STRIKE for FREEDOM

Slavery, Civil War & the Frederick Douglass Family in the Walter O. & Linda Evans Collection

200TH ANNIVERSARY

An Exhibition Guide 2018-19

Celeste-Marie Bernier

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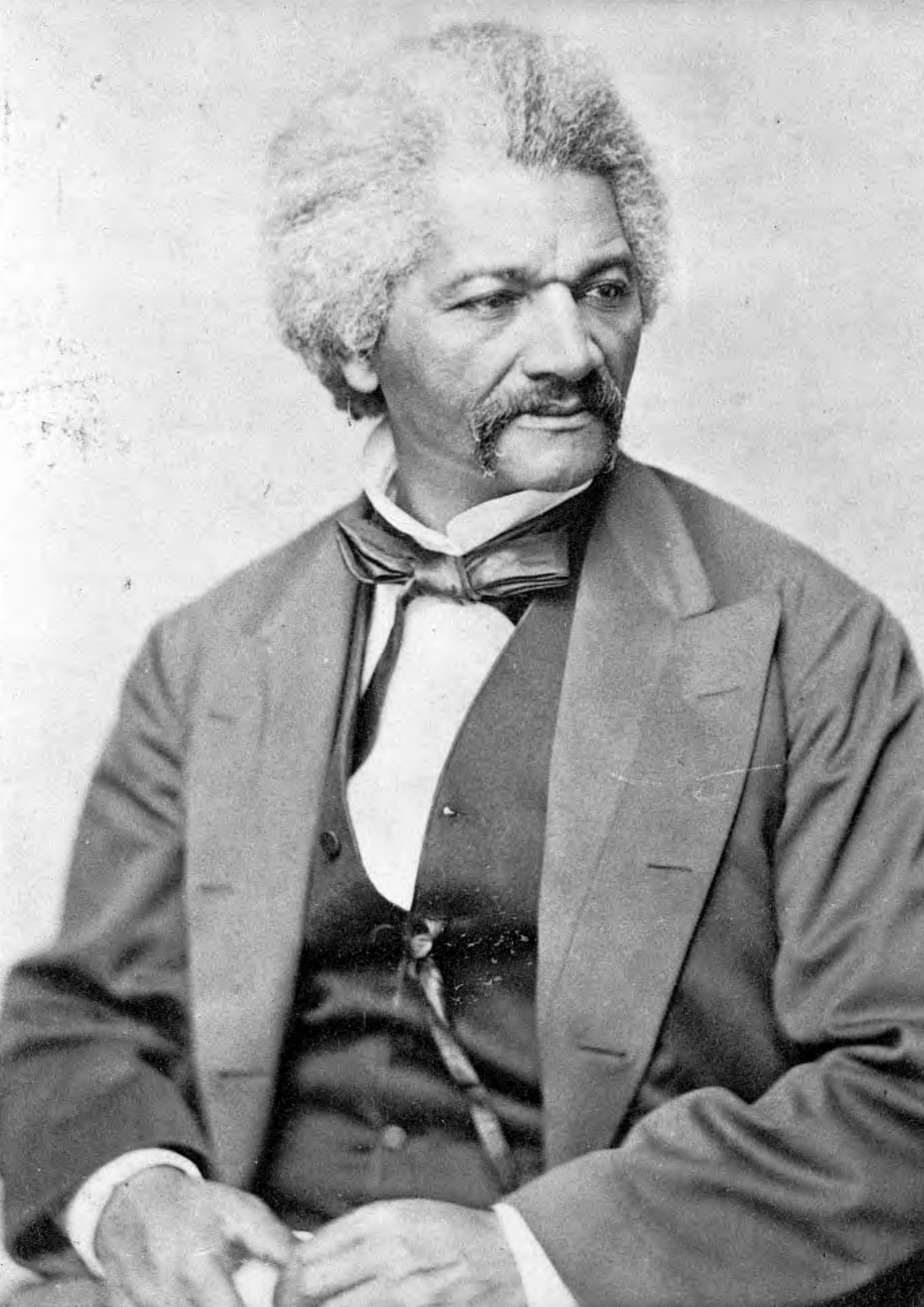
THE UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH

MARYLAND STATE ARCHIVES

Arts & Humanities Research Council



Contents

Introduction

"MY PART HAS BEEN TO TELL THE STORY OF THE SLAVE"
FREDERICK DOUGLASS (1818-1895)

"SCOTLAND IS NOW ALL IN A BLAZE OF ANTISLAVERY EXCITEMENT"
FREDERICK DOUGLASS
33 GILMORE PLACE, APRIL 28, 1846

Frederick Douglass was born into southern slavery as Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey in Maryland, USA, in 1818. In 1838, and at barely 20 years of age, he risked life and limb to make his escape from the "prison-house of bondage." Douglass went on to become the most famous author, orator, anti-slavery activist, philosopher, civil rights campaigner, statesman, and freedom-fighter in US history.

Scotland as a nation and Edinburgh as a city are at the heart of Frederick Douglass's journey from slavery to freedom. When he made the transatlantic voyage in August 1845, he was on the run as a 'fugitive slave.' In April, 1845, he had published his first autobiography, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave.* An instant bestseller, he put his life at risk by naming his white slave owners. Audiences now knew that Frederick Douglass, the free man, had started his life in slavery. Here began the first role Scotland was to play in his life. He had made it to freedom in the Northern United States as Frederick Johnson but there were too many men of that name. As Douglass recalled, Nathan Johnson, an Underground Railroad conductor, "had just been reading the 'Lady of the Lake,' and at once suggested that my name be 'Douglass.'"

For Frederick Douglass, a formerly enslaved man, the association with Sir James Douglas, the famous Scottish knight immortalized by Sir Walter Scott in his romantic epic, *Lady of the Lake,* went beyond their shared surnames. Frederick Douglass saw in James Douglas, a chief commander during the Wars of Scottish Independence, a kindred spirit as a man who was equally committed to the overthrow of tyranny, despotism, and oppression. Writing from Perth, on January 27, 1846, Douglass confided his new found sense of liberty by urging, "Frederick Douglass, the *freeman,* is a very different person from Frederick Bailey, the slave." Living on Scottish soil, he was jubilant: "I feel myself almost a new man – freedom has given me new life." He was even fired with a new courage in facing down his white tormenters by informing one of his former aggressors, "When I used to meet you [in Maryland], I hardly dared to lift my head and look up at you." The situation could not be more different now he is in the land of James Douglas. "If I should meet you now, amid the free hills of old Scotland, where the ancient 'black Douglas' once met his foes, I presume I might summon sufficient fortitude to look you full in the face," Douglass declared. He went so far as to threaten his persecutor that, "were you to attempt to make a slave of me, it is possible you might find me almost as disagreeable a subject, as was the Douglas to whom I just referred."

On January 29, 1846, Douglass exalted in "old Scotland" as a crucible of the struggle for human rights: "Scarcely a stream but what has been pouring into song, or a hill that is not associated with some fierce and bloody conflict between liberty and slavery." On remarking that he had seen "the Grampian mountains that divide east Scotland from the west," he recalled, "I was told that here the ancient crowned heads used to meet, contend and struggle in deadly conflict for supremacy" only to confide, "I see in myself all those elements of character which were I to yield to their promptings might lead me to deeds as bloody." Living a "new life" in Scotland, Douglass lost faith in peacable antislavery protest and endorsed the "bloody deeds" of war. As US history confirms, he was to be proved right: slavery as a national institution ended not as a result of abolitionist activism but due to the "deadly conflict" of Civil War.

While Douglass celebrated the Grampian Mountains for their sublime splendor, it was Edinburgh that he celebrated for its epic beauty. Writing from 33 Gilmore Place on July 30 1846 he declared, "I am now in Edinburgh… one of the beautiful cities in Europe. I never saw one with which for beauty elegance and grandeur to compare it." For Douglass, the city was important not only for its unrivalled "beauty elegance and grandeur" but for its radical egalitarianism. As a man who

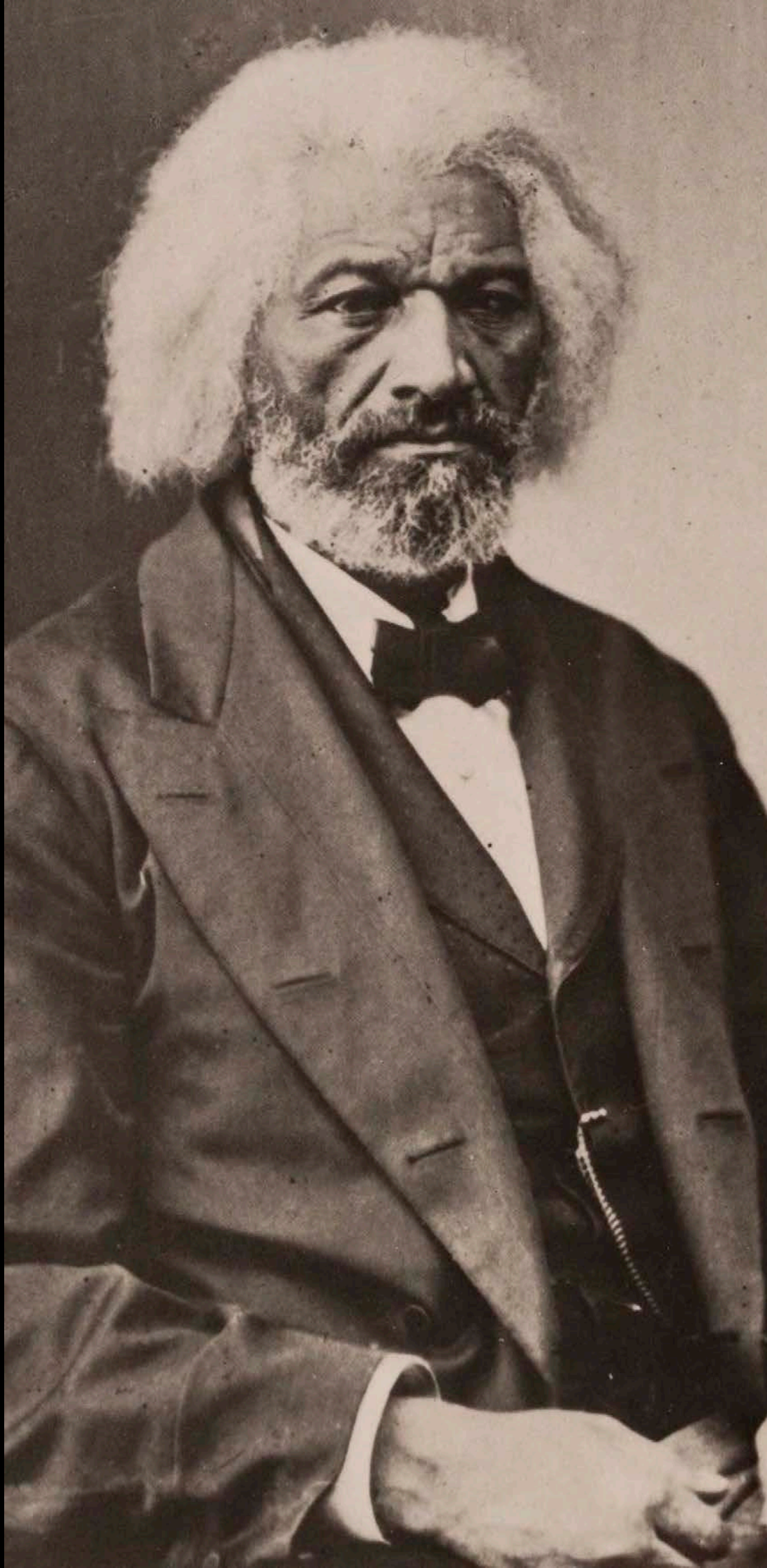
suffered personal attacks and abuse on a daily basis, he exalted in his new found social status: “Everything is so different here from what I have been accustomed to in the United States. No insults to encounter – no prejudice to encounter, but all is smooth. I am treated as a man an equal brother. My color instead of being a barrier to social equality – is not thought of as such.”

Douglass worked tirelessly as “Scotland’s Anti-slavery agent” by delivering hundreds of public lectures in buildings across the city. Widely celebrated for his leading role in the campaign against the Free Church of Scotland and its acceptance of donations from white US slaveholders, he spearheaded the protest movement with the slogan, “Send back the blood-stained money!” While Douglass and his advocates failed in “making them ‘Send back the Money,’” they succeeded in “enlightening the whole people on the subject of American Slavery.” Dedicating a lifetime to the fight for social justice, Douglass believed in universal human rights: “Right is of no sex, truth is of no color – God is the Father of Us All, and All We are Brethren.”

Strike for Freedom tells the story of Frederick Douglass’s fight for social justice by exhibiting his letters, speeches, and photographs held in the Walter O. and Linda Evans collection for the first time. This was not only his struggle. He was one among hundreds of early Black antislavery campaigners living and working in Scotland and including William and Ellen Craft, Jesse Glasgow Jr., Josiah Henson, Moses Roper, Amanda Smith, and Ida B. Wells. The entire Douglass family also worked by his side. Anna Murray, his wife, and Rosetta and Annie, his daughters, worked unceasingly in feeding and comforting “footsore” bondwomen, children and men at their home in Rochester, New York, a station on the Underground Railroad. Answering the call to arms, his sons, Lewis Henry and Charles Remond fought in all Black combat regiments in the US Civil War.

On the 200 year anniversary of his birth, Frederick Douglass’s words live on: “Agitate! Agitate! Agitate!”

Part 1



Frederick Douglass: A USA Black Freedom-Fighter Presence in Edinburgh, Scotland

Strike for Freedom: Slavery, Civil War and the Frederick Douglass Family in the Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection begins by showing you a page from Aaron Anthony, Frederick Douglass's white slave-owner's ledger. A document Douglass never saw during his lifetime, despite his repeated attempts to gain access to it, here you see his name as given to him by his enslaved mother: "Frederick Augustus son of Harriott Feby 1818."

Douglass's birth ledger is one among many legal records, including this advertisement of an 1852 New Orleans slave auction in which enslaved Black women, children, and men were invisibilized and dehumanized according to the demands of a white racist archive that was aimed at protecting white property rights rather than celebrating Black freedoms. Douglass was fully aware of the damage wrought by these legal records which functioned as atrocity documents which annihilated Black lives and so he published his first autobiography, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass* in 1845 not only to tell his own story but to tell the missing stories of the women, children, and men within his enslaved family. Waging a lifeling war against white racist imagery, he turned to portraiture to do justice to his status as an individual in the face of the widespread erasure facing all Black peoples: enslaved and free. He believed that his appearance in photographs had the power to defeat white racist stereotypes by providing audiences access not only to his body but to his soul. He described his process as a determination to represent the "inner" as well as the "outer man" in his portraits. Writing of photography's importance as an equalizing force, he was jubilant that this new technology made it possible, for the first time, that "Men of all conditions may see themselves as others see them."

Coming to Scotland in 1846, Douglass was joined by white antislavery campaigner **William Lloyd Garrison (1805-79)**. Together they gave speeches in which they commanded the Free Church ministers of Scotland to "Send Black the Money": the bloodstained funds supplied by white US slaveholders. "The Free Kirk and her Boy Tammy" was a popular broadside commemorating their campaign and the singer jubilantly exults in the power of Douglass's voice by proclaiming, "Heaven rings with wi' Douglass's appeal."

Outliving William Lloyd Garrison by two decades, Douglass gave the eulogy at his funeral in which he remembered their activist campaigns together and celebrated his friend's moral courage.

On the 200 year anniversary of Douglass's birth in 2018, the U.S. Mint issued this commemorative quarter showing Douglass seated before his home in Cedar Hill, Anacostia, Washington D.C. and Celeste-Marie Bernier and Andrew Taylor shared the life stories of the Douglass family by publishing *If I Survive: Frederick Douglass and Family in the Walter O. Evans Collection.*

John Chester Buttre, *Frederick Douglass*, circa 1853. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

The original engraving for this **Frederick Douglass** portrait was first reproduced in *Autographs for Freedom*, an antislavery publication edited by **Julia Griffiths (1811-95)**, a white radical British abolitionist, and published in Rochester and Auburn, New York, in 1854. As the brainchild of the Rochester Ladies Anti-Slavery Society, this volume was key to their fund-raising initiatives. This engraving of Douglass was created by a US artist, **John Chester Buttre (1821-93)**, and is based on the full-plate daguerreotype held in the Onandaga Historical Association collections, Syracuse, New York, and dated circa 1843.

John Chester Buttre was renowned throughout his life-time as an exceptionally talented engraver who was blessed with the ability to capture a 'life-like tint' in his subjects. This ability alone would have singled him out, according to Douglass's very particular criteria, as *the* portraitist most qualified to take his likeness. Over his life-time, Douglass persistently lamented a deadening state of affairs according to which 'once fairly' reproduced 'in the book' in a photographic likeness 'the man may be considered a fixed fact, public property.' For Douglass, a man who had been born

into slavery and whose lifelong war for freedom was to remain unfinished at his death, there was nothing more damaging than for human beings to be reduced to 'fixed facts' or 'public property.' 'To standstill is stagnation, and stagnation is death,' he repeatedly insisted, urging instead that, 'Life itself, is a picture of progress.' Douglass remained insistent that his pictures, like his lives as lived in slavery and freedom, had to bear witness to social, political, and moral progress.

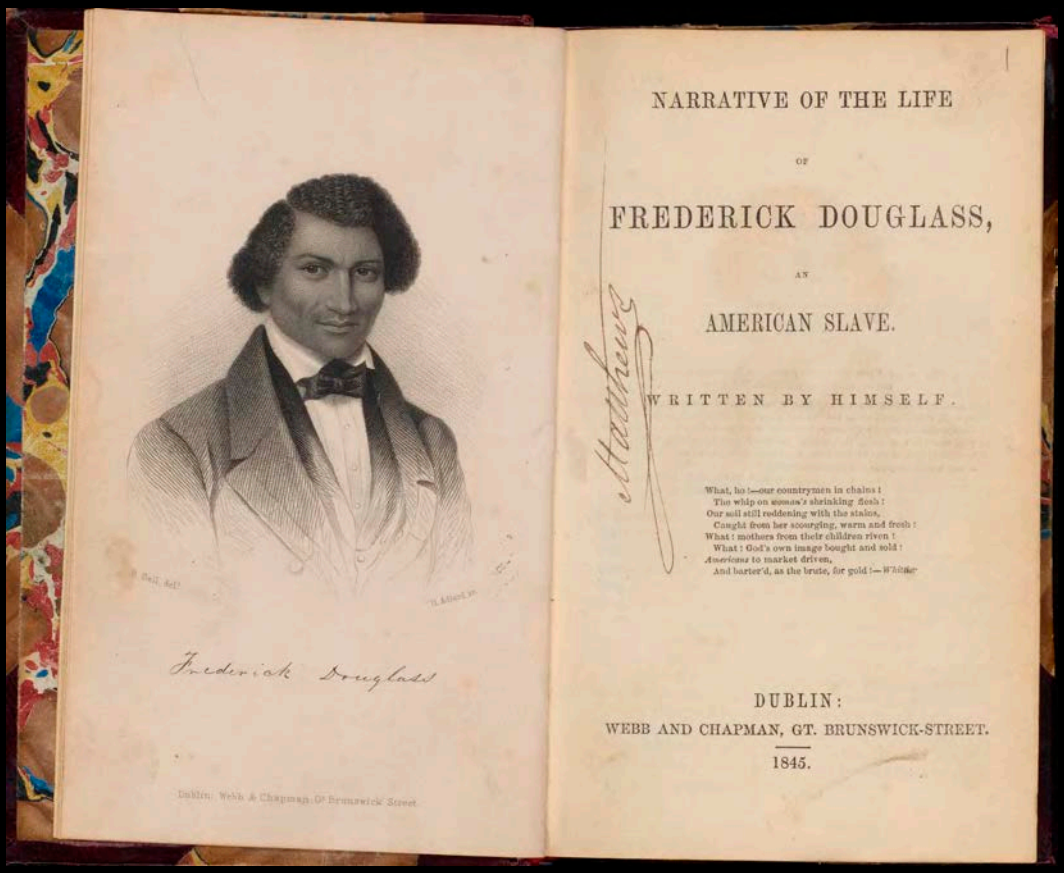
Buttre's success in capturing Douglass's likeness in a life-like manner may well account for this freedom-fighter's later decision to commission this artist to create the beautifully executed portrait that appears as the frontispiece to his second autobiography, *My Bondage and My Freedom,* published in New York in 1855.

Frederick Douglass, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave.* Dublin: Webb and Chapman, 1845 [NLS AB.1.79.186(1)].

Originally published in 1845 in Boston and going through multiple revised editions in 1845 and 1846 in Ireland and Britain, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave*, the first autobiography of Frederick Douglass, is uncontested as the definitive text within his writings and as *the* canonical autobiographical work within nineteenth-century African American literary production.

That said, the only way in which to do justice to Douglass's lifelong recreation of his many-sided public and private senses of selfhood in his autobiography is to read his first *Narrative* not as a canonical, definitive or representative work but as one among many stand-alone works authored by hundreds of formerly enslaved and self-emancipated writers living across the Atlantic world, many of whom came to Scotland on antislavery speaking tours. Among Douglass's

contemporaries, countless self-emancipated authors turned activists were responsible for publishing autobiographies of equally extraordinary political, social, historical, and artistic power and many of them are on show here in **Part 2** of this display.



Nothing is to be gained and everything is to be lost by reading Douglass as the representative enslaved liberator and his *Narrative* as the representative autobiography. At our peril do we reimagine Douglass's "story of the slave" to the exclusion of all others. It is only by examining Douglass's *Narrative* in comparative perspective that a full picture of the "grim horrors of slavery" emerge as encompassing a full gamut of physical, psychological, emotional, imaginative, social, political, and cultural realities.

A prolific writer no less than a trailblazing reformer, Douglass held steadfast to his rights as an author. His vast bodies of literary works not only include multiple autobiographies and written accounts of his speeches but also a novella, poetry, historical and philosophical essays, political tracts, travel diaries, and private and public correspondence. For Douglass, his *Narrative* was in no way definitive regarding his credentials as an author and activist.

During a Black Lives Matter era, it is our social and political responsibility to confront the stark fact that the autobiographies written by Douglass, and the many other formerly enslaved individuals that have been handed down to us, are the stories of the survivors who made it to freedom. It is only when we begin to recognize the atypicality and the exceptionalism of their lives that we can begin to come to grips with the traumatizing reality that the vast majority of women, children, and men who were bought and sold lived and died in slavery. A realization regarding his lifelong failure to do justice to those who lived and died in slavery, many of them his family members and friends, in either print, song, oratory or political activism, was a source of devastating emotional pain that afflicted Douglass's entire life.

Excerpt

I never saw my mother, to know her as such, more than four or five times in my life; and each of these times was very short in duration, and at night. She was hired by a Mr. Stewart, who lived about twelve miles from my home. She made her journeys to see me in the night, travelling the

whole distance on foot, after the performance of her day's work. She was a field hand, and a whipping is the penalty of not being in the field at sunrise, unless a slave has special permission from his or her master to the contrary - a permission which they seldom get, and one that gives to him that gives it the proud name of being a kind master. I do not recollect of ever seeing my mother by the light of day. She was with me in the night. She would lie down with me, and get me to sleep, but long before I waked she was gone. Very little communication ever took place between us. Death soon ended what little we could have while she lived, and with it her hardships and suffering. She died when I was about seven years old, on one of my master's farms, near Lee's Mill. I was not allowed to be present during her illness, at her death, or burial. She was gone long before I knew any thing about it. Never having enjoyed, to any considerable extent, her soothing presence, her tender and watchful care, I received the tidings of her death with much the same emotions I should have probably felt at the death of a stranger.

....

He was a cruel man, hardened by a long life of slaveholding. He would at times seem to take great pleasure in whipping a slave. I have often been awakened at the dawn of day by the most heart-rending shrieks of an own aunt of mine, whom he used to tie up to a joist, and whip upon her naked back till she was literally covered with blood. No words, no tears, no prayers, from his gory victim, seemed to move his iron heart from its bloody purpose. The louder she screamed, the harder he whipped; and where the blood ran fastest, there he whipped longest. He would whip her to make her scream, and whip her to make her hush; and not until overcome by fatigue, would he cease to swing the blood-clotted cowskin. I remember the first time I ever witnessed this horrible exhibition. I was quite a child, but I well remember it. I never shall forget it whilst I remember any thing. It was the first of a long series of such outrages, of which I was doomed to be a witness and a participant. It struck me with awful force. It was the blood-stained gate, the entrance to the hell of slavery, through which I was about to pass. It was a most terrible spectacle. I wish I could commit to paper the feelings with which I beheld it.

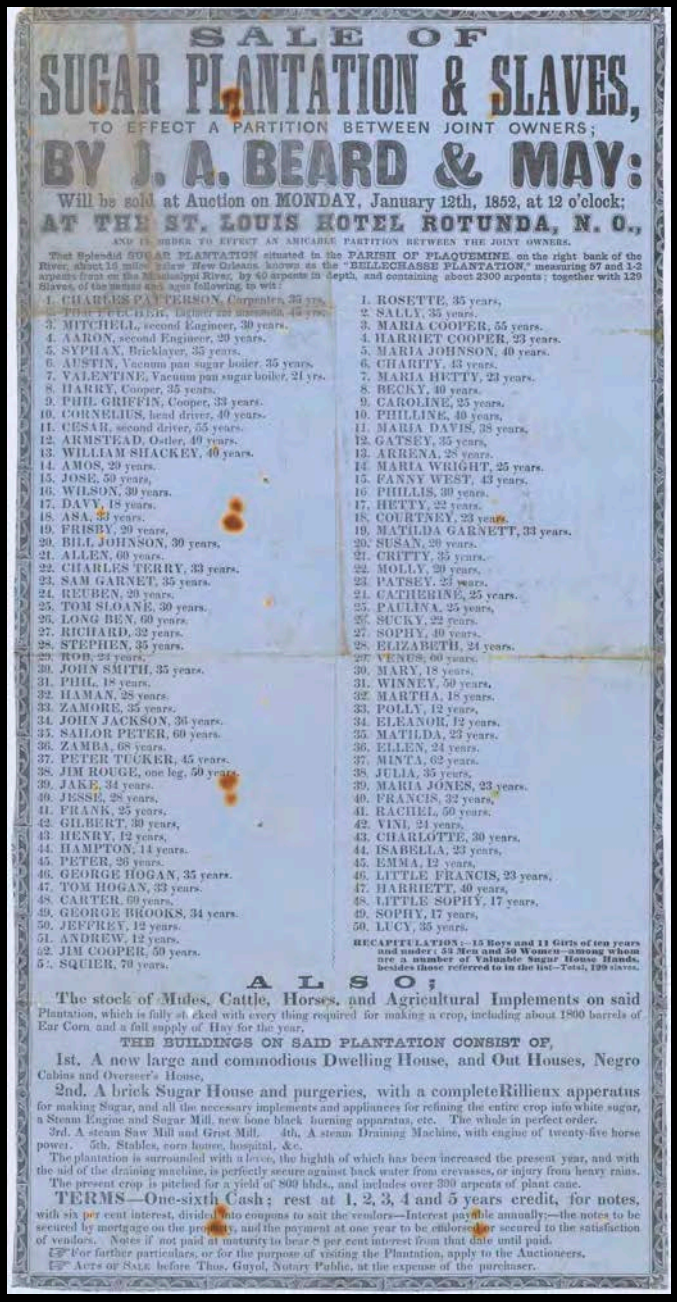
Sale of Sugar Plantation & Slaves, 1852 [NLS H.S.632(2)].

This broadside reads: “Sale of Sugar Plantation & Slaves.. By J. A. Beard & May: Will be sold at Auction on Monday, January 12, 1852, at 12 o’clock; At the St. Louis Hotel Rotunda, N.O.” According to the information provided here, this sale was due to take place at “BELLECHASSE PLANTATION,” a “Splendid SUGAR PLANTATION” that was located “about 16 miles below New Orleans.” In stark contrast to the vast majority of slave auction advertisements in which no information which would individualize enslaved women, children, and men is provided, this document not only lists the “names and ages” of the “129 Slaves” but in some instances sheds light on their laboring history:

CHARLES PATTERSON, Carpenter, 35 yrs.
TOM FELCHER, Engineer and Blacksmith, 45 yrs.
MITCHELL, second Engineer, 30 years.
AARON, second Engineer, 20 years.
AUSTIN, Vacuum pan sugar boiler, 35 years.
CORNELIUS, head driver, 40 years.

While the sole purpose of including any information at all regarding the working lives of these enslaved individuals was self-evidently solely to secure the highest possible profit from their sale, documents such as these are an invaluable resource for researchers trying to learn more about the daily lives of enslaved people: but only if used carefully and in full knowledge of their rootedness in a historical context in which white ownership of Black lives was the legal reality and a white supremacist ideology was the dominant order of the day.

As you see here, this broadside records the devastating reality that not only were women, children and men bought and sold but that they were bought and sold in the same auctioneer’s lot as the “stock of Mules, Cattles, Horses, and Agricultural Implements.” It is only by studying traumatizing documents such as these in which enslaved women, men and children were denied all humanity



SALE OF

SUGAR PLANTATION & SLAVES,

TO EFFECT A PARTITION BETWEEN JOINT OWNERS;

BY J. A. BEARD & MAY:

Will be sold at Auction on MONDAY, January 12th, 1852, at 12 o'clock;

AT THE ST. LOUIS HOTEL ROTUNDA, N. O.,

AND IN ORDER TO EFFECT AN AMICABLE PARTITION BETWEEN THE JOINT OWNERS.

That Splendid SUGAR PLANTATION situated in the PARISH OF PLAQUEMINE, on the right bank of the River, about 16 miles below New Orleans, known as the "BELLECHASSE PLANTATION," measuring 57 and 1-2 arpents front on the Mississippi River, by 40 arpents in depth, and containing about 2300 arpents; together with 129 Slaves, of the names and ages following to wit:

1. CHARLES PATTERSON, Carpenter, 35 yrs.
2. [illegible], Lighter and Blacksmith, 45 yrs.
3. MITCHELL, second Engineer, 30 years.
4. AARON, second Engineer, 20 years.
5. SYPHAX, Bricklayer, 35 years.
6. AUSTIN, Vacuum pan sugar boiler, 35 years.
7. VALENTINE, Vacuum pan sugar boiler, 21 yrs.
8. HARRY, Cooper, 35 years.
9. PHIL GRIFFIN, Cooper, 33 years.
10. CORNELIUS, head driver, 40 years.
11. CESAR, second driver, 55 years.
12. ARMSTEAD, Ostler, 40 years.
13. WILLIAM SHACKEY, 40 years.
14. AMOS, 29 years.
15. JOSE, 50 years.
16. WILSON, 30 years.
17. DAVY, 18 years.
18. ASA, 33 years.
19. FRISBY, 20 years.
20. BILL JOHNSON, 30 years.
21. ALLEN, 60 years.
22. CHARLES TERRY, 33 years.
23. SAM GARNET, 35 years.
24. REUBEN, 20 years.
25. TOM SLOANE, 30 years.
26. LONG BEN, 60 years.
27. RICHARD, 32 years.
28. STEPHEN, 35 years.
29. ROB, 23 years.
30. JOHN SMITH, 35 years.
31. PHIL, 18 years.
32. HAMAN, 28 years.
33. ZAMORE, 35 years.
34. JOHN JACKSON, 36 years.
35. SAILOR PETER, 60 years.
36. ZAMBA, 68 years.
37. PETER TUCKER, 45 years.
38. JIM ROUGE, one leg, 50 years.
39. JAKE, 34 years.
40. JESSE, 28 years.
41. FRANK, 25 years.
42. GILBERT, 30 years.
43. HENRY, 12 years.
44. HAMPTON, 14 years.
45. PETER, 26 years.
46. GEORGE HOGAN, 35 years.
47. TOM HOGAN, 33 years.
48. CARTER, 60 years.
49. GEORGE BROOKS, 34 years.
50. JEFFREY, 12 years.
51. ANDREW, 12 years.
52. JIM COOPER, 50 years.
53. SQUIER, 70 years.

