SPECIAL MEMORIAL NUMBER.

# Anti-Caste.

Assumes the Brotherhood of the entire Human Family, and claims for the Dark Races of Mankind their equal right to PROTECTION, PERSONAL LIBERTY, EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY, AND HUMAN FELLOWSHIP.

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FREDERICK DOUGLASS.



## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

CHIEFLY COMPILED FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND A FEW OF HIS LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

### CHILDHOOD.

It was probably in the month of February, 1817, that Frederick Douglass, as he afterwards called himself, was born at Tuckahoe, a slave plantation lying on the banks of the Choptank river in Maryland. The farm belonged to Capt. Anthony, who lived twelve miles away, occupying the "Home plantation," and being chief agent for Colonel Edward Lloyd, the owner of a vast estate and a thousand slaves.

Frederick Douglass was the child of a white father, whom he never knew, and a slave mother—a cruelly overworked field hand, tall, dignified, intelligent, even able to read, though how she learned was ever a mystery to her son. Accounted the property of "old master," as much at his disposal as cow and calf, her baby was early taken from her to be brought up with a number of others in charge of its grandmother, who, being a skilful nurse, was allowed the privilege of living in a log cabin apart from the slave "quarters," and supporting herself by fishing, growing vegetables, and making fishing-nets. Those childish days with his kind and clever old grandmother were among the happiest of his life. He remembered that sometimes his tired mother stole in after her long day's work in the fields to see him.

When he was seven years old, the poor grandmother, according to orders, took him up to the master's house, a long and tiring walk, during which she gave him many bits of kindly admonition. Playing about the rough kitchen of the house were a number of bigger children, among them an unknown brother and sister of his own, and while he was timidly watching them at play, the poor grandmother slipped away without venturing a goodbye. When the sensitive child discovered that he was left behind, a prolonged passion of grief and despair swept over him, which lasted till, exhausted with sorrow, he at length fell asleep.

IN SLAVERY ON THE HOME PLANTATION.

His experiences of slave life had begun in earnest. The favourite cook of the establishment, a fierce virago, had charge of all the children. Frederick, ill clad, half-starved, cuffed and beaten, used to crawl into an old meal bag for warmth at night, or lie with his feet in the ashes of the kitchen fire. Once in a while the master's daughter, Miss Lucretia, took pity, and gave him a crust of bread and butter, or Col. Lloyd's little son would share a bun with him. Infinitely pathetic is the story he told of the last visit ever paid him by his mother. The woman in charge had refused him food during a whole day in punishment for some childish offence, and at night he was crying with hunger when his mother came in. She had walked the twelve miles after her hard day's work in the fields, and had to hurry back to be in her place when work began at sunrise next morning. He never forgot "the look of deep tender pity in her glance" as she folded him in her arms, nor "her fiery indignation" with the cruel woman. Happily the lecture she read her was never forgotten.

Not far from their master's house stood Col. Lloyd's slave quarters, where, without regard to decency, men and women, young and old, married and single, and swarms of children slept on the common mud floor,—a miscellaneous herd of weary and wretched human beings. In sharp contrast with their embruted condition, Col. Lloyd's family lived at the "Great House" in almost princely magnificence. The stately portico with its rows of pillars, the well-kept lawns, the splendid sweep of the carriage drive, with the beautifully timbered deer park beyond, all greatly impressed the child Frederick. Within the house was a continual scene of feasting. Behind the tall-backed, carved chairs stood fifteen servants — men and maidens—chosen for their grace and agility and captivating address. Some fanned the ladies, others, with fawn-like steps, anticipated every want on the part of the numberless guests. These servants "constituted a sort of black aristocracy among the slaves, in dress as well as in form and feature, in manners and speech, in taste and habits, the distance between these favoured few and the sorrow and hunger smitten multitude of the quarters was immense."

The thirty beautiful horses for riding and driving were in charge of two valuable slaves —father and son—who were not ostlers merely, but also veterinaries and farriers. Col. Lloyd, like most slave-owners, was a captious and irritable master, caring far more for the well-being of horses and hounds than for that of his slaves. To the ceaseless fault-finding no explanations were allowed; escape from unmerited humiliation was impossible. One day Frederick was greatly shocked to see the faithful elder foreman made to kneel bare-headed and bare-backed before his angry master while he cruelly lashed him with his riding whip for some trivial offence.

The Colonel once meeting on the high road one of his young slaves who did not recognise him, asked him, "Well, boy, who do you belong to?" "To Col. Lloyd, sir." "Well, does the Colonel treat you well?" "No, sir," was the reply. "What, does he work you hard?" "Yes, sir." "Well, don't he give you enough to eat?" "Yes, sir, he gives me enough to eat, such as it is." The Colonel rode on. For this innocent exposure of his discontent, the poor young fellow, without warning, was torn from home and friends, and sold to the Georgia traders, whence no slave had ever been known to return, consequently a terrible and dreaded fate to their ignorant minds.



But the worst sufferings came from that vile product of slavery, the overseers, or drivers, of whom there were some thirty employed on this estate—men who, while the slaves toiled wearily on the land, "rode or strutted about, whip in hand, dealing heavy blows that left gashes on the flesh of men and women." Against these brutal and profligate men, appeals to the master were vain. Frederick saw Capt. Anthony roughly dismiss a poor outraged woman who had fled to him covered with blood and bruises from Tuckahoe for protection. The Captain himself, too, committed outrages deep, dark, and nameless. Frederick, from his sleeping place in a cupboard, was once awakened by the piercing cries of a beautiful slave girl, Esther (his own young aunt) whom he could see tied to a beam while his master laid blow on blow of the lash on her soft and tender shoulders as she writhed and shrieked in her agony—the cause of her offence being her faithful attachment to a forbidden negro lover, and her abhorrence of the base overtures of the master.

Such scenes, and others equally terrible, filled the young child's soul with horror and indignation, and deeply impressed him with the brutalizing influences of slavery upon the master class. His Aunt Jenny succeeded in running away. From that day forward Frederick, too, in spirit "ran away." Life seemed unbearable, and, child though he was, he longed to die.

It was thought by many that the slaves were happy when they sang, but the songs sung by the slaves were not songs of joy, he says;—rather, like tears, they gave relief to their aching hearts, and breathed the prayer and complaint of souls overflowing with bitterest anguish.

IN BALTIMORE.

At nine years old a fortunate change took place in the boy's career. He was hired out to a connexion of the family, Mr. Hugh Auld, a ship builder in Baltimore, where he was to be the companion and caretaker of his little boy. Mrs. Auld had never been connected with slavery, and shewed the little stranger great kindness. She was a truly religious woman—very unlike her husband—and once, when reading the Bible to the children, Frederick asked her to teach him to read it. "Without hesitation," he says, "the dear woman began her task." He was quick to learn, and soon mastered his letters and the shorter words, and Mrs. Auld was recounting to her husband her success in making a Bible reader of Frederick, when she was struck dumb by his stern rebuke. It was not only unlawful, but dangerous to teach a slave to read, he said; it made them discontented and likely to run away. Frederick heard all this, and treasured in his heart the idea that education was the key to freedom; although every hindrance was henceforth put in his way, the step could not be recalled, and he had soon taught himself not only to read but to write also. At thirteen he bought for himself (with pennies earned by shoe-blacking) a book of speeches of great Englishmen, with a dialogue between a master and his slave, the reading of which still further strengthened his longing for freedom.

During the seven years that he lived in Baltimore, the religious side of his nature became deeply awakened. "I felt a love for all mankind," he says, "slaveholders not excepted, though I abhorred slavery more than ever." He formed a loving attachment to a pious old coloured man named Lawson, "the very counterpart of Uncle Tom," who was a great stay and comfort to him in his young religious life. He also attended a Sunday School for free coloured children; and at night, when others slept, he wrote and studied in his little attic room. By day he now worked in the shipyard.

When he was about sixteen, his owner, Capt. Anthony, died, and the property, including thirty slaves, was called together, valued, and apportioned between the son and daughter (Miss Lucretia, now Mrs. Thomas Auld). Frederick fell to the lot of the daughter; the poor grandmother, now very aged, to the son—a drunken, brutal young man, who built for her a miserable little hut with mud chimney in the woods, and there left her to live or die.

PLANTATION LIFE.

