CHAPTER XI.

UNVEILING EXERCISES AND DISAPPOINTMENT AT NON-ARRIVAL OF STATUE.

The Chairman of the committee fixed the date for the unveiling exercises, September 14th, according to the following from the agent of the Smith Granite Company, Westerly, R. I.:

Utica, N. Y., April 5, 1898.

John W Thompson, Chairman Committee of Douglass Memorial, Rochester, N. Y.:

Dear Mr. Thompson: Yours received. I presume without doubt, that our sculptor is in Washington, although the company have not notified me. There will be no doubt about getting the statue ready by August 2d. The monument is a small matter as it is all done now except the panels.

I inclose plan of the lettering which shows its location on the die. These all have to be cast in plaster and then in bronze.

Kindly see that they are correct in every particular and return to me as soon as possible and I will forward to Westerly. I am, Mr. Thompson,

Yours very sincerely,

(Dictated) G. W SANBORN.

All arrangements for the unveiling exercises were completed and invitations to the family had been sent, and accepted, and these were present: Mrs. Helen Douglass, Mrs. Rosa Douglass Sprague, Miss F. Douglass Sprague, Messrs. Charles R. Douglass, Lewis H. Douglass and Joseph H. Douglass, grandsons of Fredrick Douglass, with many other persons of note, from many sections of the country.

It was not known until the afternoon of September 12th that the statue would not be in the city for unveiling.

After writing and telegraphing for some days the following were received:

Utica, N. Y., September 12, 1898.

John W. Thompson, Rochester, N. Y.:

Am writing to Westerly to find out about statue.

G. W SANBORN.

The same day this was received by the Chairman:

Westerly, R. I., September 12th.

John W. Thompson:

Douglass statue cannot be shipped from Philadelphia until 26th. See letter.

SMITH GRANITE COMPANY.

On receiving the news the feeling of disappointment cannot be described. Charles R. Douglass, who had gone to Brockport to visit friends after reading of the disappointment in the newspapers, called up Chairman Thompson over the telephone and advised him to go on with the exercises which he did.

At 2 o'clock, September 14, 1898, nearly three thousand people assembled in Fitzhugh Hall to pay honor to the memory of Douglass.

The contractors who were to model and cast the bronze statue of Frederick Douglass failed to have the statue in the city. The unveiling ceremonies did not take place in the morning, but the exercises attending the presentation of the monument to the city were held in the afternoon and evening at Fitzhugh Hall, addresses being delivered by prominent orators, the monument being formally accepted in behalf of the city by Mayor Warner. The audience, which almost entirely filled the hall, was composed of some of Rochester's foremost citizens, the representatives of both races being about evenly divided. Upon the platform were seated, beside the general committee and the speakers, members

of the Park Board and Common Council, prominent residents and representatives of the old abolitionist families of the city. The interest of all present was held until the end.

Born in obscurity, forced to endure the tutelage of slavery, within sight and sound of the ceaseless service our nation offered up to liberty, breaking the bonds of his slavery and mastering all the arts of civilization, of intellectual development, of high manhood, working with the energy of a Titan for the freed of his fellow serfs, and finding time to plead for the rights of women, suffering untold indignities, fleeing before the agents of a nation that stood for the rights of men and religions, and triumphing at last until his name and fame were honored in the land, Frederick Douglass was the grand disciple of an oppressed race.

And so, September 14th, in the full light of the end of the century's humanity, in the glow of a nation's victory for the cause of manhood, in the city where he found a haven when the clouds were darkest, the name of Frederick Douglass was honored, not alone by men of his race, who showed in their intellectual powers the fruits of the rights for which the great freedman strove, but also by prominent public men, who in the years past had fought the fight against prejudice, and had even taken up arms against their brothers to defend the helpless slaves.

It was the prophecy of Wendell Phillips come true. The name of the slave was printed in the great sunlight of truth, the name of the man, who, with the matchless orator and Garrison, the sturdy newspaper man, were the first apostles of liberty.

THE EXERCISES AT FITZHUGH HALL.

The city of Rochester again took pride in honoring the name of Frederick Douglass. After months of arduous work, the committee having in charge the matter of the erection of a monument to his memory was able to report

the work completed, although even at the last unavoidable circumstances prevented the unveiling of the monument itself. This fact, nevertheless, did not detract from the interest or significance of the memorial exercises which were held in Fitzhugh Hall.

Among the prominent persons who were present at the exercises were Miss Susan B. Anthony; T. Thomas Fortune, of New York, editor of The Age; John H. Smyth, of Virginia, ex-minister to Liberia; Hon. John C. Dancy, collector of customs of the port of Wilmington, N. C.; Chris. J. Perry, editor of the Philadelphia Tribune; Miss Mary Anthony, Hon. Arthur E. Sutherland, Judge George A. Benton, Mayor George E. Warner, Mrs. Jean Brooks Greenleaf, Dr. E. M. Moore, Bishop Alexander Walters, D. D., James N. Neib, editor of a prominent journal in Philadelphia, and all of the surviving members of the family of Frederick Douglass, including his children and grandchildren.

WHY THE STATUE WAS NOT UNVEILED.

It was the intention of the committee to have the statue of Douglass in the city and placed for the unveiling, but Chairman Thompson presented the following letter to explain why the ceremony was postponed:

Westerly, R. I., Sept. 12, 1898.

J. W Thompson, Esq., Rochester, N. Y.:

Dear Sir: After receiving your telegram on the 9th we telegraphed to Philadelphia for the earliest date, and received reply that they would ship the statue on the 26th. We wrote them, asking them to hurry it and ship it as much earlier than the 26th as they possibly could.

You doubtless know that we had delays in Washington, caused by our Mr. Edwards being unable to obtain the assistance he required, which has put us behind just the number of days to complete the statue on time. A letter to this effect was dictated to you on the 9th, but by an oversight

on the part of the stenographer it was not written. We are very sorry, both for the statue not being completed on time and for our letter failing to go on the 9th, which would have explained matters to you before this time.

Yours respectfully,

THE SMITH GRANITE CO.

J. R. Randall, Secretary.

COMMENCING OF THE EXERCISES.

The memorial meeting was called to order at 2:30 o'clock by Chairman J. W. Thompson, of the monument committee. He gave a cordial invitation to all friends of Douglass, any Grand Army men who might be present, and all city officials, to occupy seats on the platform, an invitation which was supplemented by Miss Susan B. Anthony, who said that every old-time abolitionist ought to be proud to take a seat on the platform where exercises in honor of a man who stood not only for the freedom of his race, but also for the emancipation of women, were being held. A number availed themselves of the invitation.

The exercises were opened with music by an orchestra from the Fifty-fourth Regiment Band, which played a medley of patriotic airs. Following this a forceful and eloquent prayer was offered by Bishop Alexander Walters, D. D. J. W Thompson then briefly explained the circumstances which had prevented the ceremony of unveiling the monument and then introduced the Rev. Alonzo Scott, pastor of Zion Church, who sang "His Name Shall Live Forever," composed by himself for the occasion. He was accompanied by a chorus of forty voices under the direction of Mrs. R. Jerome Jeffrey.

POEM BY MR. T. THOMAS FORTUNE.

