Fred. Douglas.

Mr. Douglas, thinking this was part of his education, was not alarmed, but as he looked up, his heart seemed to sink lower and lower, and a feeling of despair rose to his breast. He knew then that he was alone in the house, and that he must make his escape. He was unable to resist the temptation to attempt to extricate himself, and he was thrown into prison and exposed for sale. His master refused to sell him, however, and sent him back to his home.

The later incidents of his life, including his escape from slavery on Sept. 9, 1838, his marriage to Anna Murray, a free woman, and his efforts to help others escape slavery, are well known.

He married Susan B. Anthony in 1864 and they had two children. Anthony was a prominent figure in the women's suffrage movement and became one of the most influential leaders of the movement.

During the Civil War, Mr. Douglas served as a colonel in the Union Army and later became a prominent figure in the anti-slavery movement. He was a close friend of President Abraham Lincoln and played a key role in the passage of the 13th Amendment, which abolished slavery in the United States.

Mr. Douglas was known for his eloquence and his ability to attract large audiences. He was a regular speaker at anti-slavery conventions and his speeches were often accompanied by firm gestures and a compelling oratorical style.

After the Civil War, Mr. Douglas continued to be a prominent figure in public life, serving as a member of the New York State Assembly and later as a member of the United States House of Representatives.

He died on Feb. 20, 1881, in Washington, D.C., after a long and distinguished career. His funeral was a massive affair that drew thousands of mourners to the city's Central Park.

Mr. Douglas was a true giant of the anti-slavery movement and his influence can still be felt today. His work laid the foundation for the modern civil rights movement and his legacy continues to inspire new generations of leaders.
Mr. Douglass was driven to Washington, where he attended the sessions of the Women's Council, returning to Cedar Hill, his residence, between 5 and 6 o'clock.

After dinner he had a chat in the hallway with his wife about the doings of the council. He grew very enthusiastic in his exclamations regarding one of the events of the day when he fell upon his knees with his hands clasped.

Mrs. Douglass, thinking this part of his description, was not alarmed, but as she looked he sank lower and lower, and finally lay stretched upon the floor, breathing his last.

Steward, Mrs. Sprague.

He had attended the Women's Council and was to deliver an address — Sketch of his Life:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—Frederick Douglass, the great ex-slave statesman, died suddenly last evening at his home on Anacostia Heights, aged 78 years.

Mr. Douglass had been about the city a greater part of the day, and was in the best of spirits. In the morning Mr. Douglass was driven to Washington, accompanied by his wife.

She left him at the congressional library, and he continued to Metzler Hall, where he attended the sessions of the Women's Council, returning to Cedar Hill, his residence, between 5 and 6 o'clock.

After dinner he had a chat in the hallway with his wife about the doings of the council. He grew very enthusiastic in his exclamations regarding one of the events of the day when he fell upon his knees with his hands clasped.

Mrs. Douglass, thinking this part of his description, was not alarmed, but as she looked he sank lower and lower, and finally lay stretched upon the floor, breathing his last.

Realizing that he was ill, she raised his head, and then understood that he was dying. She was alone in the house, and dashed to the front door with cries for help.

Some men who were near by quickly responded and attempted to restore the dying man. One of them called Dr. J. Stewart Harrison, and while he was subjecting a restorative into the patient's arm Mr. Douglass passed away, seemingly without pain.

Mr. Douglass had lived for some time at Cedar Hill with his wife and one servant. He had two sons and a daughter, the children of his first wife, living here. They are Louis H. and Charles Douglass and Mrs. Sprague.

Mr. Douglass was to have delivered a lecture last night at Hilldale African Church, near his home, and was waited for by his carriage when taking to his wife. The carriage arrived just as he died.

Mrs. Douglass said that her husband had apparently been in the best of health lately, and had showed unusual vigor for one of his years.

The news of the death of Mr. Douglass was presented to the National Council of Women and rushed to the press, when calling on his wife. The carriage arrived just as he died.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

"A report as unwelcome as sad and solemn has come to us of the sudden and most unexpected death of Frederick Douglass.

The news cannot be received with silence by the council. That historic figure which individually and intellectually was the symbol of the wonderful transition through which this generation has lived, has been with us in our council during both of our sessions to-day.

When he arrived an escort was directed to conduct him to the platform. We felt that the platform was honored by his presence. I am sure there was no divided sentiment on this subject although we have here women whose families are related to all political parties of our country, and connected by ancestry with both sides of the great question.

"It is surely to be regarded as a historic coincidence that this man, who embodied a century of struggle between freedom and oppression, spent his last hours a witness of the united efforts of those who have come from so many different places and along such various avenues to formulate some plan for a new expression of freedom in the relation of women to the world, to society, and to the State."

Mr. Douglass was a regularly enrolled member of the National Woman's Suffrage Association and has always attended its conventions.

It was probable with a view to consistency in this respect that he appeared at Metzler Hall yesterday.

Although it was a secret business session of the council, Mr. Douglass was allowed to remain, and when the meeting had been called to order by Mrs. May Wright Sewall, the president of the council, she appointed Miss Susan B. Anthony and Rev. Anna H. Shaw a committee to escort him to the platform.

Mrs. Sewall presented Mr. Douglass to the council, and containing himself with a bow in response to the applause that greeted the announcement, he took a seat beside Miss Anthony, his lifelong friend. When Miss Anthony heard of Mr. Douglass' death at the evening session of the council, she was very much affected.

Miss Anthony and Mr. Douglass formed an intimate friendship when both resided in Rochester, N. Y., and that friendship has continued for many decades.

One incident in connection with their relations was recalled by Miss Anthony. During the early days of the anti-slavery agitation, Miss Anthony and her venerable associate, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, appeared at an anti-slavery meeting where Frederick Douglass was taking a prominent part.

Women were not welcome as public speakers in those days, and Mr. Douglass had agreed to read an address prepared by Mrs. Stanton. His rendition of her written remarks did not suit that lady, and, stepping forward, she took the paper from his hands with the remark:

"Here, Frederick, let me read it."

And she did so, thus marking the initiative in the appearance of women as actors in public gatherings.

Frederick Douglass was born in February, 1817, at the little village of Tuckahoe, near Easton, on the "eastern shore" of Maryland. His mother was a slave of pure negro blood, who, though a field-hand, had learned to read, but his father was a white man of aristocratic family. He was brought up a slave on the plantation of Col. Edward Lloyd, and later was a house servant of Capt. Thomas Auld, and bore in childhood the name of Frederick Bailey. He learned in secret to read and write, though it
Sorrow at Douglass's Death.

Sorrows at Douglass's Death.

IN HONOR OF DOUGLASS.

The adjournment of the lower house of the legislature of New York, an old slave state, out of respect to the memory of Frederick Douglass, is one of the signals of the same.

The legislature adopted resolutions expressing sorrow because of the death of Frederick Douglass.
In Common Council, February 23, 1895.

SPECIAL MEETING.

Ald. Morton E. Lewis, president of the Board, in the chair.


Mayor's Office.

ROCHESTER, February 23, 1895.

Theodore S. Pultzer, City Clerk.

SIR:—You will please call a special meeting of the Common Council of this city, Saturday afternoon, at 3:30 o'clock, to take such action as may be necessary to act upon the propriety of making arrangements with the funeral of the Hon. Frederick Douglass, as a special meeting of the city council, to be held to-morrow in Metropolitan A. M. B. Church. The body will be taken to the common council, where it will be received by Rev. Dr. Rankin, president of the college and beg leave to submit the following memorial and these resolutions, be sent to his family, and further, that this council adjourn.

Resolved, That this Common Council attend the funeral services in a body.

Resolved, That the family of Mr. Douglass be requested to permit his body to lie in state in the City Hall on the day of the funeral, and further, that this council adjourn.

Ald. McMullan—Moved that a committee of five members of the Council be appointed to make arrangements for the funeral of Mr. Douglass.

Carried. 

Ald. Fowke—Moved that a committee of five members of the Council be appointed to make arrangements for the funeral of Mr. Douglass, which committee do consist of Alds. Pauken, Adams, Ascham, Green and Hopkins.

On motion of Ald. Dewey the board then adjourned.

Theodore S. Pultzer, Clerk.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

This morning all that is mortal of Frederick Douglass will be brought from his home on the banks of the Potomac, to be placed at rest in the beautiful Mt. Hope cemetery, on the banks of the Genesee.

It is eminently fitting that the remains of the great apostle of human freedom should find their resting place in the city which was for so many years his home. It was here that he passed the early years of his manhood, and where the greater part of the work to which he devoted his life was accomplished. Here, before the war which resulted in the emancipation of his race in America, he toiled constantly for the cause of human freedom, and he never has quite ceased to be regarded as one of Rochester's citizens.

It cannot be said of Frederick Douglass that he was without honor in his own city, and the city in which he has honored his life will be honored as the place of his burial.

It was here that he read the immortal Proclamation of the Emancipation, and of which the stroke, broke the chains of millions of oppressed race, and made this land, the first time in truth and in deed, home to the free, and where the united and unfied form, so familiar to the people of Rochester, has fallen, and the song whose eloquence has thrilled hundreds of thousands of auditors is still, but not in vain. It was here that he was born, and here his remains shall be obliterated. They will take their place in the grave amid the rest of the sons of the ancient mother, now lying in Glenwood cemetery, to be laid beside the remains of the distinguished anti-slavery champion.

MOBILARIAL.

At his residence in Washington, February 24, 1895, Frederick Douglass, a former resident of Rochester, died, and this council have met this afternoon to honor his memory.

Frederick Douglass was born in Tourolo, Euxin, Maryland, February 14, 1817. His early boyhood was passed in slavery upon the plantation of Colonel Lloyd. When about nine years of age he was sent to school at Maryland. In September, 1828, he escaped from slavery and took up his residence in Canada, where he was first married. It was here he met Harriet Tubman, his wife, to secure her education by William Lloyd Garrison. In 1836, Mr. Douglass made a speech at an anti-slavery convention at Nantucket which brought him before the attention of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society and the society sent him to England and made him one of their agents; for them he incurred through New England and England for about five years, upon the subject which he was so eminently qualified by time and experience to break. The power of his orations and his utterance was such that it was in 1845 so made a tour of England, Scotland and Wales. He covered marked attention everywhere. Rochester was honored by his making it his home.

In 1847 and here he resided for the most part until 1870. He lived at first at Rochester, then in New York, and after 1865 in Washington, D. C.

It is the intention of Mr. Douglass' sons to disinter the remains of their mother, now lying in Glenwood cemetery, to be laid beside the remains of the distinguished anti-slavery champion.

DOUGLASS' FUNERAL.