1. ROSETTE, 35 years.
2. SALLY, 35 years.
3. MARIA COOPER, 55 years.
4. HARRIET COOPER, 23 years.
5. MARIA JOHNSON, 40 years.
6. CHARITY, 43 years.
7. MARIA HETTY, 23 years.
8. BECKY, 40 years.
9. CAROLINE, 25 years.
10. PHILLINE, 40 years.
11. MARIA DAVIS, 28 years.
12. GATSEY, 35 years.
13. ARRENA, 28 years.
14. MARIA WRIGHT, 25 years.
15. FANNY WEST, 43 years.
16. PHILLIS, 30 years.
17. HETTY, 22 years.
18. COURTNEY, 23 years.
19. MATILDA GARNETT, 33 years.
20. SUSAN, 20 years.
21. CRITTY, 35 years.
22. MOLLY, 20 years.
23. PATSEY, 23 years.
24. CATHERINE, 25 years.
25. PAULINA, 25 years.
26. SUCKY, 22 years.
27. SOPHY, 40 years.
28. ELIZABETH, 24 years.
29. VENUS, 60 years.
30. MARY, 18 years.
31. WINNEY, 50 years.
32. MARTHA, 18 years.
33. POLLY, 12 years.
34. ELEANOR, 12 years.
35. MATILDA, 23 years.
36. ELLEN, 24 years.
37. MINTA, 62 years.
38. JULIA, 35 years.
39. MARIA JONES, 23 years.
40. FRANCIS, 32 years.
41. RACHEL, 50 years.
42. VINI, 24 years.
43. CHARLOTTE, 30 years.
44. ISABELLA, 23 years.
45. EMMA, 12 years.
46. LITTLE FRANCIS, 23 years.
47. HARRIETT, 40 years.
48. LITTLE SOPHY, 17 years.
49. SOPHY, 17 years.
50. LUCY, 35 years.

RECAPITULATION:--15 Boys and 11 Girls of ten years and under; 55 Men and 50 Women--among whom are a number of Valuable Sugar House Hands, besides those referred to in the list--Total, 129 slaves.

ALSO;

The stock of Mules, Cattle, Horses, and Agricultural Implements on said Plantation, which is fully stocked with every thing required for making a crop, including about 1800 barrels of Ear Corn and a full supply of Hay for the year.

THE BUILDINGS ON SAID PLANTATION CONSIST OF,

1st. A new large and commodious Dwelling House, and Out Houses, Negro Cabins and Overseer's House,

2nd. A brick Sugar House and purgeries, with a complete Rillieux apperatus for making Sugar, and all the necessary implements and appliances for refining the entire crop into white sugar, a Steam Engine and Sugar Mill, new bone black burning apparatus, etc. The whole in perfect order.

3rd. A steam Saw Mill and Grist Mill. 4th. A steam Draining Machine, with engine of twenty-five horse power. 5th. Stables, corn house, hospital, &c.

The plantation is surrounded with a levee, the highth of which has been increased the present year, and with the aid of the draining machine, is perfectly secure against back water from crevasses, or injury from heavy rains.

The present crop is pitched for a yield of 800 hhds., and includes over 300 arpents of plant cane.

TERMS—One-sixth Cash; rest at 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years credit, for notes, with six per cent interest, divided into coupons to suit the vendors—Interest payable annually;—the notes to be secured by mortgage on the property, and the payment at one year to be otherwise secured to the satisfaction of vendors. Notes if not paid at maturity to bear 8 per cent interest from that date until paid.

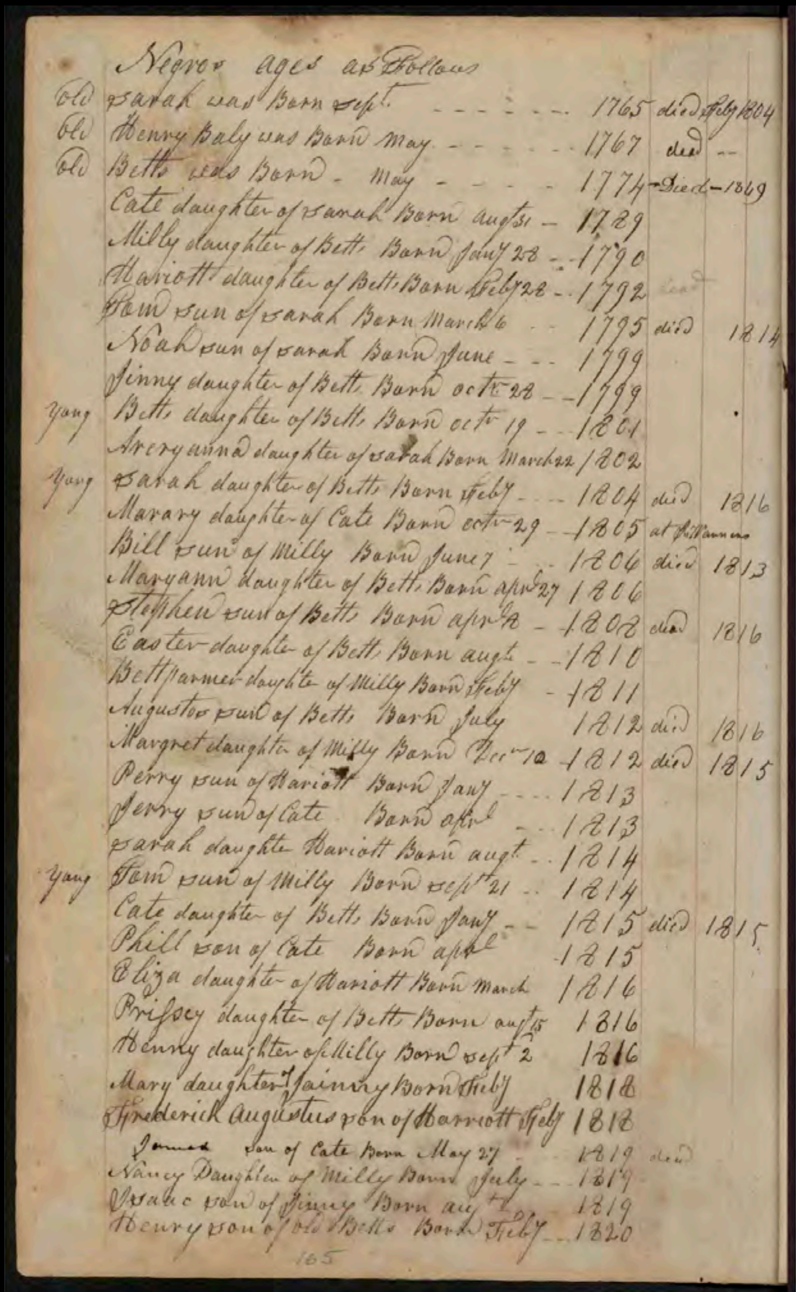
☞For further particulars, or for the purpose of visiting the Plantation, apply to the Auctioneers.

☞Acts of Sale before Thos. Guyol, Notary Public, at the expense of the purchaser.

that we can begin to understand the full extent of slavery's power as an institution that eradicated, annihilated, persecuted and tortured Black lives out of existence.

Aaron Anthony, "Negroes Ages As Follows," Maryland State Archives, Special Collections.

As of 2018, we are now free to consult the "authentic record" that was withheld from Frederick Douglass during his life-time due to the decision made by Mary A. Dodge, one of his slave-owners' descendants, to donate the relevant plantation ledgers to the Maryland State Archives in the early twentieth century. As you see here, "Frederick Augustus son of Harriott" is listed as born in "Feby …. 1818" in a ledger tabulating "Negros ages" and kept by Aaron Anthony, Douglass's white master. Another document that has also been preserved in this collection provides an "Account of Sales and Inventories" from 1827 and identifies a nine-year old enslaved child solely by the name of "Frederick" and valued at "110" US dollars: a later writer has written the word "Douglass" next to his first name in order to ensure his identity is unmistakable. A young child, Douglass appears as number seventeen in a list of twenty-five enslaved individuals. While many of these women, children and men were his close family members and friends, their lives have yet to be told.



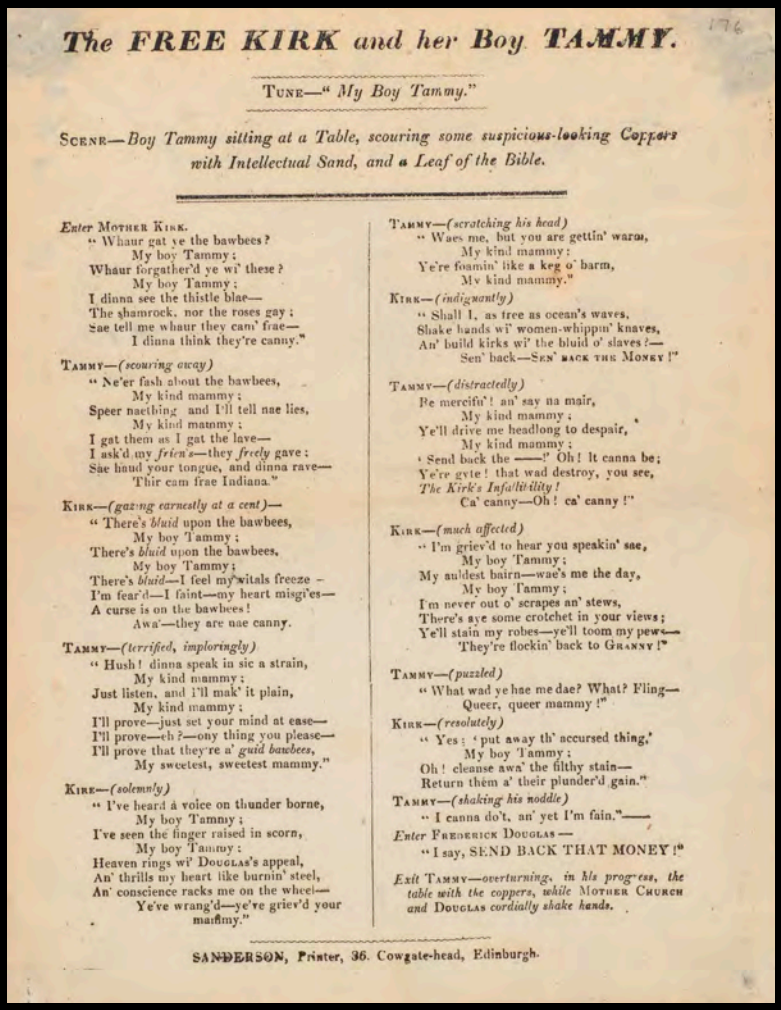
Negroes ages as Follows

old Sarah was Born Sept. ------- 1765 died Feby 1804
old Henry Baly was Born May ------ 1767 dead --
old Bett was Born - May ----- 1774 - Died - 1849
Cate daughter of Sarah Born augt 31 - 1789
Milly daughter of Bett Born Jany 28 -- 1790
Hariott daughter of Bett Born Feby 28 -- 1792
Tom sun of Sarah Born March 6 -- 1795 died 1814
Noah sun of Sarah Born June --- 1799
Jinny daughter of Bett Born octr 28 -- 1799
yung Bett daughter of Bett Born octr 19 -- 1801
Areryanna daughter of Sarah Born March 22 1802
yung Sarah daughter of Bett Born Feby --- 1804 died 1816
Marary daughter of Cate Born octr 29 -- 1805 at [illegible]
Bill sun of Milly Born June 7 -- 1806 died 1813
Maryann daughter of Bett Born april 27 1806
Stephen sun of Bett Born april 2 -- 1808 died 1816
Easter daughter of Bett Born augt -- 1810
Bett Parmer daughter of Milly Born Feby - 1811
Augustus sun of Bett Born July 1812 died 1816
Margret daughter of Milly Born Decr 10 - 1812 died 1815
Perry sun of Hariott Born Jany ---- 1813
Jerry sun of Cate Born april -- 1813
Sarah daughter Hariott Born augt -- 1814
yung Tom sun of Milly Born sept 21 -- 1814
Cate daughter of Bett Born Jany -- 1815 died 1815
Phill son of Cate Born april 1815
Eliza daughter of Hariott Born March 1816
Prissey daughter of Bett Born augt 15 1816
Henry daughter of Milly Born sept 2 1816
Mary daughter of Jainny Born Feby 1818
Frederick Augustus son of Harriott Feby 1818
James son of Cate Born May 27 - 1819 died
Nancy Daughter of Milly Born July --- 1819
Isaac son of Jinny Born augt 2 1819
Henry son of old Betts Born Feby -- 1820

165

Anon., *The Free Kirk and her Boy Tammy* (Cowgatehead, Edinburgh: Sanderson, c. 1843) (NLS [RB.m.143(176)]).

Widely distributed in Edinburgh, The Free Kirk and her Boy Tammy is a broadside that was thought to be published in 1843. However, the songwriter's decision to include a reference to none other than Frederick Douglass himself – a man whose visit to the country was not until 1846 -makes it likely it was published a few years later. In this song, the writer satirizes the decision of the elders of the Free Church of Scotland – Thomas Chalmers and William Cunningham among others - for their body-and-soul-destroying decision to line their coffers with the blood-stained money of US southern slaveholders. As the Kirk – representing the Free Church of Scotland – readily realizes in this song, "There's bluid upon the bawbees," a hard-hitting vindication of Frederick Douglass and his supporters' cry that they, "Send Back the Blood-stained Money." The writer of this broadside is under no illusion regarding where the evidence lies for the realization that there's "bluid upon the bawbees" by immortalizing the testimony of one man in particular: Frederick Douglass.



The FREE KIRK and her Boy TAMMY.

TUNE—"*My Boy Tammy.*"

SCENE—*Boy Tammy sitting at a Table, scouring some suspicious-looking Coppers with Intellectual Sand, and a Leaf of the Bible.*

Enter MOTHER KIRK.

" Whaur gat ye the bawbees?
My boy Tammy;
Whaur forgather'd ye wi' these?
My boy Tammy;
I dinna see the thistle blae—
The shamrock, nor the roses gay;
Sae tell me whaur they cam' frae—
I dinna think they're canny."

TAMMY—*(scouring away)*

" Ne'er fash about the bawbees,
My kind mammy;
Speer naething and I'll tell nae lies,
My kind mammy;
I gat them as I gat the love—
I ask'd my *friens*—they *freely* gave;
Sae haud your tongue, and dinna rave—
Thir cam frae Indiana."

KIRK—*(gazing earnestly at a cent)*—

" There's *bluid* upon the bawbees,
My boy Tammy;
There's *bluid* upon the bawbees,
My boy Tammy;
There's *bluid*—I feel my vitals freeze—
I'm fear'd—I faint—my heart misgi'es—
A curse is on the bawbees!
Awa'—they are nae canny.

TAMMY—*(terrified, imploringly)*

" Hush! dinna speak in sic a strain,
My kind mammy;
Just listen, and i'll mak' it plain,
My kind mammy;
I'll prove—just set your mind at ease—
I'll prove—eh?—ony thing you please—
I'll prove that they're a' *guid bawbees*,
My sweetest, sweetest mammy."

KIRK—*(solemnly)*

" I've heard a voice on thunder borne,
My boy Tammy;
I've seen the finger raised in scorn,
My boy Tammy;
Heaven rings wi' DOUGLAS's appeal,
An' thrills my heart like burnin' steel,
An' conscience racks me on the wheel—
Ye've wrang'd—ye've griev'd your
mammy."

TAMMY—*(scratching his head)*

" Waes me, but you are gettin' warm,
My kind mammy:
Ye're foamin' like a keg o' barm,
My kind mammy."

KIRK—*(indignantly)*

" Shall I, as free as ocean's waves,
Shake hands wi' women-whippin' knaves,
An' build kirks wi' the bluid o' slaves?—
Sen' back—SEN' BACK THE MONEY!"

TAMMY—*(distractedly)*

Be merciful! an' say na mair,
My kind mammy;
Ye'll drive me headlong to despair,
My kind mammy;
'Send back the ——!' Oh! It canna be;
Ye're gyte! that wad destroy, you see,
The Kirk's Infallibility!
Ca' canny—Oh! ca' canny!"

KIRK—*(much affected)*

" I'm griev'd to hear you speakin' sae,
My boy Tammy;
My auldest bairn—wae's me the day,
My boy Tammy;
I'm never out o' scrapes an' stews,
There's aye some crotchet in your views;
Ye'll stain my robes—ye'll toom my pews—
They're flockin' back to GRANNY!"

TAMMY—*(puzzled)*

" What wad ye hae me dae? What? Fling—
Queer, queer mammy!"

KIRK—*(resolutely)*

" Yes; 'put away th' accursed thing,'
My boy Tammy;
Oh! cleanse awa' the filthy stain—
Return them a' their plunder'd gain."

TAMMY—*(shaking his noddle)*

" I canna do't, an' yet I'm fain."——

Enter FREDERICK DOUGLAS—

" I say, SEND BACK THAT MONEY!"

Exit TAMMY—*overturning, in his progress, the table with the coppers, while* MOTHER CHURCH *and* DOUGLAS *cordially shake hands.*

SANDERSON, Printer, 36. Cowgate-head, Edinburgh.

Excerpt

KIRK? (solemnly)
" I've heard a voice on thunder borne,
My boy Tammy;
I've seen the' finger raised in scorn,
My boy Tammy :
Heaven rings wi' DOUGLAS'S appeal,
An' thrills my heart like burnin' steel,
An' conscience racks me on the wheel-
Ye've wrang'd? ye've griev'd your
mammy."

…

KIRK? (indignantly)
" Shall I, as free as ocean's waves,
Shake hands wi' women-whippin knaves,
An' build kirks wi' the bluid o' slaves ??
Sen' back? SEN' BACK THE MONEY !''

…

KIRK? (resolutely)
" Yes; ' put away th' accursed thing.'
My boy Tammy;

Oh ! cleanse awa' the filthy stain-
Return them a' their plunder'd gain."

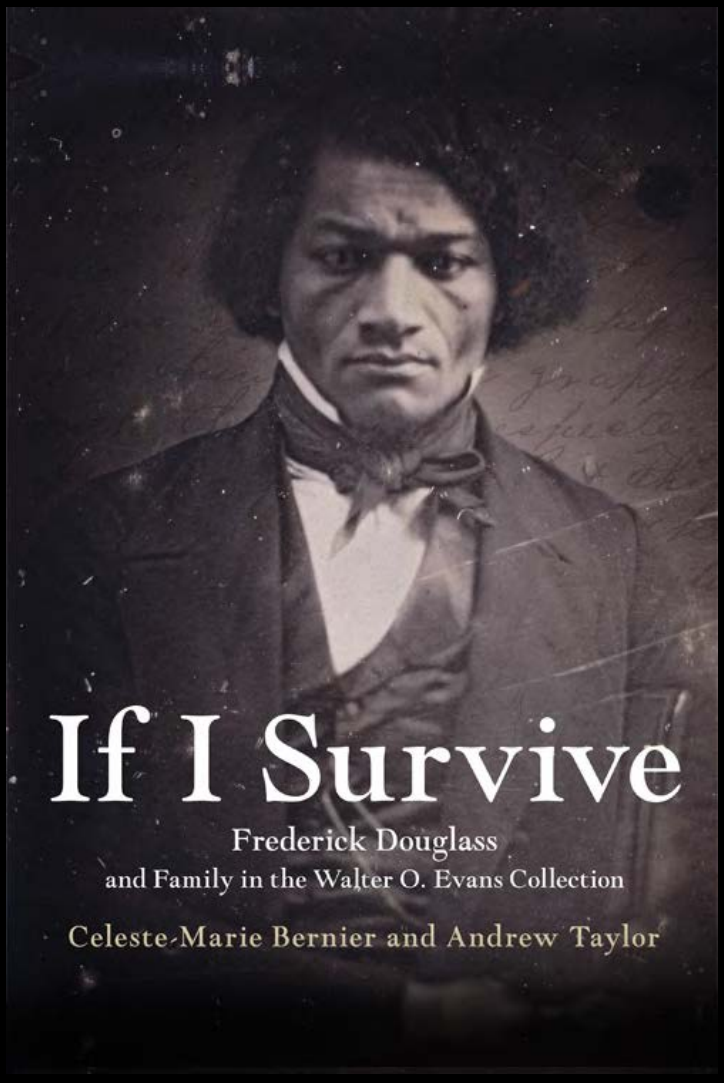
TAMMY? (shaking his noddle)
" I canna do't, an' yet I'm fain."?

Enter FREDERICK DOUGLAS ?
" I say, SEND BACK THAT MONEY !"

Exit TAMMY? overturning in, in his progress, the table with the coppers, while MOTHER CHURCH and DOUGLAS cordially shake hands.

Celeste-Marie Bernier and Andrew Taylor, *If I Survive: Frederick Douglass and Family in the Walter O. Evans Collection* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2018).

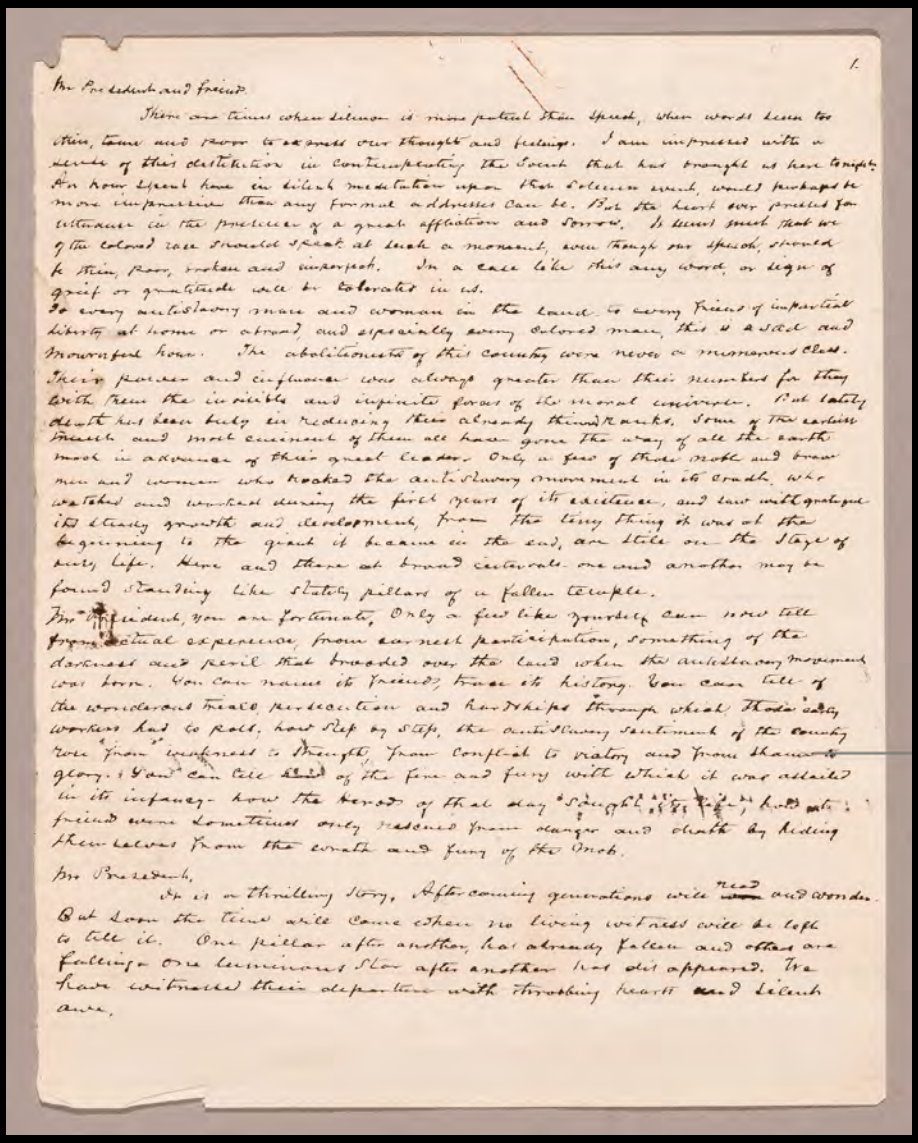
Marking 200 years since the birth of Frederick Douglass, *If I Survive* consists of a family biography



and a collection of the previously unpublished essays, speeches, autobiographies and letters written by the Douglass family. All of life can be found within these pages: romance, hope, despair, love, life, death, war, protest, politics, art and friendship. Living and working for social justice over 150 years ago, the Douglass family have much to inspire today's activists. Just as

women, children and men working for equal rights in 2018 campaign together in collectives and as part of world-wide movements devoted to the freedom struggle, so Frederick Douglass was no lone freedom-fighter. He not only worked as part of official reform organizations but he took inspiration from the activist campaigns led by Rosetta, Lewis Henry, Frederick Jr., Charles Remond and Annie Douglass. For his lifelong rallying cry – "My Bondage and My Freedom" – we can now see a resistance struggle shared by all in a collective fight for "Our Bondage and Our Freedom."

Frederick Douglass, *Eulogy for William Lloyd Garrison*, 1879. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].



Mr President and friends

There are times when silence is more potent than speech, when words seem too thin, tame and poor to express our thoughts and feelings. I am impressed with a sense of this destitution in contemplating the Event that has brought us here tonight. An hour spent here in silent meditation upon that solemn event, would perhaps be more impressive than any formal addresses can be. But the heart ever prompted by utterance in the presence of a great affliction and sorrow. It seems meet that we of the colored race should speak at least a moment, even though our speech, should be thin, poor, broken and imperfect. In a case like this any word, or sign of grief or gratitude will be tolerated in us.

To every anti-slavery man and woman in the land to every friend of impartial liberty at home or abroad, and especially every colored man, this is a sad and mournful hour. The abolitionists of this country were never a numerous class. Their position and influence was always greater than their numbers for they drew from the invisible and infinite forces of the moral universe. But lately death has been busy in reducing their already thinned ranks. Some of the earliest, bravest and most eminent of them all have gone the way of all the earth most in advance of their great leader. Only a few of those noble and brave men and women who hooked the anti-slavery movement in its cradle, who watched and worked during the first years of its existence, and saw with grateful eyes its slow growth and development, from the tiny thing it was at the beginning to the giant it became in the end, are still on the stage of busy life. Here and there at broad intervals one and another may be found standing like stately pillars of a fallen temple.

Mr President, you are fortunate. Only a few like yourself can now tell from actual experience, from earnest participation, something of the darkness and peril that brooded over the land when the anti-slavery movement was born. You can name its friends, trace its history. You can tell of the wonderous trials, persecution and hardships through which those early workers had to roll, how step by step, the anti-slavery sentiment of the country rose from weakness to strength, from conflict to victory and from shame to glory. You can tell also of the fire and fury with which it was assailed in its infancy. how the heroes of that day sought [illegible] how anti-slavery friends were sometimes only rescued from danger and death by hiding themselves from the wrath and fury of the mob.

Mr President,

It is a thrilling story. After coming generations will read and wonder. But soon the time will come when no living witness will be left to tell it. One pillar after another, has already fallen and others are falling. One luminous star after another has set or appeared. We have witnessed their departure with throbbing hearts and tearful eyes.

'There are times when silence is more potent than speech, when words seem too thin, tame and poor to express our thoughts and feelings,' so Frederick Douglass sorrowfully proclaims in the opening to his 1879 memorial address in which he eulogizes the life of white antislavery campaigner, **William Lloyd Garrison (1805-79).** Despite the fact that they had experienced very real and very painful personal and political disagreements during their lifetimes, Douglass laid aside all their differences to celebrate Garrison's activism in the wake of his death. He informed

his audiences, ‘In the death of William Lloyd Garrison, we behold a great life ended, a great purpose achieved, ~~a beautiful car~~ great career beautifully furnished, and a great example of heroic endeavor nobly established.’ Writing against a backdrop of the rise of slavery’s spirit in a post-emancipation era, Douglass was insistent that their personal acrimonies immediately fell away only to leave behind Garrison’s unparalleled status as a ‘great example of heroic endeavor.’ ‘For our own good and the good of those who come after us, we cannot let this event sink too deeply into our hearts,’ Douglass urges, warning, ‘we cannot too often recur to this life and history – or too closely copy this Example.’ Garrison the reusable political icon was not to be sacrificed to the private problematic Garrison according to Douglass’s reformist and radical vision.

Excerpt

Mr President

Our Country is again in trouble. The ship of state is again at sea. Heavy billows are surging against her sides. She trembles and plunges, and plunges and trembles again. Every timber in her vast hull is made to feel the heavy strain. A spirit of evil has been revived which we fondly hoped was laid forever. Doctrines are proclaimed, claims are asserted, and pretentions [sic] set up which were as we thought all extinguished ~~we thought~~ by the logic of ~~the war~~ cannon balls. I have great faith sir, that the nation will deal with this new phase of affairs, wisely, vigorously and successfully; but in this conflict between the semi barbarous past, and the higher civilization which has logically and legally taken its place, we shall sorely miss the mind and voice of William Lloyd Garrison. Firm and fearless, clear sighted and strong, quick to discern the right, eloquent and able to defend it, he would in this, as in other trial hours, prove a fountain of light, and a tower of strength.

Mr President:

In the first year of my freedom, while residing in the City of New-Bedford Massachusetts, it was my good fortune, to see and hear for the first time, the man who was then, and will ever be regarded, as the chief apostle of the immediate and unconditional Emancipation of all the slaves of America.

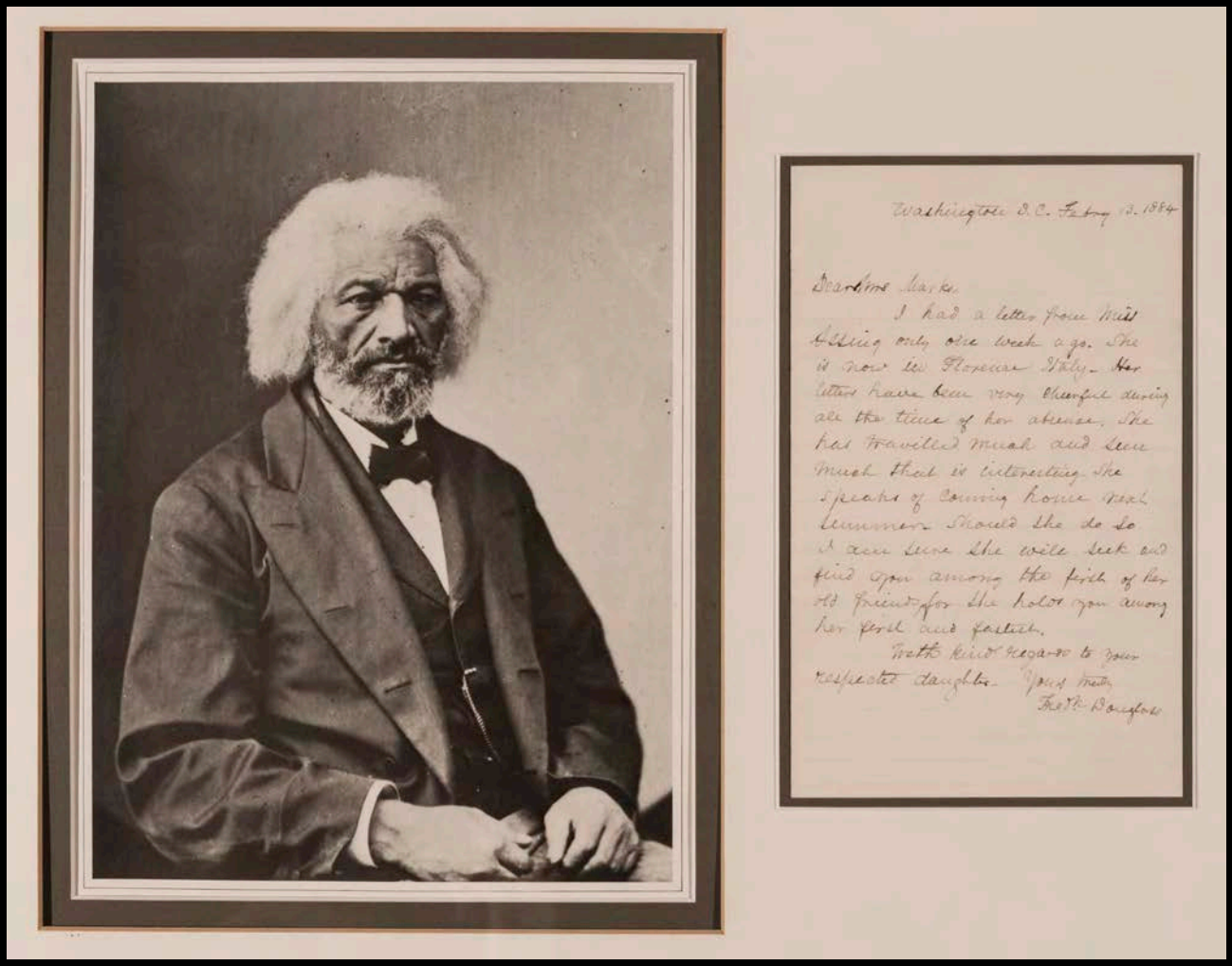
....