In introducing T. Thomas Fortune, of New York, editor of The Age, one of the leading papers published in the in-

terest of his race, Mr. Thompson paid a fitting tribute to his abilities and his earnest efforts to secure the erection of the monument. Mr. Fortune read an original poem, entitled, "Frederick Douglass." The poem follows:

We cannot measure here the dizzy heights he trod
To whom this glyptic shaft is lifted from the sod,
Towards the matchless azure of sweet Freedom's skies,
If we forget the depths whence God bade him arise,
Above the slave's log cabin and a sireless birth,
To be a prince among the children of the earth!

No giant who has placed one foot upon the land
And one upon the sea, with power to them command,
To bid the angry turbulence of each be still,
And have them bend obedient to his master's will—
Ever started lower in the social scale than he—
This Champion of the Slave, this Spokesman of the Free!

In him the deathless lesson of our common race
Was taught anew—the lesson you who will may trace
From Babel's fatal tower to fateful Waterloo—
From Eden's blest abode to slavery's Tuckaho—
That still "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"
The world of love and joy, the world of woe and sin.

But such as Douglass was not born to wear a chain—
At the slave's task to bend and cower and cringe and strain—
To bare his princely back to the rude lash whose welt
Produced no pain that his proud soul must have felt!
As Moses did, he served in bondage for an hour
The better to be armed to crush the master's power.

It has been ever thus since the old world was young—
The giants of the race from the head of woe have sprung—
Out of the agony and sweat and rayless hope
In which the swarming masses have been doomed to grope.
So lifts its head from rocks and sands the lighthouse brave,
To guide the fearless sailor o'er the treacherous wave.

For who can sing of woe who never felt a pain—
Who never hoped 'gainst hope to know a joy again?
Who thirst for vengeance on the skulking, coward foe
As he whose sire or mate has fallen 'neath the blow?
Who feel the venom of the slave's undying hate
As he whose lot has been the slave's degrading fate?

'Twas a long way to the north star from Tuckaho—
From slavery's dark shade to freedom's electric glow—
From out the depths—"O the depths!"—of slavery's long night—
To the high altitude of freedom's fadeless light!
And here he stood in winter's storm and summer's sun,
Majestic, brave, till the fierce war was fought and won.

We claim him as our own, the greatest of the race,
In whom the rich sun stamp of Africa you trace,
And we delight to place upon his massive brow
Affection's crown of reverence, as we do now.
But, in a larger sense, forsooth, did he belong
To all the race, a prophet strong among the strong!

For he was large in stature and in soul and head
True type of New America, whose sons, 'tis said,
The western world shall have as glorious heritage—
That they shall write in history's fadeless, truthful page
Such deeds as ne'er before have wrought for liberty
And all the arts of peace—the strongest of the free!

And every depth he braved, and every height he trod
From earth's alluring shrines to the presence of his God;
And he was cheered by children's confidence and trust,
A tribute never withheld from the true and just;
And woman's sympathy was his, the divine power
That rules the world in calmest and stormiest hour!

To him all weakness and all suffering appealed;
'Gainst none such was his brave heart ever steeled.
And pleading womanhood for honest rights denied
No champion had of sturdier worth to brave wrong's pride—
To claim for her in all the fullest measure true
Of justice God ordained her portion, as her due.

He needs no monument of stone who writes his name
By deeds, in diamond letters, in the Book of Fame—
Who rises from the bosom of the race to be
A champion of the slave, a spokesman of the free—
Who scorns the fetters of a slave's degrading birth
And takes his place among the giants of the earth.

This shaft is lifted high in Heaven's holy air
To keep alive our wavering hope, a message bear
Of inspiration to the living from the dead,
Who dared to follow where the laws of duty led,
They are so few—these heroes of the weak and strong—
That we must honor them in story and in song.

So let this towering, monumental column stand,
While freedom's sun shall shine upon our glorious land,
A guiding star of hope divine for all our youth,
A living witness to the all-enduring truth—
The living truth that makes men brave to death, and true—
The truth whose champions ever have been few—
The truth that made the life of Douglass all sublime,
And gave it as a theme of hope to every clime!

Mr. Fortune's poem was followed by an excellent violin solo by Joseph Douglass, of Washington, a grandson of Frederick Douglass. The older members of the audience, who remembered the great freedman's love for music, and his own proficiency in the use of the violin, recalled many instances and greeted the young player with enthusiasm. He played a selection from Verdi's "Il Trovatore."

EULOGY BY HON. JOHN C. DANCY.

Any eulogy I may make of Frederick Douglass can only emphasize those already made by others who have preceded me. The best tribute to his memory is tame in comparison with the actual achievements of his life, considering its early environments. He was indeed the architect of his own fortune, "the builder of the ladder by which he climbed." His

birth, his race, his condition as a chattel, were all against him, and his first greatest obstacle was to conquer these, and minimize their influence as recognized insurmountable barriers. His boyhood did not prophesy one of the most remarkable careers this Nation has seen; nor did anything in his early life indicate that he was born to a noble destiny. His mother was a greater woman than his father was man, and he no doubt inherited from her the qualities of soul which were in him the inspiring, overmastering power which moved and electrified vast audiences, and made him the wonder and admiration of the world.

Mr. Douglass always insisted that we must not be measured by the heights to which we have attained, but rather by the depths from which we have come. These depths were lower than those from which Garfield came—and he drove a canal boat; or from which Grant came—and he was a tanner; or Lincoln—and he was a rail-splitter. Douglass came from depths far beneath any of these, for he was a slave, and had to go further to reach their starting point than either of them went in the entire journey of their triumphs. Wisely and philosophically did he remark, immediately after the war closed, at a great meeting held in Dr. Sunderland's church, "It is a long way from the cornfields of Maryland to Dr. Sunderland's church in Washington." The actual distance was only about twenty miles, but it took Mr. Douglass forty years to go the journey—like Moses' forty years in the wilderness. He has told me that he walked the decks of steamers that plied between the ports of New York and Boston, because he was denied accommodation elsewhere. And yet even this affront to his sensitive nature did not curb his ambition, relax his efforts to uplift himself and his race, or smolder the burning fires of his manhood. Obstacles which would have absolutely sapped the vitality and the hopes of almost any other man, seemed to be to him an inspiration, which nerved him

to more superhuman effort in order to more transcendent triumphs.

But Douglass laid well his foundation. A fugitive slave he began his life of liberty, as it were, under the shadow of Plymouth Rock, at New Bedford, Mass. He early identified himself with an unpretentious little A. M. E. Zion church where he became sexton, steward, Sunday-school superintendent, exhorter and finally local preacher. It was in these capacities that he was introduced to the "Whaling City," as his splendid physique and magnificent presence as well as speech, filled with soul, attracted to him the attention of all who saw and heard him.

Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison found occasion to visit New Bedford to hold an anti-slavery meeting. The former, the most finished and eloquent orator of his time; the latter, the prince of abolition agitators and champions. Both filled with unconquerable zeal and enthusiasm —they stirred that city on that great occasion, as it was never stirred before. When enthusiasm had reached its zenith, and the speakers had concluded their phillippics against the most infamous of wrongs—slavery—a call was made for some colored man in the audience to say a word describing the foul wrong from the standpoint of his own experience. Then some voice uttered the name of Douglass. The war was waked anew. A grand form pushed its way to the front through the surging mass. He was physical perfection—calm, motionless, erect, he bowed his salutation, and warming to his work he entered into a portrayal of the iniquitous institution from which he had made his escape, shook his majestic head as a lion shakes from his shaggy mane the dew drops of the morning, while his voice of deep-toned thunder uttered such anathemas of denunciation, that the audience went mad with wildest expressions of sympathy and indignation. Phillips and Garrison gave vent to their feelings by securing

Douglass at once as a regular platform orator for the Abolition cause. He awoke the next morning a great man—one of the world's modern Seven Wonders.

> When fierce gales bowed the high pines, when blazed
> The lightning, and the savage in the storm
> Some unknown godhead heard, and awestruck gazed
> On Douglass' majestic form.

His fame was at once secure. Like the eagle from his eyrie, beholding the approaching storm, with calm serenity, so Douglass watched the gathering storm which was to eradicate slavery from "the land of the free." But unlike the eagle, he did not wing his flight beyond the gathering clouds, but rather boldly met those clouds and bravely aided in the work of their dispersion in the abolition of slavery. In New England, the West, Canada and Great Britain, he faced riotous elements of opposition, and by the magnificence of his eloquence, he transformed rebellious and antagonistic mobs into enthusiastic supporters. In him the man and the cause met, and the cause became a part of the man. If it was charged that he violated the law, he joined with Seward in the assertion that there was "a higher law," and he invoked its intervention to insure American liberty "to each, to all, and forever." He was aware that there were "depths of infamy, as well as heights of fame," and he would lift his proud land from the quagmires of the one into the glories of the other. He believed with Webster in "liberty and union, one and inseparable," but he realized the impossibility of a secure union without the blessings of unrestricted liberty. He made the silence of the seas articulate the songs of liberty, and the darkness of the night became luminous with the rays of approaching dawn. He agreed with Conkling in the declaration that "from Runnymede to Appomattox, the jewel for which civilized man has fought has been the law of the land and equality before the law." In all these contentions

Mr. Douglass fought his own way, won his own victories and made his own fame. He was indeed a changeless sincerity. He was never in masquerade or disguise. He loved, he hoped, he believed in the justice of his cause, and prayed for the time when right should rule supreme and conquer wrong.

Montesquieu, the French philosopher, taught that "the animating sentiment of a monarchy is honor, while the animating sentiment of a republic is virtue." Douglass sought to emphasize the truth of this remark and make the animating sentiment of his country, virtue, which should be the cardinal and basic principle of every land and people. He loved truth and impartial justice, and wanted them written not merely in our laws, but in our lives, and in the hearts and consciences of the whole nation. He did not dissemble either with friends or foes, and was honored and respected by men who hated his opinions, which were with him a positive conviction.

With Senator Charles Sumner he jointly urged President Lincoln to issue a call for volunteer colored troops. The country was against it—even the sympathetic North. The President himself hesitated and agreed to pray over it. The wisdom of the suggestion dawned upon the President later, and the call was issued for 75,000 colored volunteers. It was heard above all the din and smoke of battle, and above the cries of the dead and dying, so that 200,000 ebony-hued sons of Ham answered to that call. Mr. Douglass' sons were among the first to enlist. He proved his faith by his works. The courage, daring and heroism of these braves on hundreds of battlefields, including Fort Wagner, Fort Pillow, and Petersburg, where they proved themselves as much the flower of the Army as the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry and the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry did in saving the Rough Riders and capturing El Caney and San Juan Hill from the Spaniards in our recent war with Spain. All the world

knows of the glory of the Black Regiments which will go down the ages in song and story with the ride of the Six Hundred, immortalized by Tennyson on the field of Balaklava. Douglass paved the way for this new found glory, and thereby in this path-finding alone gave immortality to his name and fame.

"The sword of Michael from the Armory of God seemed given him,
Tempered so that neither keen nor solid might resist that edge."

His triumphs are as inspiring in splendor as they are infinite in variety. Indeed, he does not suffer by contrast with any of the great men of the century. Kossuth was a patriot like himself, who befriended the oppressed of Hungaria, but with no greater influence, power and success than Douglass; Gambetta was the tribune of the French people, but with all the fury of his wonderful oratory he could arouse no more sympathy or support than Douglass; Bismarck was the acting, controlling, directing force of the German Empire for a half century, and yet he championed fewer reforms that meant the uplift of the whole people than Douglass, the emancipated slave; Gladstone was the commoner and most popular, as well as the ablest champion of manhood rights since Pitt, who defended the attitude of the Americans in their fight for Independence, and yet Gladstone never dared go to the limits to which Douglass went in seeking to establish a civilization, not merely without a slave, but also without a prejudice. If Douglass did not attain to their stations, it was more because he came from so much greater depths than because he merited less elevated heights. There was in him always a latent heroism that responded at once to an appeal to give up all to some noble cause. His ideals were always the highest, the best and the purest, and he reckoned no life exemplary that did not comport with such ideals. A vein of

character ran through some of his strongest utterances, but that humor, like Lincoln's, was as the ripple of the surface of an unfathomable sea. Honors were lavished upon him, not because he sought them, but because he earned them. He became marshal, recorder of deeds of the District of Columbia, member of the Commission looking toward the annexation of San Domingo, and minister to Hayti, not merely because of his color, but because of his ability. He did not occupy so large a place in the public eye and esteem because he had been a slave, but because he became a man. He utilized the opportunities which came to him to the best possible advantage, and emphazised their value by the reward, in honor and emolument, which sought him with such constancy as his staff of life bent under the weight of years.

As with Douglass, so with us—the ideal determines the character of the life. When the aim of life is right, rules and precepts are merely subordinates. If wrong, rules and precepts are worthless. Nothing so strengthens the mind and enlarges the manhood and widens the thought, as the constant effort to measure up to the high ideal, to struggle for that which is beyond and above us. It stretches the mind to a larger measure, and touches the life to finer issues.

A stranger going through a public park in a leading city observed an eagle walking around with the satisfied air of a domestic animal. He could not understand it; he therefore inquired the cause of a bystander. "Follow me," said the friend. Coming close up he was shown a net of wire on either side and overhead. Said he, "That eagle was put in that inclosure untamed, yea, wild. He made several attempts to fly upward, but each successive time he struck that wire and fell back helpless. He lost heart, courage and ambition, and is now content with his state."

Mr. Douglass came upon the arena at a time when an entire race was under the same influence as this eagle. They

had made fruitless efforts to rise, but that wire of human prejudice and bondage was ever there to beat them back in their every attempt at ascent. They had grown spiritless and disheartened, and had yielded to what seemed the inevitable. Douglass was one of them. He saw that wire and had struck against it himself. But nerving himself to the task, after falling back once, with courage bold, he made a superhuman effort a second time, and with the strength which God gave him, he hurled himself against it with redoubled force and the wire gave way, and he stopped not in his ascent until he reached the goal of his ambition. His race caught and shared his spirit everywhere until to-day a Nation rises from its spell of years to testify to the wisdom and courage of a seer of the black race, who knowing his rights dared to assert and maintain them. With that wire broken we are at liberty to measure up to the higher ideal and struggle for that which is beyond and above us. Bulwer's description of the voice of O'Connell describes that wonderful voice of Douglass during his contention for universal liberty:

"Aloft and clear from airy tide to tide
It glided easy as a bird may glide;
Even to the verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went;
Now stirred the uproar; now the murmur stilled,
And sobs or laughter answered as it willed."