Takes Place To-Day and Body will Reach Rochester To-Morrow Morning.

Washington, Feb. 24.—The funeral services of the late Frederick Douglass will be held to-morrow in Metropolitan A. M. B. Church, and preparations for the Funeral of Frederick Douglass. The body was taken to the church from his late residence in Anacostia early in the morning, and will lie in the church for view by the public until 3 o'clock, at which hour the services will begin. They will be conducted by Rev. J. C. Jenifer, pastor. Bishops Turner and Warman will take part, and John W. Hutchinson, the last of the famous Hutchison family of abolition singers and a life-long friend of the deceased, will sing a song. The sermon will lie preached by Dr. Rankin, president of the college and beg leave to submit the following memorial and these resolutions, be sent to his family, and further, that this council adjourn.

Resolved, That this Common Council attend the funeral services in a body.

Resolved, That the family of Mr. Douglass be requested to permit his body to lie in state in the City Hall on the day of the funeral, and further, that this council adjourn.

Ald. Pauken moved that a committee of five members of the Council be appointed to make arrangements for the funeral of Mr. Douglass.

Carried. 

Ald. Fowke—Moved that a committee of five members of the Council be appointed to make arrangements for the funeral of Mr. Douglass, which committee do consist of Alds. Pauken, Adams, Ascham, Green and Hopkins.

On motion of Ald. Dewey the board then adjourned.

Theodore S. Pultzer, Clerk.
HOFFMAN AND RAYMOND.

Remains of Mr. Douglass to Arrive
Here at 9:25 A. M., To-Day.

WILL LIE IN STATE

Eighth Separate Boys Will Act as
Guard of Honor—Services to Be Held
in the Central Church—Action of the
Monument Committee.

The body of the greatest colored man
that America has produced, a man whose
life it will never be possible to duplicate
in the United States, will be laid in its
last resting place to-day in this city,
which for over 40 years he called his home.
The demonstration that will be made
in connection with the funeral will be an
imposing one, military companies
and civic organizations having volunteered
to join it.

The body will arrive in this city
at 9:25 o'clock this morning over the North-
ern Central.

The funeral procession will form on
South Fitzhugh street with the right rest-
ing on West Main street. The procession
will form as follows:

Capitol at Rochester, four lieutenants and
forty-eight men from the police
drill corps.

Eighth Separate Company.
The Fifty-fourth Regiment at.
The Police Department.
The mayor, the committee of arrangements
and other city officials.
The honor guard, with the guard of honor on one
side.

The Douglass family as mourners.
The family, immediate relatives and friends
of the deceased.

The line of march after leaving the church
will be as follows: Through Church street to State, from State to
East Main, from East Main to South St.
Paul, from South St. Paul to Mt. Hope
avenue, and then to the cemetery.

A quartette will sing at the grave.

DOUGLASS AND LEE.

Assemblyman O'Grady Introduces a
Resolution in the Assembly.

The funeral services will be held at 2
o'clock in Central Church. Dr. H. H.
Stebbins, pastor of the church, and Rev.
Myron Astabrook, of Plymouth Church, will
make addresses. The use of Plymouth
Church for the funeral services was offered.
Mr. Douglass was a resident of the
City, and Central Church was
selected because it is the larger and more con-
veniently located. It is expected that the
services will be attended by a large crowd.
Music will be furnished by a quartette
consisting of Martin W. Bowman, George
W. Walton, Charles H. Kingsbury and W.
H. Learned. Frank N. Manderville will preside at the organ.

About 100 seats will be
reserved for the older residents
of Rochester who were acquainted with Mr.
Douglass when he was a resident of the
city.

These members of Douglass League
have been named by J. W. Thompson as the
active bearers: Charles P. Lee, William
Allen, A. H. Harris, R. J. Jeffery, L.
Kint, H. A. Speazer, F. S. Canumlin
and C. B. Lee. It was decided at the
meeting of the aldermanic committee of
arrangements held yesterday morning
to invite the following gentlemen to act as
honorary bearers: Ex-Mayors Briggs,
Bradstreet, Mrs. Fish, Clarkson, Curran and
Carroll, Congressman Van Vorhies,
Congressman Greenleaf, Jacob K. Post
and ex-Congressman having been a constant at-
and the relatives of the dead man will
also attend.

The casket containing the remains of the
deceased will be conveyed directly to the
city hall, where the body will lie in
state until 1:00 o'clock. The casket will
be placed in the main corridor near the
door leading into the ante room of the
mayor's office. The hall has been draped
with the national colors. Large flags hang
from the walls, the ceilings and the pillars.

Those who go to the hall to view
the remains will be expected to pass in at the
main entrance, take their places in the
line and pass out at the Fitzhugh
station as a mark of respect to the pupil
of Mr. Douglass who at one time
was a resident of this State and
who has been signalized by our
citizens as a former resident of this State
who has been signalized by our
citizens as a former resident of this State
who has been signalized by our
city since his arrival in this city
at 9:25 o'clock this morning over the North-
ern Central.

The funeral services will be held at 2
o'clock in Central Church. Dr. H. H.
Stebbins, pastor of the church, and Rev.
Myron Astabrook, of Plymouth Church, will
make addresses. The use of Plymouth
Church for the funeral services was offered.
Mr. Douglass was a resident of the
City, and Central Church was
selected because it is the larger and more con-
veniently located. It is expected that the
services will be attended by a large crowd.
Music will be furnished by a quartette
consisting of Martin W. Bowman, George
W. Walton, Charles H. Kingsbury and W.
H. Learned. Frank N. Manderville will preside at the organ.

About 100 seats will be
reserved for the older residents
of Rochester who were acquainted with Mr.
Douglass when he was a resident of the
city.

These members of Douglass League
have been named by J. W. Thompson as the
active bearers: Charles P. Lee, William
Allen, A. H. Harris, R. J. Jeffery, L.
Kint, H. A. Speazer, F. S. Canumlin
and C. B. Lee. It was decided at the
meeting of the aldermanic committee of
arrangements held yesterday morning
to invite the following gentlemen to act as
honorary bearers: Ex-Mayors Briggs,
Bradstreet, Mrs. Fish, Clarkson, Curran and
Carroll, Congressman Van Vorhies,
Congressman Greenleaf, Jacob K. Post
and ex-Congressman having been a constant at-
and the relatives of the dead man will
also attend.

The casket containing the remains of the
deceased will be conveyed directly to the
city hall, where the body will lie in
state until 1:00 o'clock. The casket will
be placed in the main corridor near the
door leading into the ante room of the
mayor's office. The hall has been draped
with the national colors. Large flags hang
from the walls, the ceilings and the pillars.

Those who go to the hall to view
the remains will be expected to pass in at the
main entrance, take their places in the
line and pass out at the Fitzhugh
station as a mark of respect to the pupil
of Mr. Douglass who at one time
was a resident of this State and
who has been signalized by our
city since his arrival in this city
at 9:25 o'clock this morning over the North-
ern Central.
A NOTABLE GATHERING

Many Tributes to the Worth of the Departed Orator—Floral Offerings From Haiti and From the Son of His Old Master.

Washington, Feb. 25.—Not since the unveiling of the Lincoln eulogistic statue in 1878 has there been such a popular outpouring of colored people as was witnessed in the Metropolitan African Methodist Episcopal Church, where the funeral services over the remains of Frederick Douglass took place. The body was taken from Cedar Hill, near Anacostia, the home of the deceased, at 8:30 o'clock this morning and reached the church about 9:30 o'clock. From that hour until 1:30 o'clock this afternoon thousands of persons who had come from many white people, passed in double file through the building and viewed the remains, which were in charge of a guard of honor composed of members of a colored camp of the Sons of Veterans.

When the casket was closed at 1:30 o'clock and further admittance to the general public was refused, several thousand people were assembled about the church. The large structure, capable of holding about 2,000 people, was crowded. The altar and reading desk were covered with floral tributes, the most prominent of which was a magnificent shield composed of orchids and palm, sent by the Haytiens, through Miss Hestjes. Another tribute was from B. F. Ashby, the son of Frederick Douglass's old master, who happened to be a part of the eastern police station in Baltimore.

Shortly after 2 o'clock the funeral procession entered the church headed by Rev. J. G. Jenifer, the pastor, reading the ritual. In the procession were Mrs. Douglass and the family of the deceased; Senators Sherman and Hear, Justice Harlan, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, president of the Woman's National Council; Rev. Anna H. Shaw, Mrs. Rachel Avery Foster and many others. The honorary pall bearers, who also formed part of the procession were Hon. B. K. Bruce, W. H. A. Worrell, Hon. John R. Tyler, John F. Cook, E. C. Masser, Hon. P. B. S. Pinchback, C. B. Parry, L. C. Bailey, John H. Brooks, J. H. Merwether, John R. Francis, F. J. Harbach, D. L. Pitcher, B. D. Mansfield and Hon. George W. Murray. The funeral sermon was preached by the pastor of the church. He took for his text: “Know not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?”

DEATH OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The sudden death of Frederick Douglass at his residence near Washington last evening, from heart failure, is an event that will be regarded with interest all over the world, and especially here in Rochester where deceased spent the years of his most vigorous manhood, during the period when the institution of slavery in the southern states was most arrogant and aggressive, and the opposition to it in the northern states was most bitter and uncompromising. The son of a slave woman by her white owner, Mr. Douglass was more a representative of the enslaved of the African race than of the African race. But he was identified with and stood for that race, and, his antecedents and disadvantages considered, was a worthy representative of it and its greatest man. The terms self-educated and self-made never had fitter application than in his case, as the recent death of his esteemed editor on this page attests. He became a powerful writer and eloquent orator, and all the energies of his life were devoted to the cause of the freedom and elevation of his people.

When in 1847 Mr. Douglass came to this city, which was then a residence down to the eve of the war, and found the "North Star" from a hand-press in the Talman Block on East Main street opposite Reynolds' Arcade, his status here, except in a limited anti-slavery circle of Abolitionists, was not enviable. But he to a large extent lived down the prejudice against him. His first prestige was obtained at one of the banquets then held annually in January, on Franklin's Birthday, by the printers, publishers and editors of the city. It was at the old Irving House, in Smith's Arcade, kept by a former printer named Hassell. The guests were all assembled, Alexander Mann of the Rochester American presiding. Mr. Douglass had not been invited and was not expected. But he came, nevertheless, accompanied by Frederick colored man, his associate in editing the "North Star." They were denied admission at the door, although they had procured tickets from one of the white printers in Mr. Douglass' employ. The matter was brought to the attention of Mr. Mann by Mr. Douglass, and the question of admission put to vote and carried in the affirmative. This little episode in the life of Mr. Douglass in Rochester worked greatly to his advantage. The last time that Mr. Douglass was in Rochester was on the occasion of the visit of President Harrison, members of his Cabinet, the General of the Army and other distinguished citizens and officers of the government to take part in the dedication of the soldiers' monument. Mr. Douglass was of the party and among the honored guests who sat at the round table of the breakfast served in "The Cottage" at Ontario Beach, and he chatted with a lively sense of the changes that had been wrought since the printers' banquet when he was uninvited and held up at the door on account of race and color, and considerable opposition was manifested inside to his admission, although he was an editor and publisher in good standing.