I never shall forget the feelings with which I went to hear this man: I was only a few months from the house of bondage. It was more than forty years ago. It was in old Liberty Hall. It was a large but dilapidated old place. Its woodwork was marred, its doors off-hinges, and its windows broken by stones and other missiles thrown to break up abolition meetings – for such meetings then, were like free meetings in the south outside of protection. Upon first blush, I saw as I sat in the gallery of this old Hall, that the hour and the man were well met, and well united. In him, there was no contradiction between the speech and the speaker. The man and his cause were one. But what a countenance was there! what firmness and benignity – what evenness of temper, what serenity of mind, what sweetness of spirit were written as by the pen of [an] angel on that countenance! A million of human faces might be searched without finding one like his – at least so it then seemed to me. In him I saw the resurrection and life of the dead and buried hopes of my long enslaved people. As I now remember his speaking, he was not as the phrase goes, an orator. There was [sic] no striking gestures, no fine flow of words, no dazzling rhetoric, and no startling emphasis. His power as a speaker, was the power which belongs only to manly character, earnest conviction, and high moral purpose. He compiled with Emerson’s idea of a true Reformer. It was not the utterance but the man behind it that gave weight and effect to his speech. Though he was quite young at the time I first saw him, Mr. Garrison, was even then a venerable looking man. His part in the battle of life had been at the front. The serious work he had been called to perform had left its tracery upon his matured features. Popular displeasure and bitter persecution had poured upon ~~had po~~ him, their wrath. Two of the slave states had offered rewards for his head. He had already become a tempting target for the assassin’s bullit [sic]. A halter had been upon his neck, and the mad cry of hang him! hang him! had sounded in his ear. He had felt the damp walls of more than one prison, and had withstood the peltings of many furious mobs. He had been driven from the doors of the church he loved and had been made to feel the keen cutting edge of social ostracism. He had been taunted, ridiculed, caricatured, misrepresented and denounced by the vulgar and

treated with contempt and scorn by the rich and great. Yet there he stood, without bitterness, without hate, without violence in speech or act, in thought or wish. Self poised, erect and serene. He neither bewailed his hardships nor exulted over his triumphs. His one single purpose was to excite sympathy for the enslaved, and make converts to the doctrine that slavery was a sin against God and man and ought to be immediately abolished.

Now that this man has filled up the measure of his years, now that the leaf has fallen to the ground as all leaves must fall, Let us guard his memory as a precious inheritance, let us teach our children the story of his life, let us try to imitate his vertues [sic], and endeavor as he did, to leave the world freer, nobler and better than we found it.

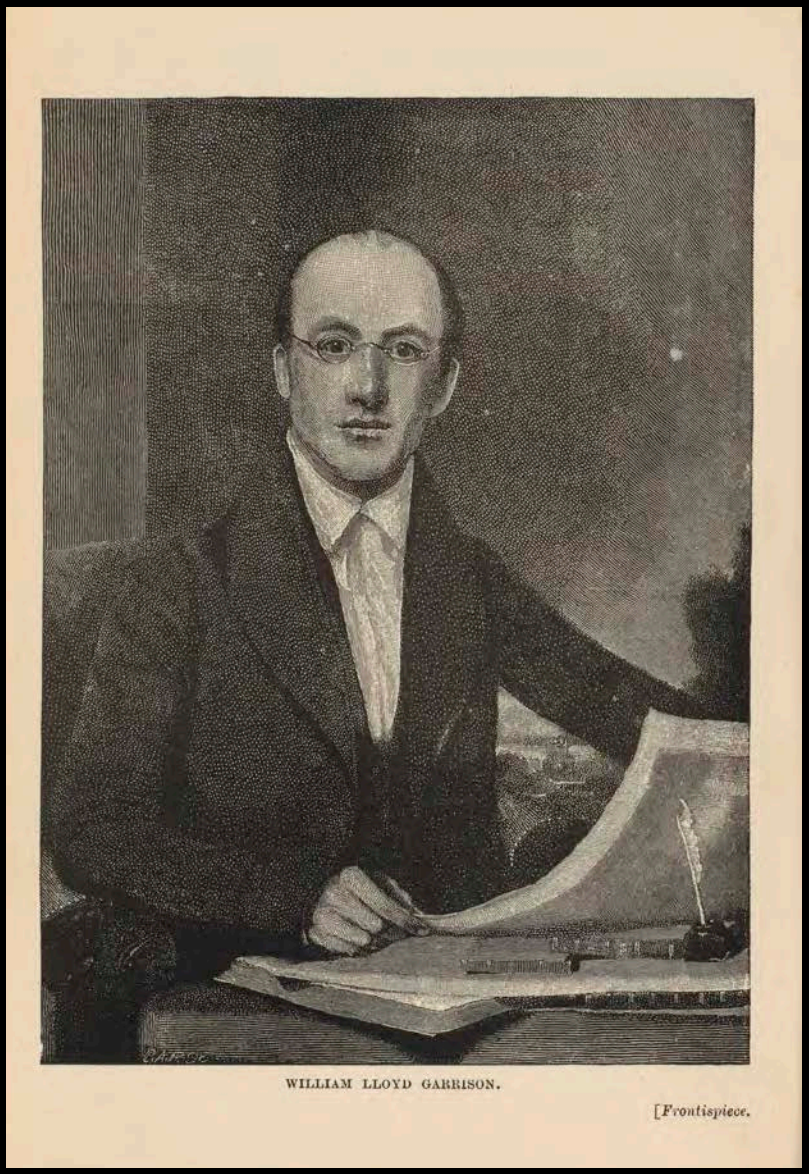
Mathew Brady, *Frederick Douglass*, c. 1877. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].



This photographic print is a copy of the stereoview of Frederick Douglass created by white US photographer, **Mathew B. Brady (1822-96)** circa 1877 and held in the Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress. Brady is a household name not only due to his pioneering significance as a Civil War photographer but as a result of his celebrated National Portrait Gallery that was located at 625 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington D.C. While he created thousands of portraits of famous politicians, entertainers, military icons, and socialites, he earned fame for the daguerrean portraits he produced for his *Gallery of Illustrious Americans* published in 1850. However, this was a gallery of 'illustrious Americans' that was for whites only. Brady's white-centric biases makes his decision to photograph Frederick Douglass – let alone Douglass's own determination to choose to have his likeness taken by Brady – all the more revealing. Douglass's

was a lifelong war against white racist exclusion in all forms: pictorial, historical, cultural, ideological, literary and political.

Frances E. Cooke, *An American Hero: The Story of William Lloyd Garrison.* London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd, 1888. [NLS Hall.238.f].



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

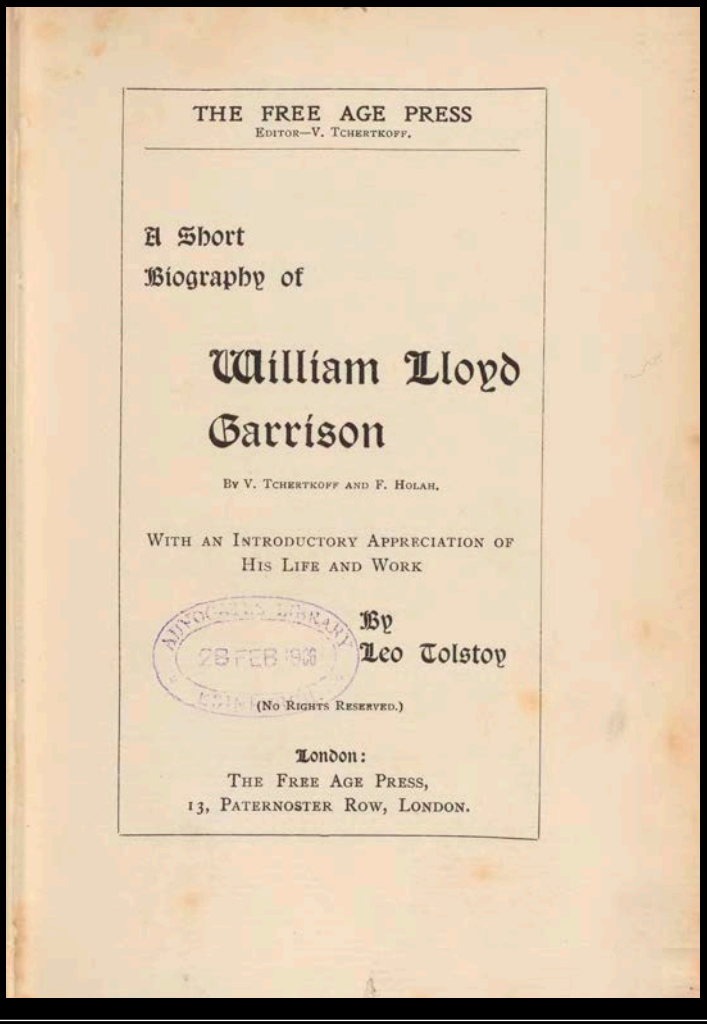
[*Frontispiece.*

Nearly a decade after William Lloyd Garrison passed away, Frances E. Cooke published this biography of his life that was "written for young people" in order to preserve his antislavery legacy for future generations.

V. Tchertkoff and F. Holah, *A Short Biography of William Lloyd Garrison. Preface: Leo Tolstoy. London: The Free Age Press, 1904 [NLS S.155.g.20].*

This biography of William Lloyd Garrison was authored by V. Tchertkoff and F. Holah and includes an introduction by none other than **Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910).** Tolstoy celebrated Garrison for his lifelong belief in the value of moral persuasion as the only way in which to convert audiences to the antislavery cause. He writes, "While reading Garrison's speeches and articles I vividly recalled to mind the spiritual joy which I experienced twenty years ago, when I found that the law of non-resistance… was even as far back as the forties not only recognized and proclaimed by

Garrison… but also placed by him at the foundation of his practical activity in the emancipation of the slaves." While initially Frederick Douglass has endorsed Garrison's principle of "non-resistance," he soon began to advocate for Black liberation by every means necessary. In contrast to Garrison he admitted, 'I know there is a spirit among the slaves which would not much longer brook their degradation and their bondage.'



THE FREE AGE PRESS
EDITOR—V. TCHERTKOFF.

A Short
Biography of

William Lloyd
Garrison

BY V. TCHERTKOFF AND F. HOLAH.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY APPRECIATION OF
HIS LIFE AND WORK

By
Leo Tolstoy

(No Rights Reserved.)

London:
THE FREE AGE PRESS,
13, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

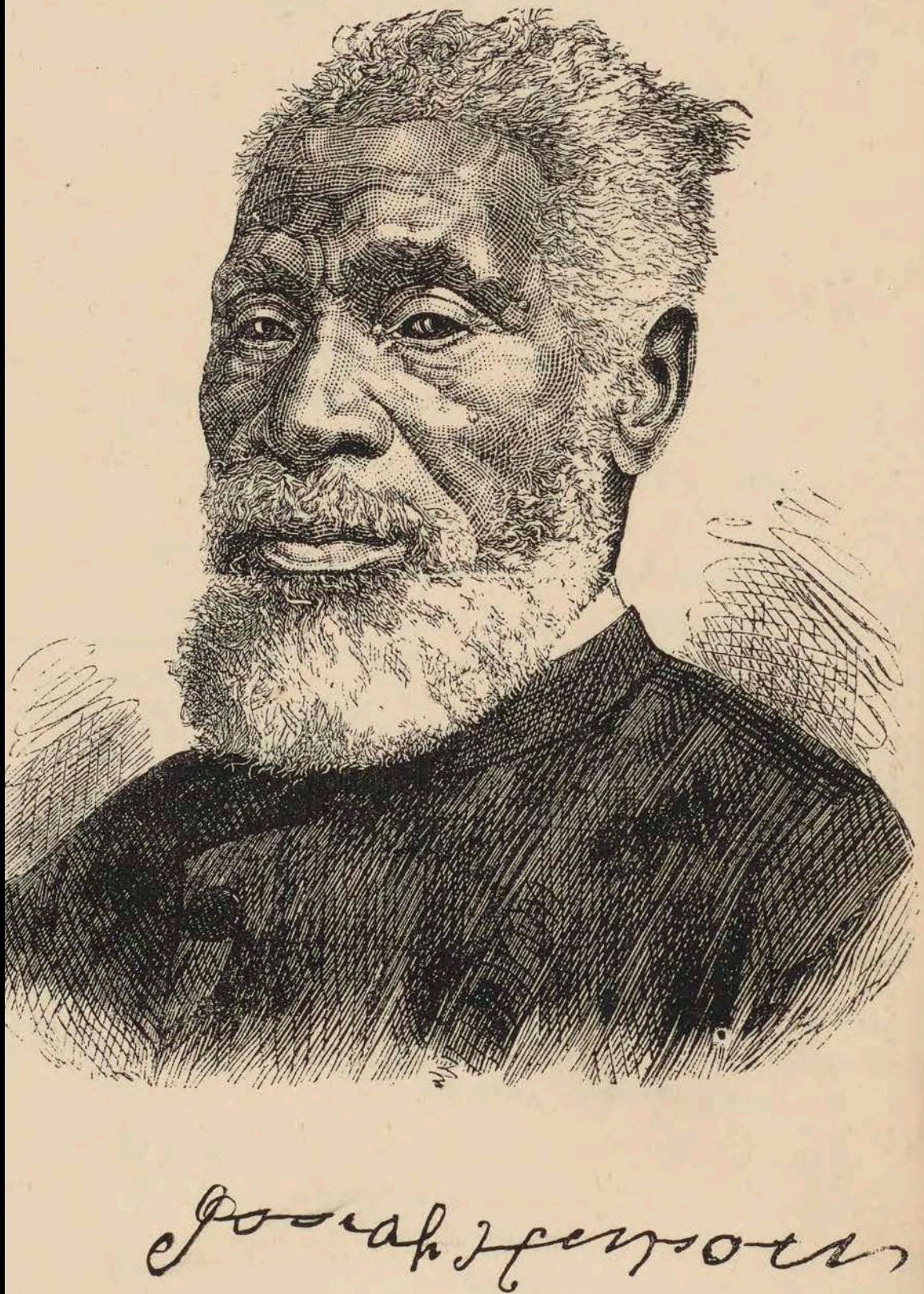
Anon., *Report of the Proceedings of the Great Anti-Slavery Meetings Held in the Rev. Mr. Cairns's Church, On Wednesday 23d September*, 1846 (n.p.: Alex. Gardner, 1846).

This pamphlet publishes the minutes of an anti-slavery meeting that was held at **Mr. Cairns's Church** in Paisley, Scotland, and at which both Frederick Douglass and William Lloyd Garrison delivered speeches. Garrison opened the meeting by flattering his Scottish listeners: "I shall try to tell you a little about American slavery, in which I am happy to know you take a deep interest, and about which you already know a good deal. When I remember how many meetings you have had on this subject, I am almost inclined to think that I might as well carry coals to, Newcastle, as give you any additional information. I know you are Scotsmen, and therefore not the friends of slavery. (Applause.) You are on the side of liberty, and it does not require much time on my part to convince you of the iniquity of slavery." In his speech that immediately followed, Frederick Douglass took a very different position by refusing to pander to his audience's sense of national superiority. Instead, he relied on powerful language to expose the base morality of the Free Church of Scotland and condemn their bloodthirsty actions in taking the blood-stained money from white US slaveholders to fill their coffers. He was unequivocal in his demand: "SEND BACK THE MONEY"

Excerpt of Frederick Douglass's speech

"I am very glad I came to Paisley – (Cheers) - glad to be in Scotland… I have been here before. Since I addressed an audience here last, the question of slavery has assumed not a new form, but some additional points have been started. The Evangelical Alliance has held its sittings in the city of London — and the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland has held its meetings at Cannonmills in Edinburgh. There were remarks made and speeches delivered, to which I will draw your attention for the short time I am to address you. I heard at the Free Church Assembly speeches delivered by Duncan, Cunningham, and Candlish, and I never heard, in all my life, speeches better calculated to uphold and sustain that bloody system of wrong. (Cheers). I heard sentiments such as these from Dr. Candlish — that christians would be quite justified in sitting down with a slaveholder at a communion table — with men who have a right, by the law of the land, to kill their slaves. That sentiment, as it dropped from the lips of Dr. Candlish, was received by three thousand people with shouts of applause. I heard other sentiments equally objectionable to this. Every imaginable excuse for slaveholding was brought forward by these men eminent for their learning — men who claim to be the heaven-appointed instruments for the removal of all sin. I heard these men, standing up there, appealing to the sympathies of those who heard them, to remember the slaveholder, and not one rose spoke of remembering those in bonds as bound with them. Their manacled bondmen were not thought of for a single moment, but, like the Levite of old, they passed by on the other side. (Applause.) They had struck hands with the slaveholder in christian fellowship. They would not listen to the voice of Scotland demanding, in tones which could not be mistaken — send back the money. (Applause.) The Free Church went to the United States in the name of freedom, to injure the cause of the slaves in their own country. They never raised a whisper in condemnation of the traffic, or one word of sympathy for the poor bondman. (Cheers.) They united in christian fellowship with the slaveholder — spread around him the sanctification of Christianity — told him they had many things to learn of them — that the Scottish religionists would do well to take a lesson from them. (Cheers.) Friends, these charges shall be rung from one end of Scotland to another, if there be any shame left in her. (Cheers.) I believe she is beyond shame. Why do they dare to stand up in Scotland to advocate this union? Your own liberties are in danger — the liberty of your own children is in danger. (Loud cheers.) For men who can defend those who embrace three millions of their fellow-creatures, would even reduce to slavery those who tread your own soil. He who steals a black man will steal a white man, and he who steals a white man will steal a black man. (Applause.) I look upon the slaveholders as being dastardly, infernal, in their character, but I consider the Free Church incomparably worse, for what they have done is with less temptation. Their crime is greater then even that of the slaveholders themselves. (Loud cheers.) They have taken the ground that deliberate slavery is not in itself sinful. This is awful ground, which they never would have taken but for their contact with the slaveholders. I hope you will not allow this matter to stop with this meeting. I hope you mean what you look to mean — that you are now in earnest that no slaveholders' apologists shall be allowed to tread the soil of Scotland unattacked — and while there is a single individual left in Scotland who will dare to lift his voice in favour of the American slaveholder."

Part 2



Transatlantic Abolition Networks and US Black Literatures of Slavery and Freedom

Part 2 of this exhibition reveals that **Frederick Douglass** was not the only freedom-fighter who had been born into US chattel bondage to visit Scotland. He was one among hundreds of nineteenth-century US born, Black radical reformers, enslaved and free, who campaigned in the city of Edinburgh and across Scotland. He was joined by a number of inspirational women and men who made Edinburgh their home during their transatlantic visits, including **Josiah Henson (1789-1883), Samuel Ringgold Ward (1817-66), Jesse Glasgow Jr. (c.1837-1860), Ellen Craft (1826-1891) and William Craft (1824-1900) and Amanda Berry Smith (1837-1915)**. No less tireless in their war against slavery, their narratives, tracts, and histories went through numerous editions in the UK. While she did not herself visit the city, the Edinburgh Ladies Emancipation Society sponsored the revolutionary activism of **Harriet Tubman (c.1822-1913)**, a legendary Underground Railroad conductor who was singlehandedly responsible for securing the freedoms of hundreds of women, children and men fleeing from the slaveholding South.

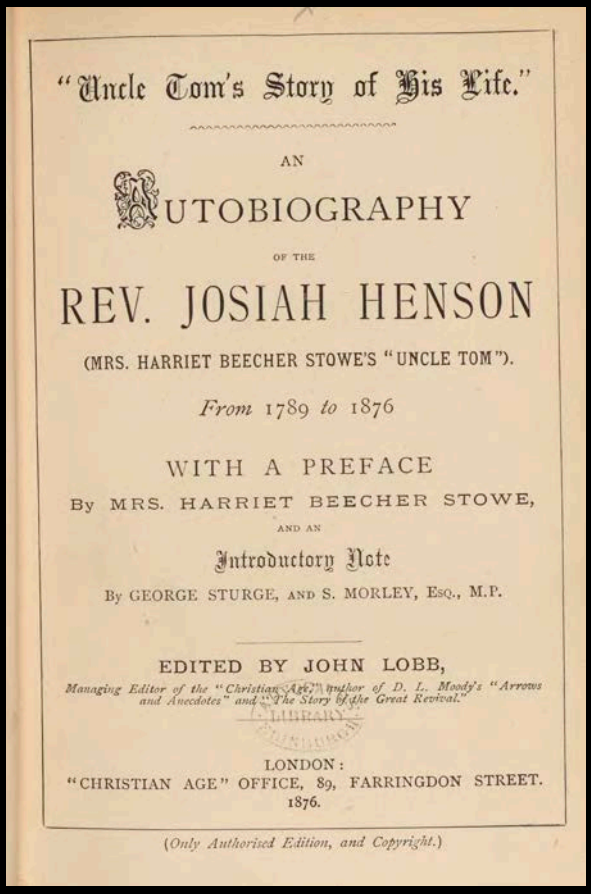
Throughout his lifetime, and as we see here, Douglass remained a prolific author. He held firmly to his conviction that "words are weapons" not only in the antislavery arsenal but in all campaigns for social justice. He not only published numerous editions of his autobiography, but he also wrote countless letters: including his private and public correspondence that survives from the time he was living as Scotland's antislavery agent at 33 Gilmore Place in the city. He also excelled as a famous orator and here you see handwritten pages from two of his speeches held in the Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection: *Lecture on Santo Domingo,* c. 1873 and *The Exodus from the South,* c. 1879. For Douglass, the fight for securing Black civil liberties only intensified in a post-emancipation era that had given formerly enslaved people a freedom that, as he realized only too well, was a freedom that was in name only.

Josiah Henson, *Uncle Tom's Story of His Life: The Autobiography of the Rev. Josiah Henson*, 1876. [NLS VV.8].

A self-emancipated enslaved man turned author, orator, antislavery and civil rights campaigner, **Josiah Henson (1789-1883)** was born in Maryland and died in Canada. On his first visit to Edinburgh in 1851 he asked for financial support for "an educational institution for colored children in Dawn," a new settlement of freed people in Canada. On his second visit from February 1877, Henson delivered a lecture at the United Presbyterian Church on London Road. An eye witness recounts, "The church was crowded in every part, hundred standing," as Henson informed his listeners that he had received an education in the "University of Adversity."

Excerpt

I was born June 15th, 1789, in Charles county, Maryland, on a farm belonging to Mr. Francis Newman, about a mile from Port Tobacco. My mother was a slave of Dr. Josiah McPherson, but hired to Mr. Newman, to whom my father belonged. The only incident I can remember which occurred while my mother continued on Mr. Newman's farm, was the appearance one day of my father with his head bloody and his back lacerated. He was beside himself with mingled rage and suffering. The overseer had brutally assaulted my mother, when my father sprang upon him like a tiger. In a moment the overseer was down, and, mastered by rage, my father would have killed him but for the entreaties of my mother, and the overseer's own promise that nothing should ever be said of the matter. The promise was kept – like most promises of the cowardly and debased – as long as the danger lasted.



"Uncle Tom's Story of His Life."

AN

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF THE

REV. JOSIAH HENSON

(MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S "UNCLE TOM").

From 1789 *to* 1876

WITH A PREFACE

By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

AND AN

Introductory Note

By GEORGE STURGE, AND S. MORLEY, ESQ., M.P.

EDITED BY JOHN LOBB,

Managing Editor of the "Christian Age," author of D. L. Moody's "Arrows and Anecdotes" and "The Story of the Great Revival."

LONDON:
"CHRISTIAN AGE" OFFICE, 89, FARRINGDON STREET.
1876.

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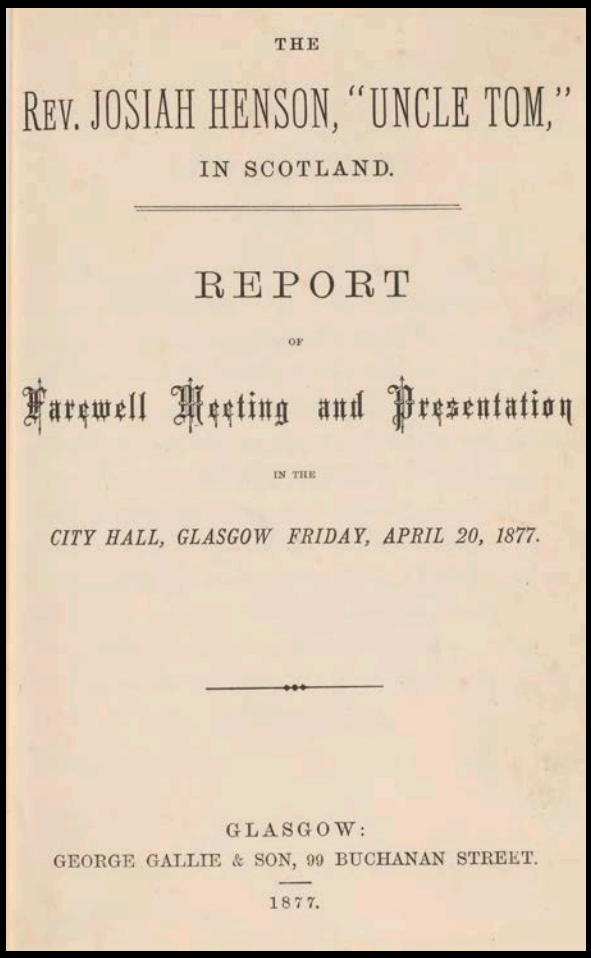


THE

REV. JOSIAH HENSON, "UNCLE TOM,"

IN SCOTLAND.

REPORT

OF

Farewell Meeting and Presentation

IN THE

CITY HALL, GLASGOW FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1877.

GLASGOW:
GEORGE GALLIE & SON, 99 BUCHANAN STREET.
1877.

Anon., *The Rev. Josiah Henson, Uncle Tom in Scotland.* Glasgow: George Gallie and Son, 1877. [NLS APS.1.203.041].

On his second visit to Scotland in February 1877, **Josiah Henson** undertook a hugely popular speaking tour. In a bid to commemorate his "Farewell Meeting and Presentation in the City Hall, Glasgow" that took place on the night of Friday April 20 1877, this pamphlet was published by George Gallie & Son in the same year. Here you see the frontispiece photograph showing Josiah Henson seated while his wife, Nancy, stands beside him. During this "Farewell Meeting" Henson delivered a powerful speech which he began by confiding, " My bodily health is so impaired that I am scarcely able to stand; but I am thankful to be permitted to be here, and I hope to be able to present the deepest affections of my heart for the warm reception which I have received since I had the honor of putting my foot in Scotland." He then shared heartbreaking stories of his experiences as an enslaved man in order to inspire his audiences with an ongoing sense that the fight for the equality of all Black people was far from over. He held to a lifelong conviction that "constant vigilance is the price of liberty."

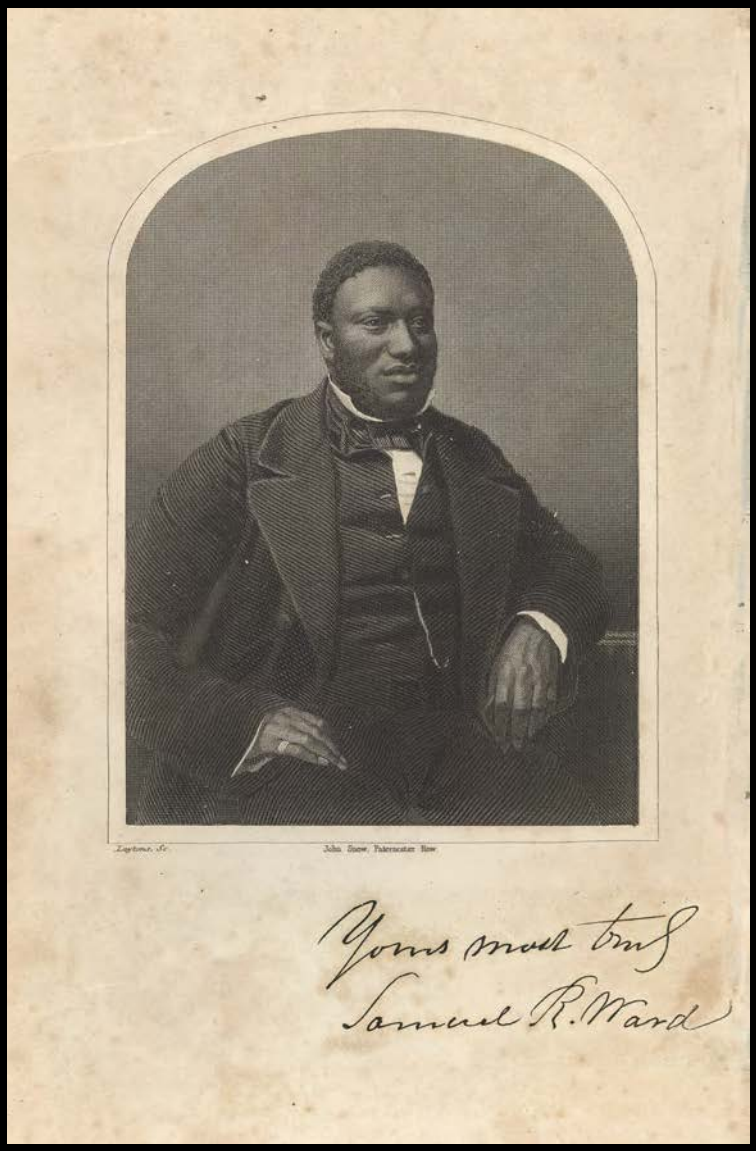
Excerpt

I look back from whence I came, and see by the eyes of my mind what you cannot see with your eyes, because you have not been there, and feel in my heart what you cannot feel, and I hope never will feel, and no one can feel it but the man who has had the iron through his own soul (Applause). A few years ago I was dragging the chains of oppression and groaning beneath the bondsman's burden, with not an eye to pity nor an arm to deliver, and could not tell which way the thing would turn; but I looked steadfastly to God, and depended upon His word – at least as I understood it – (applause) – and now these dark clouds have all been dispersed and blown asunder, and I have the honour to-night of standing upon British soil, among British people, with British feelings, and a love of liberty. (Loud applause). … I wanted to come to Scotland before I left for Canada, because I had a reason for it. It was not for money - I did not know I was going to get any (Laughter). I did not think much about it; but I wanted to put my foot in Scotland, for whem I was, as it were, between heaven and earth, and exposed to death, dragging through the wilderness with my dear little woman and four little children – when I had got to the extreme point and could get no farther, having reached the waters of Lake Eerie, I knew not what to do. I hid my wife and children in the wood in the prairie bushes, and went out and exposed my life, because I could not do better. I lay in the woods and groaned till the groans of my wife and children, who were starving with hunger, aroused my heart. I said – "Lord, I cannot bear this; for if I lie here I must die. I can only die and I am bound to try and save my wife and children." I went out, not knowing where I was going or what I should meet; but as the Lord would have it, something was prepared for me… It was a man with a heart in him as big a a great fat ox. (Laughter). And he was not only a man but a Scotchman (Applause). I don't say this because I am among Scotch people now. I have written this some thirty-seven years ago… This man, a Scotchman, in the hour of trial, stepped forward, took me by the hand, brought myself and family on board his vessel, and took us to Buffalo city. He asked me what I had to live on. I told him – "Three threepenny bits" – that is, about 18 cents in American coin. "Is that all you have got?" "Yes; every cent." "What are you going to do?" "I will give you all I have got." "Well," he said, "never mind… I am a poor man myself… and have a wife and four or five children. ...I will pay your ferry over. Here is one dollar."