Miss Lucretia had allowed Frederick to go back to Baltimore, but it was not for long, for she died soon after, and a difference having arisen between her husband and his brother, the Mr. Auld, with whom Frederick lived, he was once more torn from friends and home, and put to plantation life near a low, drunken, little fishing village called St. Michaels. Here his life was extremely miserable. The treatment was harsh and exasperating, and his new mistress—for Mr. Auld had already married again—provided such scanty fare for her slaves that they were miserably pinched with hunger, and were almost obliged to steal (or help themselves), from dire necessity. They were allowed to attend the Methodist Church to which the family belonged, but in spite of the high religious professions of their master, the slaves were often shamefully ill-used. The Bible-class which

Frederick had started in the village—his one consolation—was broken up by a mob with sticks and staves, led by two Methodist class-leaders and his "Christian" master. A cripple girl, a cousin of Frederick's, was sometimes hung up by her wrists for hours together, and cruelly lashed on her bare back, as if in hope that she might die and be off their hands. Being useless and a burden she was at last given her freedom (? to save the cost of her keep).

Burning with indignation, the boy Frederick often *looked* the things he dared not speak, and, at last, his master having become exasperated at his frequent visits to a neighbouring plantation, where he went for bits of food which a kind woman sometimes gave him, and finding that repeated whippings made little impression on the hungry youth, hired him out for a year to one Covey, a notorious "Negro-breaker," a hard and crafty man, who made him drink the cup of slavery to the very dregs. By unspeakable brutality, which kept him stiff and aching in every limb, and by rigorous and ceaseless labour, Frederick was reduced to a state of utter wretchedness, both physical and mental. One terrible day, covered with wounds and drenched in blood, he fled to his owner for protection, only to be sternly ordered back, but when the brutal coward would have tied him down to flog him, the lad in desperation seized his tormentor by the throat and, after a desperate struggle, threw him upon his back in the cow yard. Covey never attempted to beat him again, though he had six months yet to serve.

For the following year he was hired to a kinder master — a gentleman — where he revived in spirit, and resumed his Sunday Bible teaching. He and his companions became lovingly attached, but the longing to escape from slavery led five of them, including himself, to make an unsuccessful attempt. On the very morning they had planned to start, they were betrayed and dragged off to jail amid the jeers and shouts of the onlookers. Here, racked with fears as to their future, the victims of insult and indignities from a swarm of loathsome traders who came to inspect them with a view to purchase, they were, after a week of misery, unexpectedly liberated, Mr. Auld sending Frederick back to Baltimore, as the slaveholders of the neighbourhood had threatened to shoot him, unless removed, considering him a dangerous example.

On his return to the city, Frederick was placed in the ship-yards to learn calking, and was soon earning from six to eight dollars a week (24/- to 32/-), all of which he had of course to carry to his master, an injustice to which he was keenly alive. Moreover he soon became an object of fierce and bitter persecution in the ship-yards from the white mechanics, who, in their jealousy of slave labour, made, more than once, a murderous assault upon their unfortunate coloured comrades, in which Frederick barely escaped with his life. He endured these wrongs, though more or less restive under them, for about three years, but in the year 1838, when he was just twenty-one years old, he managed, unobserved, to leave Baltimore behind him, and escape to the city of New York.

### COMPARATIVE FREEDOM.

A fugitive, fearful of betrayal, hiding among the barrels on the wharves at night, he was at last taken by a kind sailor to the secretary of the Anti-Slavery Committee, Mr. D. Ruggles, who kindly sheltered him and sent him on to New Bedford, in Massachusetts. But before leaving New York he had sent to the free coloured girl in Baltimore, to whom he had become attached, to meet him, and they were married.

At New Bedford it was somewhat of a shock to him to find that, though they met with many kind friends, he would be unable to work at his trade, owing to the refusal of white artisans to work with him, but must content himself with the earnings of a day labourer. He joined the Methodist Church, but not being allowed to sit with white members either at the ordinary services or the Lord's Supper, he withdrew, and joined a small body of Coloured Methodists, amongst whom he became a local preacher.

His first introduction to the Anti-Slavery cause was at a Convention held at Nantucket in 1841, under the auspices of the leading Abolitionists, to whom he was as yet unknown. On being called on for a few words he rose, trembling in every limb. W. L. Garrison writing of this first speech says: "I shall never forget the extraordinary emotion it excited in my own mind, the powerful impression it made upon a crowded auditory completely taken by surprise. There stood one in physical proportions and stature commanding respect, in intellect richly endowed."

At the close of the Convention the Committee of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society engaged this surprising young orator as one of their agents, and forthwith he entered upon his public life. Their cause was terribly unpopular, but in spite of this and the ceaseless persecution to which he was subjected on account of his colour—again and again being dragged from the cars,



refused accommodation at hotels and lodging-houses, or berths on the steamboats, forcibly removed from public dining tables, chased, threatened by mobs, even in one instance (and this was worse than all) left without food or shelter in an unfriendly city by the very Anti-Slavery friends under whose auspices his speeches were delivered—still he continued everywhere to plead the cause of those whom he had left behind in slavery.

His power was promptly felt in the United States, and "under the influence of his devouring theme he became one of the finest orators of America."

### IN ENGLAND.

In 1845, leaving wife and children in America, he came to England with the object of concentrating against American slavery the moral and religious sentiment of its people, then eminently clear and strong on the subject, in consequence of having but recently passed through our own long Anti-Slavery struggle. Thousands flocked to hear him, and the counsel and sympathy of the veterans of their great victory in the West Indies cheered and strengthened his course.

This enthusiasm in the cause of liberty, and the respect with which he was welcomed in England, contrasted so strongly with his "long and bitter experience in the United States," that he looked with amazement on the transition. "I live a new life," he wrote in a letter to W. L. Garrison; "No longer a fugitive slave, liable to be hunted any moment like a felon, no longer doomed by inveterate prejudice to insult and outrage. . . . I am seated beside white people, I am shown into the same parlours, I eat at the same tables and no one is offended, and when I go to church I am met by no scornful lip to tell me 'We don't allow niggers in here.'"

Resolutions were passed at his great English meetings urging the religious bodies of Great Britain to refrain from all fellowship with slave-holding Churches in America. The great Free Church of Scotland—then but just freeing itself from State control, and heroically forfeiting support from State funds—had just accepted a rich contribution from these slave-holding American Churches. When Douglass came to their assembly with his vivid picture of slavery a cry arose to send back the blood-stained offering from the Southern States. "Send back the money!" became the watchword for a great and brave effort at non-complicity on the part of a large minority, but, alas, the need of money was pressing, policy prevailed, and the money was kept.

In the State of Indiana a large section of the Society of Friends had repudiated the action of their Yearly Meeting (Annual Assembly), on account of its action in proscribing the whole of its members engaged in the Abolition movement, and prohibiting the use of meeting-houses for Abolition meetings; and England's "Yearly Meeting"—being but incompletely informed, and owing to distance but partially alive to the vital issues involved—had sent a deputation to make peace. Great indignation was felt by Garrison, Douglass and other leaders of the Anti-Slavery cause, when this deputation, instead of reproving the lamentable action of the majority, treated that of the brave party of protest as an unjustifiable schism, urging their return to (unconditional) allegiance!

In Bristol a special meeting, attended by thousands of people, was held to hear F. Douglass speak on the attitude of the Churches to the Anti-Slavery cause—so we see from an old Bristol newspaper of the day (1845). George Thomas presided, and Elihu Burritt was among the speakers. The policy of total non-complicity on the part of England for which Douglass pleaded was applauded to the echo; those who were put forward as apologists were few, and seemed ashamed of their cause.

Before his return to the United States, where he was liable, if recognised, at any moment to re-capture, two Quaker ladies at Newcastle, Ellen and Anna Richardson, raised the £150 purchase money needed to release him from the claims of his so-called owner, Mr. Thos. Auld, and set him free.

This visit of Douglass to England was pronounced by the Anti-Slavery leaders in America to have "rendered most valuable services to the cause of his oppressed countrymen."

### RETURN TO AMERICA.

It was extremely painful to Frederick Douglass even on board the vessel by which he returned to America to be met with rude exhibitions of prejudice from fellow passengers. He was, however, too great a man, too full of an inspiring purpose, to be turned aside by the smallnesses of others. The more his way was hedged in by unjust restrictions, the more stoutly did he strive to cut a way through—not for himself alone, but that he might clear the path for others of his colour. He lived for his people and humanity. "I never rise before an American audience" he said, "without something of a feeling that my failure or success will bring blame or benefit to my whole race."