MAY 31, 1892.

THE WORLD MOVES.

The presence of our old townsmen and some contemporary of the "North Star," which he edited with distinguished ability, Frederick Douglass, as a sojourner at the Powel House, and an invited guest seated at the Presidential table near a boundary line upon which he kept a close eye at one time as an escaped slave, gives striking evidence that the word "love" works. And what added peculiar force to the incident was the fact that upon either side of him in the circle of the round table at the Lake were not merely the highest officers of the government and a number of the ablest members of Congress, but among the latter several gentlemen who were descendants of the same war officers and Confederate army in the rebellion.
THE UNION AND ADVERTISER:

LAST SERVICES

FITTING TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD STATESMAN AT CENTRAL CHURCH.

Funeral of Frederick Douglass

Attended by Thousands of Citizens This Afternoon.

Address by Rev. William C. Gannett of the First Unitarian Church—Interment at Mt. Hope.

The remains of Hon. Frederick Douglass arrived in this city at 9:40 o'clock this morning. The train which brought the body of the great colored statesman and the escort from Washington was met at Canandaigua by Alderman Adams and Ashton, and when the party arrived in this city they were joined at the station by Mayor Lewis, the members of the Common Council, Douglass League, the honorary and active bearers and a cordon of police. The Fifty-fourth Regiment Band was also present. The station was filled with a surging mass of people bowing one another in an attempt to get as near as possible to the incoming train. Although every precaution had been taken to handle the great mass of people expected to be present at the depot, it was with difficulty that Mayor Lewis and the Common Council and the remainder of the escorting party succeeded in clearing a way to the train, where the honored dead was placed in their cars.

Among those who accompanied the remains from Washington were: Mrs. Frederick Douglass, daughter; Misses Estelle and Harriet Sprague, granddaughters; and Mr. Joseph H. Douglass, grandson. Gen. John A. Reno and Prof. George W. Cook, representing the Howard Univ.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

League, the honorary and active bearers and a cordon of police. The Fifty-fourth Regiment Band was also present. The station was filled with a surging mass of people bowing one another in an attempt to get as near as possible to the incoming train. Although every precaution had been taken to handle the great mass of people expected to be present at the depot, it was with difficulty that Mayor Lewis and the Common Council and the remainder of the escorting party succeeded in clearing a way to the train, where the honored dead was placed in their cars.

Among those who accompanied the remains from Washington were: Mrs. Frederick Douglass, daughter; Misses Estelle and Harriet Sprague, granddaughters; and Mr. Joseph H. Douglass, grandson. Gen. John A. Reno and Prof. George W. Cook, representing the Howard Univ.

The honorary bearers were: Hon. H. S. Greenleaf, Hon. John Van Voorhis, R. E. Post, the Reverend J. M. Gannett, Dr. H. E. Fish, William Carroll, Charles W. Briggs and George G. Clarkson.

The exercises were directed by Superintendent of Police Cleary who was through Fitzhugh to Church street to direct the procession. The hearse, followed by the active bearers, was in line at the Church street entrance to the house of worship and the procession formed itself in line on the sidewalk. The doors of the church were propped down in front, where the remains were deposited in front of the altar. Five clock strikes were given for the family, relatives, friends and escort.

The exercises to be carried out at the church at 10 o'clock were:

Musical selection

Invocation

Rev. W. T. Taylor

Healing of Scriptures

Dr. Wesley A. Ely of St. John's Church

Selection Central Church Choir

Prayer and benediction

Rev. Dr. H. H. Stebbins of Central Church

The streets in the neighborhood of the church were crowded with people desiring to make their way toward the house of worship in which the final services over the remains of the great leader were being held. At the church the crowd was so dense that the guard of eight policemen had to be doubled.

Inside the church the lower floors and galleries were filled to overtoppment, an available inch of standing room was taken up. The distance was even ordered and every word of the services over the remains of the great man whose mortal body we are this day to bury in the earth, who didst cast his lot—only Thou canst teach us.

A guard of honor composed of four members of the Eighth Separate Company, a corporal and four officers of the Fifty-fourth Regiment Band, with a bugle player, was placed over the remains at the City Hall.

The relatives and friends of the deceased were at the church and their presence was very orderly and every word of the exercises from the pulpit could be heard distinctly.

After the selection by the male quartette of the church, Rev. W. T. Taylor of Brick Presbyterian Church delivered the Invocation, as follows:

Unto thee, O Lord, do we lift up our souls.

We are in the presence of a dread reality and a solemn mystery—the reality and the mystery of death.

But we are also face to face with a greater reality and a greater mystery—of a human life that was full of divine goodness, divine feeling and divine power. Only Thou, O Lord, dost know the life of the great statesman and bear witness all month over the story to one that love him and to one that love and sorrow for him. His story is the story of a soul in Thine own image and share with Thee.

A selection from the Scriptures was then read by Rev. Dr. Wesley A. Ely of Zion Church, followed by an eloquent address on the life and teachings of the great statesman by Miss Mary Anthony, Rev. Dr. William C. Gannett also delivered an address.
Apply Thy balm of consolation to the
wife and family of Thy deceased servant.
Comfort them and provide for them this
evening.

We thank Thee for the safe conduct, thus
far, of these precious remains. Attend
them to the resting place, where we shall
gratefully and sacrificially cherish them.
Bless our city. Into our municipal life may
draw here enter all and such admistra-
tion as shall make us an upright, good
and contented and united community.
Let our love and gratitude and our
praise reach to the throne of God.

Dr. Stebbins said:

"In what better way could the ci-
tizens of Boston display their love and
loyalty to the prominent of true patriot-
ism than that of decorating Bunker Hill?
This is the national monument, and
the pomp and splendor with which the city
of Rochester received and attended the re-
mains of Douglass strikes a death blow to
the giant curse prejudice. 'A man is a
man for a' that. He needs no monu-
ment to commemorate his deeds. His
achievements are indelibly stamped upon
the tablets of our memory and long
through the undying ages will his words
come echoing down the corridors of time.
Peace to his ashes.'"

Rev. Dr. Williams then spoke of the
good qualities of the late orator and
speaker. As his memory as that of
Dr. Garrison, orator and speaker. As his
memory as that of

Dr. Morse, Jr., Benjamin Simms, Henry Wil-
liams, and W. J. Smith, who reported as
his rememberance a series
of appropriate resolutions, one of which
provides for the purchase of a portrait
of Douglass, to be hung in the rooms of
the union.

Douglass Memorial Services.
Boston, Feb. 24.—At the Unitarian Benevo-
rent Fraternity of the churches on Bulfinch
street tonight, memorial services were held
in honor of the late Frederick Douglass.
The speakers were William Lloyd Garrison,
Herman Melville, and Dr. H. C. Turner.
Mr. Garrison gave a brief outline of Mr.
Douglass's early life, how he escaped from
the chains of slavery and in a short time
made his first speech on the anti-slavery ques-
tion. He described his visit to this city
to Europe.
Memorial Services Held in Two Churches of the City.


Sermon at Cornhill Methodist Church in Which Tribute is Paid the Dead Statesman.

Rev. A. W. Hayes spoke on "Frederick Douglass; His Relations to Freedom, Popular Education and Religion," at Asbury Church last evening. Mr. Hayes took his text from Isaiah li., 14, as follows: "The captive exile hasteneth to the hill of the daughter of Judah in the land of Egypt, to tell the good news of his people, to say among the heathen "He is coming back to Rochester to be buried." While we may glory in our valley and the river that, like a silver ribbon, threads itself among the trees; while we are proud of the falls in their slumbering power; while we may point with pride to institutions of learning and to the memories of public benefactors, I do not know of a name, a man or a woman, that should receive a higher token of respect than the body of that man which is to arrive on Tuesday. In bringing flowers to place on his last resting place we shall do ourselves honor."

"In conclusion Mr. Hayes said that he was glad to see that the city officials wished the remains of the father buried in consecrated ground and not on the property of the church, where the remains of the daughter, who had died of a broken heart, were refused a resting place."

"A memorial service in honor of the late Frederick Douglass, was observed at Corn Hill Methodist Church last evening. The pastor, Rev. Elizah Heding, preach an Interesting sermon on the life of Douglass and his efforts toward the emancipation of his race."
WEDNESDAY, February 27, 1895.

The Democrat and Chronicle yesterday published an account of the preliminary arrangements for the funeral, including a list of the bodies and of the committee having charge of the arrangements.

Of this committee, Aldermen Adams and Ashton went to Canandaigua to meet the train, and accompanied the funeral party to Rochester. At the station the party was met by the waiting gatherings that has ever awaited the arrival of the remains of a private citizen. The mayor and the council were there; the Douglass League, a guard of honor from the Eighth Separate Company, and committees from several municipal and other organizations, but, most impressive of all, was the crowd. The people were there and that showed, beyond the shadow of a doubt, what the people thought. The crowd, like all the crowds, at every gathering place throughout the day, was representative in the highest sense. It included the leading citizens and profession of the community; gray-haired citizens, whose life in Rochester dates to the older time when Douglass was born, and colored children of the present time, and all the classes that intervene in age and character. This crowd filled the station and its approaches so that it was difficult for those directly connected with the ceremony of reception to make their way to the train.

The party that accompanied the body of the orator from Washington consisted, in part, of Mrs. Frederick Douglass, widow of the celebrated statesman; Moses, Lewis H. and Charles R. Douglass, sons; Mrs. R. A. Dickens, daughter, Misses Estelle and Harriet Sprague, granddaughters, and Joseph H. Douglass, grandson. General John A. Elson and Professor George W. Cook represented the Howard University, were also present, and Rev. J. H. Chichester of Asbury Church, Washington. General Elson is an ex-commissioner of education.

As the passenges alighted from the train and moved out of the station the crowd surged in with so much determination that it was necessary to use a great force of police to keep on line on hand to do could all the necessary process. While it moved, the Fifth Regiment band, usually played for the funeral march, and after the casket was placed in the hearse, the march to the Seventh Avenue, Clinton street, East and West Main streets and the Fifzth street, was begun. First came the Fifth Regiment band, then the cortege containing the committee of the city council and the remaining members of that body, then the honorary bearers, and the active bearers; then the hearse, under the escort of the Douglas League, followed by other carriages containing friends and relatives.

