

☞ We have the satisfaction to lay before our readers, and his numerous friends and co-workers, another interesting letter from Frederick Douglass. So intense is the interest felt here in all his movements abroad, that we hope he (and also J. N. Buffum) will not allow a Cunard steam-ship to leave Liverpool, without sending us a line of intelligence.

LETTERS FROM FREDERICK DOUGLASS. NO. II.

DUBLIN, Sept. 16, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND GARRISON:

You will see that James and myself are still in old Ireland. Our stay is protracted in consequence of the publication here of my narrative. I need hardly say we are happy, when I tell you our home is the house of Mr. R. D. Webb,—the very impersonation of old-fashioned, thorough-going anti-slavery; and that we are constantly cheered by the society of Mr. James Haughton, than whom, there is not to be found a truer, or more devoted, vigilant, working, persevering abolitionist on this side the Atlantic. We have also been aided, cheered and strengthened by the noble and generous-hearted James and Thomas Webb, in each of whose houses we have been made perfectly at home.

Our hearts were all made glad by the arrival of the ever welcome *Liberator* and *Standard*, yesterday—although they bore the sad intelligence of the fate of Cassius M. Clay's press. I can now remember no occurrence of mobocratic violence against the anti-slavery cause which sent such a chill over my hopes, for the moment, as the one in question. I regarded the establishment of his press in Lexington, Kentucky, as one of the most hopeful and soul-cheering signs of the times,—a star shining in darkness, beaming hope to the almost despairing bondman, and bidding him to suffer on, as the day of his deliverance is certain. But, alas! the mob has triumphed, and the star apparently gone out.

The enemy came upon Cassius at an unfortunate hour. Availing themselves of his sickness, they have succeeded against him. Yet the cause shall not suffer; the star, whose feeble light had become painful, shall yet become a sun, whose brilliant rays shall scorch, blister and burn, till slavery shall be utterly consumed. I was almost sorry to be from home, when the voice of the feeblest might be of value in concentrating public indignation against so horrible an outrage upon the freedom of the press.

We shall, however, make the most of it in this land:—the damning deed shall ring throughout these kingdoms. The base, cruel, cowardly and infernal character of that organized band of plunderers, shall be as fully revealed as I am capable of doing it. What a brilliant illustration of republican love of freedom! How the monarchs and aristocrats of the old world will tremble at the rapid march of republican freedom! How they will hide their eyes for very shame, when they think of their own tyranny, in comparison with the free and noble institutions of America,—where freedom of the press means freedom to advocate slavery, and where liberty regulated by law means slavery protected by an armed band of bloody assassins! But, thank Heaven! 'Oppression shall not always reign.'

Our success here is even greater than I had anticipated. We have held four glorious anti-slavery meetings—two in the Royal Exchange, and two in the Friends' meeting-house—all crowded to overflowing. Only think of our holding a meeting in the meeting-house of the Society of Friends! When at home, they would almost bolt us out of their yards. 'Circumstances alter cases.' If the Lynn Friends' meeting-house could be, by some process, placed on this side the Atlantic, its spacious walls would probably at once welcome an anti-slavery meeting; but, as things now stand, it must be closed to humanity—lest Friends get into the mixture!

I am to lecture to-morrow evening at the Music Hall. It will hold three thousand persons, and is let for about fifty dollars a night. But its generous proprietor, Mr. Classon, has kindly agreed to let me have it free of charge.

I have attended several temperance meetings, and given several temperance addresses. Friend Haughton, Buffum and myself spoke to-day on temperance, in the very prison in which O'Connell was put. I went out last Sunday to Bootertown, and saw Father Mathew administer the pledge to about one thousand. 'The cause is rolling on.'

One of the most pleasing features of my visit, thus far, has been a total absence of all manifestations of prejudice against me, on account of my color. The change of circumstances, in this, is particularly striking. I go on stage coaches, omnibuses, steamboats, into the first cabins, and in the first public houses, without seeing the slightest manifestation of that hateful and vulgar feeling against me. I find myself not treated as a *color*, but as a *man*—not as a thing, but as a child of the common Father of us all.

In great haste,

Ever yours.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.