In breaking that wire Douglass played the whole gamut of loftiest eloquence. He blended the deep-toned thunder of Webster, the musical harmonies of Clay, the lightning flashes of O'Connell and the charm and dignity of Wendell Phillips. He believed his own race largely the safety-valve of the Republic and pleaded for an opportunity for them to prove it. Time, the unerring arbiter, in two wars—and in peace as well—has richly vindicated the wisdom of his plea.

With our young men distinguishing themselves in every avenue of industrial and professional life; with skilled mechanics and artisans, lawyers, physicians, learned ministers of the Gospel and teachers, and a wealth running up to nearly a half billion in money and homes; with improved churches and schools and their constantly increasing attendance; with three millions of us who can read and write in the face of former laws which made the possession of such blessings a crime; and another million in the schools, instructed by twenty thousand trained teachers; with a population just double what it was thirty-five years ago—nine millions in all—these wonderful transformations are the highest encomiums that can be paid to the greatness of Douglass and his compeers—Lincoln, Grant, Phillips, Garrison, Beecher, and their allies, in giving us freedom, and in placing us, by an appeal to the dread arbitrament of the sword, under the protecting aegis of the ample folds of the American flag.

Mr. Douglass addressed himself in the later years of his life to reform conditions as they confronted the country. He was the uncompromising enemy of mob law, and especially as it developed into lynch law—the worst form of mob violence known to any civilization. He demanded a fair and impartial trial for every man accused of crime, whether white or black—that his guilt or innocence might be fully established; he insisted upon a free and unrestricted exercise of the right of franchise, the right preservative of all rights—the palladium of American liberty; he demanded the broadening of the common school system so as to put its benefits within the reach of the humblest child in the land; he contended for an industrial system that would open up avenues of employment to all idlers, and thereby increase the producing class and minimize that class who are chiefly consumers without the alternative of being contributors to our productive wealth; he was an emphatic champion of every moral

BENJAMIN MYERS.

cause, whether it was temperance, religious or otherwise, which promised favorable results to the Nation at large. He had all the ardor of John Brown without his daring; all the zeal of Beecher without his intrepidity; all the courage of Wilberforce without his "winters of discontent;" all the determination of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Miss Susan B. Anthony, and "Sojourner Truth" without their meekness and patience and willingness to wait results. He believed in woman's rights as much as he did in man's, and spent the last day of his life giving them a final note of warning as to what was the next best thing to do to strengthen the influence of their organized protest against existing wrongs aimed at them. He believed that

"Woman's cause is man's;
They rise or sink together
Dwarfed or God-like, bond or free."

I saw Mr. Douglass under many and varying circumstances, but he was always the same grand, peerless character in his personality. I heard him declare in a great convention, where weighty political interests were involved, and party spirit ran high, that "the Republican Party is the ship and all else is the sea"; I beheld him with cane in hand at the Columbian Exposition, at Chicago, at a great congress, tell a caustic critic of our race, in answer to his animadversions, to desist from his unfair attacks and "go home, and learn the truth, before attempting again to instruct others as to the true status of a too long maligned and oppressed race;" I heard him in a great National Republican Convention, speaking of his own race, assert that "we may be many as the waves, but we are one as the sea"; I watched him before an audience made up chiefly of foreigners, at Washington, during the great Ecumenial Conference, as he rose to the loftiest pitch of overpowering eloquence and made a last appeal to

them on behalf of fair play for all mankind; I sat with him an hour at the Executive Mansion, as he talked with President Harrison, portraying the greatness of the people of Hayti, whom he loved; I have seen him make merry at his home at Cedar Hill, overlooking the Potomac, as he and his grandson played in concert on violins his favorite, "The Suwannee River"; and to cap the climax, I beheld him as the orator of the day, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Lincoln monument on Capitol Hill, at Washington, in April, 1876. President Grant and his cabinet, the Vice-President, nearly all the United States Senators and members of Congress, the Chief Justice and members of the Supreme Court, Governors of different states, the Diplomatic Corps and other notable persons were there—with an assembled mass of more than 50,000 persons, constituting the finest audience that ever heard a plain civilian in this country, speak—and Douglass never appeared to better advantage, as he addressed himself so marvelously to that surging sea of upturned faces. It was the speech of his life. But under none of these changed circumstances did he ever to our mind vary a hair's breadth from the modest, sincere, brave, true, and unaffected Frederick Douglass whom the world has known and honored for nearly a half century.

But great as Douglass was as a statesman and patriot, he was no politician in the narrower sense. He comprehended great questions of state and had vast influence with statesmen, but he knew little or nothing of the art of practical politics, and was therefore no competitor with men of much smaller mental caliber when it came to a contest in the primaries for leadership. But the primaries once over, the responsibility of carrying party principles to a successful issue, rested on his broad and capable shoulders. In such case he became the leader of leaders, the recognized tribune of the people.

But Mr. Douglass is dead. That magnificent presence is no more among us to advise, direct, and encourage us; but his example is still with us, and like Webster, he "still lives." New questions of state and national policies will come up to vex political leaders and disintegrate and cause a realignment of political parties. The question of races will be broadened under the policy of territorial expansion and aggrandizement. Other dark races with an increase by the enlarged territory of our nation, will give us nineteen instead of nine million of the dark races to be considered in the new equation. Whether present prejudices will wear away under the policies to be inaugurated to settle the newer problem, only time will disclose. At all events, we shall need the directing presence of a Douglass that we may avoid Charybdis in escaping Scylla. The question of education, of party affiliations, or moral and material development, of manhood rights, of our present duties and obligations—all being questions which occupied the best moments of his life, are still presenting themselves with added charm and force, and appeal to our closest scrutiny and most careful consideration. May God send us other guides to take up the work where he left off.

As a living example of the value to me, at least, of his championship of human freedom, I stand here as one of the manumitted slaves—born in the same month and year that he made his famous address against the Dred Scott decision by Chief Justice Taney—to bear testimony to his heroism and lay at his feet this imperfect tribute to his worth and character. I do not hesitate to declare that he was indeed

> "A hero—a hero who dared to struggle in the solid ranks of truth,
> To clutch the monster Error by the throat,
> To bear opinion to a loftier height,
> To blot the error of oppression out
> And lead a universal Freedom in."

Other great men have risen to fame and distinction, and others will rise; but the like of Douglass we will hardly see in this generation or the next. The occasion may never rise for his like. No Vulcan need forge thunder bolts like those prepared for him, as they are hardly required to carry the same power of destruction, or to produce the same trepidation and dismay. The power of the whirlwind and awe-inspiring tremor of the earthquake shock are hardly necessary now as in darker days to arouse a nation to a full sense of its duty and its danger—realizing as we do that a nation's chief sin is its chief danger. In his own day, this sin denied his manhood, humbled his pride, sapped his vitality and clouded his future. He realized its dangerous influence and tendency, and clutching it by the throat, assisted in choking it to death.