The cortege reached the city hall by way of Church street, and the casket was placed at the central point of the floor, where the main and transverse halls unite. The interior of the building was draped with emblems of mourning and a profusion of flags, the latter predominating.

There was a profusion of flowers and palms and the effect was beautiful in the extreme.

At the city hall, the custody of the body was given over to the hands of the surviving trustees of the Eighth Separate Company, under command of a corporal and four privates, and permitted the police department, commanded by a lieutenant.

There is a last statement of one of the most impressive scenes that has ever been seen in Rochester. All along the line of march the streets were thronged and the crowd stood with bowed head, and in silence, as it passed; then as though the crowd consented the people fell into line and turned with the waiting multitude in looking upon the face of the dead. Although every one was looking, no one was looking. The movements of the crowd it remained undiminished, so far as any one could see, undiminished, so far as any one could see, until they moved, and there was the same evidence of sorrow and respect.

The family and immediate friends of Mr. Douglass were taken to the Powers Hotel, where they rested, dined and remained until after the time to move to the church.

The time came for the ceremonies at the church, it was necessary to go to a way to the casket and to clear the building. The funeral march was formed on the Fifth street with the right resting on the West Main street and was, perhaps, the most impressive that ever took place in this city to march so short a distance. It was as follows:

Captains McDonald, four lieutenants and forty-eight men from the police drill corps, Fifth Separate Company, commanded by Captain Anderson, 60 men. Mayor Lewis and members of the common council, including committee.

The hearse, followed by the active bearers, honorary bearers and Douglass League, as an escort.

The family, relatives and friends of the deceased.

The active bearers were the following members of Douglas League: Charles J. Jeffrey, R. P. Lee, William Allen, A. H. Harris, E. B. Gordon, ex-Mayor Henry L. Fish, William Cardwell; Gen. Spence, F. S. Cunningham and C. B. Lee.

The honorary bearers were: Hon. B. S. Greenway, Hon. E. Shafer, Rev. T. K. Post, William Oliver, E. A. Frost, and ex-Mayor Henry L. Fish, William Cardwell and Charles W. Briggs.

The line of march as directed by Superintendent of Police Cloyer was through Fifth to Church street to the Central Church. The policemen formed in line at the Church street entrance to the house of worship and procession entered at the side and marched down in front of the remains were deposited in front of the altar. Five hundred wreaths were reserved for the family, relatives, friends and the active bearers.

The procession moved by way of Pitts-burgh street, West Main street and Sophia street to the last arched, the detail of the guard of honor accompanying the coffin of the dead orator to the church, while the front was held by the company at large.

Long before the procession reached the city, all the seats in the great auditorium were occupied. At the time when the immediate friends of Mr. Douglass, were being seated, there was a profusion of flags and other admission, but could not do so. The casket was placed in front of the platform.

Central Library of Rochester and Monroe County · Historic Scrapbooks Collection
America the inspiring example of a man who made himself. America is the land of opportunities. But not all men in this land can use all opportunities. There was a man who used to the utmost all the opportunities that America held forth to man and when opportunity was not hard he made them. Nature gave him birth, nature deprived him of father and mother, the world held him seven years, eight years, forty years before anti-slavery was heard of as a watchword.

That was a time when the voice of the world was weak and faint. That was a time when the North was thrown in the dark and the cold. There will be days of victory and days of history.

The contrast! Who ever needed to be a man? Who ever needed to be a great man? Who ever needed to be a man self-made but large hearted. Who ever needed to be a greater man more than Frederick Douglass? Think of the chronic results for every word of freedom, for every word of life! Those words became the voice of man. Those words made up the language of man.

Douglass became an American Citizen; he became a great man. Douglass became the honored guest in all the North; Douglass became a part of the country's history.

"It is not simply a self-made man, although he was one of the greatest, a man self-made but large hearted. Who ever had better opportunity to be great hearted? Who ever needed to be a greater hearted man more than Frederick Douglass? Think of the chronic results for every word of freedom, for every word of life! Those words became the voice of man. Those words made up the language of man. Those words became the voice of the world. Those words became the voice of America."

Mr. Douglass has a disciple. He is a great disciple and a great man.

"The king himself was offered for sale, and the king was sold. A great man was offered for sale, and the king himself was sold."

Douglass came into the world with a great voice. He has kept his voice. He has kept his principles. He has never changed his principles. He has kept his voice. He has kept his voice. He has kept his voice. He has kept his voice. He has kept his voice.
The complete report of the funeral of Frederick Douglass was given in the Daily Union, and the incidents are still fresh in the public mind. It is therefore not necessary in this article to go into such details. Presented herewith are some particulars which will bring to the minds of many people the conditions that existed in regard to slavery during the fifties. The old home of the late Amy Post, a champion of liberty who succored the fugitives on their way to freedom, will be recognized by many. His name was a familiar one on every street with solemn steps and slow.

There is an old proverb about a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. But this threadbare statement is not true when applied to the name of Frederick Douglass. Last Tuesday Rochester put on her mourning suit for one of its most honored and representative men, the honorable Fredrick Douglass, slave, orator, editor and statesman. Rochester sincerely mourned the end of this great man, who perished prodigious feats of intellect and who was the shining light of his race. His name was a familiar one on Spring street for drinking water from the farmer's well on the premises now occupied by Dr. Moore. He is now confined to his room by sickness; truly an overworked man. His contribution to a mourning paper contained many incidents in the life of Douglass while we were with him, and as far as either of us was concerned, columns of reminiscences concerning him. I could not help but notice the contrast between when he delivered a great speech at the unveiling of our soldiers' monument three years ago and the immense crowd of people who came to see and hear the 'silver-tongued' orator—the occasion drawing the largest crowd ever seen in our city—and the summer of 1852, when his eyes happened to fall on his old office boy. Excusing himself in his usual polite and affable manner, he said, "I have a copy of his paper, 1857, also two letters, which I cherish as souvenirs, for I would take not a lift out of this office to part with them. But a large dry goods box was taken to Washington Square, where he held a crowd for over two hours and made one of his most brilliant speeches."

THE DOUGLASS FUNERAL—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

W. H. Atkinson of this Hawaiian department and was surrounded by a crowd of his admirers who were loudly expressing their sympathy at the phenomenon. When his eyes happened to fall on his old office boy, Mr. Oliver saw him at the Chicago newsboy's Fair. He didn't know the Hawaiian department and was surrounded by a crowd of his admirers who were loudly expressing their sympathy. It was a befitting ceremony and one that will long be remembered.

The words of highest praise were uttered over his bier, the sincerest eulogiums spoken by the best known citizens. It was a bethelizing ceremony and one that will long be remembered.

"The boy I selected to succeed me in the office was in after years Monroe county's efficient and popular county clerk. He is now confined to his room by sickness; truly an overworked man. His contribution to a mourning paper contained many incidents in the life of Douglass while we were with him, and as far as either of us was concerned, columns of reminiscences concerning him. I could not help but notice the contrast between when he delivered a great speech at the unveiling of our soldiers' monument three years ago and the immense crowd of people who came to see and hear the 'silver-tongued' orator—the occasion drawing the largest crowd ever seen in our city—and the summer of 1852, when his eyes happened to fall on his old office boy. Excusing himself in his usual polite and affable manner, he said, "I have a copy of his paper, 1857, also two letters, which I cherish as souvenirs, for I would take not a lift out of this office to part with them. But a large dry goods box was taken to Washington Square, where he held a crowd for over two hours and made one of his most brilliant speeches."

"I have a copy of his paper, 1857, also two letters, which I cherish as souvenirs, for I would take not a lift out of this office to part with them. But a large dry goods box was taken to Washington Square, where he held a crowd for over two hours and made one of his most brilliant speeches."

"As my friend and fellow apprentice I have a copy of his paper, 1857, also two letters, which I cherish as souvenirs, for I would take not a lift out of this office to part with them. But a large dry goods box was taken to Washington Square, where he held a crowd for over two hours and made one of his most brilliant speeches."

"Mr. Oliver saw him at the Chicago newsboy's Fair. He didn't know the Hawaiian department and was surrounded by a crowd of his admirers who were loudly expressing their sympathy at the phenomenon. It was a befitting ceremony and one that will long be remembered."

"There is an old proverb about a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. But this threadbare statement is not true when applied to the name of Frederick Douglass. Last Tuesday Rochester put on her mourning suit for one of its most honored and representative men, the honorable Fredrick Douglass, slave, orator, editor and statesman. Rochester sincerely mourned the end of this great man, who perished prodigious feats of intellect and who was the shining light of his race. His name was a familiar one on every street with solemn steps and slow.

The complete report of the funeral of Frederick Douglass was given in the Daily Union, and the incidents are still fresh in the public mind. It is therefore not necessary in this article to go into such details. Presented herewith are some particulars which will bring to the minds of many people the conditions that existed in regard to slavery during the fifties. The old home of the late Amy Post, a champion of liberty who succored the fugitives on their way to freedom, will be recognized by many. His name was a familiar one on Spring street for drinking water from the farmer's well on the premises now occupied by Dr. Moore. He is now confined to his room by sickness; truly an overworked man. His contribution to a mourning paper contained many incidents in the life of Douglass while we were with him, and as far as either of us was concerned, columns of reminiscences concerning him. I could not help but notice the contrast between when he delivered a great speech at the unveiling of our soldiers' monument three years ago and the immense crowd of people who came to see and hear the 'silver-tongued' orator—the occasion drawing the largest crowd ever seen in our city—and the summer of 1852, when his eyes happened to fall on his old office boy. Excusing himself in his usual polite and affable manner, he said, "I have a copy of his paper, 1857, also two letters, which I cherish as souvenirs, for I would take not a lift out of this office to part with them. But a large dry goods box was taken to Washington Square, where he held a crowd for over two hours and made one of his most brilliant speeches."

"There is an old proverb about a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. But this threadbare statement is not true when applied to the name of Frederick Douglass. Last Tuesday Rochester put on her mourning suit for one of its most honored and representative men, the honorable Fredrick Douglass, slave, orator, editor and statesman. Rochester sincerely mourned the end of this great man, who perished prodigious feats of intellect and who was the shining light of his race. His name was a familiar one on every street with solemn steps and slow.