Besides making him a free man his friends in England had given him a printing press, believing with him, that a good newspaper edited and managed by a Negro, would go far to refute the charge of the intellectual inferiority of the race. It was painful that his New England friends, incredulous of his success, entirely disapproved the scheme. Still he persevered, and settling at Rochester, near lake Ontario, he began to publish his *North Star*, afterwards called *Frederick Douglass' Paper*, and resolutely continued his struggle for human rights.

"As the Anti-Slavery cause gained in strength, the opposition to it became more powerful. . . . Prominent men opposed it, and this gave encouragement to the lower classes who possessed the mob spirit. When Frederick Douglass made his first lecturing tour through the West he had to contend with prejudice expressed in the most insulting manner." (See *Reminiscences of an Abolitionist* by Levi Coffin.) The whole party was subject to violent attack, their meetings were dispersed, their lives endangered, but their courage rose proportionately.

While in the Northern States the human rights of the Negroes were being thus nobly advocated, Southern politicians fiercely and furiously maintained that the slave-holders' property in human flesh was part of the "property" to which "protection" was guaranteed by the Constitution, and could not be interfered with without violation of national pledges and national honour, forgetting that underneath the Constitution lay the noble Declaration of Independence, in which it was declared that *all men* were born free and equal, and had an equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. As slavery had existed prior to the Union, and the adoption of Constitution, there were many even in the North who held that there was some ground for the Southern contention, and in the year 1850 the nation, instead of repairing its past neglect of the Negro's rights, determined to conciliate the angered Slave Power by adopting the "Fugitive Slave Law," whereby the nation, pledged itself to return to slavery those free coloured people who had escaped in past years from their oppressors and had made themselves houses in the Northen States.

One of the darkest chapters of American history is that in which these trusting people were allowed to be hunted down by officers of the law, or by kidnappers under cover of law, and resold into captivity, even the Northern pulpit endorsing this policy. Thousands of fugitives fled into Canada, while at risk of their lives and liberty Douglass, old Levi Coffin, and a number of sturdy Quakers and other Abolitionists scattered through the country, sheltered and secretly helped these parties of fugitives on their way, many humane persons contributing in money or in kind towards the cost entailed.

These were anxious times, and led to the formation among the Abolitionists of what became known as "the Underground Railroad," a system of secretly transferring the fugitives from shelter to shelter, Douglass's home at Rochester being *one* of their regular stations or depôts.

Writing, lecturing, travelling hither and thither, persecuted, mobbed, Douglass' life was one ceaseless battle against slavery and proscription. It was said by coloured travellers that they could feel the influences of his humanizing work for fifty miles round Rochester.

"In the midst of these fugitive slave troubles came Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with its marvellous depth and power, to touch the American heart." It seemed to the Abolitionists "an inspired production. . . . Its effect was instantaneous and universal."

Mrs. Stowe, who had become an object of interest and admiration, was soon afterwards invited to England. But before leaving home she sent for F. Douglass to confer with him as to how she might best contribute part of the money she expected to receive for the permanent good of the coloured race.

A School and workshops for teaching handicrafts to the "free" coloured people of the North was what he earnestly advised. These people, he urged (and alas! this is still largely their condition in the Northern States), were "shut out from all lucrative employments, and compelled to work at wages so low that they could lay up little or nothing. Their poverty kept them ignorant, and their ignorance kept them degraded." . . . "Colleges have been opened to coloured youth in this country during the last dozen years, he adds, yet the few comparatively who have acquired a classical education . . . have found themselves educated far above a living condition, there being no methods by which they could turn their learning to account. . . . White people will not employ them to the obvious embarrassment of their causes. . . Hence educated coloured men . . . . are at a very great discount."

"There is little reason to hope that any considerable number of free coloured people will ever be induced to leave this country, he adds, even if such a thing were desirable. The black man (*un*like the Indian) loves civilization. He likes to be in the midst of it, and prefers to share its most galling evils to encountering barbarism. Dear Madam, we are *here*, and here we are likely to remain. Individuals emigrate—nations never." . . .

"Prejudice against the free coloured people in the United States has shown itself nowhere so invincible as among mechanics. The farmer and the professional man cherish no feeling so bitter as that cherished by these. The latter would starve us out of the country entirely. At this moment I can more easily get my son into a lawyer's office to study law, than I can into a blacksmith's shop to blow the bellows and wield the sledge hammer. Denied the means of learning useful trades, we are pressed into the narrowest limits to obtain a livelihood.

We once enjoyed a monopoly in menial employments, but even these are rapidly passing out of our hands. "The fact is that coloured men must learn trades; must find new employments, new modes of usefulness to society, or they must decay under the pressing wants to which their condition is rapidly bringing them." . . .

"We have our orators, authors, and other professional men, but these reach only a certain class, and get respect for our race only in certain select circles. To live here as we ought, we must fasten ourselves to our fellow-countrymen through their every-day cardinal wants. We must not only be able to *black* boots, but to *make* them. At present we are unknown in the Northern States, as mechanics, and the fact that we make no show of our ability is held conclusive of our inability to make any; hence all the indifference and contempt with which incapacity is regarded fall upon us, and that too when we have had no means of disproving the infamous opinion of our natural inferiority."

"Now, firmly believing as I do that there are skill, invention, power, industry and real mechanical genius among coloured people, which only need the means to develop them, I am decidedly in favour of the establishment of such a college or institution as I have named."

We regret to say that Mrs. Stowe, although warmly approving the proposal at the time, on her return to America appears to have entirely abandoned this excellent and practically beneficent scheme.

Douglass was constantly accused by the South of fomenting insurrection among the slaves. He was well known to be in frequent intercourse with John Brown, and after the defeat of "that noble-hearted fanatic," Governor Wise, of Virginia, on behalf of the enraged slaveholders, sent a requisition to the Governor of Michigan, demanding the person of Frederick Douglass. Although he had always dissuaded John Brown from his raid on Harper's Ferry, so great was the excitement and so little was justice to be expected from a court of slave-holders should he be captured by them, that he left the country and again spent a time in England.

The death of his beloved daughter Annie, "the light and life" of his house, caused him to return home about six months later, though this was not generally known at the time. He found the country much quieter. John Brown had behaved so nobly in the face of death—when confession had been looked for, uttering grand words of rebuke and warning to the nation, that already he was looked upon as a martyr in the North, and the John Brown song—saying that though his body was mouldering, his soul was marching on, was being sung all over the land. "What the South slew last December (wrote Victor Hugo) was not John Brown, but slavery. Between the North and South stands the gallows of Brown—Union is no longer possible, such a crime cannot be shared."

THE WAR.

F. Douglass had never fully embraced the Peace principles of his early friends, Whittier and Garrison, and when, in the spring following his return, the war between North and South broke out, believing that the triumph of the North would involve the destruction of Slavery, he flung himself into the struggle. It was largely through his efforts that free coloured men were at length *allowed* to enlist on equal terms (though in separate regiments)—to wear the same uniform, share the same dangers and responsibilities, and ultimately receive the same pay, as their white comrades.

When thus given equal opportunity, their conduct and courage were so marked that a distinct step towards their recognition as men among men, was felt to have been gained. Hitherto they had merely been thought of as cheap material for economizing the lives of white soldiers in fever districts, perilous positions, &c., and had been paid at half the regular rate.

During this war time, Douglass, by his manly and unselfish care for the rights of others, won the friendship and high regard of Abraham Lincoln, who found in him a wise and helpful counsellor in all that concerned the race. President Lincoln, Douglass tells us, was "pre-eminently the white man's President." Though he hated slavery, yet he thought it was 'in the bond' and was "ready and willing at any time during the first years of his administration to deny, postpone, sacrifice the rights of humanity in the coloured people, to promote the welfare of the white people of the country." "The race to which we belong was not his special object," he says again "he shared the prejudices common to his countrymen towards the coloured race."

The notion "that they were fighting an abolition war" was at first scornfully denied by the North, and for three years, had the South accepted the terms of peace that were offered, the North would have conceded the right of the Slaveholder to hold property in his fellow men. Lincoln's Proclamation emancipated only the slaves of those in rebellion against the National Government, yet "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we

will;" and at the close of this terrible and bloody civil war, Slavery, in so far as it existed by *law*, had been abolished.