So we turn from this spectacle so grand in design, so true in form, proportion and feature, so worthy of him whose memory it seeks to perpetuate. He lived, fought, and sacrificed for us and his country; let us not prove ourselves unworthy of his great triumphs, which were won in our defense. This gathering is a slight testimonial of our abiding gratitude. Let us wind ourselves out of the labyrinths of doubt, self distrust, and pessimistic forebodings, and like him whose monument we erect to his memory, rise above every degrading environment into the higher life where dwell only the pure, the worthy and the true. Then Douglass will not have sacrificed in vain. Freedom will prove a blessing indeed, and manhood rather than race will be the true badge of honor, and the true test of character.

As one star differeth from another star, so one life differeth from another life. Douglass was a star of the first magnitude—one of the proudest in the constellation of stars—a comet, indeed, whose light emblazons the horizon long after it has disappeared from sight. A life of sore trial, of conflict, of sacrifice, of constant plodding, of final triumph, both

here and hereafter—it is to us an example and to the world a benediction. Great as he was in life, and grand as he was in death, we conclude the last tribute that the beneficiary can pay to the benefactor by bidding him hail! and farewell!

The next number was a solo by Mrs. Charles P. Lee, who rendered in excellent style "The Sun is on the Hills," Miss May LeLeon accompanist.

MEDAL FOR CHAIRMAN THOMPSON.

The programme was interrupted at this point by Walter Stewart, of Elmira, who arose on behalf of the citizens of Rochester, to present a token of their gratitude to John W. Thompson, chairman of the committee, who had conceived and engineered the plans for the memorial to the great leader of his race. Mr. Stewart said briefly:

"It is a custom among all nations to perpetuate the memory of their greatest men who in some special manner have stamped their names upon the hearts of the people, but as far as I can determine this is the first time that a people have met to perpetuate the memory of any of my race. This idea was first promulgated by a citizen of Rochester in 1894, long before Douglass was deceased. John W. Thompson being imbued with the spirit of his race, arose in a Masonic meeting and first started this work. But ere he had perfected his plans the grand old man had run his race. But at his death Mr. Thompson put forth renewed energy, and though progress was slow he was conscious that he was right and worked on and on without fear of failure or hope of reward, and to-day he can look back upon a successful work. Often he had to tread the winepress alone, yet I believe there was an unseen influence assisting him so that he could not fail.

"To-day John W. Thompson ought not to be without reward, so in token of our appreciation for his efforts I wish to present him with this gold medal."

Mr. Thompson accepted the gift with a few words of gratitude, though taken entirely by surprise. The medal was a handsome one, being a solid gold medallion, with an engraving of the Douglass monument and a personal inscription to the donee. A pleasant and appropriate feature of the programme was the reading by Miss Fredericka Douglass Sprague, a granddaughter of Frederick Douglass, of an extract from the great speech of the freedman, delivered in Washington on April 16, 1883, the occasion being the celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of emancipation.

MISS ANTHONY'S REMINISCENCES.

Miss Susan B. Anthony was then introduced. She said, in part:

"I am proud and happy to bear my testimony by presence and words to the great truths that Frederick Douglass did so much to vindicate by his life and works. It is not because I have not been importuned to provide a sentiment for the monument but because I have been busy and so at this late hour I am going to read a testimonial from Frederick Douglass to me and I think that this one sentence should be the sentiment inscribed on the pedestal at Douglass Park:

" 'The cause of woman suffrage has under it a truth as eternal as the universe of thought, and must triumph if this planet endures.'

"I must pay a tribute to the old abolitionists who have passed before. Robert Purvise, Parker Pillsbury and all the rest, but Elizabeth Herrick, a grand noble woman, was the influence behind it all, when she made the utterance for immediate emancipation. When he came to this country William Lloyd Garrison brought with him a true, noble wife and mother, and I believe that he could not have done the work unless for her influence. And then there was the invalid wife of Wendell Phillips, who read all anti-slavery literature

and encouraged the great orator to go and speak for the oppressed. I think that Mr. Phillips' most magnificent speech was made in Rochester when he stopped with John and Mary Hallowell. I said to him:

" 'That's a great speech, Mr. Phillips.'

" 'Yes, but you must thank Ann for it.'

"And Ann was his faithful, loving wife, who encouraged, helped, cheered him in his great fight for abolition.

"I remember well the first time I ever saw Douglass. When I came home from school teaching. My father put me in the buggy and carried me down to Alexander street to see Douglass and his children, and through all the years after the friendship was continued. Our happiest Sundays were when Douglass and his family spent the day at our house. We felt proud of those occasions. Douglass was a jolly fellow. He always brought that violin along.

"In our circle of friends we very often had those who visited us who were prejudiced. I didn't mean to persecute them or make them unhappy, but I was mighty glad to introduce Douglass to them. I am going to detain you to tell you one experience.

"The son of my mother's brother was a real good, solid Western New York Democrat. He had come out from the city to spend his vacation at our beautiful little farm. He didn't like our 'niggers.' One time when he was there Douglass came. I invited him into the parlor to meet Douglass.

He refused, but later consented to an introduction. He began to ply his legal lore on Mr. Douglass and found himself wholly unable to cope with Frederick Douglass. Realizing this, he turned to Rosa Douglass, his daughter, and asked her to play, and, unlike many white girls, she played without dissent. She played another selection and finally my cousin followed Rosa out to the table and placed a chair for her.

And before the evening was over that 'Lish,' that Democratic New York city lawyer, actually ran down and opened the gate for Douglass to drive through when he started home. Douglass overcame prejudice.

"I tell you the greatest thing that stands in the way of advancement is prejudice. To negro men I say, don't imitate white men. The women ought to be remembered, and colored men should still stand by the women. Why the white men propose to give the ballot even now to heathens and leave Frederick Douglass' daughter under the heel of prejudice.

MRS. IDA B. WELLS BARNETT.

One of the interesting addresses of the afternoon was that by Mrs. Ida B. Wells Barnett, of Chicago, who is classed with the leading female orators. Her life has been spent in advocating the anti-lynching law. Mrs. Barnett said:

"I come as a pilgrim to a Mecca, a worshipper at the shrine of one of the greatest men this country has produced. The American nation owes Frederick Douglass a debt of gratitude because he helped her to cure herself of a radical evil. It is not necessary to recount what he did for the United States. We have come to know and love him because he espoused the cause of those who are victims of mob law. He is not dead, his words live after him, and will be an inspiration to us in the many problems which confront us."

The speaker referred to the work Douglass had done in espousing the cause of the anti-lynch law, of woman's suffrage and against the "hydra-headed monster of prejudice," and said that the work that he did should be an inspiration for the present generation to take up those questions with renewed energy, until perfect emancipation and freedom were granted to all races and all sexes in the country.

"His Name Shall Live Forever," was rendered by a chorus of forty voices. Mrs. R. Jerome Jeffrey, accompanist.

EX-MINISTER SMYTH'S EULOGY.