The complete report of the funeral of Frederick Douglass was given in the Daily Union, and the incidents are still fresh in the public mind. It is therefore not necessary in this article to go into such details. Presented herewith are some particulars which will bring to the minds of many people the conditions that existed in regard to slavery during the fifties. The old home of the late Amy Post, a champion of liberty who succored the fugitives on their way to freedom, will be recognized by many. His name was a familiar one on Spring street for drinking water from the farmer's well on the premises now occupied by Dr. Moore. He is now confined to his room by sickness; truly an overworked man. His contribution to a mourning paper contained many incidents in the life of Douglass while we were with him, and as far as either of us was concerned, columns of reminiscences concerning him. I could not help but notice the contrast between when he delivered a great speech at the unveiling of our soldiers' monument three years ago and the immense crowd of people who came to see and hear the 'silver-tongued' orator—the occasion drawing the largest crowd ever seen in our city—and the summer of 1852, when his eyes happened to fall on his old office boy. Excusing himself in his usual polite and affable manner, he said, "I have a copy of his paper, 1857, also two letters, which I cherish as souvenirs, for I would take not a lift out of this office to part with them. But a large dry goods box was taken to Washington Square, where he held a crowd for over two hours and made one of his most brilliant speeches."

"There is an old proverb about a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. But this threadbare statement is not true when applied to the name of Frederick Douglass. Last Tuesday Rochester put on her mourning suit for one of its most honored and representative men, the honorable Fredrick Douglass, slave, orator, editor and statesman. Rochester sincerely mourned the end of this great man, who perished prodigious feats of intellect and who was the shining light of his race. His name was a familiar one on every street with solemn steps and slow.

The complete report of the funeral of Frederick Douglass was given in the Daily Union, and the incidents are still fresh in the public mind. It is therefore not necessary in this article to go into such details. Presented herewith are some particulars which will bring to the minds of many people the conditions that existed in regard to slavery during the fifties. The old home of the late Amy Post, a champion of liberty who succored the fugitives on their way to freedom, will be recognized by many. His name was a familiar one on Spring street for drinking water from the farmer's well on the premises now occupied by Dr. Moore. He is now confined to his room by sickness; truly an overworked man. His contribution to a mourning paper contained many incidents in the life of Douglass while we were with him, and as far as either of us was concerned, columns of reminiscences concerning him. I could not help but notice the contrast between when he delivered a great speech at the unveiling of our soldiers' monument three years ago and the immense crowd of people who came to see and hear the 'silver-tongued' orator—the occasion drawing the largest crowd ever seen in our city—and the summer of 1852, when his eyes happened to fall on his old office boy. Excusing himself in his usual polite and affable manner, he said, "I have a copy of his paper, 1857, also two letters, which I cherish as souvenirs, for I would take not a lift out of this office to part with them. But a large dry goods box was taken to Washington Square, where he held a crowd for over two hours and made one of his most brilliant speeches."

"There is an old proverb about a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. But this threadbare statement is not true when applied to the name of Frederick Douglass. Last Tuesday Rochester put on her mourning suit for one of its most honored and representative men, the honorable Fredrick Douglass, slave, orator, editor and statesman. Rochester sincerely mourned the end of this great man, who perished prodigious feats of intellect and who was the shining light of his race. His name was a familiar one on every street with solemn steps and slow.
boy who was not ashamed to work for a "nigger." Truly a great man has gone, and in placing a wreath upon the bier of Douglass our city has added fresh laurels to its fame and a fitting recognition in honor of the ex-slave. And no bronze statue will be needed to keep his name fresh in the minds of the whole civilized world, and thousands who visit our beautiful Mt. Hope will seek his last resting-place under the shadow of its grand oaks and drop a silent tear on the grave of our departed friend. May he rest in peace."

"Truly it may be said that time has wrought great changes since the days of slavery, when, on the announcement of Douglass' death, a colored member of Assembly introduced a resolution that an adjournment be taken as a mark of respect. It was carried by a vote of 34 yees and 20 nays."

An interesting picture at this time is that of the colonel of the regiment to which two of Frederick Douglass' sons belonged during the war. Major F. S. Cunningham of this city was a member of the company of which one of the Douglass boys was orderly sergeant. In speaking of old army days, Major Cunningham related the fact that the gallant colonel of this regiment lost his life in battle, his corpse being found buried beneath a pyramid of his colored soldiers.

The picture of Amy Post in connection with this brief reference to Fred Douglass will be appreciated by her numerous friends in Rochester and vicinity. She was indeed a great friend of the colored race and made many sacrifices in the cause of emancipation.

The following extract from a lecture on slavery delivered in Rochester will serve to illustrate the dead statesman's style of oratory:

"More than twenty years of my life were consumed in a state of slavery. My childhood was environed by the baleful peculiarities of the slave system. I grew up to manhood in the presence of this hydra-headed monster—not as a master—not as an idle spectator—not as the guest of the slaveholder—but as a slave, eating the bread and drinking the cup of slavery with the most degraded of my brother bondmen, and sharing with them all the painful conditions of their wretched lot. In consideration of these facts I feel that I have a right to speak, and to speak strongly. Yet, my friends, I feel bound to speak truly. Goading as have been the cruelties to which I have been subjected, bitter as have been the trials through which I have passed, exasperating as have been, and still are, the indignities offered to my manhood, I find in them no excuse for the slightest departure from truth in dealing with any branch of this subject.

"There is a still deeper shade to be given to this picture. The physical cruelties are indeed sufficiently harassing and revolting, but they are as a few grains of sand on the sea shore, or a few drops of water in the great ocean, compared with the stupendous wrong which it inflicts upon the mental, moral and religious nature of its hapless victims.

"It is only when one contemplates the slave as a moral and intellectual being that we can adequately comprehend the unparalleled enormity of slavery, and the intense criminality of the slaveholder. I have said that the slave was a man. 'What a piece of work is man! How noble his reason! How infinite his soul! How like an angel! In apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!' "

Photo by W. H. Denio of Kodak Exchange.
THE DOUGLASS FUNERAL— IN FRONT OF THE CENTRAL CHURCH.

THE DOUGLASS FUNERAL.— LOOKING DOWN CHURCH STREET.

WANT A "DOUGLASS PARK."

The Statue Committee Petitions For a Change in the Name of Highland Park.

The Douglass statue and monument committee met in the mayor's office last night, and adopted resolutions on the death of Mr. Douglass. Embodied in the resolutions was a suggestion that the name of what is now known as Highland park be changed to Douglass park. Hon. H. S. Greenhaf was chairman of the meeting and H. A. Spence secretary. On motion of Charles P. Lee a sub committee was appointed to fix a date for a memorial service to Mr. Douglass to be held next month. John W. Thompson said that Professor Abercombie had volunteered to give a concert next month for the benefit of the monument fund. A call will probably be issued for a public meeting to be held in the near future.

The resolutions on Mr. Douglass's death were as follows:

Resolved, That in the death of the Em- Frederick Douglass, this city sustained the loss of an eminent citizen, whose life and services in behalf of human rights, will remain a monument in the history of the nineteenth century. His earlier struggles for equality and humanity were combined with personal success and honorable career, combined as they were with strict integrity, inspired by unyielding zeal for his life's mission in behalf of his race, commanding for him, as citizen, patriot, humanitarian and statesman, the respect and admiration of the civilized world, unite to render him one of the unique characters in history.

We deem it appropriate that in our city, where he built his first home as a freeman, he should find his last resting place, and that his name and race should be performed over his mortal remains, by interment in the same fair city of the dead where repose so many of his former compatriots. Recalling the fact that his home in our city commanded a view of Mt. Hope and of the adjacent grounds, now known as Highland Park, we would respectfully suggest to the honorable, the common council, and to the board of park commissioners of Rochester, that appropriate action be taken to change the name of that park to Douglass Park, and that we hereby request the cooperation of all to the end that at the earliest practicable date, a life size or heroic statue of the distinguished fellow citizen, whose death is so generally deplored, but whose memory we will ever honor, be erected on the loftiest spot therein.

Resolved, That we will attend the funeral of the deceased as a body. Resolved, That we tender the family of the deceased, dwelling in the shadow of their great sorrow, our heartfelt sympathy. Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be communicated to the honorable, the common council, and to the board of park commissioners of Rochester.

H. S. Greenleaf, C. S. Beeler, George A. Reynolds, John W. Thompson, Henry A. Spencer and Charles P. Lee, committee.

A Douglass Memorial.

The ladies of the Woman's Society of the First Unitarian Church, tendered a reception to the Unity Club and other members of the church last evening. The reception finally resolved itself into a Douglass memorial and a number of addresses were delivered by people who had known the eminent colored man, on his life and works. Mrs. Blackall, and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Blackall, who were intimate with Mr. Douglass, gave a long talk on his habits. Other speakers were Miss Mary Anthony, ex-Mayor Clarkson, Daniel M. Anthony, Dr. Porter Farley, W. H. Bevis and Del. Crittenden.
Recollections of Douglass During the Fierce Abolition Struggle.

Correspondence of the Democrat and Chronicle
Chili, N. Y., Feb. 25—H. K. Fisher, one of the oldest residents of this place and vicinity, relates the following incidents concerning Frederick Douglass:

"The death of Frederick Douglass calls to mind the first time I heard him speak. It was in the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Cambridge, N. J., the other churches being closed against abolitionists in those days. Slavery, he said, was called the peculiar institution of the South, and so it is sure enough. You go into the parlors and you will see the daughters of the master arrayed in silk and satin and in the kitchen you will observe the same features under a tasteful shade of darkness. It was a speech which for wit and sarcasm was hard to be excelled. Ash Grove, my native school district, was not only famous in the early history of Methodism containing the tomb of Embury and the first church of the denomination north of New York, but also as being a settlement of Scotch Presbyterians from the north of Ireland, who were all noted abolitionists in those days, many of them keeping stations on the underground railroad. Numerous runaway slaves from Virginia and Maryland passed through Ash Grove on their way to Vermont, and from there to Canada as the district was only five miles from the Vermont line.

"With such surroundings I early became an abolitionist, and when I arrived at man's estate harbored under my own roof fugitive slaves from Maryland even after, and in defiance of the infamous fugitive slave law. Ash Grove was noted not only as an abolition hole, so termed by way of reproach, but was famous for miles around for its debating school, held during the winter for many years. Among questions I recall 'Was all mankind destined from Adam?' 'Was Bonaparte's Career Beneficial to Europe?' 'Which was the Greatest Benefactor, Columbus or Washington?' 'Which Most Desirable, a Single or Married State?' and many others; but the great question was that of slavery, especially the rescinding of that notorious fugitive slave law, and the abolition of the peculiar institution in the District of Columbia over which congress had exclusive jurisdiction: exclusion of slavery from the territories.