"Can any coloured man ever forget," said Douglass, "the night which followed the first day of January, 1863, when the world was to see if Abraham Lincoln was as good as his word? I shall never forget that memorable night, when in a distant city (Boston), I waited and watched at a public meeting with three thousand others not less anxious than myself for the word of deliverance. Nor shall I ever forget the outburst of joy that rent the air when the lightning brought to us the emancipation proclamation." We were too thankful to criticise.

AN OLD LETTER.

A discoloured letter lies before me, written by F. Douglass to a friend in England, from Rochester, April 20, 1865, the time of Lincoln's Assassination.

Its tone reflects the gloom into which the nation was plunged by this terrible and cowardly act, and the writer's sorrow at the death of so kind and amiable a friend.

Amid the general gloom, however, there came to Douglass and his race a sense also of an averted danger, an apprehension lest "Lincoln in his extreme amiability towards his white opponents, might, if confronted with apparent repentance on their part endorse a re-union on terms that *'boded no good to the coloured race.'* Once let the South ask for terms as a condition of return to the Union, then will be the real trial of Northern virtue," says the letter, "I believe," it adds, "that Mr. Johnson (the suddenly promoted Vice-President), understands better than Lincoln did the necessity of putting down not only slavery, but the slave power, which owning the land of the South, possessing the influence which education gives, and which it has so long wielded, as an aristocracy in favour of slavery, would be dangerous to liberty even after the fall of slavery. This, Mr. Johnson (himself a Southerner), will understand. *I hope much of him.* I hope he will see to it that the negro is made everyway equal before the laws of the South; without the ballot freedom for the negro in the Slave States will be but little better than a name." . . .

"You speak of efforts in behalf of the freed men. My opinion is that all such efforts would be rendered unnecessary in two years after the war, if the American people will give the negro the elective franchise. The great evil is that the American people desire to make their pity a substitute for justice. I want you and other good friends of my race in England, to be on the look out for those [presumably white men. Ed. *Anti-Caste*] who come to ask alms of you in the name of my race, to tell them *from me* that they would do far better work for the negro by staying at home, and exerting their influence in favour of giving the negro the means of protecting himself by giving him the ballot box. We have been greatly wronged as slaves. We are now likely to be equally wronged by persons in the garb of friendship, representing us as a helpless race. Truly, yours always,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS."

In a postscript he adds. . . . "I have lived this winter (1864-5), almost constantly on railroads and platforms. Never was more sought for, and listened to with more interest. . . ."

THE FREEDMEN.

It was not long after the above letter was written that the war was brought to an end, and slavery finally prohibited by the organic law of the land.

For a short time Douglass felt a strain of sadness mingling with his exceeding joy. His occupation seemed gone, his voice no longer wanted, the great happiness he had enjoyed of meeting with kindred spirits in the great work was to be a memory only. He thought of buying a little farm and tilling it. But at this juncture unexpected invitations began to pour in from colleges, literary societies, etc., some offering him a hundred and even two hundred dollars (£40), for a single lecture on social and historical topics. He gladly entered upon this new field of labour, finding in it a double satisfaction "for that in this too I was in some measure helping to lift my race into consideration" he says.

I soon found that "the negro had still a cause," he adds "and that he needed my voice and pen with others to plead for it. The American Anti-Slavery Society, under the lead of Mr. Garrison, had disbanded, its newspapers were discontinued, and all systematic effort by abolitionists abandoned. Many of the Society, Mr. Wendell Phillips and myself amongst the number, differed from Mr. Garrison as to the wisdom of this course. I felt that the work of the Society was not done, that it had not fulfilled its mission, which was not merely to emancipate, but to elevate the enslaved class; but against Mr. Garrison's leadership, and the surprise and joy occasioned by the emancipation, it was impossible to keep the association alive, and the cause of freedom was left mainly to individual effort and to hastily extemporised societies of an ephemeral character brought together under benevolent impulse but having no history behind them. . . ."

Though legalised slavery was abolished, the wrongs of his people were not ended. Their condition was in fact most pitiable. It is true they were freed from bondage to any one master, (such is the freedom of a dog without an owner), and their children were their own, and could not be sold from them. But how did their liberty fare, and how did they live? The land all belonged to their masters. In Russia when the serfs were freed, each was granted three acres of ground. Here three millions of people of all ages, men, women, children, aged persons, young



infants, had found themselves turned loose, naked, homeless, penniless, hungry, under the bare sky, "free" to starve or to return to their wrathful masters,—who had resented their emancipation as an act of hostility to themselves and were still more embittered by the fact of some of their class having borne arms against them,—and beg of them such insufficiency of food and covering as they might deign to offer. The thought of paying cash for labour that hitherto they could extort by the lash was foreign to the men of whom they had to seek employment, and "freed men" though they were, they were powerless to negotiate fair terms.

Seeing their opportunity, the owners of the soil offered them land on shares, the tenants to do the work, the landowner to lend tools, and advance necessary food, etc., till the crop ripened, then to have a settlement. The crop is sold, the master pockets the whole money, and is careful moreover to show a balance in his own favour in the account. He has "charged for rent a sum that would have bought the land, has charged four times its price for each pound of bacon" and so forth; and now if the tenant attempts to quit, he finds he is in a net. He can be arrested for leaving in debt, or perhaps if troublesome will be shot, for the negro was always in the eyes of his soul-degraded masters, a sort of cattle with "no rights that the white man is bound to respect."

Under this terrible system (which largely prevails to-day in the rural districts of the South, although here and there, especially in districts where it has been possible to purchase land, somewhat better conditions prevail), the ardent hopefulness inspired of freedom drooped; it was all hopeless poverty, hopeless debt, where was the use of hard work?*

THE STRUGGLE FOR NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

Douglass foresaw all this and more, he knew that "no class of men, however humane, can be safely trusted with absolute power over the liberties of any other class." He saw that he to whom it can be said "you shall work for me or starve," is in bitter truth a slave, and the man who can say it his master. From the first he saw "no chance of bettering the condition of the freedman except he should cease to be a freedman, and should become a citizen, possessed of civil powers wherewith to protect and maintain is new-born freedom." Douglass was a staunch believer in the Republican form of government, and he recognised, as many do not, that not in any one race or sex, nor in any physical qualifications lie the basis of true Government, but in moral intelligence, and the ability to discern good from evil, right from wrong, and the power to choose between them. When their ignorance was urged "I used to answer, if the negro knows the way to pay taxes, he knows enough to vote, and if he knows as much when sober as an Irishman knows when drunk, he knows enough to vote," moreover "the ballot in his hands is necessary to open the doors of the school."

With the whole force and energy of his nature he gave himself to the advocacy of the new demand—suffrage for the negro—a demand so vastly in advance of those hitherto made for the negro, at first struck men as preposterous. Even W. L. Garrison was not quite ready for it, though Wendell Phillips not only saw the justice, but the necessity of the measure, and gave it his full support. The agitation grew with surprising rapidity.

Unintentionally President Johnson brought the question fully before the nation by the repellent attitude he assumed towards a deputation of prominent coloured men, of whom Douglass was chief spokesman. After hearing the purport of their visit he had made them a long hostile speech and then abruptly dismissed them without permitting a reply. They at once, on retiring, issued their reply through the press, reminding him and the nation that "peace between races is not secured by giving power to one race and withholding it from another, but by maintaining a state of equal justice between all classes."

The question now took its place among the practical politics of the day. Ere long a committee of the Senate was reporting upon it and recommending that it be dealt with according to the option of the several States, a measure stoutly opposed by Douglass and others, who presented to the Senate in person, a great memorial against it, and by the efforts of Senator Sumner, and other friends of the race, it was defeated. Sumner—of whom Douglass speaks as "the most clear-sighted, brave, and uncompromising friend of my race who had ever stood upon the floor of the Senate, and was to me a loved, honoured, and precious personal friend, a man possessing the exalted and matured intellect of a statesman, with the pure and artless heart of a child."

