



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



ROBERT GOULD SHAW, WHO COMMANDED THE REGIMENT IN WHICH DOUGLASS' TWO SONS FOUGHT.



PARLOR OF THE OLD POST RESIDENCE—IN THIS ROOM DOUGLASS HELD MEETINGS WITH HIS FRIENDS AND PLANNED THE SAFETY OF RUNAWAY SLAVES.

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."

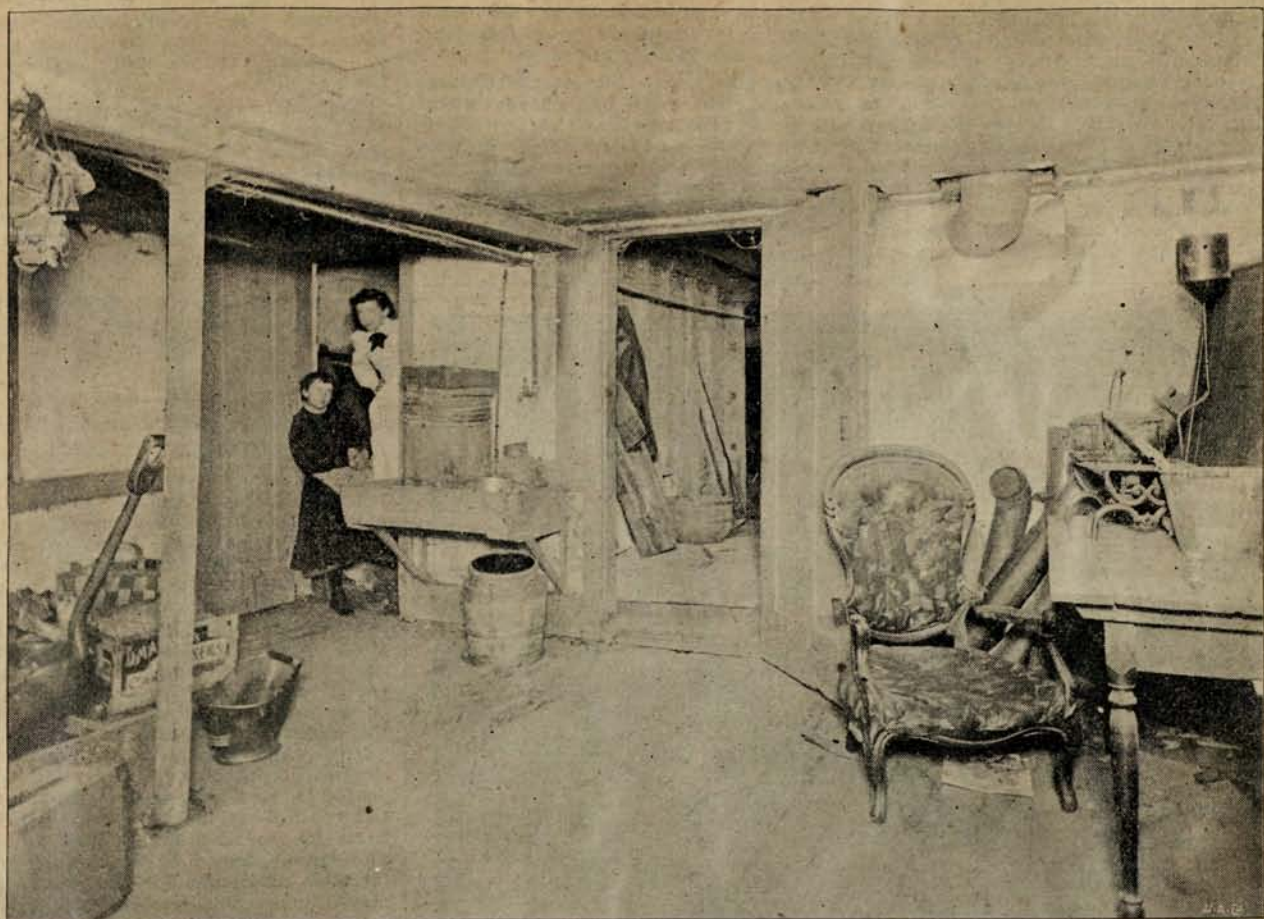
The deceased never wavered in her devotion to the cause of woman suffrage. She attended the first meeting of the national association, held in Rochester in 1848, and was, according to Miss Anthony, one of the leading spirits in that notable gathering. From that time down to the international woman suffrage 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 18 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 K. 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.