"All classes took part in these debates and decisions were not arrived at in a single evening. The leaders of the anti-slavery hosts were Chauncey Whitney, a merchant from the village, who had been a sea captain, and had come in contact with slavery in its worst forms in the West Indies, and in the Southern states; associated with him was John Jamison, a runaway slave from Maryland, black as the ace of spades, and perhaps excepting Douglass, the finest colored orator I ever heard speak. The standard bearer of the pro-slavery legions was a shoemaker named Gustavus Monroe, a native of the Old Dominion, a regular fire-eater, but a polished speaker and courteous in debate. His associate was our school teacher who in his speech made a sneering allusion to the negro race. This called out Jamison in reply. Said he, 'I am, not to blame An being born' black no more than I would be born a cripple. For aught I know our creator may have had a fancy in making men of different colors as in the rainbow, the flowers of the field and the landscape. All the difference that I can see between my opponent and myself is he was born a white baby and I was born a black one, he was spanked and I was spanked, he squalled and I squalled.' Such a shout as went up when Jamison sat down I never before heard. Immediately after the passage of the fugitive slave law he left our place for Canada."
MISS ANTHONY'S DETERMINATION

She Will Not Retire to Private Life Till She Has To.

A dispatch from Ashtabula says: "Susan B. Anthony was seen here to-day in regard to a dispatch stating that she would retire from public life. She denies the statement and says she has devoted the best part of her life to the uplifting of her sex, and does not now purpose to abandon the work. She is 76 years old and enjoying excellent health, physically and mentally, and says she expects to remain in harness until, like the wonderful one horse shay, "she goes to pieces all at once."
It is not likely that there lives in the city to-day any one who knew the late Fred Douglass more intimately than did William Oliver, the ex-county clerk. In speaking of Mr. Douglass and his life in Rochester yesterday, Mr. Oliver said:

"In the year 1851 I entered the employ of Mr. Douglass to learn the printer's trade, first doing the general chores and acting as carrier boy. The office was located in the Tallyman block, opposite Reynolds's arcade, two flights up over Edwin Scranton's auction store. Mr. Douglass's first foreman was the late James Vick, the celebrated seedsman, succeeded by a Mr. Dick, and then by William H. Clough, who was foreman when I commenced work. The paper was first called The North Star, with a cut of a runaway darkey, having a bundle on his back, and guided on his way to freedom by keeping his eye on the North star. After your years publication under that name, it was changed to Frederick Douglass's Paper. At first the paper was worked off by hand on a press owned by Mr. Douglass, but afterwards the Jerome...\"
and many 'licking' and stoning I received when going on my weekly round in the colored race in those days was intense, general manager. American at that time, the former as foreman of the job room, and the latter as work. The late John E. Morey and Lorenzo Kelly were both employed on the paper. "Shortly after the commencement of the publication of the paper," continued Mr. Oliver, "two English ladies, sisters, came over and aided Mr. Douglass in the new enterprise. Their names were Griffiths, and were true blue abolitionists and ladies of means and education. They lived in the family of Mr. Douglass, causing much criticism. One of the sisters married Mr. Dick, Douglass's second foreman, afterwards removing to Toronto. The other sister, Julia, remained with Mr. Douglass until the abolition of slavery was or was about to be accomplished, and then returned to England, where she afterwards married a clergyman named Croft. I think she is alive to-day. She was a shrewd business woman, and of great assistance to Mr. Douglass in managing his finances and assisting in editing and mailing the paper. The paper never was a financial success, and was a constant drain on Mr. Douglass's private purse. Through Miss Julia Griffiths's exertions donations were frequently obtained from anti-slavery people to help it along. It never had an edition of over 1,500.

While I was foreman, all his sons, Louis H., Fred, and Charley, learned to set type in the office. They were bright boys. Young Fred was a great ball player and fond of outdoor sports. He died in Washington several years ago, and is buried there. Charley has a son, who has developed into a first-class musician, and was the pride of his grandfather. The last time I saw Charley was when he was marching as captain at the head of a fine-looking colored military company at Washington on the occasion of Garfield's inauguration. Rose, the daughter, afterwards Mrs. Sprague, was a well-educated girl and a perfect lady. The first Mrs. Douglass was a motherly woman, her great delight being in attending to her household duties and making home pleasant. I knew them all well.

"I remember one day Mr. Douglass came into the office and danced a breakdown, and he could use his feet pretty well, I tell you. Upon asking the cause of his feeling so good, his reply was: 'Well, William, I ought to feel good; just twenty-one years ago to-day, with my pack on my back and the North star as my guide, I made a break for liberty.' He could also manipulate the violin to perfection.

"The outbreak at Harper's Ferry took place, if I remember, on the 16th of October, 1859. Previous to this, old John Brown had been a guest of Douglass, was often in the office, and I got familiar with the stern old Covenanter, of course, but knowing the man's previous history and his dare-devil nature, I suspected that he was moldering plans of some desperate nature. The final result has gone into history, and I think 'Old Ossawattamie's' failure and execution was the enterprising wedge looking to the downfall of American slavery.

"Although it was well known that Mr. Douglasses tried to dissuade Brown from engaging in such a fool-hardy undertaking, Governor Wise, of Virginia, thought otherwise, and a requisition was issued for his arrest. The late Henry R. Selden, a neighbor of Douglasses, informed him that an officer was getting out the necessary papers for his return to Virginia, and advised him by all means to leave the country in order to avoid a riot if an attempt was made to place him in the hands of the irascible governor. Douglass, after consulting other friends, left for Clifton, Ontario, and then went to Montreal and took a steamer for England. While at Clifton, I visited him twice, taking his letters to him, and arranged matters looking to the publication of the paper during his enforced absence. Miss Julia Griffiths ran the finances, and I kept up the mechanical end.

"An irreparable loss happened June 2, 1872, when his residence on South avenue was burned, destroying twelve volumes of the paper from 1848 to 1869. They were never replaced complete, although some friend in Saoo, Me, supplied him with two volumes.

"Among the contributors to his paper were Garrett Smith, Dr. J. E. MacCurrie Smith (Communipaw), William J. Watkins, Miss Julia Griffiths, Miss Porter and others. Charles Dickens's 'Bleak House' was published in the paper, a chapter appearing every week, taking a long time to finish it. Thomas Conwell of the Union office set up the matter. Besides Mr. Conwell, William H. Atkinson and Frank Alexander were printers in the office.

"Mr. Douglasses's manuscript was rather cramped, but easily read when one got used to it. He was very prolific in changing words and sentences in the proof, or, as the printers call it, 'a. f. c.' Always kind and affable, he was beloved by every one who enjoyed his acquaintance. I know, for I worked for him ten years.

"Mr. Douglasses's office," continued Mr. Oliver, "was the last station on the underground railroad on this side of the line. On the arrival of a runaway, a quiet tip was given Isaac Post, William S. Falls, E. C. Williams and others around the Four Corners, and the unfortunate was sent on his way rejoicing either to St. Louis by rail, or by boat to Port Huron.
THE UNION AND ADVERTISER.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEB. 21, 1865.

DOUGLASS DEAD.

The Great Anti-Slavery Advocate’s Life in Rochester.

Anecdotes of the Distinguished Colored Man—His Zealots Friends in This City and His Early Struggles.

Among his friends and supporters in the city were: Mrs. Murray, Mr. Wash, Isaac and Amy Post, William Halloweit, William S. Parks, Samuel D. Porter, William C. Bliss, Benjamin Fish, Abby Tho, Grove, Nelson Hoft-Wood, Joseph Marsh, E. C. Williams, George A. Avery, John Kelso, Thomas James and Benjamin Prince.

During the earlier months of his resi- dence in the city Mr. Douglass lived on Alexander street, a far from fashionable avenue. Later he removed to South avenue, on the hill approaching what is now Highland park. Here John A. D. Lewis laid his plans for the Harper’s Ferry raid which cost him his life. Here also was the last meeting of a section of the underground railroad from Baltimore and Mr. Douglass as the Rochester agent cared for the escaping slaves until they were passed on to safety at St. Catharines across the lake.

At the funeral exercises held in this city after the death of Lincoln the principal speaker was Mr. Douglass, and his effort on that occasion was one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard in this city. In 1872 his house, together with the files of his newspaper and private documents, was burned, and he soon after went to Washington, which was his home at the time of his death. The first Mrs. Douglass who was a colored woman, died some years before this. During Mr. Douglass residence here Miss Pitts, a white woman and the daughter of a farmer of Honeoye, On- tario county. The family was promptly identified with the Abolition movement, and it was this family which gave its name to Pittsford.

James K. Polk designated the citizens who remember Mr. Douglass most vividly. In 1842 the great colored orator was first seen in this city when he dressed as an anti-slavery convention in the old Coventile Hall. Upon that occa- sion he was not only entertained by Mr. Polk, Isaac Post, a prominent Aboli- tionist. Four years later, when Mr. Douglass came to Rochester to live, he made his home for a time at Mr. Post’s house. In speaking of Mr. Douglass love of music Mr. Post related the following anecdote to-day:

"It’s liked to tell jokes on his own race as well as at the expense of others. Once when he was in Dublin he felt very lone- some. He was wandering about the streets when he was attracted by the violins in the window of a second-hand dealer. Frederick entered and asked the price of one of the instruments. "Five shillings," said the Irish dealer.

Frederick turned up the violin and began to play ‘Rock, by Roads to Dublin. ’ Soon the proprietor’s wife heard the music and entered from the rear door. Then Frederick started in on the Irish Washerwoman and the couple began to dance for dear life. When the music and dancing ceased, Frederick inquired of the dealer the five shillings, but his per- formance on the violin had greatly en- creased his price and mind the dealer and as he hurried it away to a place of security exclaimed:

"If a black nag can git such chunes out av that fiddle, I’ll never sell it at any price, beggars!"

"Jane Murray," in a sketch of Mr. Douglass written in 1855, said: "He stood at bay with the bitter preju- dices of the people. The man to which he had devoted himself—the emancipation of his people—had the sympathy of but an ostracised minority. He lectured continuously. The office of the North Star, his weekly paper, was a beacon light of abolitionism. The New York Herald was asked why Rochester did not throw the nigger printing press and its editor into Lake Ontario. Even

know what hard work the editor of the North Star was doing in those days—hardly ten years out of bondage—fet- tered by a crude and narrow education, and forced to write credit- ably for the public and maintain his repu- tation as a public speaker. His home was bust with the best of housekeepers. His wife, a free woman, had done much to aid him in getting his freedom. They lived most respectably, and their chil- dren were remarkably well bred; in fact, there was an aristocratic air about the Douglass children that saved them from a world of snubbing.

Foreighers of distinction came to Rochester to see Frederick Douglass, for he was then more of a curiosity than now. The event which somewhat overheated the blood of conservative Rochester was when two English ladies arrived and became members of the Douglass household, walking openly on the street with the distinguished mulatto, one on either arm as a rule, their English dress and peculiarities making them otherwise conspicuous. They were ladies of means and education, zealous abolitionists, who had chosen to come and aid Frederick Douglass all they could. The youngster of them was soon married to a prominent abolitionist, a white man.