Another great incident of this struggle for

*It is important to note, however, that while vast masses are still helplessly in the grip of the landowner, education goes on apace. From 185 colleges, 75,000 teachers and graduates have gone forth throughout the towns and cities of the South as teachers, preachers, doctors, lawyers, and the like.

the suffrage was when in 1866, F. Douglass was elected by the city of Rochester, as its representative to the National Loyalist Convention at Philadelphia, "a city remarkable for the depth and bitterness of its hatred of the abolition movement, where Anti-Slavery meetings were mobbed, and Pennsylvania Hall burned down for opening its doors to people of different colour on terms of equality!" Douglass's election was clamourously opposed by the Republicans, who feared it would bring on their party the charge of favouring amalgamation and social equality. Influential deputations waited on him on his way to the Convention, to urge him to retire, knowing "as he must do, that there was a strong and bitter prejudice against his race in the North, as well as the South." He firmly declined to withdraw, however, and proceeded to Philadelphia, where a new difficulty awaited him, a monster procession of the delegates was to walk two and two through the city. Douglass stood among the gathering assemblage alone and shunned by all, till at last, a young man named Theodore Tilton, poet, scholar and editor of the weekly journal with the largest circulation of any in New York, came to him in his isolation, and seizing him by the hand in a most brotherly way, proposed to walk with him in the procession. "I have been in many awkward and disagreeable positions in my life," Mr. Douglass wrote years afterwards, "but I think I never appreciated an act of courage and generous sentiment more highly than I did that of this brave young man. How was my presence regarded by the populace? I will tell you, the people had made more progress than their leaders. An act for which those leaders expected to be pelted with stones only brought to them unmeasured applause. Along the whole line of march my presence was cheered repeatedly and enthusiastically. I was myself utterly surprised." Negro franchise became the burning question of the occasion; on it the Convention split.

Called on by the Pro-suffrage party to speak, Douglass responded with all the energy of his soul. He says, "For I looked upon the suffrage to the negro as the only means which could prevent him from being thrust back into slavery."

It was reserved for "President Grant, with his characteristic nerve and clear perceptions of justice," to finally recommend to the Senate the 14th and 15th amendments to the Constitution, by which coloured men are to-day invested with the right to vote and be voted for in the American Republic.

### SOUTHERN ATROCITIES.

On the South there fell a sullen silence—the masters holding fiercely aloof from public office, and compelling the freedmen all unaided to legislate for both. (Be it remembered to the honour of these that amidst all the blunders and shortcomings of their short reign it was they who gave to the South her public school system, for hitherto she had none.) All too quickly the storm burst, a wild tornado of persecution and slaughter. White men held no trick too mean, no deed too atrocious that might once more secure to them their solid supremacy, and many hundreds of the brightest and bravest of the coloured race were horribly murdered.

With horror and indignation at his heart over the outrages attendant on their enfranchisement, Douglass still held that unutterably worse would it have been for them had the nation withheld "the means of self-protection granted to others, making the rich strong and the poor weak." The evils he believed would be temporary, the good attained permanent. The fact that the old master-class felt that their interests were opposed, was to his clear mind a powerful reason for their enfranchisement. "Until it shall be safe," he said, "to leave the lamb in the den of the lion, . . . it will not be safe to leave a newly-emancipated people completely in the power of their former masters, especially when such masters have not ceased to be such from enlightened moral convictions, but by irresistible force."

### DOUGLASS REMOVES TO WASHINGTON.

During that spell of "Negro supremacy," as it was called, Douglass was earnestly urged to remove to some Southern district and stand for Congress, but his increasing years, and his repugnance to "living among people in order to gain their votes" induced him not to yield to the temptation. He believed that the Southern freedman needed his voice more in the Northern States, where, as he said, he had an audience ready made, than in the halls of Congress.

When, however, some time later, a weekly paper in the interests of their cause was needed at the National Capital he consented to become its editor, and to take up his abode at Washington, where he lived for the remainder of his life.

On his departure from Rochester a loving tribute was paid to him by his friends, his marble bust being placed in the hall of the University. They wrote of him that "great in his gifts, he was greater in utilising them; great in his inspirations, he was greater in his efforts for humanity; great in the persuasion of his speech, yet greater in the purpose that informed it."

Appointed to various posts of honour by succeeding Presidents, his pen and voice were still ceaselessly exerted in behalf of human rights.

### SPEECH AT WASHINGTON.

Speaking of the then condition of his people at a great public meeting held at Washington in April, 1886, F. Douglass indignantly refers to the disregard of their rights by the nation. The following are a few brief extracts from this memorable address, taken from a local paper of the day:—

(In the South) "Lynch law, violence and murder [are as frequent as before] and without the least show of federal interference or popular rebuke. The Constitution has been openly violated with the usual impunity, and the coloured vote has been as completely nullified (suppressed) as if the fifteenth amendment [conferring the franchise] formed no part of the Constitution, and as if every coloured citizen of the South had been struck dead by lightning."

"The number of outrages committed against the civil rights of coloured citizens [travelling] by land and water, and by the courts of the country, under the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, have shown the same disposition to punish the innocent and shield the guilty as during the (former) Presidency. While I gratefully remember the important services of the Republican party in emancipating and enfranchising the coloured people of the United States I do not forget that the work of that party is most sadly incomplete. . . . We are yet as a people only half free. The promise of liberty remains unfulfilled. We stand to-day only in the twilight of American liberty. *The mission of the Republican party will not be ended until the persons, the property and the ballot of the coloured man shall be as well protected in every State of the American Union as are such rights in the case of white men.*"

. . . . "The Preamble to the Constitution of the United States, as adopted by the founders of the Republic in 1789, sets forth the cardinal objects to be attained as follows:—

First.—To form a more perfect Union.
Second.—To establish justice.
Third.—To provide for the common defence.
Fourth.—To ensure domestic tranquillity.
Fifth.—To promote the general welfare.
Sixth.—To secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

Perhaps there never was an instrument framed by men at the beginning of any national career designed to accomplish nobler objects than these. They are objects worthy of those who gave to the world the immortal "Declaration of Independence," in which they asserted the equal rights of man, and boldly declared in face of all the divine-right Governments of Europe, the doctrine that Governments derive their right to govern from the consent of the governed." . . . I now undertake to say that neither the Constitution of 1789, nor the Constitution as amended since the war is the law of the land. *So far as the coloured people of the country are concerned the Constitution is but a stupendous sham.*"



[Both political parties] "have promised us law and abandoned us to anarchy, and the Federal Government so far as we are concerned has abdicated its functions. When, where and how has any attempt been made to enforce or establish justice in any one of the late Slave-holding States?

. . . . "According to the highest legal authorities justice is the perpetual disposition to secure to every man by due process of law, protection to his person, his property and his political rights Due process of law has a definite and legal meaning. It means the right to be tried in open court by a jury of one's peers and before an impartial judge. It means that the accused shall be brought face to face with his accusers; that he shall be allowed to call witnesses in his defence, and that he shall have the assistance of counsel. It means that preceding his trial he shall be safe in the custody of the Government, and that no harm shall come to him for any alleged offence till he is fairly tried, convicted and sentenced by the Court. This protection is given to the vilest white criminal in the land. He cannot be convicted while there is even a reasonable doubt in the minds of the jury as to his guilt. But to the coloured man accused of crime in the Southern States a different rule is almost everywhere applied. With him to be accused is to be convicted. The Court in which he is tried is a lynching mob. This mob takes the place of "due process of law," of judge, jury, witness and counsel. It does not come to ascertain the guilt or innocence of the accused, but to hang, shoot, stab, burn or whip him to death. Neither courts, jails nor marshals are allowed to protect him. Every day brings us tidings of these outrages. Their name is legion. Everybody knows that what I say is true, and that no power is employed by the Government to prevent this lawless violence.

. . . . "I appeal to our white fellow-countrymen. The power to protect is in their hands. If they can protect the rights of white men they can protect the rights of black men. If they can defend the rights of American citizens abroad they can defend them at home. . . The only trouble is the will! the will! the will! Here as elsewhere, 'Where there's a will there's a way.'

"As to removing the people *en masse* from the South, I for one say 'Away with such impotent substitutes for the justice and protection due to us.' The first duty that the National Government owes to its citizens is protection.