John H. Smyth, ex-minister to Liberia, and president of the Reformatory Association, of Virginia, now a prominent lawyer in the South, was to have delivered an extended address, but it was late in the afternoon when the opportunity was presented to him, and he confined his remarks to a few brief words of tribute to the great freedman. Though he spoke but a short time, Mr. Smyth showed that he was easily one of the foremost orators of his race. By way of preface he seconded heartily the suggestion of Miss Anthony that the negro should not be an imitator of the white man. He paid a high tribute to the women of the land, and stated that it was doubtless through womanly influence that Douglass became what he was. "It was due to the negro woman," he said, "that we had a Frederick Douglass, or any other illustrious negro in religion, politics or the field of battle.

"The man whose active, moral and intellectual agency aided in the destruction and extirpation from America of a legalized infamy and degradation is no less a national benefactor than the martyr souls were human benefactors, who went to God through Rome in its zenith, and the inquisiton in protest against godlessness, heathenism and sin in the cause of Christianity and its redemptive forces.

"It is ever of interest to have narrated the circumstances connected with the birth and family of any great personage. Alas! for the negro in Christian lands—little that is authentic that may be relied upon, can be said of such in this respect who have lived so long as fifty years. Chronology in connection with a negro slave, had importance only with regard to his ability to work. Genealogy, so far as blacks were concerned, heretofore, was a matter of indifference. From our emancipation and throughout all our future, chronology and genealogy are to be factors in our life and history, which under God, may be significant and important.

"Frederick Douglass' parentage and antecedents are shrouded in mystery. It is not a surprising circumstance, as all must realize, the result of human slavery in the United States where he was born.

"Through the warp and woof of his private and public life, one purpose ran: Honesty, incorruptibility and loyalty to the interests of his race. His uncompromising hatred of oppression and American prejudice distinguished him from 1838 to the end of an eventful, useful, effective and beautiful life. His name will ever be 'great in tongues of wisest censure.' "

THE PRESENTATION.

Charles P. Lee, a prominent attorney of Rochester, N. Y., then made the presentation of the monument to the city. Referring to the noble work of the Monument Committee, Mr. Lee said:

"The character of a country is often known by the class of men it crowns. Monuments dedicated to heroes and patriots disclose a nation's ideals and reveal the growth and grandeur of its civilization." Continuing, he said:

"This monument represents a great leader. God endowed Douglass with all the qualities of exalted leadership, high moral purpose, courage of conviction, great personal magnetism, broad perceptive powers, iron will, matchless physical endurance, restless industry, spotless integrity, commanding and conspicuous figure, a leader by Divine right. Believing the principles he defended and the cause he espoused were true and righteous, he stood by them with unflinching fidelity. This unwavering firmness made him strong in counsel, steady in conflict, powerful with the people. Douglass was a leader of fixed principles and unshaken integrity. He would not sell the people's right for a seat in the Senate or betray their confidence for a second-class appointment.

"During the reconstruction period, Douglass devoted his energies to the material advancement of the freedman and to the graver conditions and circumstances growing out of emancipation. His powerful appeals for justice—equality before the law and absolute civil rights for his race—contributed much toward the formation of that public sentiment which gave a guaranteed citizenship. The trials and triumphs of Douglass extended over all the thrilling period of our national history.

He saw the flag of his country in dishonor—he lived to see it restored in glory. He saw the constitution blotted by a fugitive slave law—he lived to see it redeemed by the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. He saw slaves sold in the public square—he lived to see them in the Senate of the United States. He saw his race in political degradation—he helped lift it to the heights of civil liberty and equality. He saw his countrymen shut out from every avenue of trade, the paths of polite industry and enjoyment—he died leaving them possessed of every opportunity of elevation and advancement. All of this he saw and part of which he was. In the economy of life Douglass filled many places, as editor and author, diplomat and statesman, and in them all he acquitted himself well.

"It repeats the story of the soldier and sailor, whose courage in battle never faltered or failed, but with a heroism born of inspiration, faced rebel ball and blade, for the Union, liberty and law. On tented field and crested wave, where treason trampled under foot the rights of man, and grim-visaged rebellion besieged a nation's forts and firesides, they fought and fell.

"It marks the majestic march of that public sentiment, which, when the smoke of battle rolled away—in a spirit of justice equal to the world's sublimest hope, stooped and took

the freedman by the hand, placed him in possession of political rights, made him equal before the law, surrounded him with great opportunities of advancement and elevation, in the exalted duty and dignity of citizenship, bade him live and labor for the grandeur of his country, the glory of his race and God.

"This monument is a mute appeal to the Afro-American of to-day. It implores us to show by our devotion to duty, our love of truth, our zeal for knowledge and our acquisition of wealth and prosperity, that we appreciate the advantages we enjoy, that we are worthy of the liberty left us as a legacy of love. It begs us to cultivate habits of virtue, temperance, economy, industry and commercial activity, seeking ever that righteousness which exalteth a nation, and by the nobility of our lives, the purity of our characters and the material grandeur of our achievements, reach and realize the highest privileges and possibilities of American civilization. It points out to us the necessity of rising to the duty of the hour, of realizing our part and place in the progress of the age, of lending our effort and energy in defense of every measure and movement beneficial to mankind, which marks the spirit of the times, the triumphant march of the new republic.

"We know of no city more entitled to the honor of this monument than Rochester. Douglass loved her with a devotion that was passing strange, and though separated from her by ocean trips, or called away by public duty, he still clung to her as his home. For nearly a quarter of a century he was identified with her welfare, associated with her growth and grandeur, and enjoyed her great generosity. It was here that he toiled and triumphed and firmly laid the foundation of that fame and fortune which cheered and comforted his declining years. It was here he commanded and controlled the thrilling conflict and tragic commotion of the anti-slavery campaign. It was here he saw the light of liberty

break over the land of bondage. His life was closely interwoven with her own—and his mortal remains have found lasting repose in her loving embrace.

"May she welcome this monument as a worthy contribution to her Pantheon of glory, around which are clustered memories, that will inspire her youth for generations to come with lofty hopes and heroism, and awaken in the hearts of her citizens a high and holy admiration for the life and labor, name and fame of this venerated apostle of liberty. In that silent city of the dead—on the banks of the historic Genesee—Douglass sleeps to-day—and the sun shines on no grander spot than where his majestic form mingles with its mother earth—and where the lovers of liberty from every land shall some day come to weave a garland above his grave. Let none of us approach that sacred shrine with feelings of resentment, or come away to revive the flame of race animosity, but with past trials forgotten, past wrongs forgiven, gather around his tomb and recalling the cherished memories of his life and invoking the sainted shades of his illustrious spirit, consecrate ourselves anew to the Genus of Liberty—to the grandson of free government. He lives, ever lives."

THE MAYOR'S ACCEPTANCE.

Mayor George E. Warner, in behalf of the city of Rochester, accepted the monument, as follows:

"Rochester would prove herself unworthy of having been the home of a great man if she would do nothing to perpetuate his memory. She has had many citizens, able in the councils of the state and nation, alert in business, and of brilliant mind, but none as great as Frederick Douglass. He was great on account of what he did for himself—because he transformed himself from a piece of personal property on the plantation of his master, contrary to the laws of the land and the prejudices of the people, to a sage, the adviser of the

great; and great on account of what he did for his people—because he gave for their salvation the rarest endowments of nature and the whole wealth of his mind accumulated through years of the severest trials. He was the true self-made man, for he could look back to the time when the laws of the republic said he was not a man. He became a man not with the aid of its beneficent laws, but in spite of its inhuman laws.