"The elder, a woman of superior litera- ture and executive ability, trounced her sorrow in the Douglass family and office for several years, seemingly oblivious of the comments of the com- munity. Her assistance to Frederick Douglass at this critical and laborious time of his life was to him at least invaluable. She urged him to re-write his autobiography, which had been pub- lished in Boston in 1845, which he did, improving it greatly by additions and amplifications. The book, ‘My Bond- age and Struggle’ the event which he did sate. It was the basis of its writer’s present prosperity. He wrote it in the gambling hall and became members of the city, the house in which John Brown, as his guest, planned the raid on Har- risburg on the ‘Perry’ and built his miniatures fort.”
Henry Bull Tells of the Ex-Slave's

Reminiscences of His Active Career in Rochester.

Anecdotes of the Eloquent Lectures by the "Black Giant" in This and Other Cities of the Land.

To-day while the funeral of Frederick Douglass was going on at Washington, there were many of the old citizens who recounted scenes and incidents in his man's career, especially in Rochester and Washington.

Henry Bull, who is one of the oldest citizens of this city, being 85 years old, was a solid citizen and in the early years of the 19th century. He was a strong abolitionist, and as I was with Mr. Douglass that day, I heard him often.

I was a frequent visitor at the Rochester Glee Club, a male quartette, which was then the only musical organization in the place. Of course, that interested our singing, and we were all willing to sing in the halls where Mr. Douglass lectured in this city. I was now the only survivor of that quartette, which was composed of Ferdinand Breed, Stephen L. Wright, Joseph Haws and myself.

In contrast to his first visit to Lyon in 1848, I must here mention his second visit, after the war. I think, this time, so far from being unwilling to introduce him, prominent politicians and military officers were eager to honor him, and for a seat on the platform behind him.

It was between these two dates, in 1859, that my most important meeting with Mr. Douglass occurred. It fell to my lot to escort him over the line into Canada, to Lyons, our county seat. These were the palmy days of the lecture platform, and I was going west in the interest of a cause of which I am now in the seventies, I can recall the few hours in which I was locked behind me. The train pulled away and locked behind me. The train pulled away and I recall the few hours in which I was locked behind me.
ROBERT GOULD SHAW, WHO COMMANDED THE REGIMENT IN WHICH DOUGLASS' TWO SONS Fought.

MAJOR F. S. CUNNINGHAM, WHO WAS INTIMATELY ASSOCIATED WITH DOUGLASS, AND WHO FOUGHT IN THE SAME REGIMENT WITH THE DEAD STATESMAN'S SONS.
DEATH OF MRS. AMY POST.

CAREER OF A FAMOUS WOMAN CLOSED.

Her Identification With the Abolition Cause, the Woman Suffrage Movement, and With Spiritualism—Mortuary Record.

Mrs. Amy Kirby Post died last evening at her residence, 56 Sophia street, aged 86 years. Mrs. Post had long been prominent in Rochester as an advocate of various reforms and as a believer in spiritualistic doctrines, and her death brings to a close a varied career, containing much of earnest endeavor toward securing the advancement of her race.

Amy Kirby Post was born in Jericho, Long Island, December 20, 1802. She married Isaac Post of that place and removed to Rochester in 1836. Her husband engaged in the business of farming for several years. She belonged at this time to the denomination of Friends. Early in life Mrs. Post became deeply interested in the abolition movement. Her home was one of the stations on the famous underground railway by which so many slaves escaped to Canada and freedom. It is said that at one time she had 13 runaway slaves in hiding in her cellar.

Fred Douglass went to her house when he first visited Rochester, and all of the anti-slavery advocates, including William Lloyd Garrison, made her residence their home when in Rochester. On one visit Fred Douglass dropped a paper from his pocket headed "List of words I don't know how to spell."

The deceased never wavered in her devotion to the cause of woman suffrage. She attended the first meeting of the national association, held in Rochester in 1848, and was, according to Miss Anthony, one of the leading spirits in that notable gathering. From that time down to the international woman suffrage convention held in Washington in March, 1888, which she also attended, she was always a leader in that band of famous women who have labored so earnestly for the cause in which they have taken so deep an interest.

Mrs. Post was a firm believer in spiritualism. Many seances have been held at her residence, and she was always a close student of spiritualistic phenomena. Few people have been more closely connected with the spread of this belief than the deceased.

It is said of Mrs. Post that no person was ever turned away from her door without receiving aid. She had at one time as many as 15 persons who were not related to her or to each other living in her house. One such person remained for two years. The deceased was particularly friendly to Indians, and one of the aborigines, known as "Lone John," has visited her frequently for the last 40 years.

The husband of the deceased lady, Isaac Post, died in 1872. She leaves three sons, Jacob R. Post of this city, the well-known druggist, Willett L. Post, also a resident of Rochester, and Joseph Post of Charlotte, Two sisters survive her, Mrs. Willis of Rochester and Mrs. Mary Post of Long Island. In addition to these relatives she leaves 14 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. The time for the funeral will be announced hereafter.
CELLAR IN THE OLD POST HOUSE—THE FAMOUS UNDERGROUND RAILWAY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ESCAPING SLAVES.
DOUGLASS TO MRS. LINCOLN.
Letter Acknowledging the Gift of a Cane.

Many years ago, Mrs. Lincoln, after the death of the president, presented a cane that had been carried by her husband, to Frederick Douglass. M. D. Phillips, of Brighton, happened to be present when Mr. Douglass acknowledged the receipt of the gift, and at his solicitation was given the original draft of the letter, which he still retains. The following is a copy of the letter:

Rochester, N. Y., August 17, 1865.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

I was deeply grieved when I learned of the death of the lamented president of the United States. I assure you that this inestimable memento of his excellency will be retained in my possession while I live, an object of sacred interest. I have no other little daughter who was studying Fremont's history of prejudice and slavery. The death of Frederick Douglass recalls my only interview with him which was of very interesting character. He was the ablest orator I have ever seen or heard. He was the noblest confession his tongue could make. He was a life, and name, made great by the greatness of his work. Though often made to feel the keen thrusts of prejudice, he cherished no feelings of malice, plotted no revenge, but rose above the level of ignorance by the genius of his own superior qualities. Though his body was born in slavery, from the moment of his birth his life was dual existence, for with the age of moral discernment came the knowledge that human slavery was a sin against nature and a violation of the sacred rights of man; and to destroy that blot upon our civilization he devoted the best energies of his life and even when his body sank into the embrace of death, the last efforts of expiring physical nature, he was swathing the hour to employ his eloquence against yet another relic of slavery. As he inscribed to the memory of Frederick Douglass that humanity had no better, nobler friend than him. Most respectfully, Frederick Douglass.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1865.

A Tribute to Douglass.

DOUGLASS AND THE CHILDREN.

Many years ago, Mrs. Lincoln, after the death of the president, presented a cane that had been carried by her husband, to Frederick Douglass. M. D. Phillips, of Brighton, happened to be present when Mr. Douglass acknowledged the receipt of the gift, and at his solicitation was given the original draft of the letter, which he still retains. The following is a copy of the letter:

Rochester, N. Y., August 17, 1865.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

I was deeply grieved when I learned of the death of the lamented president of the United States. I assure you that this inestimable memento of his excellency will be retained in my possession while I live, an object of sacred interest. I have no other little daughter who was studying Fremont's history of prejudice and slavery. The death of Frederick Douglass recalls my only interview with him which was of very interesting character. He was the ablest orator I have ever seen or heard. He was the noblest confession his tongue could make. He was a life, and name, made great by the greatness of his work. Though often made to feel the keen thrusts of prejudice, he cherished no feelings of malice, plotted no revenge, but rose above the level of ignorance by the genius of his own superior qualities. Though his body was born in slavery, from the moment of his birth his life was dual existence, for with the age of moral discernment came the knowledge that human slavery was a sin against nature and a violation of the sacred rights of man; and to destroy that blot upon our civilization he devoted the best energies of his life and even when his body sank into the embrace of death, the last efforts of expiring physical nature, he was swathing the hour to employ his eloquence against yet another relic of slavery. As he inscribed to the memory of Frederick Douglass that humanity had no better, nobler friend than him. Most respectfully, Frederick Douglass.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1865.

A Tribute to Douglass.

The death of Frederick Douglass recalls my only interview with him which was of very interesting character. He was the ablest orator I have ever seen or heard. He was the noblest confession his tongue could make. He was a life, and name, made great by the greatness of his work. Though often made to feel the keen thrusts of prejudice, he cherished no feelings of malice, plotted no revenge, but rose above the level of ignorance by the genius of his own superior qualities. Though his body was born in slavery, from the moment of his birth his life was dual existence, for with the age of moral discernment came the knowledge that human slavery was a sin against nature and a violation of the sacred rights of man; and to destroy that blot upon our civilization he devoted the best energies of his life and even when his body sank into the embrace of death, the last efforts of expiring physical nature, he was swathing the hour to employ his eloquence against yet another relic of slavery. As he inscribed to the memory of Frederick Douglass that humanity had no better, nobler friend than him. Most respectfully, Frederick Douglass.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1865.

A Tribute to Douglass.
FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

—He figured in a revolutionary time and will be set down in history as one of the most able men of a fiery epoch.—Boston Gazette.

—He lived in the stormiest epoch of our national existence, and his person typified the woes and oppressions of the black race.—Albany Journal.

—He was an eloquent speaker, a good debater, a man of business ideas, a devoted friend of his race and one of its most honored and most worthy representatives.—Syracuse Post.

—Certainly his was the school of adversity, and that he triumphed over obstacles such as would cause the bravest to turn back shows the unmarking courage of the man.—Troy Times.

—The struggles of his life were many and varied. His historic character he surmounted all and became by all odds the most conspicuous negro America has ever known.—Utica Observer.

—As orator, editor and patriot he has left an impress upon history which will be ineradicable. What is most noteworthy in the career of Frederick Douglass is upon the institution of slavery!—New York Advertiser.

—If a list were to be made of the Americans who have done the greatest service to large numbers of their fellow citizens, the name of Frederick Douglass would have a high place upon it.—Buffalo Express.

—Worn a negro slave, he won freedom, distinction and widespread influence by his own efforts and his own abilities. Author, orator, statesman and leader of his race, he achieved a position and wielded an influence to which few men can aspire.—New York World.

—There are many distinguished and honored citizens of African lineage in the United States, but not one of them, not all of them, has done so much to advance the interests of this important element in American citizenship as the great man who died suddenly last night in Washington.—Brooklyn Times.

