

ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE,

DOUGLASS HONORED

Memorial Services Held in Two Churches of the City.

Life Work of the Great Apostle of Freedom Reviewed by Rev.

A. W. Hayes.

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 II., 14, as follows: "The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loose; that he shall not die in the pit or his bread fall." Mr. Hayes said in part:

"The annals of human slavery are not all found outside of the Bible, as record of human wrongs and human bondage is found in the story of the children of Israel in bondage, which has been taught all the world over, and has been an important contribution to literature of the story of human freedom. Isaiah himself knew all about this and well he might have been led to repeat this text.

"There are men here who remember Napoleon's edict that every slave should be forever free. There are those who remember that Alexander of Russia, with one stroke of his pen removed the slavery of the serfs and gave them the liberties for which they had so long

prayed. There are many who recall the first sound as it came from the pale, firm lips of Abraham Lincoln in September of 1862 that in the January following every slave should be free in our land and there are those acquainted with every step taken until the climax was reached, and when the stain on our flag was washed away with the best blood of the land. It is not inappropriate for me to here recall some of the prominent people of that time, and as I refer to Frederick Douglass I will speak of three departments of his life; his contribution to religion, to education and to human freedom.

"He was a boy that never knew a birthday nor pronounced the sweet word 'father' and never saw his mother until after 6 years of age. By chance of fortune we find him at 13 in the city of Baltimore where there comes to him the convictions that he was possessed with sin and he begins to draw moral contrasts and his personal salvation is brought before him. He goes to a minister to ask the meaning of repentance and conversion and the old man enlightens him and he comes out of a bondage of a soul in sin into the light and sympathy of God. We find that he always had a keen appreciation of the gospel and when in Belfast in after years he is presented with a costly Bible by those who wish to do him homage he says: 'I will not only give it the best place in my library but will give its precepts the best place in my heart.'

"Passing from his religious life, let us pass to his contribution to education. Here was a boy who was able to run errands and do other work, but he was unable to read or to write. One night while sleeping under the table in his master's house in Baltimore he hears the story of the man who in the loss of his health, wealth and family cries out: 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away,' and in hearing this he wishes to learn to read that he may know these things. He is instructed for a time by

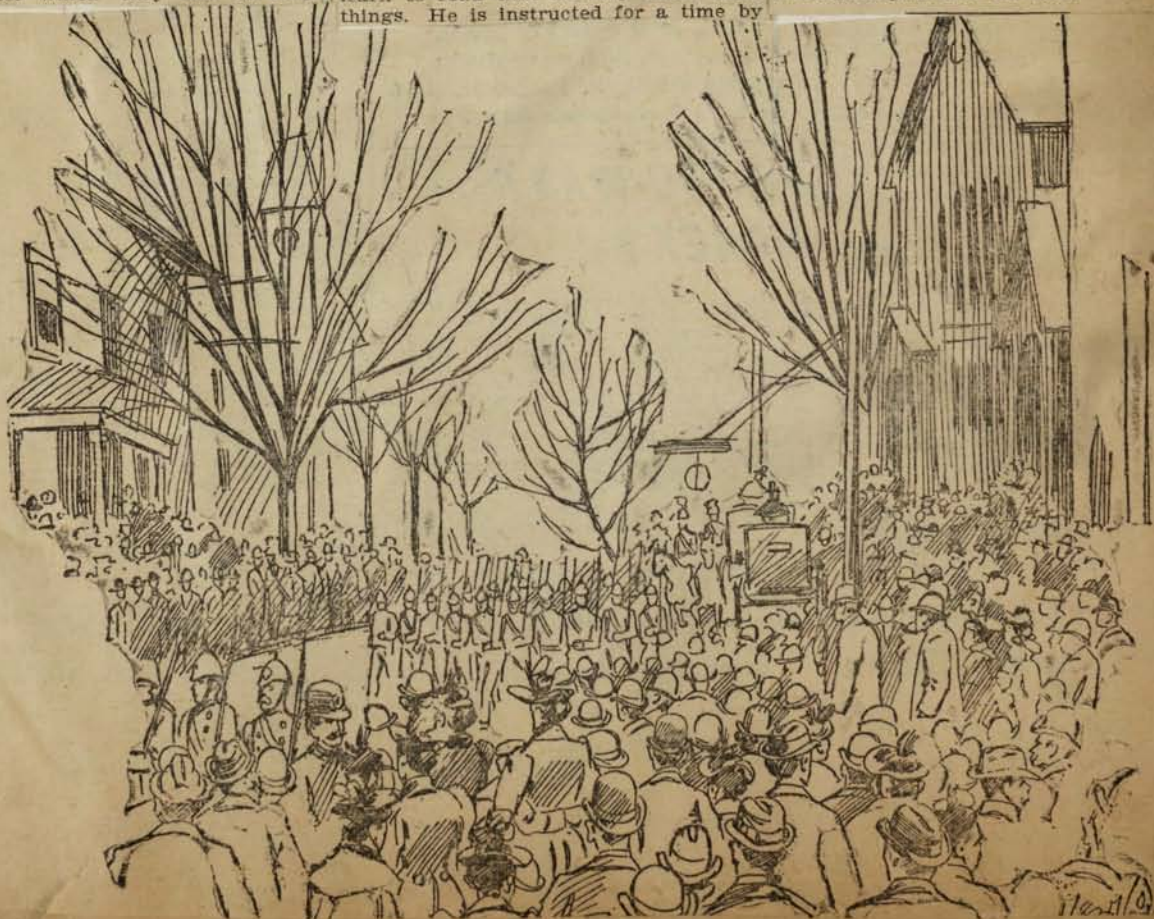
his mistress, but the master discovers this instruction and he tells his wife of the gross impropriety and danger of teaching a slave to read. So when he gets a newspaper or book he has to read it on the sly, but his thirst for reading is so insatiable that he pins a newspaper on the beam before him as he labors and instructs himself with casual glances taken at every opportunity. We again find him in New Bedford, where he asked to purchase a newspaper, and it is a true flush of joy that comes to his face when he is able to purchase a newspaper of his own and read it.