Samuel Ringgold Ward, n.d. [Louis Round Wilson Special Collections Library, University of North Carolina Chapel Hill].

A self-emancipated individual who had been born into slavery in Maryland, Samuel Ringgold Ward (1817-66) became a world-renowned author, antislavery radical and social justice campaigner. In his *Autobiography of a Fugitive Negro: His Anti-slavery Labours in the United States, Canada and England* which he published in London in 1855, he named and shamed white Scottish slave traders as "severely exacting and oppressive" and was unequivocal in his condemnation, noting that the "names of their perpetrators, would be the largeste, blackest roll and record of infamy that ever disgraced the Scottish name or blighted Scottish character." During his antislavery lecturing tour of Edinburgh he took a "tour of Holyrood House" which he never forgot: "Our guide… made some stupid blunder about the lock of the door, so that he could not unfasten it to

let us out… I took an old battle-axe, affirmed to be 600 years old… and broke the door open, effecting deliverance for myself and party."

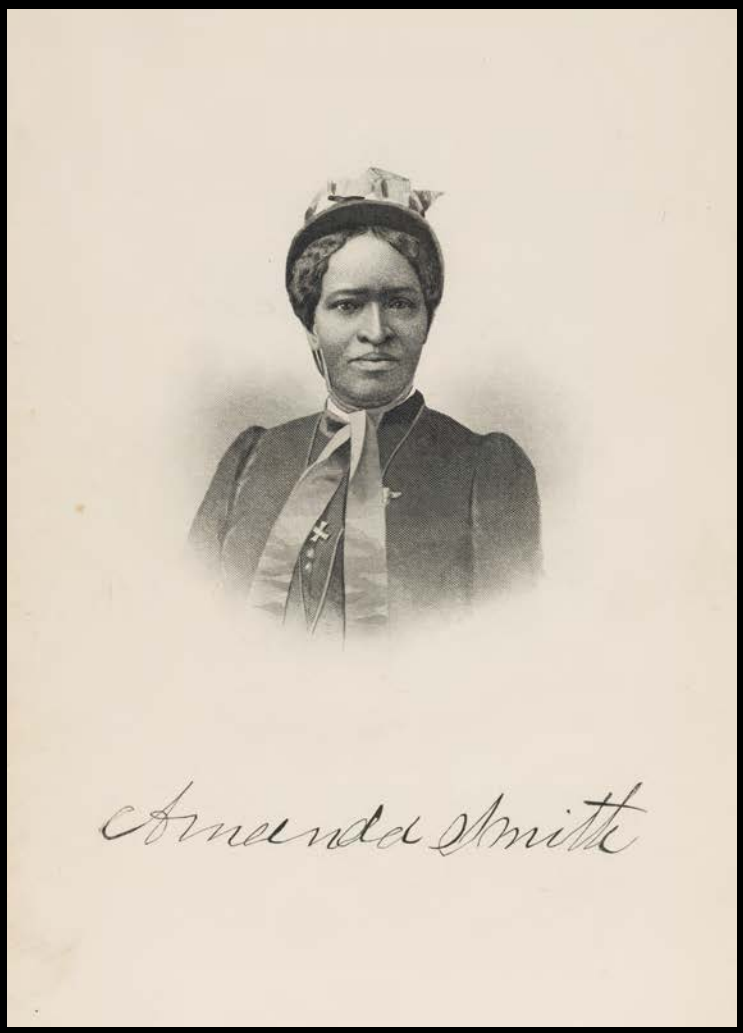


Excerpt

I was born on the 17th October, 1817, in that part of the State of Maryland, U. S., commonly called the Eastern Shore. I regret that I can give no accurate account of the precise location of my birthplace. I may as well state now the reason of my ignorance of this matter. My parents were slaves. I was born a slave. They escaped, and took their then only child with them. I was not then old enough to know anything about my native place; and as I grew up, in the State of New Jersey, where my parents lived till I was nine years old, and in the State of New York subsequently, where we lived for many years, my parents were always in danger of being arrested and re-enslaved. To avoid this, they took every possible caution: among their measures of caution was the keeping of the children quite ignorant of their birthplace, and of their condition, whether free or slave, when born; because children might, by the dropping of a single word, lead to the betrayal of their parents. My brother, however, was born in New Jersey; and my parents, supposing (as is the general presumption) that to be born in a free State is to be born free, readily allowed us to tell where my brother was born; but my birthplace I was neither permitted to tell nor to know. Hence, while the secrecy and mystery thrown about the matter led me, most naturally, to suspect that I was born a slave, I never received direct evidence of it, from either of my parents, until I was four-and-twenty years of age; and then my mother informed my wife, in my absence. Generous reader, will you therefore kindly forgive my inability to say exactly where I was born; what gentle stream

arose near the humble cottage where I first breathed--how that stream sparkled in the sunlight, as it meandered through green meadows and forests of stately oaks, till it gave its increased self as a contribution to the Chesapeake Bay--if I do not tell you the name of my native town and county, and some interesting details of their geographical, agricultural, geological, and revolutionary history--if I am silent as to just how many miles I was born from Baltimore the metropolis, or Annapolis the capital, of my native State? Fain would I satisfy you in all this; but I cannot, from sheer ignorance. I was born a slave--where? Wherever it was, it was where I dare not be seen or known, lest those who held my parents and ancestors in slavery should make a claim, hereditary or legal, in some form, to the ownership of my body and soul.

Amanda Berry Smith, n.d. [Louis Round Wilson Special Collections Library, University of North Carolina Chapel Hill].



Born into slavery in Maryland, Amanda Berry Smith (1837-1915) lived a new life in freedom as a renowned evangelist. In her narrative, *An Autobiography: The Story of the Lord's Dealings with Mrs. Amanda Smith, the Colored Evangelist: Containing an Account of Her Life Work of Faith, and Her Travels in America, England, Ireland, Scotland, India, and Africa as an Independent Missionary* which she published in Chicago in 1893 she shared stories of her visit the city of Edinburgh in Scotland: “I was very glad to go. The Scotch ladies… are so well versed in the history of their country that they can with ease detail almost any event of any time.”

Excerpt

I was born at Long Green, Md., Jan. 23rd, 1837 My father's name was Samuel Berry. My mother's name, Mariam. Matthews was her maiden name. My father's master's name was Darby Insor. My mother's master's name, Shadrach Green. They lived on adjoining farms. They did not own as large a number of black people, as some who lived in the neighborhood. My father and mother each had a good master and mistress, as was said. After my father's master died, his young master, Mr E., and himself, had all the charge of the place. They had been boys together, but as father was the older of the two, and was a trustworthy servant, his mistress depended on him, and much was entrusted to his care. As the distance to Baltimore was only about twenty miles, more or less, my father went there with the farm produce once or twice a week, and would sell or buy, and bring the money home to his mistress. She was very kind, and was proud of him for his faithfulness, so she gave him a chance to buy himself. She allowed him so much for his work and a chance to make what extra he could for himself. So he used to make brooms and husk mats and take them to market with the produce. This work he would do nights after his day's work was done for his mistress. He was a great lime burner. Then in harvest time, after working for his mistress all day, he would walk three and four miles, and work in the harvest field till one and two o'clock in the morning then go home and lie down and sleep for an hour or two, then up and at it again. He had an important and definite object before him, and was willing to sacrifice sleep and rest in order to accomplish it. It was not his own liberty alone, but the freedom of his wife and five children. For this he toiled day and night. He was a strong man, with an excellent constitution, and God wonderfully helped him in his struggle. After he finished paying for himself, the next was to buy my mother and us children. There were thirteen children in all, of whom only three girls are now living. Five were born in slavery. I was the oldest girl, and my brother William Talbart, the oldest boy. He was named after a gentleman named Talbart Gossage, who was well known all through that part of the country. I think he was some relation of Mr Ned Gossage, who lost his life at Carlisle, Pa., some time before the war, in trying to capture two of his black boys who had run away for their freedom. I remember distinctly the great excitement at the time. The law then was that a master could take his slave anywhere he caught him. These boys has been gone for a year or more, and were in Carlisle when he heard of their whereabouts. He determind to go after them. So he took with him the constable and one or two others. Many of his friends did not want him to go, but he would not hear them. I used to think how strange it was, he being a professed Christian, and a class leader in the Methodist Church, and at the time a leader of the colored people's class, that he should be so blinded by selfishness and greed that he should risk his own life to put into slavery again those who sought only for freedom. How selfishness, when allowd to rule us, will drive us on, and make us act in spirit like the great enemy of our soul, who ever seeks to recapture those who have escaped from the bondage of sin. How we need to watch and pray, and on our God rely.

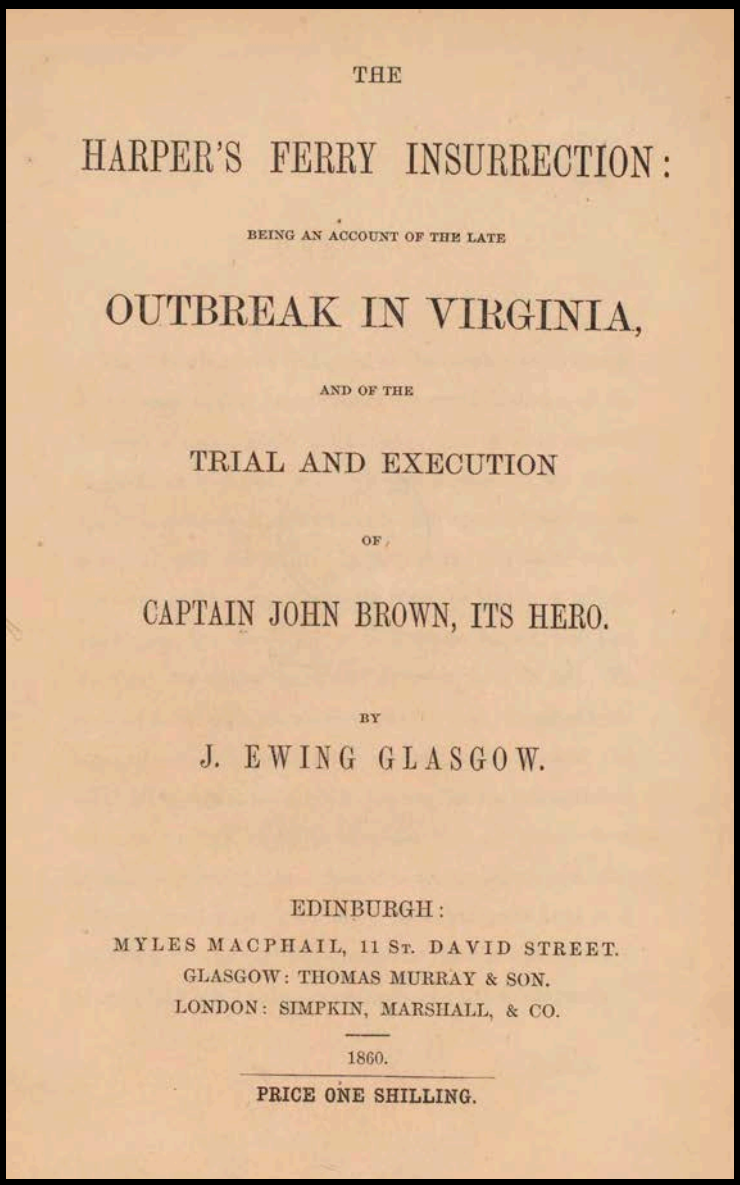
He did not capture the boys, but in the struggle he lost his own life, and was brought home dead.

J. Ewing Glasgow, *The Harper's Ferry Insurrection: Outbreak in Virginia*. Edinburgh: Myles Macphail, 1860. [1940.12(3)].

Jesse Ewing Glasgow Jr. (c.1837- 1860) was born free in Philadelphia and came to the UK for his university education. He enrolled in the University of Edinburgh in 1859 and was immediately celebrated as 'one of the brightest of her intellectual lights.' Tragically, Glasgow Jr. died of consumption before he was able to graduate but not before he won a litany of university prizes and authored his pioneering history, *John Brown, or The Harper's Ferry Insurrection* which he published in 1860. A radical tract in which he traced the history of white US antislavery radical John Brown's failed attempt to capture the arsenal at Harpers Ferry in Virginia, he included a heartfelt plea to his readers in Scotland that they "may be incited to do something towards securing the coloured man's freedom." His father, Jesse Glasgow, was one of the signers of Frederick Douglass's appeal, "Men of Color to Arms,", the broadside he published far and wide in order to recruit Black combat soldiers to the Union cause during the Civil War. Douglass and Glasgow Jr. may themselves have known each other: Douglass was in Edinburgh lecturing on

John Brown in 1859 and 1860 at the same time that Jesse Glasgow was living there as a student. One question remains as yet unanswered by history is: did they meet?

Jesse Glasgow Jr. died at 10 Hill Place, Newington, on December 20, 1860.



THE

HARPER'S FERRY INSURRECTION:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE LATE

OUTBREAK IN VIRGINIA,

AND OF THE

TRIAL AND EXECUTION

OF

CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN, ITS HERO.

BY

J. EWING GLASGOW.

EDINBURGH:
MYLES MACPHAIL, 11 St. DAVID STREET.
GLASGOW: THOMAS MURRAY & SON.
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

1860.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Excerpt

The following brief memorial of the events which, though in one sense trifling, lately caused the very foundation of the America Union to shake, is little more than a plain account of them, derived from a careful consideration of the newspaper accounts and conversations with some of the parties connected with the affair. In thus embodying them into a narrative, and sending them forth upon the public, it is presumed that but few of the particulars are known, and that there are some who would like to know them in full. To such we would say, that we hope they too may be incited to do something towards securing the coloured man's freedom and manhood in America—if not in the way [John] Brown attempted to do so, in one against which they can have no conscientious scruples—by sending through some of the anti-slavery societies that exist throughout this country, contributions to keep in a good state of repair and more active service the under-ground railroad that is the means of emancipating thousands yearly.

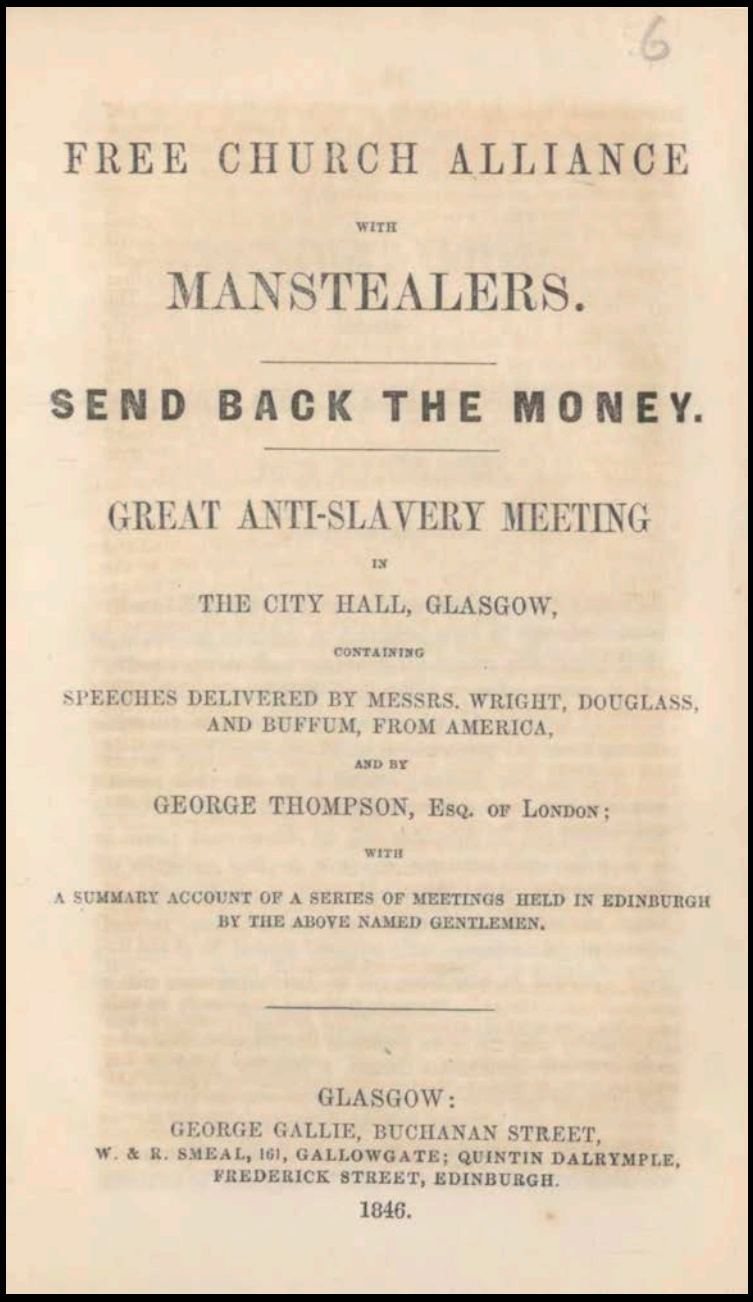
…

never have I felt, never can I feel, that patriotic sentiment towards America which the poet speaks of ; but before those who read this avowal pass the poet's doom upon me, let me tell tell reason why this is the case as briefly as possible. It so happened that nature gave me a coloured skin, and on account of this, from infancy up to the time I left America, 18 years, I had to grasp the cold, flinty hand, of what in America was a misfortune punishable as a crime. He who knows not what American prejudice is (and none can fully know except those who have felt it, which is a privilege only enjoyed by an unfavoured many), cannot know what is implied in the above sentence. It is to feel the world cold and unfriendly as soon as you have gained any knowledge of it; it is to have the dews which alight on life's path evaporated by a precocious, mischievous sun as soon as they have fallen; to have youth's sparkling fountain rendered insipid and impure, and manhood's dr or filthy. In short, it is to have life drawn out into innumerable threads by a fell demon who sports with them, and ever and anon, by chance or otherwise, mostly the latter, breaks one. I had suffered this, and I need not say that I was glad to escape a country in which I could not rise to the sovereignty of a man, and to flee to one consecrated not only by the genius of Universal Emancipation, but also by those Christian sentiments that prompt its people to extend their hands to the oppressed of all countries…

America looked beautiful in the light of a fine day in early autumn; but it was only the beauty of a sarcophagus, its face was fair, but its heart was possessed by a demon. Far away, in the more sunny south at that moment might have been seen millions of human creatures debased into chattel, toiling their very life out for so called masters, under a penalty, at times, worse than of death. The influence of the slave power moves in a strong tide-wave over the length and breadth of America; and though occasionally it is checked in its course, it still moves on and on, baneful to all, alike to those who feel its power and to those against whom it is directed…Thou hast stripped thy black citizen of all his rights, and thou hast stained thy robes with lasting infamy, by robbing him of his oath and his God-given prerogative to hold and to have the earnings of his own sweat and toil. We tremble for thee when we think of the great wrong thou hast done, and remember that "justice may sleep awhile, but never dies."

Anon., *Jesse Ewing Glasgow, Jr.*, circa 1856. [Collection: Historical Society of Pennsylvania].

Henry Clarke Wright, *Free Church Alliance with Manstealers: Send Back the Money: Great Anti-Slavery Meeting in the City Hall, Glasgow.* G. Gaillie: Glasgow, 1846. [NLS ABS.1.89.2(1-7)].



FREE CHURCH ALLIANCE

WITH

MANSTEALERS.

SEND BACK THE MONEY.

GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING

IN

THE CITY HALL, GLASGOW,

CONTAINING

SPEECHES DELIVERED BY MESSRS. WRIGHT, DOUGLASS, AND BUFFUM, FROM AMERICA,

AND BY

GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq. of London;

WITH

A SUMMARY ACCOUNT OF A SERIES OF MEETINGS HELD IN EDINBURGH BY THE ABOVE NAMED GENTLEMEN.

GLASGOW:

GEORGE GALLIE, BUCHANAN STREET,
W. & R. SMEAL, 161, GALLOWGATE; QUINTIN DALRYMPLE, FREDERICK STREET, EDINBURGH.

1846.

In the company of white US radical antislavery campaigners **Henry Clarke Wright** and **James Buffum**, **Frederick Douglass** gave an impassioned lecture at a "Great Anti-Slavery Meeting" held in Glasgow's city hall in which he condemned the Free Church of Scotland for "striking hands with man-stealers" by taking "the polluted gains of slavery to pay their ministers." This pamphlet transcribed their speeches and included a "Prefatory Letter to the Rev. Drs. Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish" authored by Henry Clarke Wright and written in Edinburgh on May 1 1846. He directly informed these Free Church ministers that "The following pages are earnestly recommended to your perusal" because "You have brought her [the Free Church] into alliance with manstealers" and "You have placed her in a position of hostility to God and to man."

Extract of Frederick Douglass's Speech

All was going on gloriously – triumphantly; the moral and religious sentiment of the country was becoming concentrated against slavery, slaveholders, and the abettors of slaveholders, when, at this period, the Free Church of Scotland sent a deputation to the United States with a doctrine diametrically opposed to the abolitionists, taking up the ground that, instead of no fellowship, they should fellowship the slaveholders. According to them the slaveholding system is a sin, but not the slaveholder a sinner. … Now, I am here to charge that deputation with having gone into a country where they saw three millions of human beings deprived of every right, stripped of every privilege, ranged with four-footed beasts and creeping things, with no power over their own bodies and souls, deprived of the privilege of learning to read the name of the God who made them, compelled to live in the grossest ignorance, hearded together in a state of concubinage – without marriage – without God – and without hope; - they went into the midst of such people – in the midst of those who held such a people, and never uttered a word of sympathy on behalf of the oppressed, or raised their voices against their oppressors…. I verily believe, that, had I been at the South, and had I been a slave, as I have been a slave- hat I am a slave still by the laws of the United States – had I been there, and that deputation had come into my neighborhood , and my master had sold me on the auction block, and given the produce of my body and soul to them, they would have pocketed it and brought it to Scotland to build their churches and pay their ministers. (Cries of "No," "Yes, yes," and applause). Why not? I am not better than the blackest slave in the Southern plantations.

H. B. Lindsley, *Harriet Tubman*, c.1871-1876. [Prints and Photographs Division, Library of Congress, Washington D.C.].

Born into US slavery as Araminta Ross in Dorchester County, Maryland, the same state as Frederick Douglass, **Harriet Tubman (1822-1913)** escaped to became the most renowned liberator on the Underground Railroad, the secret system of safe houses and ad hoc transportation networks by which enslaved people made it out of chattel bondage. A legendary figure, she was widely know as the "Moses of Her People."

Writing of Tubman's constant need for funds for her liberation returns to the US South, on one occasion when she informed Thomas Garrett, a white antislavery campaigner and another Underground Railroad conductor, that she needed "'twenty-three dollars' he recorded: "I then gave her twenty-four dollars and some odd cents, the net proceeds of five pounds sterling, received through Eliza Wigham of Scotland, for her." As he further explains, "I had given some accounts of Harriet's labors in the Anti-Slavery Society of Edinburgh, of which Eliza Wigham was Secretary. On the reading of my letter, a gentleman said he would send four pounds if he know of any ways to get it to her. Eliza Wigham offered to forward it to me for her, and that was the first money ever received by me for her." Scotland in general and Edinburgh in particular play a key role in raising funds not only for Tubman's journeys into the South but also in supporting newly freed women, children and men facing destitution.

Throughout his lifetime, Frederick Douglass remained in awe at Harriet Tubman's heroism. In the years after the Civil War, he wrote a public letter in which he freely admitted to a sense of his own inferiority in comparison with her exalted abilities: "The difference between us is very marked. Most that I have done and suffered in the service of our cause has been in public, and I have received much encouragement at every step of the way. You, on the other hand, have labored in a private way. I have wrought in the day -- you in the night. I have had the applause of the crowd and the satisfaction that comes of being approved by the multitude, while the most that you have done has been witnessed by a few trembling, scarred, and foot-sore bondmen and women, whom you have led out of the house of bondage, and whose heartfelt 'God bless you' has been your only reward. The midnight sky and the silent stars have been the witnesses of your devotion to freedom and of your heroism."

Extract: Sarah H. Bradford, Scenes in the Life of Harriet Tubman, 1869

She was next hired out to the man who inflicted upon her the lifelong injury from which she is suffering now, by breaking her skull with a weight from the scales. The injury thus inflicted causes

her often to fall into a state of somnolency from which it is almost impossible to rouse her. Disabled and sick, her flesh all wasted away, she was returned to her owner. He tried to sell her, but no one would buy her. "Dey said dey wouldn't give a sixpence for me," she said "And so," she said, "from Christmas till March I worked as I could, and I prayed through all the long nights--I groaned and prayed for ole master: 'Oh Lord, convert master!' 'Oh Lord, change dat man's heart!' 'Pears like I prayed all de time," said Harriet; " 'bout my work, everywhere, I prayed an' I groaned to de Lord. When I went to de horse-trough to wash my face, I took up de water in my han' an' I said, 'Oh Lord, wash me, make me clean!' Den I take up something to wipe my face, an' I say, 'Oh Lord, wipe away all my sin!' When I took de broom and began to sweep, I groaned, 'Oh Lord, wha'soebber sin dere be in my heart, sweep it out, Lord, clar an' clean!'" No words can describe the pathos of her tones, as she broke out into these words of prayer, after the manner of her people. "An' so," said she, "I prayed all night long for master, till the first of March; an' all the time he was bringing people to look at me, an' trying to sell me. Den we heard dat some of us was gwine to be sole to go wid de chain-gang down to de cotton an' rice fields, and dey said I was gwine, an' my brudders, an' sisters. Den I changed my prayer. Fust of March I began to pray, 'Oh Lord, if you ant nebber gwine to change dat man's heart, kill him, Lord, an' take him out ob de way.'"Nex' ting I heard old master was dead, an' he died jus' as he libed."

Anon., *Ellen Craft, The Fugitive Slave. Frontispiece. William and Ellen Craft, Running a Thousand Miles for Freedom; or, The Escape of William and Ellen Craft From Slavery.* London: William Tweedie, 1860.

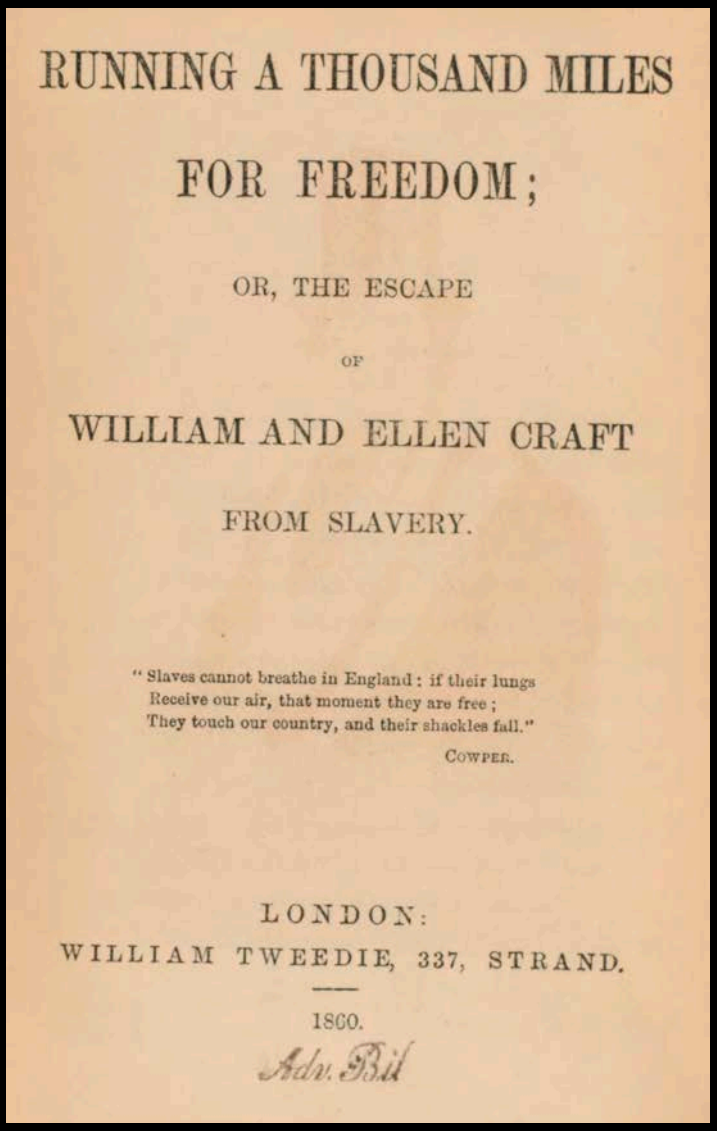
In December 1848, **Ellen Craft (1826-1891) and William Craft (1824-1900)** made history by their sensational method of escaping plantation slavery in Macon, Georgia: Ellen Craft (pictured here) assumed male attire and passed as a white slaveholder travelling with her enslaved servant, her disguised husband, William Craft. A transatlantic sensation, after they published their life story, *Running a Thousand Miles for Freedom,* they were in popular demand on the antislavery lecturing circuit in British and Ireland. As long-term residents in the UK, they went on repeated speaking tours including their sojourn at Cannon's Hotel in St Andrew Square when they delivered a series of antislavery lectures to packed audiences.

William and Ellen Craft, *Running a Thousand Miles for Freedom; or, The Escape of William and Ellen Craft From Slavery.* London: William Tweedie, 1860. [NLS E.137.g].

Excerpt

My wife was torn from her mother's embrace in childhood, and taken to a distant part of the country. She had seen so many other children separated from their parents in this cruel manner, that the mere thought of her ever becoming the mother of a child, to linger out a miserable

existence under the wretched system of American slavery, appeared to fill her very soul with horror; and as she had taken what I felt to be an important view of her condition, I did not, at first, press the marriage, but agreed to assist her in trying to devise some plan by which we might escape from our unhappy condition, and then be married.



RUNNING A THOUSAND MILES

FOR FREEDOM;

OR, THE ESCAPE

OF

WILLIAM AND ELLEN CRAFT

FROM SLAVERY.

"Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall."

COWPER.

LONDON:
WILLIAM TWEEDIE, 337, STRAND.

1860.

Adv. Bil

We thought of plan after plan, but they all seemed crowded with insurmountable difficulties. We knew it was unlawful for any public conveyance to take us as passengers, without our master's consent. We were also perfectly aware of the startling fact, that had we left without this consent the professional slave-hunters would have soon had their ferocious bloodhounds baying on our track, and in a short time we should have been dragged back to slavery, not to fill the more favourable situations which we had just left, but to be separated for life, and put to the very meanest and most laborious drudgery; or else have been tortured to death as examples, in order to strike terror into the hearts of others, and thereby prevent them from even attempting to escape from their cruel taskmasters. It is a fact worthy of remark, that nothing seems to give the slaveholders so much pleasure as the catching and torturing of fugitives. They had much rather take the keen and poisonous lash, and with it cut their poor trembling victims to atoms, than allow one of them to escape to a free country, and expose the infamous system from which he fled…

We were married, and prayed and toiled on till December, 1848, at which time (as I have stated) a plan suggested itself that proved quite successful, and in eight days after it was first thought of we were free from the horrible trammels of slavery, and glorifying God who had brought us safely out of a land of bondage.

