterday, through the kind offices of Mr. Theodore Stanton, who procured tickets for us, I had the pleasure, with him and Mrs. Douglass, of sitting in the forward part of the gallery of the French House of Deputies and listening to that august body, answering to our house of representatives, but with powers more enlarged. It presented a fine appearance, and, though somewhat noisy, it was in point of manners an improvement on our House of Representatives. I saw no one squirting tobacco, smoking, or his feet above the level of his head, as is sometimes seen in our National Legislature.

Colored faces are scarce in Paris. I sometimes get sight of one or two in the course of a day's ramble. They are mostly from Hayti and the French colonies. They are here as students, and make a very respectable appearance. I met the other day, at the house of Pere Hyacinthe, a Mr. Janvier, of Hayti, a young man of the color of our well remembered friend, Samuel R. Ward, who is one of the finest scholars and most refined gentlemen in Paris. I was very much delighted to find such a noble specimen of the possibilities of the colored race and to find him so highly appreciated by cultivated ladies and gentlemen of Paris. If a race can produce one such a man, it can produce many.

Reminiscences of Frederick Douglass

By Jane Marsh Parker



HOW well I remember the flutter our suburban and aspiring neighborhood was thrown into when, some time in 1847, soon after Frederick Douglass came to Rochester to live, it was known that he had bought a house on our street—and a very good house, too—and was about to move his family into the same! He had bought of an Abolitionist, and the property-owners on either side of him were Abolitionists, one of whom was my father. Naturally, there was open protest from the rest; but soon after the arrival of the new neighbors, all opposition to their presence disappeared. Frederick Douglass was a gentleman, and a good neighbor. Mrs. Douglass chose seclusion, and the children were models of behavior.

That house on Alexander Street, a two-story brick, of about nine rooms, on a large lot about one hundred feet in width, was a handsome property for an ex-slave to buy, a runaway of only ten years before, whose manumission papers bore date December 5, 1846. It must have been the first house he ever owned. One of the first things he did after settling in it, and making a private study of a hall bedroom on the upper floor, was to write a letter to his old master, Thomas Auld, in which he said: "So far as my domestic affairs are concerned, I can boast of as comfortable a dwelling as your own." It may be doubted if many slave-kept homes were as comfortable and well ordered, for Mrs. Douglass was a model housekeeper, her thrifty care of her family and her watchful supervision of expenditure making the financial venture of her husband in undertaking the publication of the "North Star" far less hazardous than many believed. She was laying the foundations of his prosperity, insuring his future independence. Anna Murray Douglass was a free woman when she helped her lover to escape from Maryland, following him at no small peril to New York, where they were married, she going out to service until he found steady employment on the docks of New Bedford. She was a pure-blooded negro, of the best type, with severe notions of the proprieties and duties of life. Her training had evidently been in Southern families of high standing; for, like her husband, she had what her new neighbors called "very aristocratic ideas." She read character with marvelous accuracy, and was a wholesome check on her husband's proneness to being imposed upon. Her greatest discontent was when his admirers persisted in dragging her into notice—when she had to receive visitors merely to gratify curiosity. Little if any service was hired in that admirably kept home. A sister of Mrs. Douglass assisted her in the housekeeping; the children were trained to self-helpfulness and systematic industry. Did not Rosetta make a shirt for her father, every stitch, before she was ten years old? Mrs. Douglass disapproved, decidedly, of the idle, pleasure-taking ways of the other little girls in the neighborhood, and she did not hesitate to correct their lapses in good manners. This is to show the footing the family soon had in the neighborhood.

Every one of note who came to the city was pretty sure to call upon Frederick Douglass; we had only to watch his front door to see many famous men and women which, with his connection with the Underground Railroad (known



Mr. Douglass as a Young Man

only to his anti-slavery neighbors), added much to a locality which before had been rather dull. Frederika Bremer was one of his many famous visitors in those days; and what a thrill it gave me to turn over the pages of the full set of her writings which she had left upon the Douglass parlor table, her autograph on the fly-leaf of each volume!

"For Frederick's sake," Mrs. Douglass, that first summer of their living on Alexander Street, consented, rather reluctantly, to have a teacher in the house for herself as well as the children—an English woman, of whom she faithfully tried for a while to learn to read and write; but when it came to neglecting housewifely duties for copy-book and speller, the experiment ended; and Mrs. Douglass was glad to be released, referring to the episode afterwards as an amusing experience to Frederick as well as herself, and one that had settled the matter of her ever becoming an educated woman. Small circles of young ladies used to meet at the house in those times to make fancy articles for the anti-slavery fairs, and once, when one of them had finished a book-mark with Frederick Douglass upon it in cross-stitch, Mrs. Douglass was the first to see the mistake, showing that there was one name in the world that she could read and spell, even if she did make her signature with her X.

But the excitement caused in the neighborhood by the settlement of the Douglass family among us was as nothing to what came to pass when two English sisters arrived, spinsters of means and culture, and it was announced that they were to be members of the Douglass household for some time, and co-workers with Frederick Douglass in the anti-slavery cause, assisting in the office of the "North Star." Enthusiasts for the abolition of American slavery, these two English ladies had consecrated their means and service to the cause. The appearance upon the main street of Frederick Douglass with one of these ladies on either arm seriously threatened the order of the town for a while, and threats were openly made of what would be done if such aggressive demonstration of race-mixture were persisted in. Frederick Douglass kept his head high as ever, the ladies filling the rôle of possible martyrs unflinchingly. After a while the threatenings of storm died away; one of the ladies married a leading Abolitionist, and the elder remained for several years the associate editor of the "North Star," giving to Frederick Douglass that assistance in his work which he could ill have done without. "Think what editing a paper was to me before Miss Griffiths came! I had not learned how to spell; my knowledge of the simplest rules of grammar was most defective. I wrote slowly and under embarrassment—lamentably ignorant of much that every school-boy is supposed to know." He rewrote his autobiography under her supervision, and she did much for his education in many ways, returning to England after a few years, when she was married to a clergyman of the Established Church.

That little den-like upstairs study of Frederick Douglass, with its small table and a few books—how well I remember it! and how he used to keep there a list of the words he found it hard to spell. He did learn to spell, however, and in a very short time. Had he drawn up the Constitution of John Brown's Asylum Republic (the original copy as written by John Brown was one of the treasures of Cedar Hill), there would not have been those slips in orthography.

Frederick Douglass was highly esteemed by his neighbors, and most popular with the children. When the boys stole his apples he made them ashamed, and they became his loyal



Frederick Douglass

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