Dear Madam: Allow me to thank you, as I certainly do thank you, most sincerely for your thoughtful kindness in making me the owner of a cane which was formerly the property and the favorite walking staff of your lamented husband, the honored and venerated 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, a token not merely of the kind consideration in which I have reason to know that the president was pleased to hold me personally, but as an indication of his humane interest in the welfare of my whole race.

With every proper sentiment of respect and esteem, I am, Dear Madam,

Your obedient servant,
Frederick Douglass.

Frederick Douglass.

Kingston Freeman.

The history of Frederick Douglass is of fascinating interest. It stands alone by itself in the realm of biography. Other slaves have risen to eminence, but never in the face of such obstacles as confronted him. Epictetus, the philosopher, was a freedman, and he managed to exercise considerable influence upon the Roman intellect, and there are two or three other names of men who rose from servitude to fame and power, but not one of them was handicapped by belonging to a race held to be inferior. Douglass alone seems to have been able to burst the double chain of color prejudice and slavery.

A Tribute to Douglass.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:

Sir: May I pen this humble tribute to greet the mortal remains of the Hon. Frederick Douglass? Though his tongue is silent in death, his was an intelligence which took within its grasp the wrongs of human slavery and mapped out the work he so faithfully performed. His communion with his Maker were life's holiest intuitions for it pointed to the performance of higher duties in life. To him all men were his brothers. To him the natural equality of man was the noblest confession his tongue could make. His was a life, and name, made great by the greatness of his work. He did not seek wealth except to supply the wants of his home and advance the cause most dear to him, the freedom and welfare of his fellowmen. He accepted no personal advancement that did not carry with it conditions tending to a higher humanity for the downtrodden of his race. Though often made to feel the keen thrusts of prejudice, he cherished no feelings of malevolence, 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 awaiting the hour to employ his eloquence against yet another relic of slavery. Be it inscribed to the memory of Frederick Douglass that humanity had no better, nobler friend than him. Most respectfully,

LEONARD HENKLE.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1895.

Frederick Douglass and the Children.

Palmyra, Feb. 24.—The sudden death of Frederick Douglass has brought to mind many remembrances of him by Palmyra people. While publishing the "North Star" in Rochester he was a frequent visitor to Palmyra, being entertained by the late Pliny Sexton, father of Hon. Pliny T. Sexton. The two men were warm friends, both being heart and soul in the anti-slavery movement. On one of his visits Mr. Douglass was entertained by the late David Aldrich at his home "Willowbank." He took a great fancy to the children and one of them, a little girl, kissed the famous orator. For some time after she was taunted by her playmates for having kissed a black man, but now she feels nothing but pride at having been noticed and petted by that famous man. Another little daughter who was studying French was asked by Mr. Douglass to read a few passages to him. She did so and his praise and kindly words are still a most pleasing recollection.

The death of Frederick Douglass recalls my only interview with him which was of very interesting character and which occurred in the following manner. I was traveling west from Albany in the winter, many years ago, on a night train and by day light reached Syracuse. My seat was near the door, which to my great annoyance was constantly left open and I often arose to shut it. In a few moments I heard a sweet melodious voice exclaim "how strange it is that there are so many that have no regard for others!" and looking up I saw a tall dignified, dark faced man, who gazed on me with such kindness that I bowed in recognition—but before I could ask his name some one entered and said, "Good morning, Mr. Douglass!" I need not add my gratification at meeting this remarkable man, and as he took a seat I drew nigh and engaged him in a conversation which soon attracted our fellow travelers. When I say "conversation" I mean that I simply tried to keep him talking, for I had never met any one so gifted in words and ideas—the former being so correct and appropriate that I asked the secret of this. He smiled and modestly replied, "My friends say I have a taste for words." "Taste," indeed! It was the mastery of genius over language. In reply to my questions he described his first speech made at an anti-slavery meeting in Massachusetts. As soon as it was known that a fugitive slave was present everyone wanted him to say something. They placed him on the stand and he spoke and then he knew that a life long mission was given him to speak for freedom. I asked him who was the ablest orator he heard while abroad and he replied with emphasis "Daniel O'Connell." Speaking of the war (then just closed) he said "both armies began fighting for slavery, but before it closed both were fighting for freedom," alluding to the fact that Jeff. Davis proclaimed liberty to every slave that joined his ranks, and also that Lincoln at first desired to preserve the Union even if slavery were retained. Some one present mentioned Lincoln's last inaugural and Douglass then recited some of its most striking passages which seemed to gather fresh power from his rich musical utterance. My arrival at my destination broke this delightful interview, but it left the enduring impression of an hour with Frederick Douglass.

MACAULAY.