Knowing that slaveholders have the privilege of taking their slaves to any part of the country they think proper, it occurred to me that, as my wife was nearly white, I might get her to disguise herself as an invalid gentleman, and assume to be my master, while I could attend as his slave, and that in this manner we might effect our escape. After I thought of the plan, I suggested it to my wife, but at first she shrank from the idea. She thought it was almost impossible for her to assume that disguise, and travel a distance of 1,000 miles across the slave States. However, on the other hand, she also thought of her condition. She saw that the laws under which we lived did not recognize her to be a woman, but a mere chattel, to be bought and sold, or otherwise dealt with as her owner might see fit. Therefore the more she contemplated her helpless condition, the more anxious she was to escape from it. So she said, "I think it is almost too much for us to undertake; however, I feel that God is on our side, and with his assistance, notwithstanding all the difficulties, we shall be able to succeed. Therefore, if you will purchase the disguise, I will try to carry out the plan."

Frederick Douglass to "Dear Friend," 33 Gilmore Place, Edinburgh. [Frederick Douglass Papers, Library of Congress].

While Frederick Douglass had initially resided in the York Hotel – site of the present day Festival Theatre – and lived briefly on Salisbury Street in a private house closely connected to the radical abolitionist Eliza Wigham's family, he spent the majority of his time as "Scotland's anti-slavery agent" at 33 Gilmore Place. It was from this address that he corresponded with fellow abolitionists and coordinated his antislavery lecture tours. The letters he writes at 33 Gilmore Place are of vital importance to researchers not only for their powerful statements on human rights but also for the information they reveal about his speaking itinerary. Working tirelessly as "Scotland's Anti-slavery agent," Douglass delivered hundreds of public lectures in various places in Edinburgh, including: Music Hall (Assembly Rooms), Brighton Street Evangelical Union Congregational Church, Queen Street Hall (Queen's Hall), and Charlotte Baptist Chapel (Rose Street), among many more locations (see the **Black Freedom Trail Brochure** for further information).

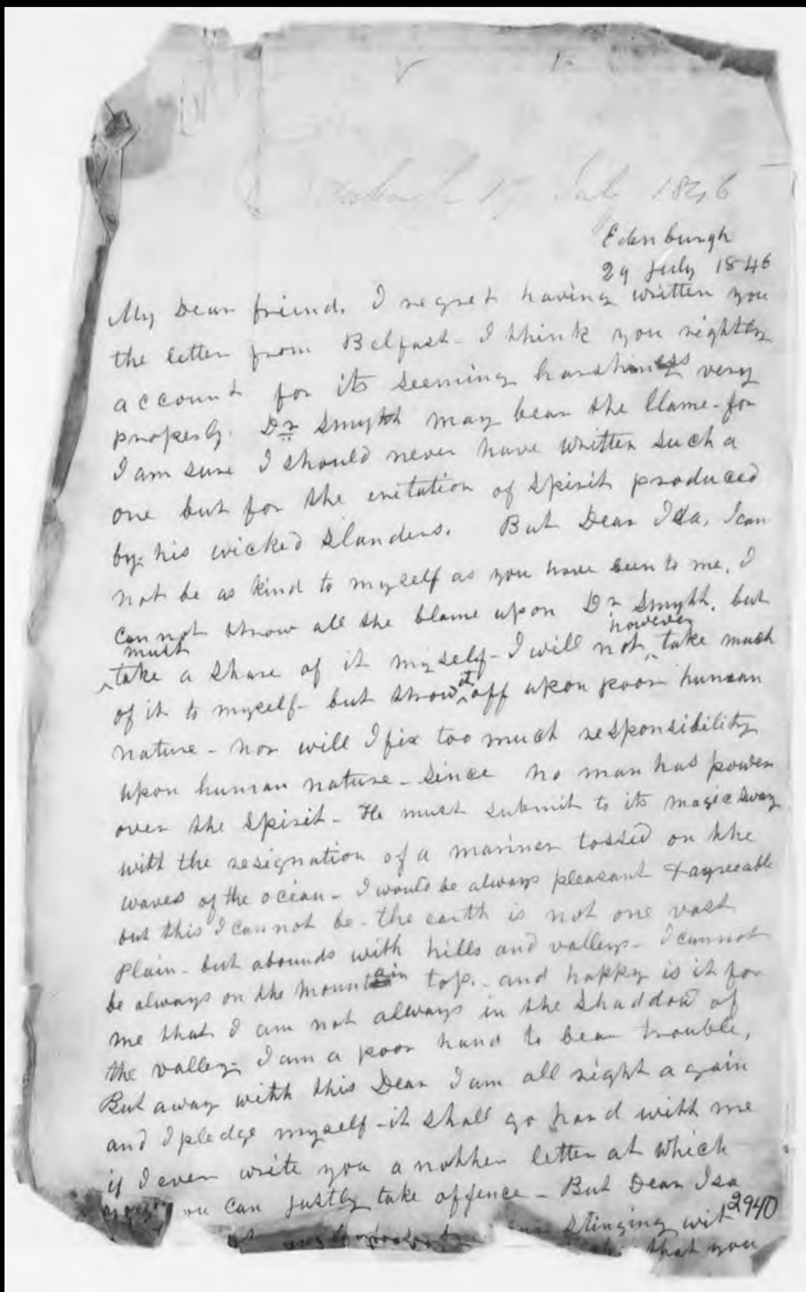
33 Gilmore Place is of fundamental importance in commemorating Douglass's life not only as an orator and activist but as a published author: it is while he is living here that he corresponded with Richard Webb, his Irish publisher, to arrange for the publication of the Irish editions of his first autobiography. Equally importantly, it was while living at this address that he built friendships with the city's key abolitionists – including Eliza Wigham and Elizabeth Pease – that were to last a lifetime as their political influence and radical thinking remained a defining catalyst to his antislavery activism. An especially powerful letter that he writes from Gilmore place is on display here and is to William A. White, a white radical, a close friend and a fellow brother in the struggle. Here Douglass poignantly writes of their exposure to a shared suffering during an earlier antislavery tour that took place on US soil and in which they barely escaped with their lives after a brutal beating of a white murderous mob.

Excerpt: Frederick Douglass to William A. White, July 30 1846

… I dreamed last night that you would not be angry at receiving a letter from your friend Frederick Douglass. It may be all a dream, yet for once I feel like acting under the direction of a dream. I have thought of you a thousand times since I left the U.S. and have as often promised myself the pleasure of writing to you but some how or other I have managed to postpone it until now I am prompted by a dream. What you may the more readily excuse for me presuming to dream of you I will mention that I went to bed thinking about Pendleton Indiana – You may remember such a place and also certain events which transpired in what region in the summer of 1843. All dreams aside I shall never forget those days and I may add those nights I shall never forget how like two very brothers we were ready to dare do, and even die for each other. Tragic awfully so yet I laugh always when I think how comic I must have looked when running before the mob, darkening the air with the mud from my feet. How I looked running you can best describe but how you looked bleeding I shall always remember. You had left home and a life of ease and even luxury that you might so some thing toward breaking the fetters of the slave and elevating the despised black man –and this too against the wishes of your father and many of your friends. When I thought I did

indeed wish to bleed in your stead – such noble blood so warm so generous was too holy to be poured?? out by the rough hand of that infernal mob. Dear William from that hour I you have been loved by Frederick Douglass. I hold you in grateful and affectionate remembrance and though I have not written to you before I assure you it has not been for want of the disposition. Among those who stand forth prominently in in [sic] behalf of the Antislavery cause. I looked none upon whom I can rely in the trial now more than yourself. I am with you in spirit, and shall welcome the day which shall again find me by your side in this good cause. I write thus freely to you because I know you to be above the miserable and contemptible prejudices too common even among those who claim to regard the negro as a brother.

…



Edenburgh
29 July 1846

My dear friend. I regret having written you
the letter from Belfast – I think you rightly
account for its seeming harshness very
properly. Dr Smyth may bear the blame – for
I am sure I should never have written such a
one but for the irritation of spirit produced
by his wicked slanders. But Dear Isa, I can
not be as kind to myself as you have been to me. I
can not throw all the blame upon Dr Smyth. but
must take a share of it myself – I will not however take much
of it to myself – but throw it off upon poor human
nature – nor will I fix too much responsibility
upon human nature – since no man has power
over the spirit – He must submit to its magic sway
with the resignation of a mariner tossed on the
waves of the ocean – I would be always pleasant & agreeable
but this I cannot be – the earth is not one vast
plain – but abounds with hills and valleys – I cannot
be always on the mountain top – and happy is it for
me that I am not always in the shadow of
the valley. I am a poor hand to bear trouble,
But away with this Dear I am all right again
and I pledge myself – it shall go hard with me
if I ever write you another letter at which
you can justly take offence – But Dear Isa
stinging wit 2940
that you

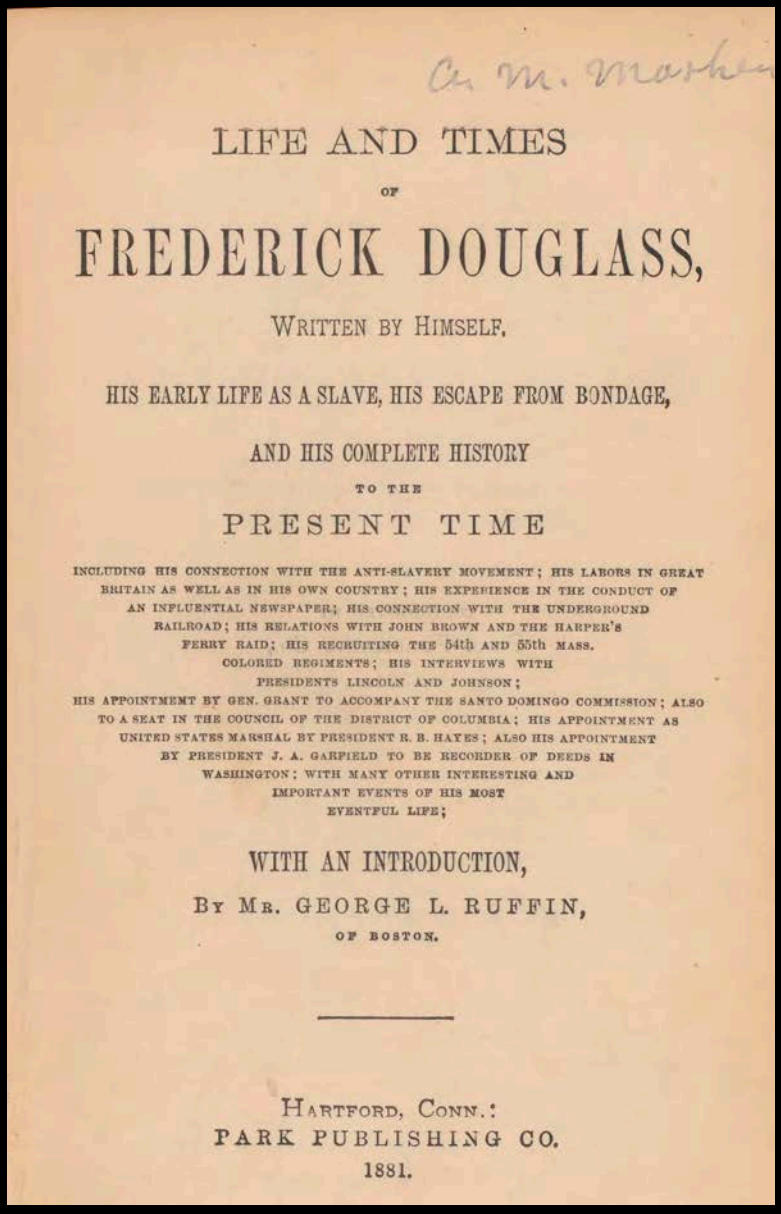
You will perceive that I am now in Edinburgh. It is the Capital of Scotland and is justly regarded as one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. I never saw one with which for beauty elegance and grandeur to compare it. I have no time even had I the ability to describe it. You must come and see it if you ever visit this country. You will be delighted with it I am sure. The Monument to Sir Walter Scott on Princes Street is just one conglomeration of architectural beauties. The Calton Hill

Salsbury Cragg and Arthur Seat give the city advantages over any City I have ever visited in this or in your country. I enjoy every thing here which may be enjoyed by those of a paler hue no distinction here. I have found my self in the society of the Combes the Crowe's and the Chamber's the first people of this city and no one seemed alarmed by my presence.

…

William do you think it would be safe for me to come home this fall? Would master Hugh stand much chance in Mass? Think he could take me from the old Bay state? The old fellow is evidently anxious to get Hold of me, Staying in this country will be be apt to encrease his love for me. I am playing the mischief with the character of slaveholders in this land.

Frederick Douglass, *Life and Times of Frederick Douglass*. Hartford Conn.: Park Publishing, 1881. [NLS Hend.207].



LIFE AND TIMES

OF

FREDERICK DOUGLASS,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

HIS EARLY LIFE AS A SLAVE, HIS ESCAPE FROM BONDAGE,

AND HIS COMPLETE HISTORY

TO THE

PRESENT TIME

INCLUDING HIS CONNECTION WITH THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT; HIS LABORS IN GREAT BRITAIN AS WELL AS IN HIS OWN COUNTRY; HIS EXPERIENCE IN THE CONDUCT OF AN INFLUENTIAL NEWSPAPER; HIS CONNECTION WITH THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD; HIS RELATIONS WITH JOHN BROWN AND THE HARPER'S FERRY RAID; HIS RECRUITING THE 54th AND 55th MASS. COLORED REGIMENTS; HIS INTERVIEWS WITH PRESIDENTS LINCOLN AND JOHNSON; HIS APPOINTMEMT BY GEN. GRANT TO ACCOMPANY THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSION; ALSO TO A SEAT IN THE COUNCIL OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA; HIS APPOINTMENT AS UNITED STATES MARSHAL BY PRESIDENT R. B. HAYES; ALSO HIS APPOINTMENT BY PRESIDENT J. A. GARFIELD TO BE RECORDER OF DEEDS IN WASHINGTON; WITH MANY OTHER INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT EVENTS OF HIS MOST EVENTFUL LIFE;

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY MR. GEORGE L. RUFFIN,

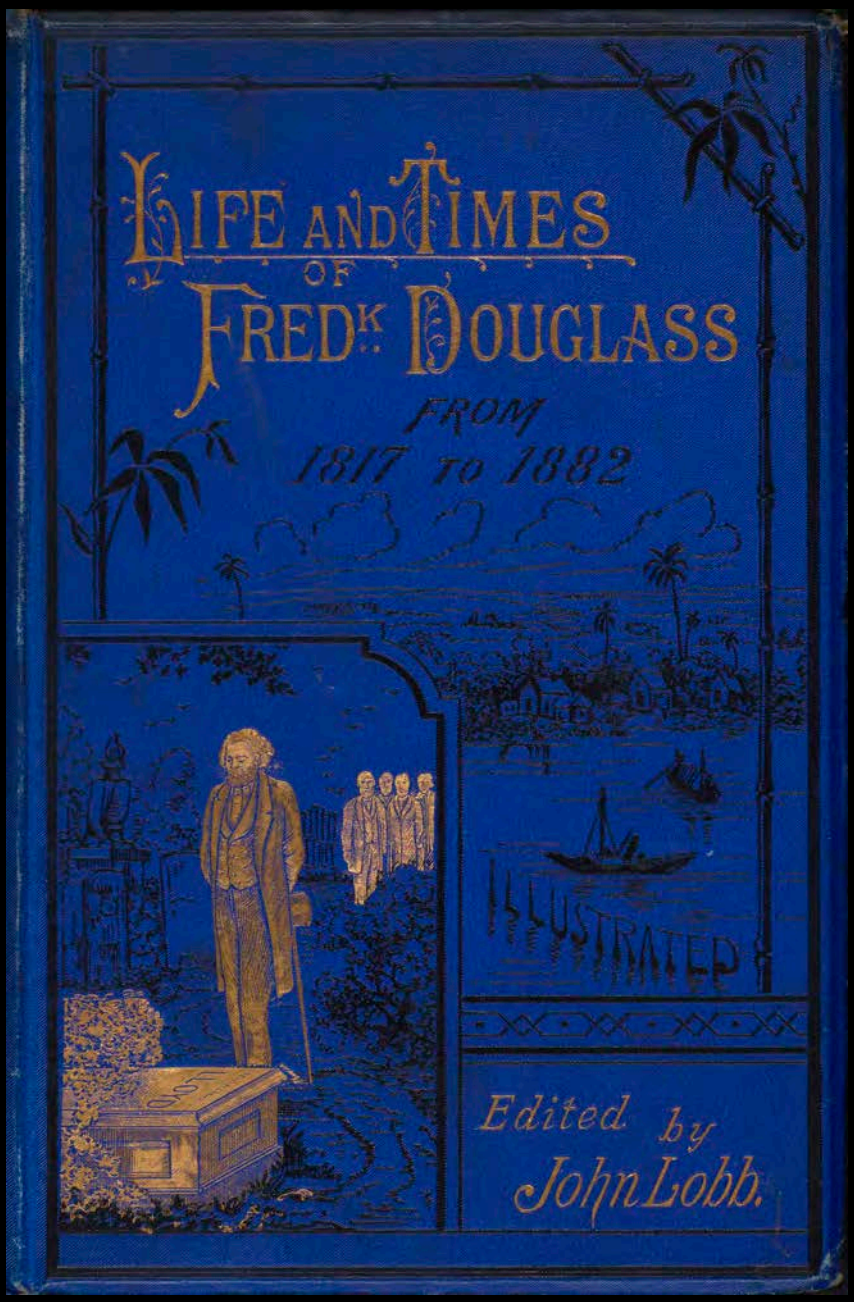
OF BOSTON.

HARTFORD, CONN.:
PARK PUBLISHING CO.
1881.

Writing toward the end of his life, Douglass's admission in his final autobiography, *Life and Times of Frederick Douglass*, that, "I have lived several lives in one: first, the life of slavery; secondly, the

life of a fugitive from slavery; thirdly, the life of comparative freedom; fourthly, the life of conflict and battle; and, fifthly, the life of victory, if not complete, at least assured" offers a blueprint for contemporary Black liberation struggles. If we dispense with the final stage, the "life of victory" – a state of existence which, even for Douglass, was more imagined than real - and instead turn to his penultimate belief in a "life of conflict and battle," his rallying cry lives on to inspire today's activism: "Agitate! Agitate! Agitate!"

Frederick Douglass, *Life and Times of Frederick Douglass*. Ed. John Lobb. London: Christian Office, 1882. [NLS HALL.230.C].



Frederick Douglass, *My Bondage and My Freedom.* Auburn: Miller, Orton and Mulligan, 1856. [Celeste-Marie Bernier Collection].

Appearing in 1845, Douglass was inspired by one principle in writing his first autobiography, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave*: 'to tell the story of the slave.' Writing his second narrative a decade later in 1855, *My Bondage and My Freedom,* his determination was no longer simply 'to tell the story of the slave' but to critique, interrogate, philosophize, and denounce his 'life as a slave' and his 'life as a freeman.' He was under no illusion that the lived experiences of 'bondage' and freedom' remained no absolute categories of existence. Rather, they were relative states of being and non-being for self-emancipated women and men fighting for survival in the United States. Douglass warred against a 'bondage' that was not only the legal system of US chattel slavery but which encompassed all forms of political, psychological and national persecution. He relied on 'the ragged style of a slave's pen' in *My Bondage and My Freedom* to celebrate the right of every Black woman, child and man to authorial, imaginative, philosophical and existential declarations of independence.

Frederick Douglass, *Lecture on Santo Domingo*, c. 1873 [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

In 1871, US President Ulysses S. Grant appointed Frederick Douglass as Assistant Secretary to the Commission of Inquiry to Santo Domingo while his youngest son, Charles Remond Douglass, was given the position of clerk. A hotbed of controversy, this commission was set up with the purpose of establishing whether Santo Domingo, the first Black republic in the western hemisphere and founded by freedom-fighter, visionary, and military general, **Toussaint Louverture**, was favorable to US annexation. Douglass was a staunch advocate for annexation. As he argued in this draft manuscript of his speech, *Lecture on Santo Domingo*, the extension of US political power meant something very different in a post-emancipation era to what it would have signified at the height of chattel slavery. 'There was a time in the history of our Republican, when the thought of an extention [sic] of its dominion was painful to me,' he concedes. Then, he readily admits, 'Annexation meant the extention [sic] of slavery – the opening of new slave markets, the revival of the internal slave trade, the addition of more slave states, more slave representation in congress, and greater security to slavery at home and abroad.' For Douglass who had dedicated his life to antislavery campaigning, and who therefore had to believe that the Fifteenth Amendment's stipulation that all citizens had the right to vote, regardless of 'race, color, or previous condition of servitude,' had successfully ushered in a new era of civil liberties following its ratification in 1870, the annexation of Santo Domingo provided him with no ethical quandary. 'It now means the enlargement and security of human liberty,' he insisted. As a measure of his heartfelt conviction, he rhetorically questioned: 'where is their [sic] a nation, so enlightened, so liberal and so progressive as the people and government, of the United States?'

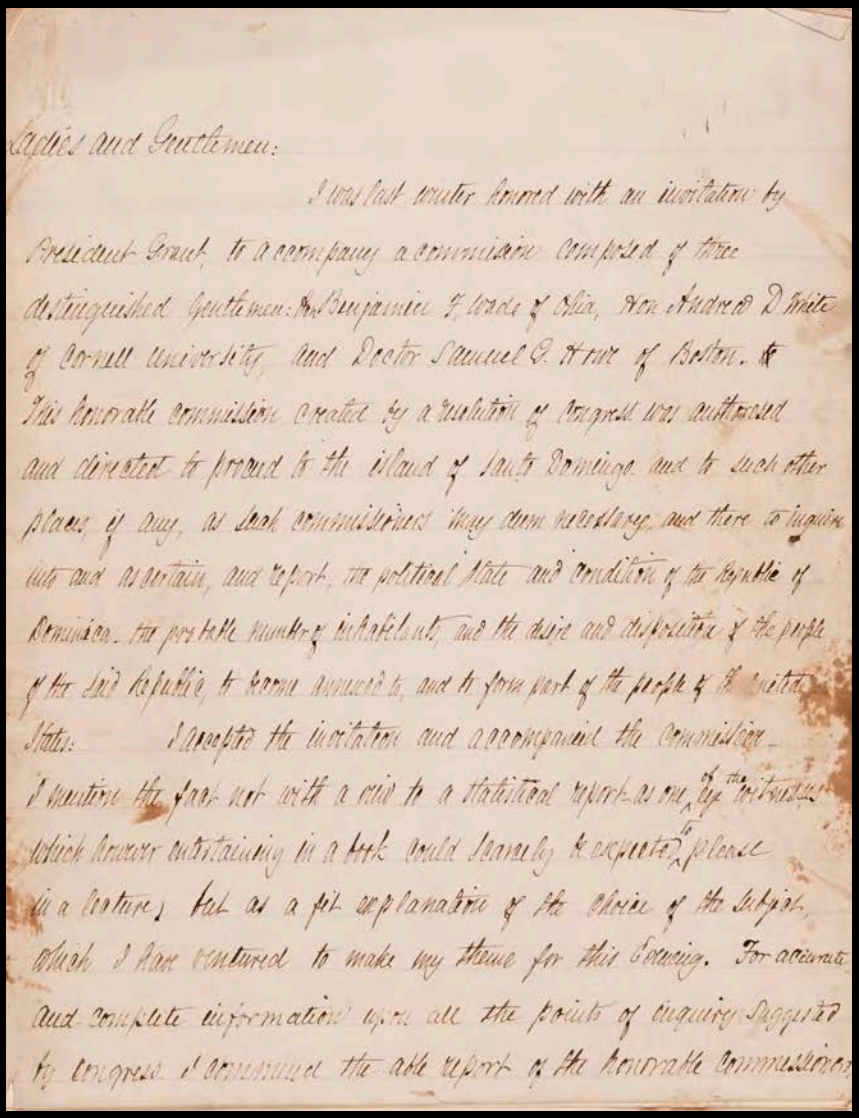
Excerpt

If in the United States we have had our slavery, they in Santo Domingo have had theirs also. If we have sold men to build churches, ~~babies~~ Babies, to buy Bibles, and women to support missionaries the Protestant of the North has but imitated the bad example of his Catholic Brother of the South.

…

The first thing inquired for by the Spaniards on landing was gold. They wanted gold. The burning, bewildering maddening lust for gold; the unappeasable desire for sudden riches, the most blending and hardening of all desires, attracted to her shores, a multitudinous and overwhelming tide of emigration. Her native population, feeble both in mind and body, vanished before it, as if smitten by the breath of almighty power.

…



Ladies and Gentlemen:

I was last winter honored with an invitation by President Grant, to accompany a commission composed of three distinguished gentlemen: Hon Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio, Hon Andrew D. White of Cornell University, and Doctor Samuel G. Howe of Boston. The honorable commission created by a resolution of Congress was authorized and directed to proceed to the island of Santo Domingo and to such other places if any, as such commissioners may deem necessary, and there to inquire into and ascertain, and report, the political state and condition of the republic of Dominica. the probable number of inhabitants, and the desire and disposition of the people of the said republic to become annexed to, and to form part of the people of the United States. I accepted the invitation and accompanied the Commission. I venture the fact out with a visit to a statistical report as one of the historians which however entertaining in a book would scarcely be expected to please in a lecture, but as a fit explanation of the choice of the subject which I have ventured to make my theme for this evening. For accurate and complete information upon all the points of inquiry suggested by Congress I commend the able report of the honorable Commission

It was once said by Daniel O'Connell, that the history of Ireland might be traced like the track of a wounded man by the blood.

…

With a look of wonder, if not of taunt, men ask why the population of Santo Domingo, is so sparse, and why its civilization is so feeble? Let them glance at the nature and history of its wars, its slavery, its slave trade, is terrific and countless revolutions, and they will wonder less, that the population is so small and the civilization is so feeble, than they will wonder that it has any population at all, or still clings to the forms of civilized life.

…

Still thirsting for gold, for ease, and splendour, the pious Spaniards – having murdered in their fields and mines – nearly all thire [sic] native slaves, and dried up the fountain of their native supply – threw lustful eyes towards the shores of Africa.

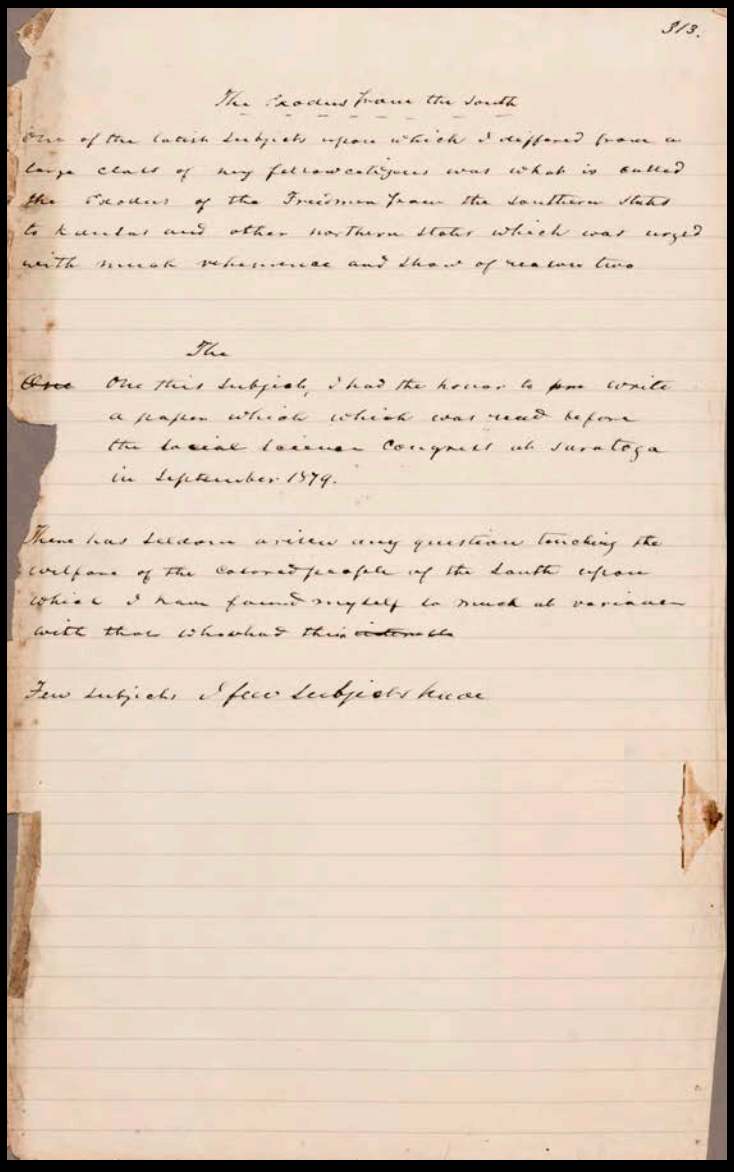
A holy priest, a man, with a feeling of humanity above his fellows, afflicted by the tears and sufferings of the slender natives – or the few that remained of them – suggested as a measure of Christian benevolence, the importation of slaves from Africa.

While in the City of Santo Domingo, I stood upon what was said to be, the very spot where, the first cargo of this human merchandize was landed. I will not stop here to describe sensations, or to make reflections upon the fact.

I rather turn, to less distressing thoughts and feelings. There are compensations in history as well as in nature. Santo Domingo, the first american soil to fasten upon itself, and upon the new world, the curse and crime of slavery, was also the first to feel the dire consequences of that terrible curse and crime. More than sixty years earlier, than ourselves, she was made to feel the storm of blood and fire, that follows ever – sooner or later, on the track of national crime. Her mountains were made to smoke, and her valleys to blaze with fierce wrath and revenge. Her Toussaints, her Dessalines, and her Christophes, were the first of their race, to teach the world that is dangerous to goad the energy that slumbers in the black man's arm.

Frederick Douglass, *The Exodus from the South*, c. 1879 [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

Frederick Douglass's speech, *The Exodus From the South* dated circa 1879 survives as a one



3/3.

The Exodus from the South

One of the latest subjects upon which I differed from a large class of my fellow citizens was what is called the Exodus of the Freedmen from the Southern States to Kansas and other Northern States which was urged with much vehemence and show of reason too.

The

One this subject, I had the honor to [illegible] write a paper which which was read before the Social Science Congress at Saratoga in September 1879.

There has seldom arisen any question touching the welfare of the Colored people of the South upon which I have found myself to much at variance with those who had this interest.

Few subjects I feel subjects have

page fragment in the Walter O. and Linda Evans collection. Writing on a subject in which he had been embroiled in controversy, Douglass begins by confessing, 'One of the latest subjects upon which I differed from a large class of my fellow citizens was what is called the Exodus of the

Freedmen from the Southern States to Kansas and other northern states which was urged with much vehemence and show of reason.' As he confides in a draft sentence which he does not complete: 'There has seldom arisen any question touch[ing] the welfare of the colored people of the South upon which I have found myself so much at variance with those who had their ~~interests~~.'