. . . . "We are used to the shedding of innocent blood, and the heart of this nation is torpid, if not dead, to the natural claims of justice and humanity, where the victims are of the coloured race. . . . Where are the defenders of the Constitution? What hand in House or Senate, what voice in all our Court or Cabinet is uplifted to stay this tide of violence, blood, and barbarism? It is the old story verified;

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Our chief magistrates and other officers continue to go through the solemn mockery of swearing by the name of Almighty God, that they will execute the laws and the Constitution, (but) neither Governors, Presidents, nor Statesmen have yet declared that these barbarities shall be stopped. On the contrary, they all confess themselves powerless to protect our class."

"In view of this confessed impotency of the Government, and this apparent insensibility of the nation to the claims of humanity, do you ask me why

I expend time and breath in denouncing these wholesale murders? I answer, 'How can any man with a heart in his breast do otherwise, when louder than the blood of Abel the blood of his fellow-men cries from the ground?'

"In other days we had a potent voice in the South—Sumner, Wilson, Conkling and others. These did not exhaust the justice and humanity of American Statesmanship. There is heart and eloquence still left in the councils of the nation, and these will, I trust, yet make themselves potent in having both the Constitution of 1789 and the Constitution with the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments made practically the law of the land for all the people thereof."

LAST VISIT TO EUROPE.

INTERVIEWED BY "DAILY NEWS."

In the year 1884, Mr. Douglass being then a widower, had married Miss Helen Pitts, one of those brave Northern women who, after the war, had gone into the South as teachers among the Freedmen.

Two years later, in 1886-7, he brought his wife with him, on his third visit to Europe—this time for rest.

The *Daily News* of that date, 1886, thus describes an interview with Mr. Douglass at his London hotel: "We were in the presence of a man whose name all England is familiar with as that of a runaway slave—(he was now seventy years old)—his venerable appearance, courtly dignity of demeanour and powerful but beneficent face, instantly impressed us with the conviction that we had stepped into the presence of a man who was both great and good. . . With a splendid physique, tall and powerfully built—the swarthy complexion of the mulatto, abundant negro hair white as snow (swept back from his low brow) and features full of emotional fire and intellectual force, he looked every inch a man born for distinction. In voice, accent, language, and conversation Frederick Douglass is the highly cultivated gentleman, and it is strange indeed to English ears to listen to the stories he has to tell of the varied and distinct lives he has led.

"Once, after he had attained to high official position, he revisited the scenes of his slave life and the bedside of his old master. He went over the old plantation, he stood in the kitchen where he had last seen his mother, went to the window where he used to sing in the hope that a little bread would be given him, and to the closet door where as a child he remembered that he had slept in a bag.

"'But slavery is all a thing of the past?' someone remarked to him; Mr. Douglass sadly shakes his head. Slavery has been abolished in name, he says, and in theory all over the Union, but the prejudice against colour is still at times very painfully manifest. His whole life is a battle with it, and he is now here in England for rest, and in order for a time to escape from the stream which he is always conscious of struggling against in his own country. He fully recognised the change that time had brought, but nevertheless it was true that within the past two years the mere rumour that he had taken a sitting in a Presbyterian church in Washington, raised a ferment throughout the city, and filled the newspapers with angry, excited letters.

"This highly gifted and heroic man, whom Abraham Lincoln distinguished with his friendship, and who had held distinguished positions under the Government, who has edited and owned influential newspapers, and in whom the world recognises a man of consummate ability and stainless integrity, has nevertheless a swarthy skin and must not take a sitting with other Christians.

"'And are you really conscious of a different social atmosphere here in England?' he was asked.

"'Oh dear, yes!' is the ready response, 'entirely different; I have in America my own wide circle of friends, and my official position has reduced unpleasantness to a minimum, but here in England there is no friction or unpleasantness. I am free, and I feel myself free to go anywhere, or to mingle in any society.'

"There is much sadness in his general review of the negroes in the Southern States. They are no longer slaves in name but in fact, their slavery is indeed a terrible reality, and great changes have yet to be made before the great work of emancipation can be considered complete.

"Here in England we have abolished the truck system, it is illegal to pay wages in goods; but in the Southern States the system still prevails. By means of it great numbers of blacks are held in bondage, which virtually ties them down to the soil on which they are oppressed almost as effectually as ownership in them would do.

"Again, 'negroes convicted of the pettiest offences are hired out as convict labourers, and under the guise of a system of justice, slavery is still the lot of many unfortunate negroes.'"

VISITS STREET.

My own first call on Mr. Douglass was during this same visit of his to England. He was then in London. Our conversation was largely on the colour question, and Mr. Douglass seemed surprised to find English people so deeply concerning themselves with the question of the negroes' rights, and said in his fatherly fashion "My



child, I am very much interested, I want to see you again." To my great pleasure I found that he was about to visit Mrs. Helen Bright Clark, at Street, and a few weeks later Mrs. Clark kindly invited her friends and neighbours to meet and spend the evening with Frederick Douglass. During the evening Mr. Douglass gave us a luminous half-hour's address on the present condition of the coloured population in America, speaking of the caste barriers that everywhere blocked their way, of the iniquitous truck system, their oppression, and their total inability to protect themselves without the ballot, of which they had been deprived by cruel persecution, and the fraudulent manipulation of the ballot boxes.

The gloom of this picture was only relieved by his trust in God, who had brought his people so far out of their bondage in the past, and surely would not desert them till their emancipation was complete. Looking upon the waters of the Atlantic he had thought, he said, how Humanity was "One, like the ocean, though many and varied as its heaving waves."

Before we separated he asked me never again to visit America without paying him and his wife a visit at their home on Anacostia Heights (near Washington), an invitation which it was my privilege to accept in the autumn of 1892. I venture on another page to append a few leaves from my journal at that time. In a letter home I wrote, "We have been a large party of coloured and white (a most valuable experience. . . F. Douglass says I *must* come again next summer for us to hold a convention on the new movement!" [Referring to the National Citizens' Rights movement, inaugurated by Judge Tourgèe, of which we had been talking hopefully during the latter days of my stay.]*

LAST WORDS ON POLITICS. HIS DEATH.

Mr. Douglass was profoundly moved by the report brought to him by Miss Ida B. Wells of the growth of lynching outrages in the South, from whence she came bearing her living and lurid testimony of what she had seen and searched into.

"Brave Woman!" he wrote of her, "you have done your people and mine a service which can be neither weighed nor measured. There has been no word equal to yours in convincing power. I have spoken, but my word is feeble in comparison.

"If the American conscience were only half alive; if the American Church and Clergy were only half christianized; if American moral sensibility were not hardened by persistent infliction of outrages and crime against coloured people, a scream of horror, shame and indignation would rise to heaven whenever your pamphlet shall be read?"*

His death was a heavy blow to the brave young champion of her persecuted race. "I have no words at command to express my sense of personal loss," she wrote, "the blinding tears will not let me attempt at this time to narrate a tenth part of his personal goodness to me and his help to the cause. my heart is desolate over the realization that for the first time since the burden of race defence was laid upon me I cannot have the help and support of Frederick Douglass."

Mr. Douglass retained to the last a vivid interest in current events, and in spite of its lamentable shortcomings he still belonged to what is still fondly called by many the "Party of Freedom." Only the day before his death he wrote sadly to a Northern friend:—"Though I am glad that the Democratic party has met with defeat, I have my fears that the victory of the Republicans may make them even a little more indifferent about protecting human rights under the constitution than when they were in power before. It is to the shame of the Republican party that it could protect the rights of American citizens everywhere but at home. It made no earnest effort to see that the Constitution was obeyed in the Southern States and the ballot box protected. The fourteenth amendment declares that when any State shall deprive any of its citizens of the Elective Franchise, representation shall be reduced, &c. No attempt has been made to enforce this provision by the Republican party or any other, yet all swore to support the Constitution."

A writer in the London *Friend* thus describes his last hours:—

"Frederick Douglass had been in attendance at the Women's National Council, in session at Washington. He sat as a specially welcomed guest through the business sessions of its Executive Committee on Wednesday, the 20th February last, full of interest and sympathy and (seemingly) in the best of health. At the conclusion of the meeting he rode out to his home. He had an engagement to lecture at a neighbouring church in the evening, and while waiting for the carriage to take him thither he was giving his wife an animated account of the

* *Anti-Caste* met with his warm approval from the beginning, and he contributed liberally to its support.