—The slave-born Fred. Douglass had a great career. He became the most commanding member of his race on this continent. Emancipation has so far failed to evolve the negro, but he will be worthy of public trust and of the confidence of those who insist on calling themselves friends and judges of the negro. The people trusted him from the first, and those who were not unfriendly to slavery would listen to him when they would not listen to white men expressing the same sentiments. His good sense, tact and judgment made his aggressive ness seem to many a sort of pathetic and discouraging circumstance, and his enemies.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

—The lesson of Douglass's life is that of self trust and energetic action. He was a grand illustration of what a man may do for himself, his people and his country. With everything against him he conquered a place for himself where he was looked up to, even by his former enemies. He was not a weak plier or petitioner, but a man of initiative. It was not because he advanced the interests of the negro that men will honor his memory to-day, but because, by advancing the interest of the negro he raised the level of all mankind and made the whole world better by living in it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Mr. Douglass was one of the closest and most cogent detractors of the slavery question, and a most earnest and convincing advocate. On several occasions in Syracuse, he was threatened with mob violence, once or twice was rotten-eggged by slavery apologists and negro-haters; but he invariably preserved his temper, and was never provoked to diversion from the discussion of principle to personal controversy.—Syracuse Journal.

—in the person of Frederick Douglass, whose death occurred yesterday at his home in Anacostia, a suburb of the national capital,—was embodied the cause of a race and the highest development it has reached, and his departure closes the era of African slavery in America with the most powerful emphasis, while it affords the supreme example of the new era of entire equality which has begun, and despite all discouraging incidents of transition, is to continue, until the brotherhood of humanity on lines of character, culture and principle, is triumphant over the petty and irrational prejudices of mere race antagonism.—Springfield Republican.

—The rise of Frederick Douglass, who died at his home in Washington yesterday, from the condition of a slave boy to that of an American citizen of acknowledged position and wide influence was remarkable in the same degree that the rise of a peasant in Russia, for example, to a high place in the government would be.—Buffalo Enquirer.

—Mr. Douglass was a symmetrical character, free from the hatred and bitterness manifested by many of the early abolitionists, strong in argument and eloquent in speech. The people trusted him from the first, and those who were not unfriendly to slavery would listen to him when they would not listen to white men expressing the same sentiments. His good sense, tact and judgment made his aggressive ness seem to many a sort of pathetic and discouraging circumstance, and his enemies.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

—The lesson of Douglass's life is that of self trust and energetic action. He was a grand illustration of what a man may do for himself, his people and his country. With everything against him he conquered a place for himself where he was looked up to, even by his former enemies. He was not a weak pleader or petitioner, but a man of initiative. It was not because he advanced the interests of the negro that men will honor his memory to-day, but because, by advancing the interest of the negro he raised the level of all mankind and made the whole world better by living in it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—The rise of Frederick Douglass, who died at his home in Washington yesterday, from the condition of a slave boy to that of an American citizen of acknowledged position and wide influence was remarkable in the same degree that the rise of a peasant in Russia, for example, to a high place in the government would be.—Buffalo Enquirer.

—No one could start in life in more forbidding and discouraging circumstances than the boy who was destined to become celebrated on two continents as Frederick Douglass, the anti-slavery orator. His denunciations of slavery had not only the force of conviction, but the irresistible quality derived from personal experience. American annals furnish no more captivating illustration of a self-made man.—New York Tribune.
FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

A Career Unique.

The celebrated American orator, Freder-

ick Douglass, died in Washington, D. C., Feb.

ruary 20, 1895, aged 78 years. He was born

a slave in Maryland, 1817. He was raised for

President Lincoln two regiments of negro

 troops (the Massachusetts 54th and 55th),

which were a hallowed thing—friendship.

As early as 1847 he founded an anti-slavery

newspaper, the North Star, in Rochester, N. Y.

He was a peer of princes—yea, a king !—Crowned

in the shambles and the prison-pen ! The noblest

slave that ever God

As dearly as a younger brother may.

He died in Washington, as above men-

tioned, and was buried at his old home,

Rochester, N. Y., in Mount Hope Cemetery,

with unusual public honors.

The following sonnets to his memory

were written in France, immediately after his

funeral:

I know the noblest giants of my day.

He was of them—strong amid the

strife of Nations—noble, too; for though he

suffered wrong, yet he shrank

no pity, no misgiving.

A lover's lay—Mo dirge—no doleful requiem-

song—And he was of them—strong amid the

fierce strife of Nations—noble, too; for though he

suffered wrong, yet he shrank

no pity, no misgiving.

Who except the poor and pinched

To-day, I shout for joy—here on this foreign coast

Far distant from this sad, obsequious

scene—For I, of all his lovers, loved him best •And love is jealous; and I envy those

Who bore him through his last triumphal arch.
"A throne," quoth he, "is a pretender's stool—or kingship is a fraud, and kings are cheats."

He loved a hero. Nor can I forget
How, with uncovered head, in awe profound,
He hailed Coligny's all-too-tardy stone;
And how, before the tomb of Lafayette,
He said, "This place is doubly sacred ground—
This patriot had two countries for his own!

Here might crowd this empty rhyme of mine
With tales of how my travel-eager friends
Ped southward from the many-casted Mole
to languid Italy—a land supine,
Yet soon to lose herself (as signs portend),
Though why she waits is hard to comprehend.

Choose to the country of the Muses Nice—
To Marathon, and to the Academé—
There to the Spasax at Chiaché—whom
With awe
He answered—and his answer may be guessed.

For there—in Egypt—by her classic stream,
He said that every famous land he saw
Taught him the more to love his own the best!

For though his own had been a cruel land,
Wherein, through many a long and gleaning year,
Oppression had been bitter and austere
(As harsh as under Pharaoh's iron band)—
Yet such a slave could never be unmanned;
But ever with a sweet and secret cheer
He felt the day of freedom to be near.
So when it came, he well could understand
That his dear country, long herself a thrall,
Self-chained and self-degraded in the past—
Till, smiting off her shackles with her sword,
She too—she too!—the chiefest slave of all
Self-tropical and uplifted, had at last
Stood forth redeemed, and lovely, and adored!

His form was as Apollo's, and his brow
Like what the sculptors carve for Zeus'
own—
As godlike as was ever cut in stone;
For if the old god Thor were living now,
With his dark vixage, with his frothy paw,
And with his awe-inspiring thunder-tones,
Such a resembling pair (could both be known)
Would pass for twin-born brothers, I avow!

The gods are dead—and all the godlike men
Are dying, too! How fast they disappear!
For Death seems discontent to fill the grave
With common bones, but downward to his
Drag, like a greedy monster, year by year
The men most missed—the good, the wise, the brave!

Spake I of godly giants in the land?
And did I boast that I had known them well?
I was a stripling: so I live to tell.
In these degenerate days how great and grand,
How plain and simple were the noble band
Who cried to Heaven against that crime of Hell
Which to the auction-block brought
Babes to sell.
And which on Women burnt a market-brand!

Who were those heroes? Since the roll is known
I need not call it; Lincoln was its chief;
The rest were legion—name them who so wish.
But whose counts the list of Freedom's
Must name the Chatted whom, with pride and grief,
We buried yesterday and called a Man!

Not one of all those fading funeral-flowers
Would have survived the frost!... So—
(Thus, alas!)
Such honors fade—my country, back to me!

Let us, in yonder capitol of ours,
Mold him a statue of enduring brass
Out of the broken chains of slaves set free!

—Theodore Tilton.


1 Speaking of his slave life in Baltimore, he says in his Autobiography, "I have gathered scattered pages of the Bible from the filthy street-gutters, and have washed and dried them, that in moments of leisure I might get a word or two of wisdom from them."
2 This house was in Rochester, N. Y., and was burned in 1872, with all the books and busts.
3 Admiral de Coligny was murdered in the St. Bartholomew massacre, on the night of August 24, 1572.
4 Lafayette lies in the Picpus cemetery, rue Picpus, Paris.
Frederick Douglass.

From the New York Independent.

Frederick Douglass, and not John M. Langston, received the first invitation from the President to take charge of the Freedmen’s Bureau, in place of Gen. Howard, whom the President threatens to remove. This unusual proposition from the White House to Mr. Douglass was made as long ago as July, though its distinguished recipient, with characteristic modesty, retained from making it public.

The greatest black man in the nation did not consent to become a tool of the infamous white. Mr. Douglass declined the President’s offer in a very gentlemanly but very positive manner. He was neither willing to facilitate the removal of a man so good and just as Gen. Howard, nor willing to put himself under any obligations to keep the peace with Andrew Johnson. For this prudence and firmness, Mr. Douglass is entitled to the thanks of the country. Much as we should like to see so able and efficient a man in one of the conspicuous offices of the Government, we should be sorry to see him secure his elevation by any of the debasing arts which white men sometimes use.

Mr. Douglass resides at Rochester, in a Republican district, which we hope to see him representing in Congress.

Lately he has been performing an act of brotherly affection, which we cannot resist the temptation of chronicling—even at the risk of making public a portion of what was meant to be wholly a private letter.

"I have been," he writes to the editor of The Independent, "keeping a kind of hotel all summer! My poor brother Perry—after a bondage of fifty-six years, deeply marked by the hardships and sorrows of that hateful condition; and after a separation from me during forty years, as complete as if he had lived on another planet—came to me two months ago, with his family of six, and took up his abode with me. To him—dear old fellow!—one who has carried me on his shoulders many a time (for he is older than I, though my head seems to contradict it) one who defended me from the penalties of bigger boys when I needed defense—I have been mainly devoted myself, and gladly so.

"I have now completed for him a snug little cottage on my own grounds, where the dear old slave can rest and do his brother his utmost in peace, with his family, the remainder of his days. Though my age—young, he is no slacker. Slavery got the best of his life, but he is still strong and hopeful. I wish his old master could see him now—cheerful, helpful, and taking care of himself. If slaves were not dead, and I did not in some sort wish to forget its terrible hardships, blighting curse, and shocking tortures, I would try to write a narrative of my brother Perry’s bondage. But let the old system go! I would not call its guilty ghost from the depths into which its crimes have cast it. I turn gladly from the darkness of the past to the new and better dispensation now dawning."

We know not how others may be touched by this narrative, but to us it is deeply affecting. It is another proof that truth is stranger than fiction. It is poetic justice rewarding hope deferred. Frederick Douglass is a true, great, and noble man, with a mind fit for a senate, and with a heart fit for a child. When hundreds of the public and prominent men of this country are dead and forgotten, his name will still be remembered. And when his life comes to be written, it will hardly contain a more beautiful and romantic chapter than the pleasing story which we have just borrowed from his graphic pen.