Starkly contrasting to his one-page draft manuscript reproduced here, Douglass provides a detailed discussion of his arguments in his published essay, 'The Negro Exodus from the Gulf States.' As he observes, 'The Exodus has revealed to southern men the humiliating fact that the prosperity and civilization of the South are at the mercy of the despised and hated negro.' Douglass relishes in the vulnerability of 'southern men' by jubilantly insisting that whites have no choice but to understand 'that the giving or withholding of his [the 'hated negro's'] labor will bless or blast their beautiful country.' Recognizing that, 'the work of the South requires bone, sinew and muscle of the strongest and most enduring kind for its performance,' he takes great delight in the fact that such 'bone, sinew and muscle' is beyond the capacity of white men. As Douglass argues, while it may be 'shocking for a southern man to contemplate, it is now seen that nothing less powerful than the naked iron arm of the negro can save her.' On these grounds, Douglass's rationale for protesting against Black migration is the fact that even racist whites have been made to understand that, 'as a southern laborer, there is no competitor or substitute' for the 'naked iron arm of the negro.' Celebrating the promise of freedom presented for Black men living in a post-slavery moment, Douglass declares, 'His chains were broken in the tempest and whirlwind of civil war' with the result that, 'His labor made him a slave, and his labor can, if he will, make him free, comfortable and independent.' For Douglass, the emigration of a formerly enslaved people would result solely in white profiteering and black impoverishment.

Transcript

One of the latest subjects upon which I differed from a large class of my fellow citizens was what is called the Exodus of the Freedmen from the Southern States to Kansas and other northern states which was urged with much vehemence and show of reason two

The

~~One~~ On this subject, I had the honor to ~~pre~~ write a paper which which [sic] was read before the social science congress at Saratoga in September 1879.

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Part 3

“Men of Color, To Arms!” | Black Soldiers in the US Civil War

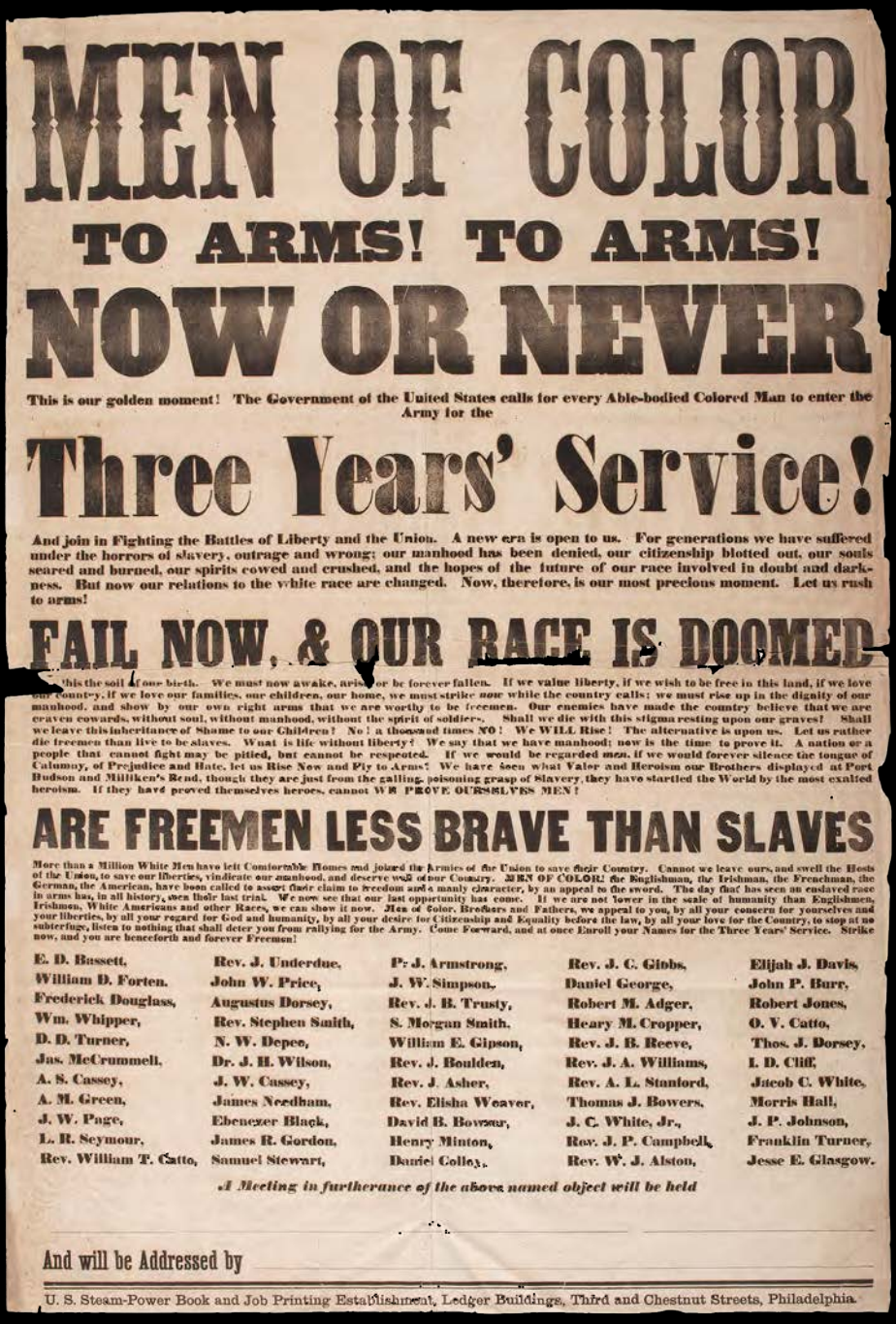
At the outbreak of Civil War, Frederick Douglass was categorical in his demands: “I have implored the imperiled nation to unchain against her foes, her powerful black hand”. He took to the road and worked day and night by giving impassioned speeches in which he inspired Black men to enlist as combat soldiers in the Union cause during the US Civil War. His own and nationwide recruitment campaigns were overwhelmingly successful: over 200,000 Black men served as soldiers in the US Civil War. They endured the tragedies and traumas of two wars: they faced the no man’s land of trench warfare in which they encountered the murderous hate of confederate southern armies and the no man’s land of white racism in a US nation that continued to persecute and destroy Black lives. All too aware of the life and death struggles they faced, Frederick Douglass’s eldest and youngest sons, Lewis Henry and Charles Remond Douglass, served distinguished military careers as combat soldiers.

Lewis Henry Douglass served as a Sergeant Major in the 54th Massachusetts combat regiment. A couple of months after he writes these letters to Helen Amelia Loguen, he is wounded in the Battle of Fort Wagner which took place on July 18 1863 Morris Island in South Carolina. Writing in the immediate aftermath of the conflict, an eye witness commends Lewis Henry for his bravery: “Sergeant-Major Lewis H. Douglass, a son of Fred Douglass, by both white and negro troops is said to have displayed great courage and calmness, was one of the first to mount the parapet, and with his powerful voice shouted: ‘Come on, boys, and fight for God and Gov. Andrew,’ and with this battle cry led them into the fort.”

A no less courageous soldier, Charles Remond Douglass enlisted in the 54th Massachusetts regiment only to later join the 5th Massachusetts Calvary when he became a First Sergeant. In his letters, he tells his father of his own and his men’s exposure to white racist abuses and proves he is his father’s son by refusing to surrender to any and all physical threats. They were two among thousands of men whose fight for the right to fight was a battle in and of itself due to the determination of a white racist government to deny Black men all access to military combat. Black men were repeatedly exposed to the persecutory hate and discriminatory behaviors of white northern union soldiers and commanders.

As their letters and photographs show, while Frederick Douglass survived the scars of slavery, Lewis Henry and Charles Remond survived the wounds of war. A source of hope in the face of despair are the letters Lewis Henry writes to Helen Amelia Loguen, a free woman born in Syracuse, NY. As the woman who became his fiancée, he writes from the frontlines to tell her of his “undying love.” Unlike so many, their story has a happy ending: they marry after the war.

Men of Color To Arms! To Arms!, 1863.



MEN OF COLOR

TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

NOW OR NEVER

This is our golden moment! The Government of the United States calls for every Able-bodied Colored Man to enter the Army for the

Three Years' Service!

And join in Fighting the Battles of Liberty and the Union. A new era is open to us. For generations we have suffered under the horrors of slavery, outrage and wrong; our manhood has been denied, our citizenship blotted out, our souls seared and burned, our spirits cowed and crushed, and the hopes of the future of our race involved in doubt and darkness. But now our relations to the white race are changed. Now, therefore, is our most precious moment. Let us rush to arms!

FAIL NOW, & OUR RACE IS DOOMED

this the soil of our birth. We must now awake, arise or be forever fallen. If we value liberty, if we wish to be free in this land, if we love our country, if we love our families, our children, our home, we must strike *now* while the country calls; we must rise up in the dignity of our manhood, and show by our own right arms that we are worthy to be freemen. Our enemies have made the country believe that we are craven cowards, without soul, without manhood, without the spirit of soldiers. Shall we die with this stigma resting upon our graves? Shall we leave this inheritance of Shame to our Children? No! a thousand times NO! We WILL Rise! The alternative is upon us. Let us rather die freemen than live to be slaves. What is life without liberty? We say that we have manhood; now is the time to prove it. A nation or a people that cannot fight may be pitied, but cannot be respected. If we would be regarded *men*, if we would forever silence the tongue of Calumny, of Prejudice and Hate, let us Rise Now and Fly to Arms! We have seen what Valor and Heroism our Brothers displayed at Port Hudson and Milliken's Bend, though they are just from the galling, poisoning grasp of Slavery, they have startled the World by the most exalted heroism. If they have proved themselves heroes, cannot WE PROVE OURSELVES MEN!

ARE FREEMEN LESS BRAVE THAN SLAVES

More than a Million White Men have left Comfortable Homes and joined the Armies of the Union to save their Country. Cannot we leave ours, and swell the Hosts of the Union, to save our liberties, vindicate our manhood, and deserve well of our Country. MEN OF COLOR! the Englishman, the Irishman, the Frenchman, the German, the American, have been called to assert their claim to freedom and a manly character, by an appeal to the sword. The day that has seen an enslaved race in arms has, in all history, seen their last trial. We now see that our last opportunity has come. If we are not lower in the scale of humanity than Englishmen, Irishmen, White Americans and other Races, we can show it now. Men of Color, Brothers and Fathers, we appeal to you, by all your concern for yourselves and your liberties, by all your regard for God and humanity, by all your desire for Citizenship and Equality before the law, by all your love for the Country, to stop at no subterfuge, listen to nothing that shall deter you from rallying for the Army. Come Forward, and at once Enroll your Names for the Three Years' Service. Strike now, and you are henceforth and forever Freemen!

E. D. Bassett,	Rev. J. Underdue,	Pr. J. Armstrong,	Rev. J. C. Gibbs,	Elijah J. Davis,
William D. Forten.	John W. Price,	J. W. Simpson,	Daniel George,	John P. Burr,
Frederick Douglass,	Augustus Dorsey,	Rev. J. B. Trusty,	Robert M. Adger,	Robert Jones,
Wm. Whipper,	Rev. Stephen Smith,	S. Morgan Smith,	Henry M. Cropper,	O. V. Catto,
D. D. Turner,	N. W. Depee,	William E. Gipson,	Rev. J. B. Reeve,	Thos. J. Dorsey,
Jas. McCrummell,	Dr. J. H. Wilson,	Rev. J. Boulden,	Rev. J. A. Williams,	I. D. Cliff,
A. S. Cassey,	J. W. Cassey,	Rev. J. Asher,	Rev. A. L. Stanford,	Jacob C. White,
A. M. Green,	James Needham,	Rev. Elisha Weaver,	Thomas J. Bowers,	Morris Hall,
J. W. Page,	Ebenezer Black,	David B. Bowser,	J. C. White, Jr.,	J. P. Johnson,
L. R. Seymour,	James R. Gordon,	Henry Minton,	Rev. J. P. Campbell,	Franklin Turner,
Rev. William T. Catto,	Samuel Stewart,	Daniel Colley,	Rev. W. J. Alston,	Jesse E. Glasgow.

A Meeting in furtherance of the above named object will be held

And will be Addressed by

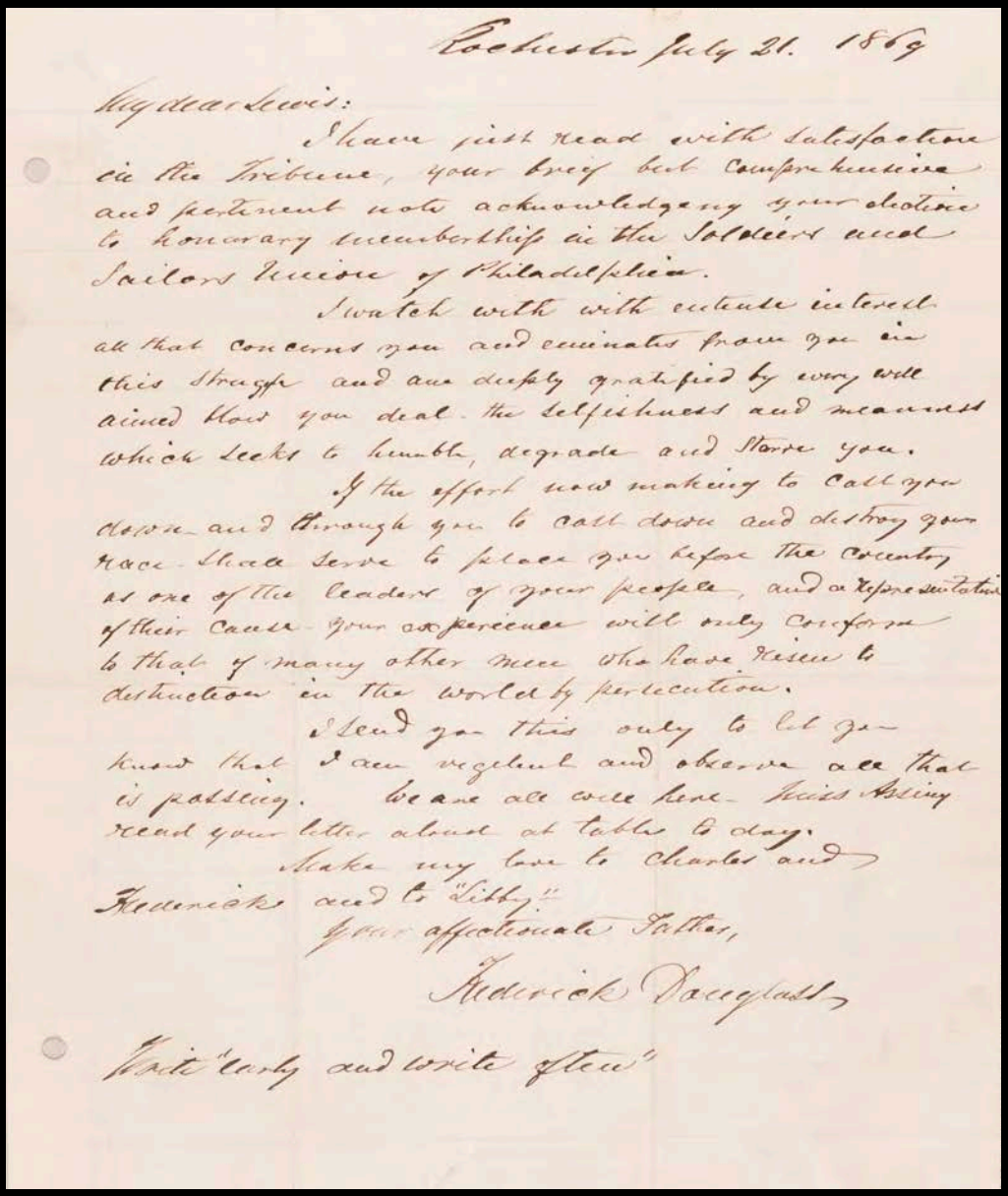
U. S. Steam-Power Book and Job Printing Establishment, Ledger Buildings, Third and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

Among the list of the many men signing this broadside showcasing Frederick Douglass's appeal to "Men of Color To Arms To Arms!" is **Jesse E. Glasgow Sr**, father to Jesse Glasgow Jr, an award-winning scholar and activist who studied at the University of Edinburgh. A revolutionary call to arms, Douglass proclaimed: "I have implored the imperiled nation to unchain against her foes, her powerful black hand".

Frederick Douglass to Lewis Henry Douglass, Rochester, July 21, 1869. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

Lewis Henry Douglass (1840-1908) was born on October 9 1840 in New Bedford and died in Washington D.C. in 1908. The eldest son in the Douglass family, he served as Sergeant Major in

the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiments during the Civil War. Following his discharge, he married Helen Amelia Loguen, one of the daughters of **Caroline Storum Loguen (1817-1867)** and **Jermain Wesley Loguen (1813-1872)**, a formerly enslaved man turned Underground Railroad operator and a close personal friend of Frederick Douglass. Over one lifetime, Lewis Henry Douglass worked as a government employee, journalist, printer, civil rights campaigner, political commentator, orator, essay-writer, real estate broker, newspaper editor, and archivist of his father's papers. Here Frederick Douglass writes to his eldest son to tell him he is proud to witness that he is becoming "one of the leaders of your people."



Rochester July 21. 1869

My dear Lewis:

I have just read with satisfaction in the Tribune, your brief but comprehensive and pertinent note acknowledging your election to honorary membership in the Soldiers and Sailors Union of Philadelphia.

I watch with with intense interest all that concerns you and eminates [sic] from you in this Struggle and am deeply gratified by every well aimed blow you deal the selfishness and meanness which seeks to humble, degrade and Starve you.

If the effort now making to call you down and through you to call down and destroy your race shall serve to place you before the Country as one of the leaders of your people, and a representative of their Cause your experience will only conform to that of many other men who have risen to distinction in the World by persecution.

I send you this only to let you know that I am vigilant and observe all that is passing. We are all well here. Miss Ashley read your letter aloud at table to day.

Make my love to Charles and Frederick and to "Libby."

Your affectionate Father,

Frederick Douglass

Write early and write often"

Transcript

My dear Lewis:

I have just read with satisfaction in the Tribune, your brief but comprehensive and pertinent note acknowledging your election to honorary membership in the Soldiers and Sailors Union of Philadelphia.

I watch with intense interest all that concerns you and eminates [sic] from you in this struggle and am deeply gratified by every well aimed blow you deal the selfishness and meanness which seeks to humble, degrade and starve you.

If the effort now making to cast you down, and through you to cast down and destroy your race, shall serve to place you before the country as one of the leaders of your people, and a representative of their cause, your experience will only conform to that of many other men who have risen to distinction in the world by persecution.

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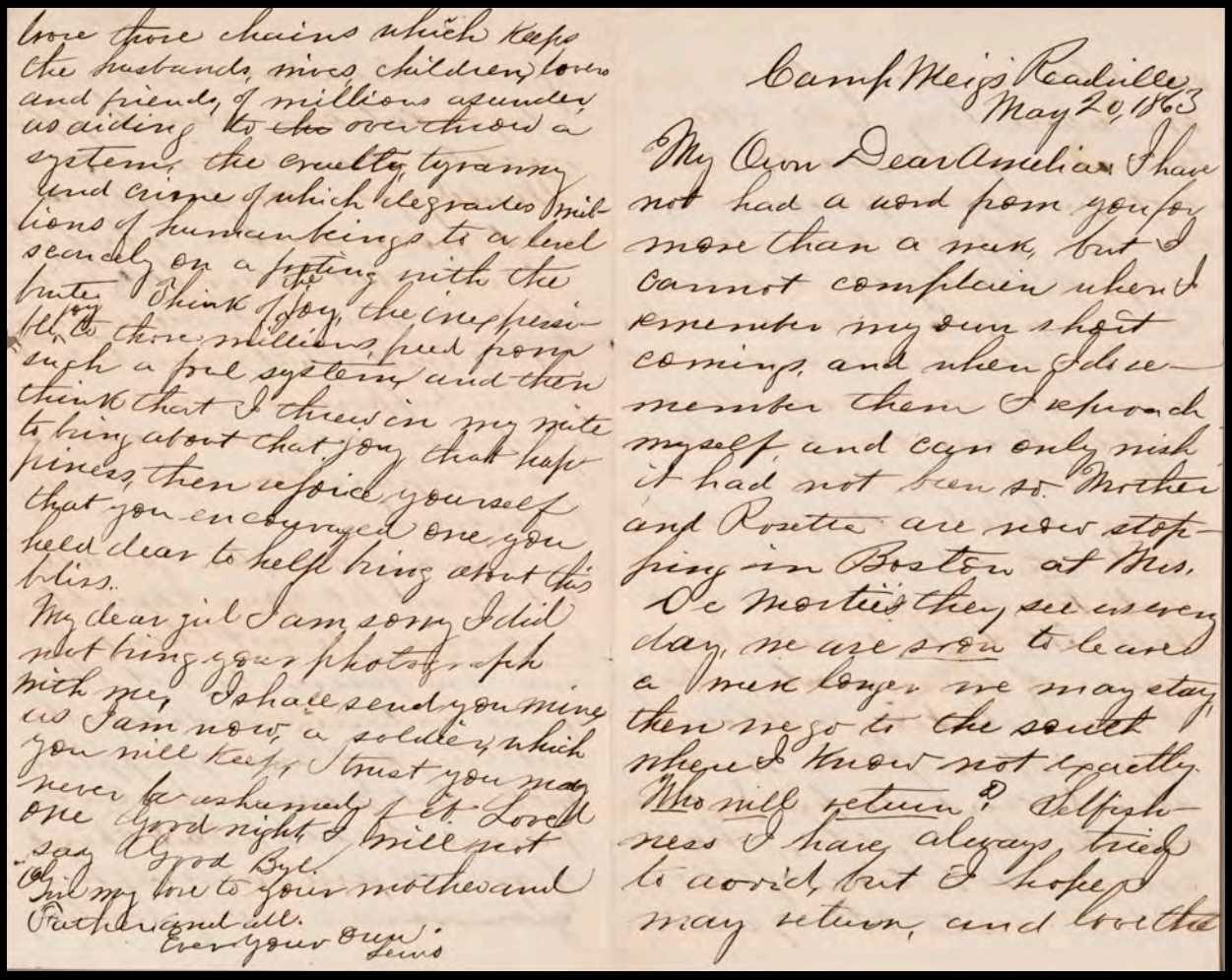
Anon., *Lewis Henry Douglass*, c.1870 [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

Anon., *Lewis Henry Douglass and unidentified children*, n.d. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

Lewis Henry Douglass to Helen Amelia Loguen, May 20, 1863 [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

Lewis Henry Douglass served a distinguished military career as a Sergeant Major in the 54th Massachusetts combat regiment. A couple of months after he writes this letter to Helen Amelia Loguen, on July 18 1863 he is wounded in the Battle of Fort Wagner which took place on Morris Island in South Carolina. As Frederick Douglass later writes in his final autobiography, *Life and Times*: "The 54th was not long in the field before it proved itself gallant and strong, worthy to rank with the most courageous of its white companions in arms. Its assault upon Fort Wagner, in which it was so fearfully cut to pieces, and lost nearly half of its officers, including its beloved and trusted commander, Col. Shaw, at once gave it a name and a fame throughout the country." In a newspaper account written by an eye witness in the immediate aftermath of the conflict, Lewis

Henry Douglass was especially commended for his bravery: “Sergeant-Major Lewis H. Douglass, a son of Fred Douglass, by both white and negro troops is said to have displayed great courage and calmness, was one of the first to mount the parapet, and with his powerful voice shouted: ‘Come on, boys, and fight for God and Gov. Andrew,’ and with this battle cry led them into the fort.” As a result of his bravery, Lewis Henry Douglass was discharged with a medical disability on February 29 1864 and lived with the wounds from his war injury for the rest of his life.



Transcript

Camp Meigs Readville May 20, 1863

My Own Dear Amelia, I have not had a word from you for more than a week, but I cannot complain when I remember my own shortcomings, and when I do remember them I reproach myself, and can only wish it had not been so. Mother and Rosetta are now stopping in Boston at Mrs. De Mortie's they see us every day, we are soon to leave a week longer we may stay, then we go to the south where I know not exactly Who will return? Selfishness I have always tried to avoid, but I hope I may return, and love the one who so clearly loves me, one whose love all the treasures of the south cannot purchase from me, the love of your own dear self. Charley is sick in the hospital, I trust nothing serious he has a severe cold, he is however somewhat better than he has been.

My dear girl while I am away, do not fret yourself to death, oh! I beg of you, do not. Remember that if I fall that it is in the cause of humanity, that I am striking a blow for the welfare of the most abused and despised race on the face of the earth, that in the solution of this strife rests the question of our elevation, or our degradation, our happiness or our misery. Would you wish me absent from such a strife? I know that your love of me wishes that it were not necessary that I should go but I trust that your love of the happiness of your race and my race, reconciles you to our separation which may be forever!

Think of me often you will, but do not let your thoughts be worrying, do not think of me in pain, do not think of me enduring hardships, do not think of me grappling with that non-respecter of persons Death! ~~But~~ Think of me as aiding in the glorious work of bursting loose those chains which keeps the husbands, wives, children, lovers and friends, of millions asunder, as aiding to ~~the~~ overthrow a system, the cruelty, tyranny and crime of which degrades millions of human beings to a level scarcely on a footing with the brutes. Think of the joy, the inexpressible joy to those millions, freed from such a foul system, and then think that I threw in my mite to bring about that joy, that happiness, then rejoice yourself that you encouraged one you held dear to help bring about this bliss.

My dear girl I am sorry I did not bring your photograph with me, I shall send you mine as I am now, a soldier, which you will keep, I trust you may never be ashamed of it. Loved one Good night, I will not say Good Bye.

Give my love to your mother and Father and all

Ever your own

Lewis

Anon., *Lewis Henry Douglass*, c.1863. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

Lewis Henry Douglass to Helen Amelia Loguen, Camp Meigs, Readville, Massachusetts, May 27 [1863]. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection]. [transcript].

Transcript

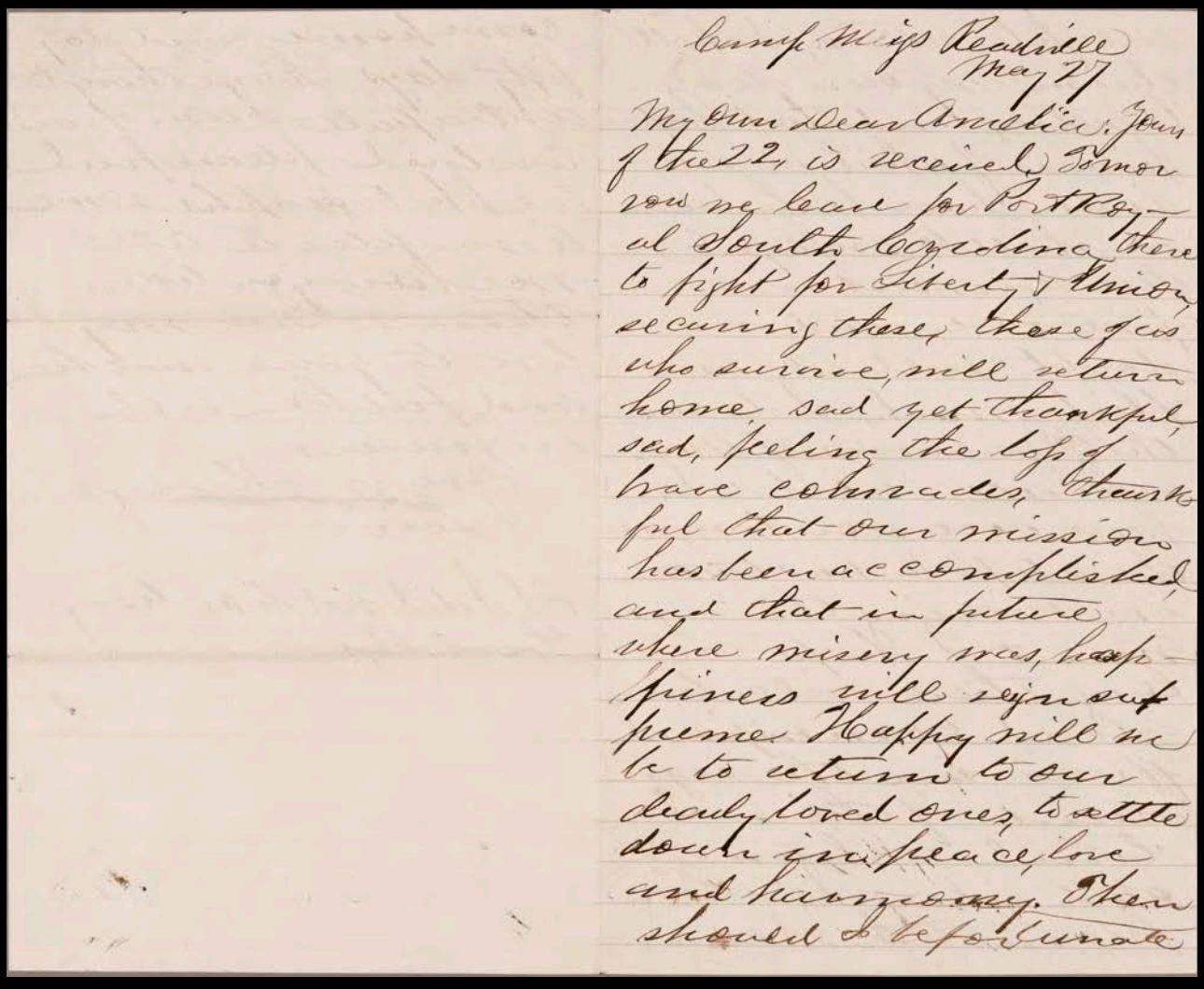
Camps Meigs Readville May 27

My Own Dear Amelia. Yours of the 22, is received. Tomorrow we leave for Port Royal South Carolina there to fight for Liberty & Union, securing these, those of us who survive, will return home, sad yet thankful, sad, feeling the loss of brave comrades, thankful that our mission has been accomplished, and that in future where misery was, happiness will reign supreme. Happy will we be to return to our dearly loved ones, to settle down in peace, love and harmony. Then should I be fortunate enough to return, I shall claim, my own dear Amelia, and that happiness of which we no doubt have both dreamed shall be enjoyed. Our regiment is a fine one, and no doubt will accomplish much. I do not the Governor of Massachusetts will ever have occasion to regret the steps he has taken in raising the regiment. I hope ere long there will be colored commissioned officers in the regiment, if there I stand a chance and when I get promoted, I can come home, and stay fifty days. Large thing to anticipate I am afraid. Enclosed please find two photographs, some time please tell me how you like them. Give my love to your mother and father all enquirers.

Yours Always

Lewis

PS I did not like to say Good Bye.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Anon., *Lewis Henry and Amelia Loguen Douglass.*, n.d. National Park Service: Frederick Douglass National Historic Site, Washington D.C.

Helen Amelia Loguen to Lewis Henry Douglass, Syracuse, October 3, 1861 [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

If there are very real difficulties facing researchers in accessing the lives of Black men, there are almost insurmountable barriers in the way of their recovery of early Black women's histories, memories and narratives. Here is one of the few surviving letters **Helen Amelia Loguen** writes **Lewis Henry Douglass** – no more than a handful - in which she commiserates with him in his recent bout of sickness and shares comical and emotionally provocative details from the daily domestic trials and tribulations within her own family.