* His own last powerful utterances on this question, issued but a few months before his death, we are republishing in pamphlet form for free distribution.

day's proceedings, when in the midst of the description he fell forward. She soon perceived that he was dying, and summoned assistance, but he did not rally, and in a short time breathed his last. A sudden attack of heart disease was the verdict of the physicians. Thus ended a useful, noble life."

The funeral service was held at the Metropolitan African Methodist Church at Washington, at which he was a regular attender. The burial took place at his old home, Rochester (N.Y.). As the above writer says, "his best and most lasting memorial will be found in the improved condition of the people in whose enfranchisement (in so far as it is yet accomplished) he was, under the blessing of God, so mighty a factor."

"Born a slave," writes Professor Crogman, of Atlanta, "subjected in his early youth and manhood to the degrading, stultifying, demoralizing influences of slavery, he has left behind him after a public life, long, varied, and stormy, a name as clean and spotless as driven snow."

We cut from a Southern Negro Journal, *The Planet*, the following appropriate remarks quoted from the *Philadelphia Press*:—

"The death of Frederick Douglass has been followed by wide public notice of the honours he had received, the consideration with which he has been treated, and the positions he has filled.

"But it is worth while remembering, in the interest of justice and equality, twin duties of the Republic, that these honours and this consideration were both infinitely less than he would have received in any other civilized country in the world.

"In France he would have found Dumas, a man darker than himself, honoured through life in every social circle, and after death one of the few whose statue stands in the Theatre Français. If, as might easily have been the case, Douglass had been elected to the French Academy, he would have found there, now and in the past, men of his race. In no corner of France and in no part of Europe would he have found the hotel, the theatre, the railroad car, the school, or the home, in which he would not have been accepted on his merits as a man and his manners as a gentleman.

"This simple equality and justice exists in all other civilized nations. When like even-handed justice is dealt here, the Negro question will be solved, and no other solution can give peace, because none other is just."

"ANTI-CASTE."

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CATHERINE IMPEY,

Street, Somersetshire, (England).

*Subscriptions in aid of this growing work are earnestly invited.*

# Extracts
FROM THE
# Editor's Diary of a Visit to "Cedar Hill."

*Sept. 14, 1892.*—After a tiring night journey [from Mayville, near Lake Erie, the home of Judge Albion W. Tourgée and his wife, where I had been delightfully spending the last few days,] I arrived at Washington, and with the aid and counsel of a kind negro porter, mounted a street car that took me out to Anacostia, a suburban village lying across the broad Potomac river, a few miles to the south-west of the city. There leaving the cars, I walked up, tired and sleepy, to F. Douglass's beautifully-situated home on its wooded knoll ("Cedar Hill"), to find him away till night, and my telegram of early the day before, announcing the time of my arrival, never having come. I was met at the door by Miss Pitts, Mrs. Douglass's sister, who showed me into the reception-room on the left of the entrance, a pleasant room with two deep bay windows to the south, shaded by great magnolia and other trees, and two long windows opening on to the verandah. The study opened from it to the back. Mrs. Douglass soon came and kindly welcomed me, and as I was very hungry she soon had a little meal served for me in the dining-room (which opens back from the right-hand parlour) by a quaint, little, old and very black negress, who smiled lovingly into my face and called me kindly names. She wore very short skirts and a turban, and looked a most quaint and picturesque figure to my English eyes.

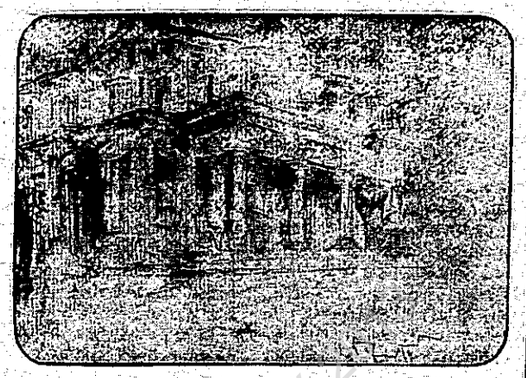
Mrs. Douglass (who it will be remembered is a Northern white lady) had two lady guests already visiting her (two Mrs. Ws.); Miss Pitts and a young friend (Miss Foy) live with the family; also two granddaughters of Mr. Douglass's, so that I soon found we were to be an interesting mixed family, as to colour.

During the afternoon, while Mrs. Douglass and her guests went for their afternoon drive, they kindly allowed me to sleep. The granddaughters (Annie and Estelle Sprague) joined us at the early supper. After a little music and conversation we retired about 9.30.

*Thursday, 15 Sept.*—Woke early. I feel it very warm again, alas! We breakfast at 7 o'clock—seemingly a usual hour in this country. Miss Sprague goes to her office work in the Treasury department. F. Douglass had come home in the night. What a grand majestic figure it is. Fine features, with a crown of white hair like the Egyptian monarchs of old. He was strolling in the garden under the shade of the trees before we came down. At table he led the talk in a quiet repressed voice. Finding how shy we all were, and conversation often flagging, he said quietly, "We shall become better acquainted before long."

After breakfast I took my note book out on to the lawn in front, seated myself under a cedar, and began my sketch of the house (as reproduced on next page). Trees grow all around—a fir grove, with a few oaks and chestnuts, and grass under foot. You approach the house when walking, by two steep flights of steps with a light handrail, under the shade of tall tulip trees. The scene from the veranda, where hammocks and rockers and garden seats tempt one to rest, is magnificent, away over the city with its dazzling white dome and obelisk, and its masses of red-brick and other buildings, the broad, sluggish Potomac, spanned by bridges, spreading on its lazy way between us and it, and woods and





rolling land everywhere as far as the eye can reach, into Maryland.

The drive has been cut in spiral fashion round the knoll. There is a glen or valley on each side the house, down the sides of which slope the vegetable gardens, where later on F. Douglass took me to see the sweet potato plants, growing like cucumber vines in a tangle over the ground, among an orchard of young pear trees, &c.

Rising behind the garden to the west is a cornfield—"Indian corn" as we call it in England—where the huge sheaves stand 8 feet high—baking in the sun. Near it are carriage-house, stables, and a small barn.

I had not been long sketching before F. Douglass came and asked me to stroll round with him, and then we rested in this barn—he in an old chair and I on a truss of hay—and we talked, while a pleasant negro workman passed about doing some repairs, &c. F. Douglass was very weary from the exertion of making a long speech to a monster open-air gathering the day before at the Coloured People's State Fair (or agricultural show) at Richmond, Virginia, so we just idled and talked quietly. He showed me his odd little den, too, a small brick room out in the hot sunshine, where he sometimes hides to be quiet and write. He told me a good deal about his family, of those who had died, especially a beloved daughter, and of his one daughter still living (Mrs. Sprague), whom he evidently holds very dear.

In the afternoon we visited the Art gallery near the White House (F. Douglass and a party of six ladies). We were just starting, when two more guests arrived—a Mrs. Lee and her daughter, from Chicago (coloured), Miss Lee proving a skilled musician and singer. In the gallery I went the round with Mr. and Mrs. Douglass, and he pointed out to me his favourite pictures. Two he especially called my attention to were "The helping hand"—a merry, happy little child helping an old sailor grandfather to row the boat. The other, a sympathetically-drawn household scene in a negro cabin, in which there is an entire absence of the element of ridicule or caricature, so usual in American pictures of negro life.

The gallery closed at 4 o'clock. Some went home, Mrs. W., Miss Pitts, Miss Foy and I went through the White House gardens, enjoying the beautiful water lilies and foliage plants and the shade; and then out on to the "White Lot"—white now with army tents, for the great living remnant of the Northern Army was gathering here for a grand parade and reunion the coming week, and all was excitement. Every place was decorated, and grand stands and seats being put up everywhere. The whole city and neighbourhood was swarming with sightseers.

In the evening F. Douglass had out his beloved violin and played, while his granddaughter (Annie) accompanied on the piano, two of his very favourite hymns. One was from an old Methodist hymn book with music, which he afterwards brought across to me that I might handle it. It was the one book he had brought away with him in his escape from slavery, so greatly did he prize it. It was a picture to remember, his tall majestic old figure bending over his beloved violin, swaying to the music. Then we all sang together "Nearer my God to Thee."