"The years he spent in our city were the ones in which the greatest efforts of his life were put forth for his race. Here he edited a newspaper for the publication of his views on slavery. Between the hours of labor which he spent in this enterprise, he traveled over the country lecturing. He also held here a sort of central office for the 'underground railway,' an institution for the humane purpose of conducting slaves to Canada. That he was well received by our people he gives testimony in his autobiography. He notes that we did not take the advice of a New York paper and throw his printing press into the lake. By financial contributions and in other material ways he was assisted by our people in the great work of his life.

"For twenty-five years he was a familiar figure on our streets and in our public life. Our citizens learned to admire and reverence him, and thousands gathered to hear his frequent anti-slavery speeches. That he, too, had a tender feeling for our city and people, appears from the following sentence from his 'Life and Times:'

" 'I know of no place in the Union where I could have located at the time with less resistance, or received a larger measure of sympathy and co-operation, and I now look back to my life and labors therewith unalloyed satisfaction, and having spent a quarter of a century among its people, I shall always feel more at home there than anywhere else in the country.'

"Our city is proud for having sheltered him when other cities would have refused him shelter. At his death she honored his remains and gave them a resting place at her door. To-day her citizens honor his memory by erecting a beautiful monument inscribed with his eloquent words.

"It is fitting that it should stand near a great portal of our city where the thousands who enter may see that she is willing to acknowledge to the world that her most illustrious citizen was not a white man.

"As mayor of the city I accept this monument to a great and good man. May it stand always to remind our people of a life which should never be forgotten, and as an index finger to a bright page in history."

Before the exercises were brought to a close, Miss Anthony said that no public gathering could be complete without a word from the venerable Dr. E. M. Moore, who occupied a seat of honor on the platform. Dr. E. M. Moore spoke briefly, saying that he was very glad to be present and thus show his admiration and respect for a man who had at one time been his fellow townsman and friend. Mrs. Jean Brooks Greenleaf also made a few remarks in the same strain. The afternoon's exercises were then brought to a close by the singing of "America" by the audience, and a benediction by the Rev. Alonzo Scott.

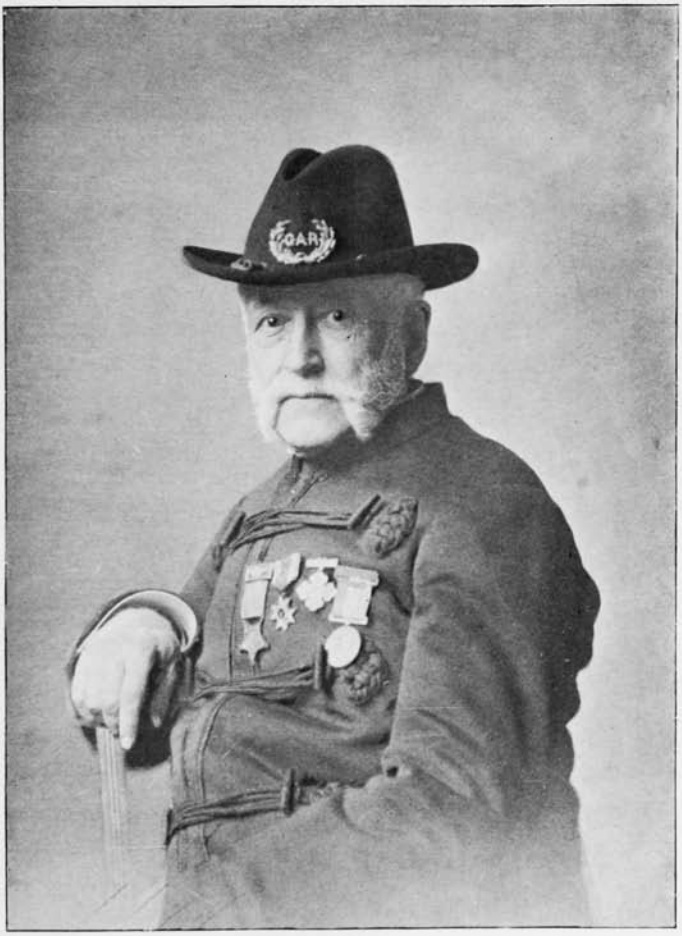
THE RECEPTION.

Probably no part of the programme was enjoyed by young and old, foreigners and Rochesterians alike, more than the reception and ball at Fitzhugh Hall in the evening. It was very largely attended, though the guests were somewhat late in arriving, it being fully 11 o'clock before the evening had reached its zenith. It was well along towards the small hours of morning before the ball was at an end. The music was excellent, the floor was in fine condition, and everything

seemed propitious for a perfect evening's enjoyment. The dancers were graceful in their movements as they responded to the strains of harmony. The hall was handsomely decorated with flags of different nations, the Stars and Stripes, of course, predominating. There were many handsome and artistic costumes worn by the ladies, mostly of bright tints, relieved by numerous white toilettes. Pink predominated, but light blue, red and yellow made pretty contrasts, the ensemble producing a brilliant scene. There were many handsome as well as stylishly gowned women present.

The Douglass party was in attendance as spectators, occupying a place in the south balcony.

Taken as a whole the affair was a fitting finale to an eventful day in the history of Rochester. Many prominent white citizens, both men and women, were present.



COL. NATHAN P. POND.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DATE SELECTED, AND ARRANGEMENTS COMPLETED.

The bronze statue arrived over the Lehigh Valley Railroad from Philadelphia, October 4, 1898. Weight 1,200 pounds; placed in position October 11th. October 12th had been fixed for the unveiling. On October 9th Chairman Thompson was taken dangerously ill which necessitated another postponement. The Monument Committee at that time was still in need of $2,000 and had the monument been unveiled at that time with that sum charged against the committee, it would have been years before the same could have been raised. This the chairman understood quite well so he adopted the wise plan and waited until the next year with the hope of having the Governor of the state fix the day, and when that was done he knew the money would come without much trouble. Up to that time he had received but little encouragement from the members of his race. When the work was completed and after reading the sentiment on the bronze tablets, Professor Booker T. Washington on a visit to the city said: "This monument is grand and it is the only thing we have."

As the news was flashed over the country that the unveiling was again postponed there was some criticism from different sections of the country by parties who did not understand, but the most unjust of all appeared in the "Conservator," a paper edited by Mrs. Ida B. Wells Barnett, at Chicago, which brought forth this able defense by Charles R. Douglass, which was published in that paper, and duly acknowledged:

609 F Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C., Nov., 1898.

Editor, The Conservator:

My attention has been called to a most unjust criticism of the "Douglass Monument" management contained in your issue of October 20th instant. There is no truth in the statement that the statue is not now in position, and was in position two weeks prior to the issue of your paper of October 29th.

When Mr. John W Thompson was putting forth his best efforts to secure funds to erect a monument to the late Frederick Douglass, where were these critics that are now so numerous—faultfinding because the monument was not unveiled as announced—not a nickle did they give.