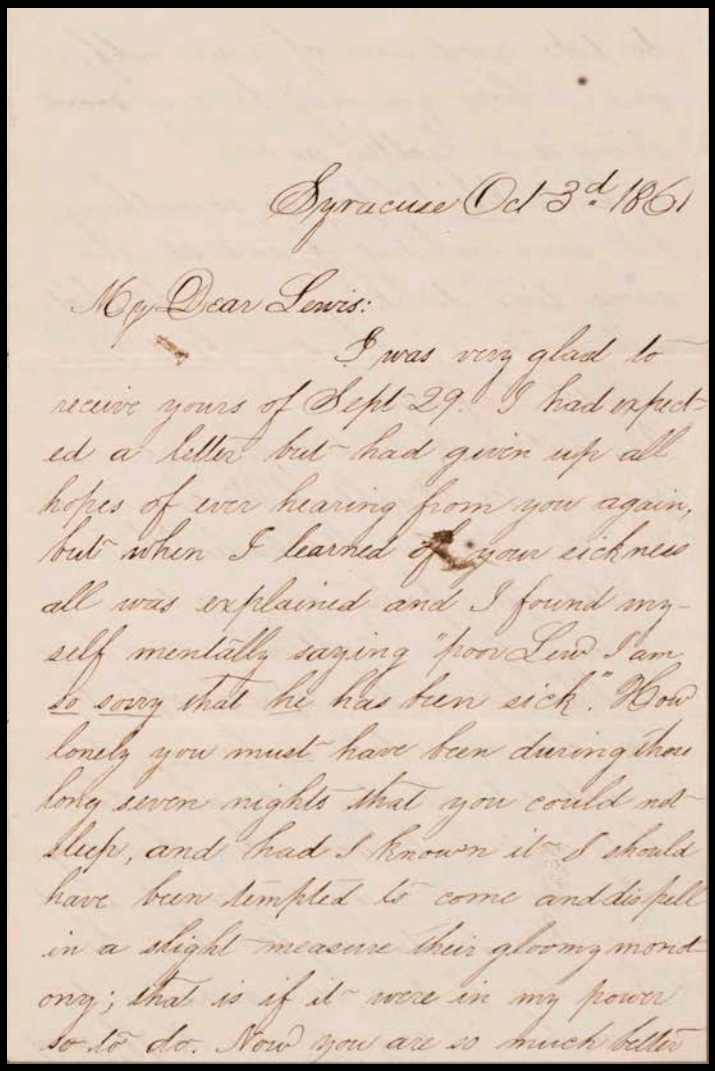
Transcript

Syracuse Oct 3d 1861

My Dear Lewis:

I was very glad to receive yours of Sept 29. I had expected a letter but had given up all hopes of ever hearing from you again, but when I learned of your sickness all was explained and I found myself mentally saying "poor Lew I am so sorry that he has been sick." How lonely you must have been during those long seven nights that you could not sleep, and had I known it I should have been tempted to come and dispell [sic] in a slight measure their gloomy monotony; that is if it were in my power so to do. Now you are so much better do take good care of your self, and I hope you may be very soon strong and healthy as ever.

I should like to propose something but being confident of, and at the same time disliking so much that gallant "No, I could not make it convenient" I refrain.



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We last week had a pleasant visit from a Mr. Wright of Washington Co. Pa. the same uncle Charlie that assisted your father on a certain occasion from Baltimore; you have doubtless heard him spoken of. A fine old man but so funny, he would sit all day like an old lady and knit, and when Sunday came he was ready to preach and sing. The Sunday night that he was here I was very anxious to hear him, but as I was half way sick with the asthma, no one would give their consent to my going out. All came home at about half past eleven and gave me such a glowing description of the sermon that I resolved that if teasing would do any good I would be there the next night, and

sure enough when the time came father said I might go, and I was well paid for we had a regular "methodist-shout."

I received your kind letter on the memorable 1st of October, and it was almost provoking to think that it should be so pleasant, but had we "poor colored people" held a convention I do believe it would have rained "pitch-forks and hoe-handles" all day. On the quiet evening of that beautiful day Memory and ~~me~~ I took a pleasant stroll in the well known past; ten long years have passed since Jerry was rescued. I was only eight then and yet I remember that day as distinctly as though it were but a short time ago. I can never forget the strange feelings that passed over me, when I heard all the bells in the city tolling, before we had heard what was the matter. How many changes have taken place since that day, four dear ones who were then in the enjoyment of life and health are now silently sleeping their last long sleep. Some that we did not know then are now dear friends. I well remember the Celebration held three years ago, how I did want to have a little chat with some one but alas! had not the courage. I have forgotten the first letter. "I do not say I wish I were or wish I were not" so you cant guess what that means and I will not tell you.

We are all quite well and I take it for granted that we all join in sending kind regards.

My special regards to Charlie and love to your Mother.

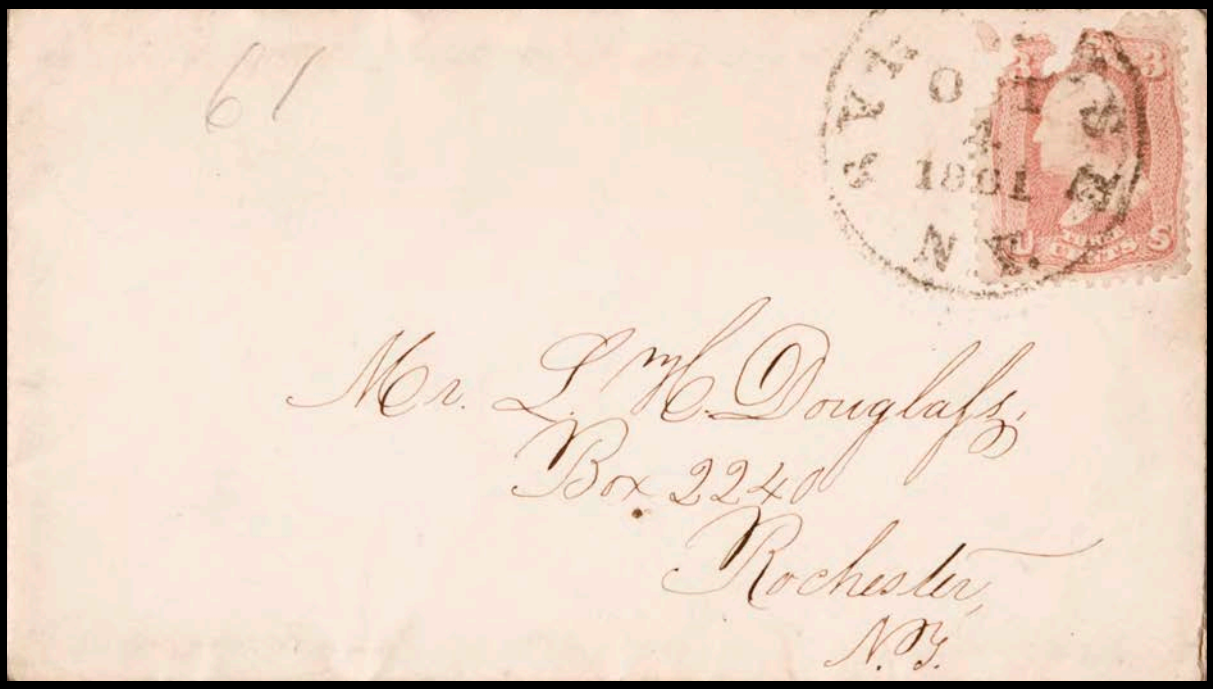
I want to hear from you but do not write if it tires you, but wait till you are stronger.

Yours truly & affectionately.

H. Amelia

Morning. I had a splendid little visit with you in my dreams last night. L.HD. H.A.L.

Helen Amelia Loguen to Lewis Henry Douglass [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].



Anon., *Charles Remond Douglass*, n.d. [Walter O. Evans Collection].

Charles Remond Douglass (1844-1920) was named after Frederick Douglass's close friend and fellow campaigner on the anti-slavery circuit, **Charles Remond (1810-73),** a man who had been born free in Salem, Massachusetts. Douglass's son, Charles Remond, was born in Lynn Massachusetts on 21 October 1840 and was the last surviving family member: he died on November 23 1920 in Washington D.C. During the Civil War, he initially registered in the 54th Massachusetts regiment only to later join the 5th Massachusetts Calvary when he became a First Sergeant. In 1866 he married Mary Elizabeth Murphy with whom he had six children. Following her death in 1878, he married his second wife, Antoinette Haley, with whom he had one child. One of the sons born during his first marriage, **Joseph Henry Douglass (1871-1935),** became a world famous violinist and composer. In a post-emancipation era, Charles Remond Douglass not only played key roles in the Grand Army of the Republican Veterans' association, he also served as a government employee occupying various roles as well as a real estate broker, orator, printer, and newspaper editor.

Anon., *Charles Remond Douglass*, c. 1863. [Walter O. Evans Collection].

A soldier portrait, this photograph shows Charles Remond Douglass not only attired in his Civil War uniform but armed with a pistol and sword. An artist at the photographic studio chose to

hand-tint the portrait; as a result, the buttons on his coat, the brass letters “US” on his belt, and his sword have all been painted gold, while his sash has been colored red. Charles Remond Douglass stands erect and solemnly and thoughtfully contemplates the viewer.

Anon., *Exterior Landscape, Three Male Children*, no date. [Walter O. and Lind Evans Collection].

This image survives within the Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection but with no accompanying information regarding the identities of the three male children or their geographic location.

Charles Remond Douglass to Frederick Douglass, Camp Meigs, Readville, July 6th 1863. [Frederick Douglass Papers, Library of Congress].

Like his elder brother, Lewis Henry, Charles Remond had a distinguished military career: toward the end of his life he was awarded a medal for bravery by the US government. He wrote numerous letters to Frederick and Anna Murray Douglass from the frontlines of the Civil War in which he informed them of the life and death struggles facing Black combat soldiers. These were not only the result of the "blood and mire of the battlefield" but were equally due to their daily suffering from discriminatory persecution. In his letters, he shares stories not only of the near starvation conditions facing himself and his men - as they were given unequal rations in comparison with the white troops - but he was also at pains to bear witness to their ongoing exposure to white racist abuses. As you see here, he proves he is his father's son by refusing to surrender to any and all physical threats.

Transcript

Readville Camp Meigs July 6th 1863

Dear Father

I have just returned to camp from Boston where I spent the fourth and fifth. Yesterday I went to Mr. Grimes Church and Dr. Rock read a letter that he had recd. from his wife who is in Philadelphia and that the Rebels were sending the negroes south as fast as they advanced upon our lines and that the colored people were rushing into Philadelphia and that yourself and Stephen Smith and others were doing all you could for them I was glad to hear that only keep out of the hands of the rebels. This morning as I was about to take the train for camp I saw some returned soldiers from Newbern N.C. one had just got the news that Meade had whipped the rebels and behind me stood an Irishman. I said that we had some sort of a Gen. now and that made the Irish mad and he stepped in front of me with his fist doubled up in my face and said ain't McClellan a good Gen you black nigger I dont care if you have got the uniform on when he got done I was so mad that I swear freely and I drew my coat and went at him all the time there was a policeman on the opposite side watching our movements just as I went at him (he was heavier than me) the policeman came and stopped me and asked what the matter was I told him and he marched the other fellow off and that made all the other Irish mad and I felt better still I felt as though I could whip a dozen irish I did not care for them because I had my pistol and it was well loaded I'm all right for I have got my mind made to shoot the first Irishman that strikes me they may talk but keep their paws to themselves.

We are expecting to leave here next week the men will get their Bounty this week we have a full band and drum corps and a good healthy looking set of men. I would like to see you before I go away the flag has not been presented yet – if you write direct to the care of Master Becker.

Comm. Sergeant

55 Reg. Mass Sol

I have written home twice but have received no answer from them please write from your aff. Son

C. R Douglass

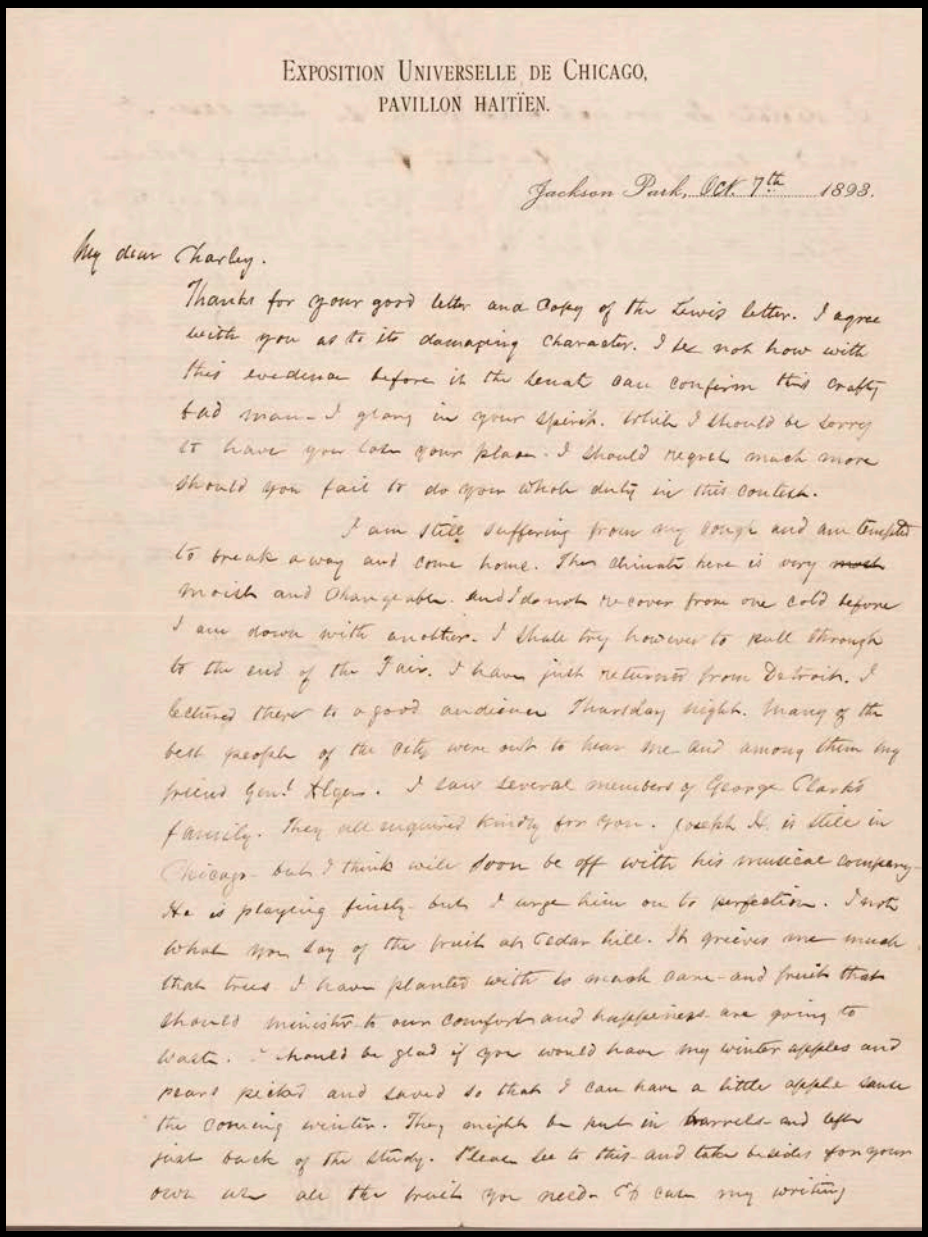
Anon., "A Typical Negro," *Harper's Weekly*, July 4 1863.

In comparison to the Civil War records of Lewis Henry and Charles Remond about which we know a great deal due to their extensive letter writing, the military career of a self-liberated enslaved

man, known only as **Gordon,** is much harder to access. In the years prior to the Civil War, he lived as an enslaved man in brutalized and traumatizing conditions. As a testament to his inspirational courage, he repeatedly ran from his exposure to a body-and-soul-destroying bondage in the US south. Eventually, against all odds, he secured his freedom at the time of the Civil War. On his arrival into Union lines, he was subjected to a "medical examination" and the scars on his back were photographed and widely distributed as mass-produced cartes-de-visite and as reproductions in *Harper's Weekly.* On view here is not the photograph of his wounded back in which his face is all but invisibilized. Instead here is the portrait of Gordon in his Civil War uniform in which he directly confronts his audiences.

Frederick Douglass to Charles Remond Douglass, Exposition- Haitian Pavilion, October 7, 1893. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

A rare surviving letter Frederick Douglass writes to Charles Remond only two years before he dies, here he admits to his feelings of tiredness at the same time that he exults in a sense of pride by confiding, "I am certainly doing some good in the life I am living. I am holding up the standard



EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE DE CHICAGO,
PAVILLON HAITÏEN.

Jackson Park, Oct. 7th 1893.

My dear Charley.

Thanks for your good letter and copy of the Lewis letter. I agree with you as to its damaging character. I see not how with this evidence before it the Senate can confirm this crafty bad man – I glory in your spirit. While I should be sorry to have you lose your place, I should regret much more should you fail to do your whole duty in this contest.

I am still suffering from my cough and am tempted to break away and come home. The climate here is very much moist and changeable and I do not recover from one cold before I am down with another. I shall try however to pull through to the end of the Fair. I have just returned from Detroit. I lectured there to a good audience Thursday night. Many of the best people of the city were out to hear me and among them my friend Genl Hayes. I saw several members of George Clark's family. They all enquired kindly for you. Joseph L. is still in Chicago but I think will soon be off with his musical company. He is playing finely but I urge him on to perfection. I note what you say of the fruit at Cedar hill. It grieves me much that trees I have planted with so much care and fruit that should minister to our comfort and happiness are going to waste. I should be glad if you would have my winter apples and pears picked and saved so that I can have a little apple sauce the coming winter. They might be put in barrels and left just back of the study. Please see to this and take besides for your own use all the fruit you need. Pa can say writing

for my people." Douglass writes this letter to his youngest son from the Haitian Pavilion at the World's Columbian Exposition. A hotbed of controversy, Douglass joined many other Black civil rights campaigners in denouncing the unforgivable fact that while Haiti was represented at the World's Columbian Exposition, the "contributions" of US born Black peoples were not. Joining Ida B. Wells and I Garland Penn among other Black radical thinkers and protests, he writes the introduction to their revolutionary pamphlet, *The Reason Why The Colored American is Not in the World's Columbian Exposition: the Afro-American's Contribution to Columbian Literature,* published in 1893.

Transcript

Exposition Universelle de Chicago, Pavilion Haitïen, Jackson Park October 7, 1893.

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Your affectionate father

Fredk. Douglass

Frederick Douglass, "The Slave's Appeal to Great Britain," *The Saturday Press*, November 29 1862.

As the numbers of badly injured, dead and dying Civil War soldiers reached unimaginable figures as watched by a shocked and traumatized nation, North and South, white US slaveholders issued an appeal to Great Britain to "recognise the independence of the so-called Confederate States of America." Recognizing the terrible damage any such British endorsement of proslavery apologists would do to the Union cause, Frederick Douglass published "The Slave's Appeal to Great Britain." This public letter circulated in all the UK national and regional newspapers and was printed in full in the *Dumferline Saturday Press* on November 29 1862. Celebrating Britain as a nation that decades before had secured the funds that had, as he admitted, "ransomed me" from his terrible fate as a "slave in the United States," Douglass was clear-cut in his stipulation that Britain had only one option if she sought to preserve her moral integrity. He brooked no dissent by urging, "The North is fighting on the side of liberty and civilization, and the South for slavery and barbarism. You are suffering in your commerce and in your manufactures. Industry languishes, and the children of your suffering poor cry aloud for bread. God pity them! The calamity is great. But would any interference bring relief to these sufferers? You have shared with the American slaveholders the blood-stained products of slave-labour, preferring Carolina slave to India free, making Manchester a party to the slaveholding spirit of America. What else could have come of this but participation with us in a common retribution? Must the world stand still, humanity make no progress, and slavery stand for ever, lest your cotton-mills stop, and your poor cry for bread?" As ever, Douglass's voice was a formidable power. Britain listened: she made no such unholy union with the buyers and sellers of women, children and men.

Transcript

Hear, I beseech you, my humble appeal, and grant this my most earnest request. I know your power, I know your justice, and better still, I know your mercy, and with the more confidence I, in my imperfect speech, venture to apeal to you. Your benevolent sons and daughters, at great sacrifice of time, labour, and treasure, more than a quarter of a century ago, under the inspiration of an enlightened Christianity, removed the yoke of cruel bondage from the long bowed down necks of right-minded thousands of my race in your West India Islands; and later, a few of them, in their generosity, unasked, with silver and gold ransomed me from him who claimed me as his slave in the United States, and bade me speak in the cause of the dumb millions of my countrymen still in slavery. I am now fulfilling my appointed mission in making, on the slave's behalf, this appeal to you. I am grateful for your benevolence, zealous for your honour, but chiefly now I am concerned lest in the present tremendous crisis of American affairs you should be led to adopt a policy which may defeat th enow proposed emancipation of my people, and forge new fetters of slavery for unborn generations of their posterity. You are now more than ever urged, both from within and from without your borders, to recognise the independence of the so-called Confederate States of America. I beseech and implore you, resist this urgency. You have nobly resisted it thus long. You can, and I ardently hope you will resist it still longer. The proclamation of emancipation by President Lincoln will become operative on the 1st day of January, 1863. The hopes of millions, long meted out and trodden down, now rise with every advancing hour. Oh! I pray you, by all your highest and holiest memories, blast not the budding hopes of these millions by lending your countenance and extending your honoured and potent hand to the blood-stained fingers of the impious slaveholding Confederate States of America. For the honour of the British name, which has hitherto only carried light and joy to the slave, and rebuke and dismay to the slaveholder, do not, in this great emergency, be persuaded to abandon and contradict the policy of justice and mercy to the negro which has made your character revered and your name illustrious throughout the civilised world. Your enemies have been compelled to respect the sincerity of your philanthropy. Would you retain this respect, welcome not those brazen human fleshmongers – those brokers in the bodies and souls of men who have dared to knock at your doors for admission into the family of nations. Their pretended government is but a foul, haggard, and blighting conspiracy against the sacred rights of mankind, and does not deserve the name of government. Its foundation is laid in the impudent and heaven-insulting dogma that man may rightfully hold property in man, and flog him to toil like a beast of burden. Have no fellowship, I pray you, with these merciless menstealers, but rather with whips of scorpions sourge them beyond the beneficent range of national brotherhood. You long ago fixed the burning brand of your reprobation upon the guilty brow of the whole slave system. Your philanthropy, religion, and law, your noblest sons, living and dead, have taught the world to loathe and abhor slavery as the vilest of all modern abominations. You have sacrificed millions of pounds and thousands of lives to arrest and put an end to the piratical slave traffic on the coast of Africa; and will you now, when the light of your best teaching is finding its way to the darkest corners of the earth, and men are beginning to adopt and practically carry our your benevolent ideas – will you now, in such a time, utterly dishonour your high example and long-cherished principles? Can you, at the bidding or importunity of those negro-driving lords of the lash, Mason and Morehead, whose wealth is composed of the wages of slave labourers, which they have kept back by fraud and force, take upon you and your children the dreadful responsibility of arresting the arm now outstretched to break the chains of the American slave? Ah! but you know the plea – the north as well as the South has wronged the negro. But must you, because the loyal States have been guilty of complicity with slavery, espouse the cause of those who are still more guilty? Must you, while you reprobate the guilty agent, embrace in the arms of your friendship the still more guilty principal? Will you lash the loyal States for their want of a genuine detestation of slavery and yet, in open day, form an alliance with a band of conspirators and thieves, who have undertaken to destroy the loyal government in order to make slavery perpetual and universal in this continent? Will you stand in the way of a righteous measure because it is urged by wrong motives? Will you prevent the slave from getting his due because necessity, and not a sense of moral obligation, impels the payment? Oh, Great Britain, again let me implore you by all things high and sacred, fling away all false and selfish reasoning, and bear aloft, higher than ever, that standard of justice and humanity which has

justly exalted you to the head of civilised nations. That the loyal States have grievously wronged the black man, slave and free, is alas! too true. That these States even now, for the sake of an empty peace (for there can be none other while slavery continues), might be induced to receive the rebels, slavery and all, back into the Union cannot be well disproved, and that their immeasurable blood-guiltiness is drawing upon them the fierce judgments they now suffer, is a most solemn and instructive truth for your contemplation, as well as for ours. There is no more exemption for nations than for individuals from the just retribution due to flagrant and persistent transgression. For the time being, America is the blazing illustration of this solemn truth. But yesterday she sat as a queen among the nations of the earth, knowing no sorrow and fearing none. She killed some of her prophets, and stoned those who were sent unto her, and pointed to her great prosperity as a proof of her honesty. But now the evil day is upon her; and she is making one grand effort through blood and tears, through fire and death, to return to the ways of righteousness and peace. In the name of the slave, whose fate, for weal or for woe, trembles in the balance, and for the sake of a woe-smitten country, now struggling to save itself by doing right, I entreat you to beware what you do concerning us. Can it be doubted that the hope, so persistently kept alive by such organs of British public opinion as the London Times, and by such eminent statesmen as Mr. Gladstone, that the recognition of the independence of the Confederate States by Great Britain is only a question of time, is one grand source of the strength and pertinacity of our slaveholders' rebellion? Your early concession of belligerent rights to the rebels-the adoption of a policy of neutrality between the two-the oft-repeated assertion in high places that the rebels can never be subdued-the ill-concealed exultation sometimes witnessed over disasters to our arms the prompt action of your Government in the Trent affair, happily settled by a ready and friendly compliance with your demand, although it was coupled with an irritating menace-with much else which it can do no good, and might do harm to mention here, have evidently served the bad purpose of keeping life and spirit in this horrible rebellion. I have no hesitation in saying that if you, Great Britain, had, at the outset of this terrible war, sternly frowned upon the conspirators, and given your earnest and unanimous sympathy and moral support to the loyal cause, to-day might have seen America enjoying security and peace, and you would not have been the sufferer that in all your commercial and manufacturing interests you now are. The misfortune is, that your rebukes of the North have been consulted into approval of the South. Your good opinion of the slaveholders has been construed as a renunciation of your former abhorrence of slavery, and you have thus kept these Confederate slaveholders in countenance from the beginning of the war. But I will not deal in the language of recrimination; there has been far too much of this already on both sides. Nor will I argue the questions of difference between us. I can only appeal and entreat. Nevertheless, I will say that the issue between the North and South is seldom fairly stated in Great Britain by those who take the Southern side. The Federal Government is held to be fighting for interests entirely apart from any connection with the welfare of the four million slaves of the South. Theoretically the statement has a show of truth, but practically it is entirely false. This sophistry found its way, where little expected, into the speech of Mr. Gladstone at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, when he argued that the interests of the negro were likely to be better cared for under the Southern Confederacy than in the old Union. An intelligent and truthful answer to the question: Why did the South rebel against the Federal Government? will exhibit the unsoundness of that pretence. The whole history of the rebellion will show that the slaveholding rebels revolted, not because of any violation of the constitution, or any proposed violation of it, but from pure and Bimple opposition to the constitution itself, and because in their judgment that constitution does not sufficiently guard and protect slavery. This fast serious objection to the Federal constitution dates back to 1780 and was raised in the "Virginia Convention met to ratify that constitution. Patrick Henry, one of the leaders of the rebellion for severing the colonies from the British Crown, declared himself against the constitution, on the ground, as he said, that it gave power to the Federal Government to abolish slavery in all the States, and with a strong anti-slavery sentiment that power would surely be exercised. The answer to this objection by Mr. Madison is significant of the state of public opinion concerning slavery at that time, and shows that the objection of Mr. Henry could not be met by positive refutation, for he simply said he hoped no one would refuse to vote for the constitution upon an objection so discreditable to Virginia. The constitution was too antislavery for Mr. Henry. The moral sentiment which he anticipated three-quarters of a century ago asserted itself in the election of Mr. Lincoln two years since. Near the

close of his inglorious administration Mr. Buchanan proposed several amendments to the constitution, giving full and explicit guarantees for the better protection of slavery. The proposition, as embodied by him, happily for the interests of freedom and humanity, found but little favour North or South - the former evidently opposed to the measure, and the latter, believing it impossible to carry it, proceeded with the rebellion. Wanting a slaveholding constitution, the Southern States have undertaken to make one, and establish it upon the ruins of the one under which slavery can be discouraged, crippled, and abolished. The war, therefore, for maintaining the old against the new constitution, even though no proclamation of emancipation had been issued by the loyal Government, under the old constitution, is essentially an anti-slavery war, and should command the ardent support of good men in all countries. What though our timid administration at Washington, shrinking from the logical result of their own natural position, did, at the first, refuse to recognise the real character of the war, and vainly attempted to conciliate, by walking backward to cast a mantle over the revolting origin of the rebellion? What though they instructed their foreign agents to conceal the moral deformity of the rebels? You could not fail to know that the primal causes of this war rested in slavery, and a determination on the part of the rebels to make that stupendous crime and curse all controlling and perpetual in America. But I will not weary you with argument. The case is plain. The North is fighting on the side of liberty and civilization, and the South for slavery and barbarism. You are suffering in your commerce and in your manufactures. Industry languishes, and the children of your suffering poor cry aloud for bread. God pity them! The calamity is great. But would any interference bring relief to these sufferers? You have shared with the American slaveholders the blood-stained products of slave-labour, preferring Carolina slave to India free, making Manchester a party to the slaveholding spirit of America. What else could have come of this but participation with us in a common retribution? Must the world stand still, humanity make no progress, and slavery stand for ever, lest your cotton-mills stop, and your poor cry for bread? You are unable to obtain your usual supply of American cotton. Would this be made better by plunging yourselves into the hardships, expenses, and horrors of a war, which would in any event feed the fires of our national hate for a century to come, and just in the present time of need greatly diminish your American supply of corn? Can any thinking man doubt that intervention would be an aggravation rather than a mitigation of the evils under which your poor labourers mourn? It is insisted that you ought, from considerations of humanity to both sections, to intervene and at once put an end to our civil strife. Ah, but there is the rub. Could you end it ? Never was there a greater delusion. The United States, though wounded and bleeding, is yet powerful. Heavy as have been her losses in life and treasure, her weakness offers no temptation to foreign assault or dictation. But I will not dwell upon this view of the subject. The lesson of our civil war to you is the cultivation of cotton by free labour. It tells you that you should base your industry and prosperity on the natural foundations of justice and liberty. These are permanent-all else transient. A house built upon the sand can as well resist the winds and floods as slavery can resist enlightenment and progress. The moral laws of the universe must be suspended, or slavery will in the end go down. Look, therefore, to India, where your laws have carried liberty. Look to the West Indies, where your philanthropy has planted Christianity. Your resources are great and ample. You have the islands to the west of you, India to the east of you, and Africa to the south of you. Intervene there, not with swords and guns and other warlike implements, but by means of peaceful industry, and thus convert calamity into prosperity, and a curse into a blessing. I fully believe in the general rectitude of the British heart concerning slavery. The poorest of all the sufferers in Lancashire would hardly be willing even to purchase life itself by replunging a liberated slave into hopeless slavery. Much less will they do so when another door is open for relief. Abraham would even have skin his son, but that the angel pointed out a more appropriate sacrifice. You have a far better alternative than war with us. But I will not weary you. The case is before you. No excuses, however plausible; no distance of time, however remote ; no line of conduct, however excellent, will erase the deep stain upon your honour and truth, if, at this hour of dreadful trial, you interpose in a manner to defeat the emancipation of the American slaves. If at any time you could have intervened honourably in American affairs it was when the Federal Government was vainly endeavouring to put down the rebellion without hurting slavery. That gloomy period ended on the 22nd September, 1862. From that day our war has been invested with a sanctity which will smite as with death even the mailed hands of Britain, if outstretched to arrest it. Let this conflict go on;

there is no doubt of the final result; and though it is a dreadful scourge, it will make justice, humanity, and liberty, permanently possible in this country.

Part 4

Frederick Douglass's Family Story and the "Struggle for Liberty"

Just as Frederick Douglass was not alone in fighting for freedom in Scotland, he was also not alone in his labors as an antislavery campaigner living and working in the US. In February 1917, on what was then believed to be the 100 year anniversary of Frederick Douglass's birth, **Charles Remond Douglass** delivered a powerful speech titled, "Some Incidents in the Home Life of Frederick Douglass." Here he singlehandedly sets the record straight by refusing to present his father as a lone freedom-fighter and instead situating his heroism within the collective context of each family member's collaborative struggles for the freedoms of all Black people.