*Friday, Sept. 16.*—I stayed near home all day expecting Mr. Mitchell (editor of the Richmond *Planet*). The other ladies went off on a long day's excursion with the carriage and its two black horses. I finished my sketch, and then F. Douglass came and told me to stroll with him and talk. I fetched his stick for him (he is old enough to like being waited on) and we strolled away back through a neighbour's garden (the convenience of having no fences) and up through the beautiful woods and sweet odorous places to a disused fortress, where a little calf was tethered, and two little girls played together. There with a grand panorama around us we sat down under a little tree, and after talking of the scene before us he pointed out to me the valley below us to the west, which Gen. Howard purchased (it being waste land then) and gave to the contraband negroes who had followed the army from the South and were starving. They have settled down and worked and paid off what was advanced to them for building their little houses, and some raise vegetables and a little fruit for the city market, and others go into the city to work by day, and come back to their picturesque valley, and the houses strewn among the coppice wood. Some thrifty ones have good houses now. There are two large schools and some chapels, stores, &c., and so the little community of outcasts is "coming up," as they say here.

When we were tired of talking, I read aloud to Mr. Douglass a pamphlet he had brought with him on the culture and civilization of ancient Ethiopia, showing how it preceded and gave birth to Egyptian civilization and architecture, and extended through India in a pre-Aryan era. We stopped to discuss and comment as we read. He was grateful to be read to—gets so tired with reading letters, &c. At last it was time to return to lunch, and we wandered down by a fresh path through the woods, resting awhile on a fallen tree. "Let us be silent awhile and listen to nature," he said, and I heard the gentle falling of dried leaves, the small chirp of distant grasshoppers, and it felt like a prayer, and I longed that this might be a blessed and useful preparation for the future conflict.

Before tea Stella Sprague kindly took me down to call on Miss S., a friendly correspondent of mine in Anacostia, whom I had never met. I found she was a thoughtful young teacher at the large village schools (at the General Howard Place), her parents having been some of those very "contrabands" coming up out of slavery. It was down on the sandy levels, not in the wild old valley, that they had built however, and Oh the heat! This sun does so scald and melt one through! Miss S. walked back to Cedar Hill with us, and as we walked the two girls told me sadly of several cases of injustice and proscription from which they and their companions had suffered in Washington, on account of their colour, exclusion from technical and other classes in which they had hoped or even begun to study and learn to earn their living, and of the separate school system, etc. We talked about Judge Tourgée and the National Citizen's Rights Association. Their enthusiasm is quite fired about it as well as my own.

*Saturday, Sept. 17.*—That morning, a lovely bouquet of garden flowers was sent me by my teacher friend. In the morning, as Mrs. Douglass was going in the buggy to do some errands, I drove about with and held the "lines" for her. We went up that negro settlement, and oh, the pitiful little dwellings some were, and so ruinous, and showing signs of such hopeless struggling poverty. A poor woman Mrs. Douglass called on to try to get her to help in the kitchen, and who couldn't well manage it, having a little shop whose custom was destroyed if she shut her door for a few days, stood and talked to me as I sat waiting for Mrs. D.

In the afternoon, Miss Lee and some of the young folk went to a concert, in the city, escorted by Joseph Douglass, a music-loving grandson of F. Douglass. In the evening, Estelle ("Stella") sang to Mr. Douglass some of his favourite hymns, which seemed restful to him.

*Sunday, Sept. 18.*—Mr. Douglass announced at breakfast, that he should go to the Presbyterian Church. I asked if he meant a "coloured one?" He parried my question, but wanted to know who wished to go. I believed he wished to take us there for some wise purpose and at once said I would like to. Both the Mrs. W's said ditto, and Mrs. Lee, and Mrs. Douglass, so in due time we were driven down by "York," their very black negro driver, by whom it was my portion to sit and from whom I learned a little about the poorer negro community, their rate of wages, etc.

At the church, carriages with their negro drivers were thronged about the street under the shade trees;—this is a fashionable coloured church.—F. Douglass said "Ladies, I will lead the way, if you please," and his splendid presence preceded us up the aisle, where the ushers took him and his wife and train of friends to a very front seat. Behind the preacher's platform and raised a step, was the seat for the choir (of five trained and select voices), who sometimes sang to the congregation and sometimes led in a hymn. To my English Quaker eyes the place was luxuriously upholstered. It had long coloured lancet windows, crimson Brussels carpet and cushioned seats throughout; an amphitheatre in form and arrangement. The audience of about 700 persons were apparently all "coloured" except four of our party; some fair complexioned, some plain, and a few even, to our eyes ugly, but many magnificently handsome, with their wondrous soft black eyes.

The preacher, refined and sensitive looking, a man of perhaps 35 to 40, light in colour, and altogether very English in appearance. His manner was quiet and dignified, his sermon a written discourse on Whittier. Whittier, the poet reformer, the champion of their liberties, who has just passed to his rest, so that the preacher felt he could not but take this opportunity to review his life-work, before a rising generation to whom slavery in its grosser forms is already a tradition of the past. Some of the poems quoted were the very finest. I find Whittier loved him much more than Lowell.

After the regular service closed, some little children were brought forward by their parents to be baptised. A simple brief ceremony of dedication on the part of the parents and of exhortation from the minister. We stood near the front, I watching the greetings etc., as the people dispersed. I was then introduced to the preacher (Dr. Grimke) and his wife, a very very gentle attractive looking lady. That I might enjoy more of their company, Mr. Douglass kindly invited them both to dine with us, and on the way home on the street cars Mr. D., Mr. G. and I had a deeply interesting discussion upon points of the caste question.

From this conversation it was evident that the distinct opinion existed, among leading members of the coloured race, that *caste is tightening its grasp*, that professedly Christian society in America is deliberately accepting it as the only and "necessary" means of preventing honourable intermarriage—"intermarriage" not amalgamation—*that* goes on almost without rebuke, as a matter of course. The higher the coloured generations advance in civilization, the more stringent is the repression. Later in the day I had some very interesting talk with Mrs. Grimke about the National Citizens' Rights Association (Judge Tourgée's plan of enrolment for a new Anti-Slavery Crusade, adapted to present conditions), of which she earnestly approves, and had been in correspondence with Judge Tourgée respecting it. In the afternoon we were sitting round the parlour and Mr. Douglass was telling us incidents of the old Anti-Slavery struggle, and said some strong things too, against Caste. Mr. Douglass's daughter, Mrs. Sprague, had joined our party since the morning, and all day callers, driving or on foot, kept coming and going, so many being in the city to see the "Grand Army Review." We counted afterwards 45 visitors, all "coloured!" Among them were three old people of the regular country farmer class, from Maryland, one being a cousin of F. Douglass, and the others fellow slaves from his own old master's estate, from which he had escaped to freedom so remarkably.

The Grimke's left about four o'clock, and another visitor came to stay over the festivities, from New York. In the dark of the warm evening, when most were gone, the Mrs. Ws. and Miss Foy and I sat on the verandah alone, and quiet, Mrs. W. telling us thrilling stories of her teacher life in Virginia during and after the war time. Before the war she had been governess in a slaveholder's family in the South.

One day talking quietly, Mr. Douglass was recalling how before speaking to the audiences who gathered at their Anti-Slavery meetings he used to ask to be alone, and his preparation was to recall the horrors and cruelties suffered by those he had left in slavery. It all would rise up before him like an actual presence, and he would go before the audience quivering with the sympathy it stirred in him. The effect on his hearers was as if they too saw what he saw inwardly. It wrought a marvellous effect on them. He could feel every being before him swayed with his emotion, and multitudes would be weeping. Sometimes he felt unable so to speak, and often feared his quieter efforts were failures. At such a moment, Wendell Phillips would be so kind, so encouraging and say "Frederick, so-and-so was well said." Once he and W. L. Garrison and Wendell Phillips had to make a night journey on some steamboat, and he was refused a berth, and had to walk the deck all night. He had not been long thus left alone, when Wendell Phillips came from his room, and taking his arm, walked with him. "I could not sleep and leave you to walk alone," he said.

*Sept. 19.*—I was quite busy saying my good-byes from the kitchen upward, and the whole family were on the verandah to see me off, and were all so kind and affectionate I felt quite overwhelmed. Mrs. Douglass said I must make theirs my home for a good long time when I came next, and I felt, what I was assured, that I was leaving real friends.

Mr. Douglass and his daughter went with me to the city to see me off, and at the crowded Railway Station we parted.

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