Less than $500 came from the pockets of the 10,000,000 negroes in the United States. The little republic of Hayti, numbering less than a million inhabitants, gave a thousand dollars—more than was contributed by all the negroes in the United States together. The balance of the $10,000 came from white people.

Let Thompson alone. He has undertaken and accomplished more than has ever been accomplished before by any negro. He has erected a monument to one of his race.

CHAS. R. DOUGLASS.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT NAMES THE DAY.

At the request of many prominent members of the G. A. R. and other citizens, the committee was requested to fix a day for unveiling, when there would be good weather, in order that they could take part in the parade. J. W Thompson wrote Governor Roosevelt asking him to fix a day for the unveiling, when he could be present, and requested him to act with Senator Armstrong.

Mr. Thompson received the following:

Albany, February 8, 1899.

My Dear Mr. Thompson: Replying to your letter of the 30th ultimo, in reference to the unveiling of the Douglass monument, I will gladly come, but think I shall have to wait until the Legislature adjourns. When the date for adjournment is fixed, will you write to me, and I will fix a date for you. Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Following is the Governor's letter, and one from Senator Armstrong to Chairman John W Thompson of the Monument Committee:

Executive Chamber,
Albany, May 3, 1899.

Hon. W W Armstrong, Rochester, N. Y.:

My Dear Senator: Replying to yours of the 1st, would say that I will make the date June 9th. The 7th of June I have to spend at Columbia University.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Rochester, N. Y., May 4, 1899.

John W. Thompson, City:

My Dear Mr. Thompson: I have the pleasure of inclosing you a communication from Governor Roosevelt, which I know will be very pleasing to you. Please advise me if I can be of any future service in the matter.

Yours truly,

W W. ARMSTRONG.

This news was very pleasing to the chairman of the committee, as the citizens were getting impatient and tired of seeing the canvas covered statue.

The chairman proceeded to make the arrangements for the final event of June 9th. In order to get the Chamber of Commerce interested, and assist in making the day one of importance and dignity, as well as to secure the $2,000 which was still due on the monument, he called upon Mr. R. A. Sibley, president of the Chamber of Commerce, to entertain Governor Roosevelt on the occasion of his visit to the city. While Mr. Sibley had the matter under consideration it became known to many leading citizens that such a request had been made, and the rumor came near breaking up the parade. Prominent gentlemen called on Chairman Thompson and made objections to the Governor being taken to a private residence. One caller said indignantly, that the Governor wanted to be among the people and not carted off in a private carriage. Another said, "if what I have just heard is true the G. A. R. won't turn out and the school children will not march." He continued saying, you had better have the Governor go right to the square where the monument is to be unveiled, the people will come, and don't have any parade. The chairman was perplexed, and the outlook for a successful unveiling seemed dark.

Colonel James S. Graham, however, came to his rescue from the unexpected troubles. After an interview with the colonel, by appointment, Mr. Thompson met him in his office at the Postoffice, the next morning, and walked over to the office of Hon. W. W. Armstrong, where there was a conference between the three. After the case had been stated with all of its details, Senator Armstrong called these gentlemen over the telephone to meet at the Rochester Whist Club the same afternoon at 4 o'clock: Colonel N. P. Pond, Hon. A. E. Sutherland, Hon. George A. Benton, Charles U. Bastable. They were met by Hon. W. W. Armstrong, Colonel J. S. Graham, Hon. John Van Voorhis and John W. Thompson. The conference lasted two hours and a half.

Mr. Bastable acted as secretary, and was instructed to send invitations to five hundred citizens to meet in the Supervisors' rooms, Monday, June 4th, to make arrangements for the Governor's reception and raise the balance due on the monument. It was decided further that Hon. George A. Benton should be the chairman of the meeting of citizens, and Charles U. Bastable, secretary.

At the citizens' meeting, June 4th, Judge George A. Benton was unanimously elected chairman, Mr. James Fee, treasurer and Mr. Bastable, secretary. Judge Benton was authorized to appoint an executive committee of ten. It proved to be a hard task to perform satisfactory just at that time, as the political pot had just began to boil fiercely. The primaries were not to be held until September. Mr. Dewitt C. Becker, of Perinton had announced himself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer and was the choice of the Republican organization, backed by Hon. George W. Aldridge. Hon. J. B. Hamilton was also a candidate for the same position and supported by all of the anti-organization people, and many others. In appointing this committee it was extremely hard for the Judge, while he wished to appoint only those who would act, and make the committee work a success, he was accused of favoring the Aldridge faction of the Republican party, but such accusation was not well founded. He desired men on this important committee for something else other than honor. Of course all who wanted the honor could not be appointed, but those selected gave general satisfaction to the public, and at 11 o'clock June 9th we had money enough raised to pay all of the expenses of the Governor's reception and the balance due on the monument.

Hon. H. S. Greenleaf was the first treasurer appointed. He served nearly two years, but finally had to retire on account of illness. This caused much regret in the committee

and it was the opinion of many that his place could not be filled. Mr. Greenleaf was a great admirer of Mr. Douglass and was the first citizen to pledge $100 to the fund. After some time the vacancy was filled by the appointment of Hon. George A. Benton, as treasurer. The Judge accepted the position and discharged its duties faithfully, being at all times ready to confer with the chairman, and giving valuable advice, never faltering. Judge Benton served Monroe county six years as district attorney, and is now Surrogate of Monroe county, N. Y. He is an able lawyer, and one of the most prominent citizens of Rochester. The completion of the monument and its successful unveiling made Treasurer Benton one of the happiest men in the city, especially so when he could make out the check for the last $2,500 then due on the Douglass monument. When this was accomplished it was truly a great relief to all, notwithstanding the fact that the sum needed was collected in a much shorter time than is usual in the case of erecting monuments by popular contributions. When all things are considered, the accomplishment of the work in less than four years was indeed remarkable.

PROCLAMATION BY THE MAYOR.

Mayor's Office, June 7, 1899.

On Friday next will occur the ceremony of unveiling the monument erected by our citizens to Frederick Douglass.

Rochester may well cherish the memory of her great citizen. His figure stands outlined on the pages of history as one of the few great emancipators. No race or country can claim him exclusively. He was the champion of man. He fought, not in the forum or legislative hall, but before the tribunal of public opinion. No people chose him for their representative. His ideas of right and liberty were not limited by artificial lines. His was the spirit of true democracy. His career is a great text-book for citizens and statesmen.

Let us point him out to the youth of the land as one of the type of men who make offices and officers, political parties and governments. Let us point to the position he held as the highest that may be attained by a free citizen. This we may do by honoring his memory.

Much preparation has been made for the exercises to be held on Friday, and there can be no doubt but that the people will heartily co-operate. It gives me pleasure to be able to announce that his excellency, Governor Roosevelt, has consented to come here and deliver an address.

Therefore, I would respectfully request that on that day, after 12 o'clock noon, in order to fittingly celebrate the event, business will be suspended as much as possible, and that all the people assist in honoring the memory of our distinguished fellow citizen and join in showing respect to our distinguished visitor.

I would also request that the same order and good judgment be exercised by the spectators along the line of march then that contributed to the enjoyment of all on a similar occasion a short time ago.

GEORGE E. WARNER,
Mayor.