There is no doubt that Frederick Douglass's family worked by his side in their collective "struggle in the cause of liberty:" **Anna Murray (1813-1882)**, his first wife, **Helen Pitts (1838-1903)** his second wife; **Rosetta (1839-1906)** and **Annie (1849-1860)** his daughters; **Lewis Henry (1840-1908), Frederick Jr. (1842-1892),** and **Charles Remond (1844-1920),** his sons. As educators, typographers, printers, proof-readers, business correspondents, officer managers, seamstresses, and domestic carers, Douglass' first and second wives and his five children contributed in very real ways not only to Frederick Douglass's private life but to his public career as an activist, newspaper editor, orator, statesman, diplomat, and author. All of life is here in their letters, photographs, and speeches - romance, tragedy, hope, despair, love, war, protest, and friendship - as the Douglass family worked together for a new dawn of freedom.

While Douglass's family received little recognition for their heroism during their life-times, Frederick Douglass's story was told and retold in popular biographies. Living the last decades of his life in Washington D.C., Douglass passed away on February 20 1895 in Cedar Hill, his home in Anacostia. Shortly after his funeral which took place in Rochester, New York, his sons, Lewis Henry and Charles Remond, and grandson, John Henry, had their portrait taken together and while still wearing their mourning attire. Dedicating the rest of their lives to memorializing their father's legacy as the most famous freedom-fighter in nineteenth-century US history, all the Douglass family supported the unveiling of a bronze statue of their father which still stands in Rochester today.

Anon., *Rosetta Douglass*, n.d. (Frederick Douglass National Historic Site, Anacostia, Washington D.C. National Park Service).

Anna Murray and Frederick Douglass's eldest daughter, **Rosetta Douglass Sprague (1839-1906)** was born on June 24 in New Bedford, Massachusetts and died on November 25, 1906, in Washington D.C. The eldest of the Douglass children, she married **Nathan Sprague (1841-1907),** a man who had been born into slavery and who had gained his own freedom, by whom she had seven children. She was a woman's rights campaigner, political activist, orator, writer, office worker, business manager, house wife, proof-reader, and an amanuensis for her father.

Anon., *Anna Murray Douglass*, n.d. (Frederick Douglass National Historic Site, Anacostia, Washington D.C. National Park Service).

Anna Murray Douglass was born free in Denton, Maryland, in 1813, and died in Washington D.C. on August 4 1882. She became romantically involved with Frederick Douglass when he was still enslaved and living as Frederick Bailey. She not only assisted him in gaining access to Baltimore's free Black community but she also provided him with financial assistance to enable his escape after which they were married in New York in 1838. Anna Murray was a French chef, domestic and business manager, foster mother, anti-slavery campaigner, Underground Railroad operator, and political commentator.

Anon., *Frederick Douglass Jr.*, n.d. (Frederick Douglass National Historic Site, Anacostia, Washington D.C. National Park Service).

Frederick Douglass Jr. (1842-1892) was the Douglass's second son and he was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts on March 3 1842 and he died on July 26 in Washington D.C. in 1892 a few years before his father passed away. A recruiter during the Civil War, in 1871, he married **Virginia Hewlett,** a teacher and daughter of A. Moylneaux Hewlett, Professor of Physical Training at Harvard University and they had seven children many of whom tragically never reached adulthood. Despite undertaking many professions including printer, essayist, grocer, journalist, court bailiff, and newspaper manager, Frederick Jr. suffered many hardships in the pursuit of financial independence. A radical thinker and political philosopher, he remained a committed campaigner for equal civil rights until the day that he died.

Anon., *Frederick Douglass with the Pitts Sisters [his wife, Helen Pitts Douglass seated; her sister Eva Pitts standing]*, c.1884. (Frederick Douglass National Historic Site, Anacostia, Washington D.C. National Park Service).

Here you see Frederick Douglass with his wife, **Helen Pitts Douglass**, and her sister, **Eva Pitts**. Helen Pitts Douglass was a woman's right campaigner, equal rights advocate, civil rights activist and a preserver of her husband's public memory.

Charles Remond Douglass, *Some Incidents in the Home Life of Frederick Douglass*, circa February 1917. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

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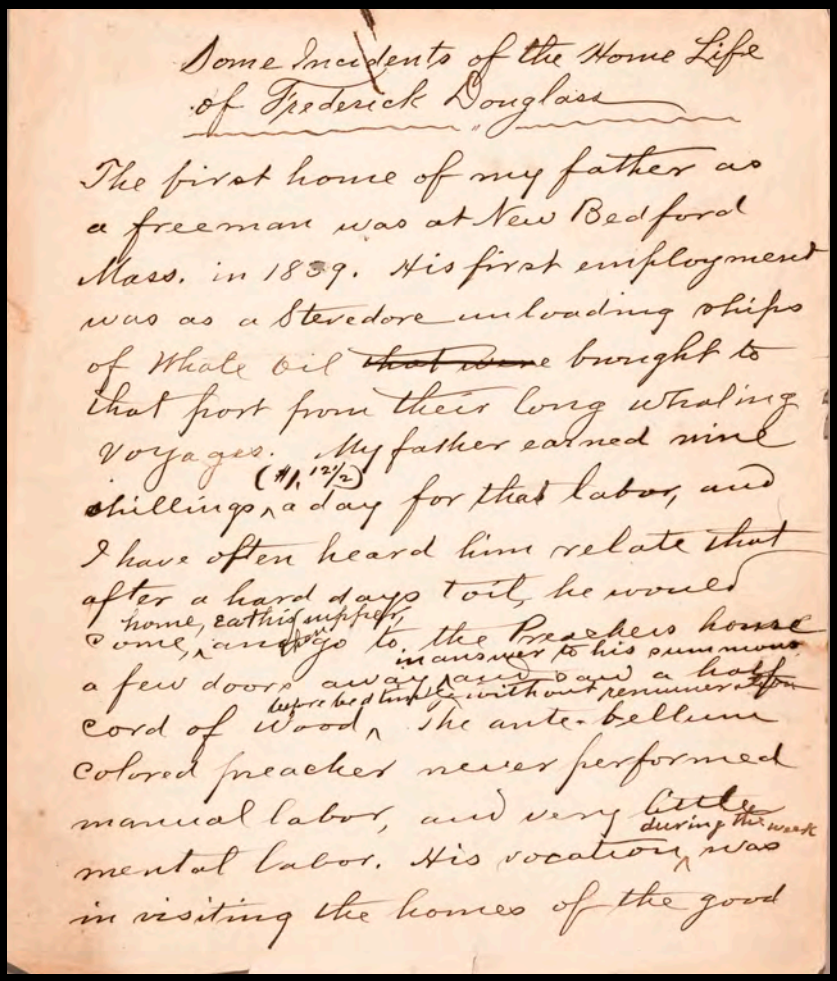

Some Incidents of the Home Life of Frederick Douglass

The first home of my father as a freeman was at New Bedford Mass. in 1839. His first employment was as a Stevedore unloading ships of Whale oil ~~that were~~ brought to that port from their long whaling voyages. My father earned nine shillings ($1.12 ½) a day for that labor, and I have often heard him relate that after a hard days toil, he would come home, eat his supper, and then go to the Preachers house a few doors away in answer to his summons and saw a half cord of wood before bed time without remuneration. The ante-bellum colored preacher never performed manual labor, and very little mental labor. His vocation during the week was in visiting the homes of the good

Douglass's birth, **Charles Remond Douglass** delivered a powerful speech titled, "Some Incidents in the Home Life of Frederick Douglass." Here he singlehandedly sets the record straight by refusing to present his father as a lone freedom-fighter and instead situating his heroism within the collective context of each family member's collaborative struggles for the freedoms of all Black people.

Excerpt

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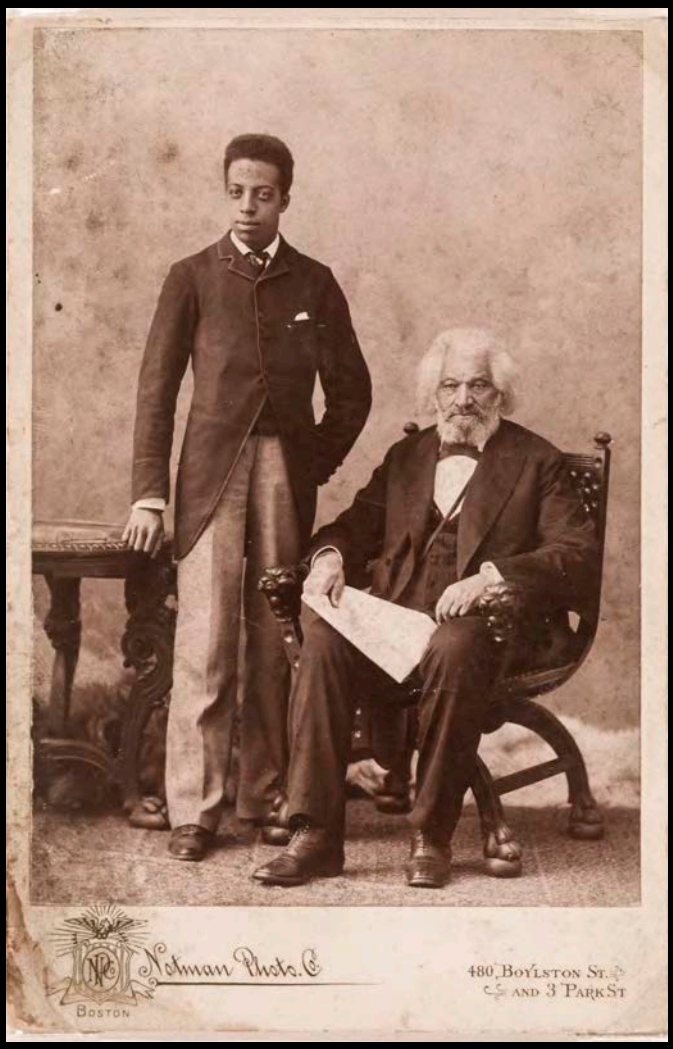
The next home of my father was in Lynn, Mass. This home a small frame located on Union St. of that village was built by him and became his first property. It was in this home Oct. 21. 1844 that I was born. One year after my birth, 1845, my father made his first trip to England in the interest of

the Anti-Slavery cause. During his absence my mother took up shoe-binding as a partial means of support of the family which consisted of my sister Rosetta, my brothers Lewis, and Frederick and myself. Shoebinding by the women of the town was quite a popular and ~~remunerative~~ profitable employment at that time, as there were no sewing machines in those days, and Lynn then as now was a prosperous shoe-manufacturing town. After remaining abroad for about two years, lecturing in England Ireland, Scotland and Wales on Slavery and its evils, and in assisting in the organization of several anti-Slavery societies, he returned to his home in Lynn Mass. fully determined to establish a paper of his own through which to continue the agitation of abolition sentiment throughout the North. To carry out this latest determination a change of residence was decided upon. In 1847 he removed with his family to Rochester N.Y. where he at once set about the publication of "The North Star" a copy of the 4 number of which dated Jan. 23 1848 I hold up before you. To maintain this paper every effort was put forth by every member of the family to keep it alive. Unlike the Negro press of to-day every column of this paper was original matter devoted to the cause of those in bondage, and the Underground R.R., my fathers home in Rochester being the last Station on that road before reaching Canada the goal of the fleeing slaves ambition. Canada was but 40 miles away, across Lake Ontario.

Anon. [Dennis (or Denys) Bourdon], *Joseph Henry Douglass and Frederick Douglass*, May 10, 1894. [Walter O. Evans Collection].



In this photograph, Frederick Douglass is seated while his grandson, **Joseph Henry Douglass (1871-1935)**, the eldest son of Charles Remond and his first wife Mary Elizabeth Murphy, stands.

A world famous virtuoso violinist, Joseph Henry repeatedly reduced his grandfather, himself an accomplished violin player, to tears with the beauty of his playing.

Anon., *Charles Remond, Joseph Henry, and Lewis Henry Douglass*, February 1895. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

This photograph of Charles Remond, Joseph Henry, and Lewis Henry Douglass was taken only weeks after Frederick Douglass passed away and on their visit to Syracuse, New York.

Anon., *Haley George Douglass and his wife Haley George Douglass and Evelyn Virginia Dulaney Douglass*, no date. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

This photograph shows Charles Remond and his second wife, Laura Antoinette Haley's son, **Haley George Douglass (1881-1954)** with his wife **Evelyn Virginia Dulaney Douglass**.

Anon., *Frederick Douglass and Unidentified Family Members, Cedar Hill*, no date, circa 1891. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

Frederick Douglass stands to the far left of this photograph while it is very likely that the figure standing against the right pillar is Helen Pitts Douglass. If this is the case, then the white woman seated in the rocking chair is almost certainly Jane Wells Pitts, Helen Pitts Douglass's mother. A long-term sufferers of a protracted illness, she was residing with the Douglasses under the care of her daughter before he death a year later, in 1892.

Anon., *Haley G. Douglass Highland Beach Md*, 1895. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

This photograph shows Haley George Douglass as a teenager seated in a boat before Twin Oaks, the home that his father, Charles Remond, was building for his own father at his resort, Highland Beach, in Maryland. Sadly Frederick Douglass passed away before it was completed.

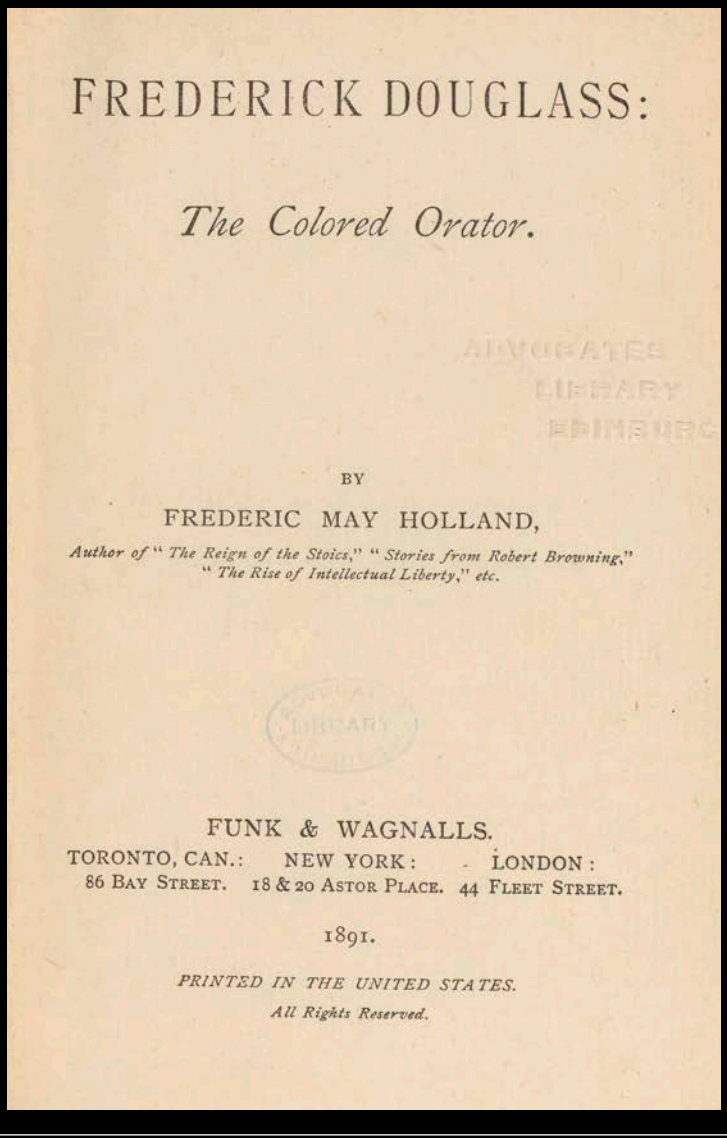
Anon., *Unveiling of Frederick Douglass Monument*, no date [June 9, 1899]. [Walter O. Evans Collection].

This photograph commemorates the unveiling of a monumental bronze statue of Frederick Douglass in Rochester, New York, his home for many decades, on June 9, 1899.

John Howe Kent, *Frederick Douglass Monument, Rochester New York*, no date [circa, 1899]. [Walter O. Evans Collection].

Frederic May Holland, *Frederick Douglass: The Colored Orator*. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company, 1895. [NLS HALL.248.E].

Frederic May Holland's volume which was one of Douglass's earliest published life histories. Revealingly, Holland was only able to write to so fully on Douglass's life because he had the direct assistance of the members of the Douglass family.



FREDERICK DOUGLASS:

The Colored Orator.

BY

FREDERIC MAY HOLLAND,

Author of "The Reign of the Stoics," "Stories from Robert Browning," "The Rise of Intellectual Liberty," etc.

FUNK & WAGNALLS.

TORONTO, CAN.: 86 Bay Street. NEW YORK: 18 & 20 Astor Place. LONDON: 44 Fleet Street.

1891.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES.

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Anon., *Helen Amelia Loguen*, n.d. [Onandaga Historical Association Research Collection, Syracuse NY].

Helen Amelia Loguen (1843-1936) was one of the daughters of **Jermain Wesley Loguen (1813-1872),** a self-emancipated freedom-fighter who had been born into slavery in Tennessee and **Caroline Storum Loguen (1817-1867),** a northern free woman. Working tirelessly with her family on the underground railroad, Helen Amelia was a firsthand witness to the terrible suffering endured by enslaved women, children and men fleeing north. As her father remembered: "It takes about all the time of myself and family to see after their wants; I mean the fugitives. We have so much to do in the night that some nights we get little or no sleep. They often come sick and must be cared for forthwith." While it is possible to put flesh onto the bones of the life of her husband, Lewis Henry, by working with the surviving historical record and his extensive personal correspondence, Helen Amelia's autobiography is currently almost impossible to access. While we have only a small handful of letters – one of which is shown here - the official archive tells us

very little concerning the details of her biography. In light of these terrible omissions, research is still ongoing into her life and work not only as a teacher but as a reformer, activist and social and political commentator.

Anon., *[Unidentified Woman]*, no date. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection]. and Anon., *[Unidentified Woman in a Rural Landscape]*, no date. [Walter O. and Linda Evans Collection].

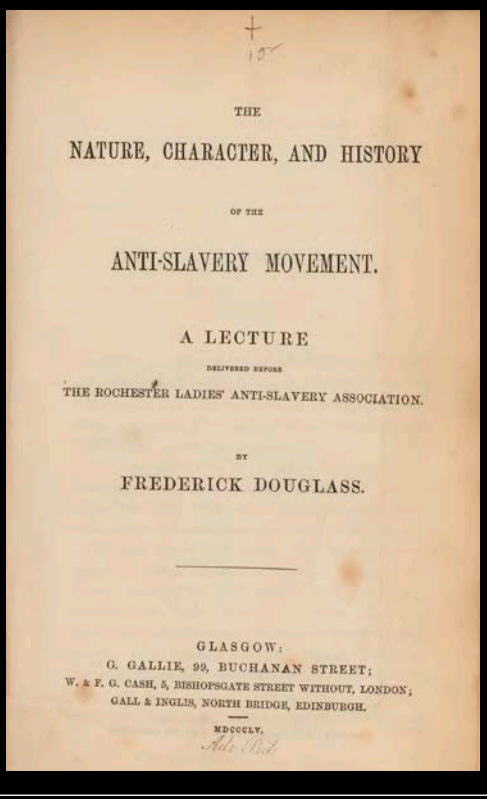
If the difficulties we experience in trying to do justice to Helen Amelia Loguen Douglass's life remain very real, then the barriers facing the recovery of the lives of these two women are currently insurmountable: as of 2018, we have no way of knowing who these women were or of learning anything about how they lived as the personal and public archive has left us with no trace.

Frederick Douglass, *The Nature, Character, History of the Anti-slavery movement.* Glasgow: G. Gallie, 1855.

Frederick Douglass's lecture, *The Nature, Character, History of the Anti-Slavery Movement* which he delivered in Rochester, New York, in 1855 subsequently circulated as a pamphlet published by the Rochester Ladies Antislavery Society. This US abolitionist organization collaborated with Scottish radical reformers to produce a UK edition of this pamphlet. In this speech, Douglass chose to focus not on slavery but on abolitionism in order to provide his audiences with a clear-cut sense of its moral, social, political, legal and cultural aims.

Excerpt

The subject of my lecture this evening is, the nature, character, and history of the anti-slavery movement...When I speak of the anti-slavery movement, I mean to refer to that combination of moral, religious and political forces which has long been, and is now, operating and co-operating for the abolition of slavery in this country, and throughout the world. I wish to speak of that movement, to-night, more as the calm observer, than as the ardent and personally interested advocate. For, while I am willing to have it known, that every fibre of my soul is enlisted in the cause of emancipation, I would not have it thought that I am less capable than others, of calmly and rationally contemplating the movement designed to accomplish that important and much desired end.



THE

NATURE, CHARACTER, AND HISTORY

OF THE

ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.

A LECTURE

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE ROCHESTER LADIES' ANTI-SLAVERY ASSOCIATION.

BY

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

GLASGOW:
G. GALLIE, 99, BUCHANAN STREET;
W. & F. G. CASH, 5, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, LONDON;
GALL & INGLIS, NORTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH.

MDCCCLV.

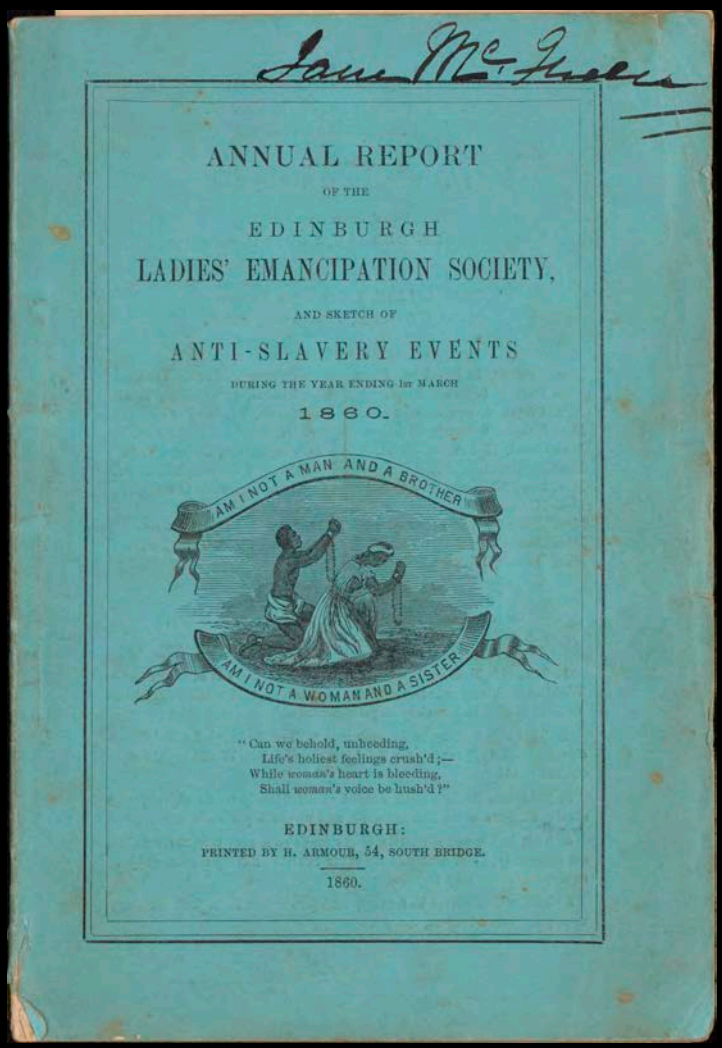
Eliza Wigham [NLS 5.2591(8)].

Born and raised in Edinburgh, **Eliza Wigham (1820-1899)** was an antislavery campaigner, radical philanthropist and suffragist. She had the distinction of serving as the Treasurer of the Edinburgh Ladies Emancipation Society. Throughout her life-time, she remained a close personal friend and collaborator with Frederick Douglass. During his visits to Scotland, Wigham played a key role in securing his antislavery lecture tour dates and in supporting all his transatlantic radical

campaigns. This pamphlet tells the story of her life in order to inspire future generations to emulate her reformist zeal.

Report Edinburgh Ladies Emancipation Society, 1860 [NLS AP.1.216.17].

This report of the Edinburgh Ladies Emancipation Society was published in 1860 and lists **Eliza Wigham** as the President of the organization. A vital record, this pamphlet commemorates Frederick Douglass's second visit to the city by recording the speeches he gave in 1860. The author confirms, "Frederick Douglass has come to this country, and has addressed large and interested assemblies," only to advocate, "The interests of Religion, Humanity, Morality and Justice *demand* that the British voice should take the *right* side in a struggle against a system which sets aside every law human and divine in the prosecution of its evil purposes."


ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
EDINBURGH
LADIES' EMANCIPATION SOCIETY,
AND SKETCH OF
ANTI-SLAVERY EVENTS
DURING THE YEAR ENDING 1st MARCH
1860.
AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER
AM I NOT A WOMAN AND A SISTER
"Can we behold, unheeding,
Life's holiest feelings crush'd;—
While woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hush'd?"
EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY H. ARMOUR, 54, SOUTH BRIDGE.
1860.

This report also reveals a more troubled history regarding the role played by white UK and US abolitionists in Douglass's life. While Douglass's body was bought and sold on the auction block in the US slaveholding south, he felt his soul was equally traded on the white abolitionist podium. Angered by white abolitionists who introduced him in meetings as a "'chattel'-a 'thing'- a piece of southern 'property'-the chairman assuring the audience that it could speak," he protested against his treatment and also against the mass circulation of dehumanizing imagery of enslaved people. One such dehumanizing image is Josiah Wedgwood's "Kneeling Slave" which appears on the cover of the Edinburgh Ladies Emancipation Society Report. Deeply traumatized all such imagery, Douglass's second wife, Helen Pitts, stipulated in her will in which set aside funds for a memorial to her husband that there be "no kneeling slaves, no chain or chains, broken of otherwise." While

he was alive, Douglass had his own answer: beautiful portraits in which every line of his face is painstaklngly, and accurately represented and in which he unflinchingly confronts the viewer.

Part 5

Vera P. Hall History Quilts

Vera P. Hall is a quilter, a student of history, and a history maker. She grew up in rural North Carolina, reading, playing with cloth, and dreaming of being a fashion designer. Despite limited opportunities, she was an accomplished seamstress by her early twenties, gradually moving from sewing for friends and family to becoming an expert in couture clothing techniques and wearable art. After moving to Baltimore with her husband, **Lawrence H. Hall**, and, as the mother of two children, Vera studied Education at Coppin College. She became the first African American teacher assigned to an all-white school in Baltimore's Little Italy and taught in Baltimore City elementary schools as a reading specialist until 1975.

Vera P. Hall's concern for improving public education led her to work with the Maryland State Department of Education and then to running for public office. She served on the Baltimore City Council from 1985-1992. She made history when she was elected Chair of the Maryland Democratic Party in 1992, becoming by one vote the first African American female chair of a state Democratic Party. These positions and her job as Director of State and Local Relations at Morgan State University brought her frequently to these hallways.

She continued to make custom clothing throughout her careers in education and politics. But after her retirement she decided to master the art of appliqué, taking classes and becoming an active member of African American Quilters of Baltimore, The National Appliqué Society, and The Village Quilters. The quilt, **"We Too Sing America,"** came out of her desire to teach other quilters black perspectives on Civil War History. Since then, she has created a series of black history quilts that draw on her wide reading in black history, her visits to historic sites, and, of course, her rich imagination. Her particular interest is in blacks during the transition from slavery to freedom.

One of Vera Hall's key passions is letting people know that the history of quilting, particularly black quilting, is diverse and wide-ranging. While the innovation and unstructured aesthetic of Gee's Bends quilts have rightfully won praise as an American art form, she insists that we also look at the black quilters and sewers like herself and **Elizabeth Hobbs Keckley** (subject of two of Vera's quilts), who valued precision and structure. All of Vera's quilts show this keen attention to detail in technique and in storytelling. You can find more biographical information on Vera in the online African-American History archive, thehistorymakers.org.

Harriet Tubman (2008). Machine appliqué and quilted.

After escaping bondage on Maryland's Eastern Shore, Harriet Tubman made multiple trips back to Maryland to lead some others out of slavery, including siblings and her elderly parents. Still others made their way to freedom on their own using her detailed directions. Tubman carried a gun to protect against slave catchers, but also to urge on the faint-hearted who might have turned back and endangered the group.

Elizabeth Keckly in the White House (2012). Machine piecing with hand appliqué and embellishments; machine quilted.

Born into bondage in Virginia, Elizabeth Keckly's determination and sewing talent helped buy her freedom. As a free woman, she became an activist and couture dressmaker in Washington, DC. She was a confidante to her most famous customer, Mary Todd Lincoln, until the publication of her memoir, Behind the Scenes: Or, Thirty Years a Slave, And Four Years in the White House. Vera

used a personal photo of her husband, Lawrence, in the red room of the White House to construct the background for this piece.

Robert Smalls: An American Hero (2018). Machine pieced and embellished by hand. Machine quilted by Kim Komet.

Vera heard the story of Robert Smalls on a trip to Charleston, South Carolina to learn about the Gullah-Geechee Heritage Corridor. In the middle of the Civil War, Smalls concocted a dangerous plan to free himself and 16 other enslaved crew and family. He commandeered the Confederate ship, The Planter, picked up family members, and navigated the ship out of the Charleston Harbor at dusk. Once in Union waters, he held up a white shirt brought on board by his wife, Hannah, as a sign of truce, Although denied the title “pilot” by the Confederate Navy due to his enslaved status, his skill and knowledge of Charleston waterways made him a useful pilot and spy for the Union Navy. After the war, he continued advancing the cause of blacks in state politics, serving in the South Carolina state assembly and senate, and for five nonconsecutive terms in the U.S. House of Representatives.

The Civil War Bride Quilt (2018). Hand appliqué. Original center blocks in the style of the Corliss Searcey pattern. Unfinished.

When Vera P. Hall's appliqué group led by Quilter Hall of Fame Inductee Mimi Dietrich chose "The Civil War Bride Quilt" as their project, Vera decided to do her own take it by creating blocks about

Frederick Douglass and Harriet Tubman for the quilt center. Douglass holds a copy of his anti-slavery newspaper, *The North Star*. The chicken was one of the subterfuges Tubman used to distract slavers and slave-catchers.

Mariner cover featuring a detail from the lost quilt, Illustrious Ancestors (2008), which celebrates the Chesapeake Marine Railway and Drydock Company.

In response to a quilt challenge celebrating the opening of the Douglass-Myers Museum in Baltimore, Vera created *Illustrious Ancestors*. This quilt commemorated the blacks, free and enslaved, who worked the Baltimore shipyards. Frederick Douglass labored as ship caulker alongside white workers until they discovered he wasn't a free man. Isaac Myers, born a free man, was apprenticed as a caulker and helped form the Colored Caulkers Trade Union Society. This labor union pooled its resources, sold subscriptions to the community, and created The Chesapeake Marine Railway and Drydock Company, which would employ 300 black caulkers and inspired workers in other seaport cities to organize unions. Upon request, Vera donated the quilt to the museum, but it has not been seen for several years. She only has this Mariner magazine cover, which featured a detail of the quilt on its cover in 2008.

We, too, Sing America: Blacks in the Civil War, 1860-1864 (2006-2008). Machine pieced and quilted; embellished by hand.

Vera began this quilt after winning the Civil War themed blocks in the border. She wanted to show that commemorating the Civil War has a different meaning for African Americans and started reading widely to create a quilt that refuted the too-common notion that blacks "were freed" by the Civil War. The map in the middle depicts the North/South divide and key battle sites of the war. Blocks around the map represent the different ways blacks fought for their own freedom from the Middle Passage through the Civil War. The title is from Langston Hughes' poem "I, too, sing America."