"He very ably assisted his race in the contribution of money, time and talents toward industrial education for colored boys and girls, and we always find him enforcing the argument that the colored boy should not only know how to polish a boot or shoe, but also should know how to make them.

"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 the cemetery 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. Elijah Hedding, preached an interesting sermon on the life of Douglass and his efforts toward the emancipation of his race.



A STREET VIEW OF THE CHURCH.

ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1895.

THE LAST HONORS

THE FACE OF DOUGLASS VIEW-
ED BY THOUSANDS.

IMPRESSIVE TRIBUTES

AN ENORMOUS CROWD AT THE
CENTRAL CHURCH.

DR. GANNETT'S ADDRESS

Rochester Pays Official Respect to the
Leader of His Race Who Came to
the City Poor and Friendless
—The Remains Not
Yet Buried.

All the bunting in Rochester was aloft yesterday, and all flags were at half mast. It was all because Frederick Douglass, dead, reached the city on an early train. Frederick Douglass, living, came to Rochester in the year 1847, and was barely tolerated, but the whirligig of time has made all the difference.

Crowds gathered at the Central-Hudson station an hour or more before the time announced for the arrival of the Northern Central train, which bore the remains and the funeral party. Among the waiting throng were many colored people and a surprisingly large number of the older citizens of Rochester, men and women who remember the time when Douglass was one of the most active and prominent figures in the life of the city. The morning was not unpleasant, but the weather was cold enough to render it certain that the persons who left their leisurely breakfasts to meet the incoming train must have felt a real and substantial interest in the event.

The train was somewhat late, but the crowd was patient and waited until the body had been removed to lie in state in the city hall, then most of the people followed the procession and passed in turn, beside the casket. A noticeable feature of the crowd was the number of very young children in charge of their parents, and it was only necessary to listen in order to learn that the motive that led to the bringing of the little ones was the desire to give them an historical memory of the event. In speaking of this feature of it, one man said: "I remember very well when I was taken, in the same way, to look upon the face of Lincoln, when his body passed through the city where I lived. It was a wise action, too, for it has made the life and the services of Lincoln something much more real to me than they could have been to one who had never seen him. There are many of my age who cannot bring to their minds the personality of Lincoln any more than that of Washington, but to me he is a living reality, although I never saw him until after his death."

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

Of this committee, Aldermen Adams and Ashton went as far as Canandaigua to meet the train, and accompanied the funeral party to Rochester. At the station the party was met by one of the most imposing gatherings that has ever awaited the arrival of the remains of a private citizen. The mayor and the board of aldermen 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 business and professional men of the community; gray-haired citizens, whose life in Rochester dates to the older time when Douglass was here; white 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; Messrs. Lewis H. and Charles R. Douglass, sons; Mrs. R. Douglass Sprague, daughter; Misses Estelle and Harriet Sprague, granddaughters, and Joseph H. Douglass, grandson. General John A. Eton and Professor George W. Cook, representing the Howard University, were also present, and Rev. J. H. Chilcote of Asbury Church, Washington. General Eton is ex-commissioner of education.

As the passengers alighted from the train and moved out of the station the crowd surged in with so much determination that it was all the large force of police on hand could do to keep a way clear for the procession. While it moved, the Fifty-fourth Regiment band played a funeral march, and after the casket had been placed in the hearse, the march to the city hall, via North Clinton street, East and West Main streets and the city hall, was begun. First came the Fifty-fourth Regiment band, then carriages containing the committee of the common council and the remaining members of that body, then the honorary bearers and the active bearers; then the hearse, under the escort of the Douglass League, followed by other carriages containing friends and relatives.

The cortege reached the city hall by way of Fitzhugh street and the casket was placed at the central point of the ground floor, where the main and transverse halls unite. The interior of the building was draped with emblems of mourning and with a profusion of flags, the latter predominating. There was also 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 a guard of honor consisting of four members of the Eighth Separate Company, under command of a corporal and four officers of the police department, commanded by a lieutenant.

This is a bare 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 bared head, and in silence, as it passed; then as though by common consent the people fell into line and followed on to the city hall to take their turn with the waiting multitude in looking upon the face of the dead. Although everything practicable was done to hasten the movements of the crowd it remained undiminished, so far as any one could see, until it became necessary to remove the casket to the church, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

The higher grades of the public schools were dismissed at 10 o'clock, and, in charge of their teachers, passed the dais upon which lay the body of the man, who, when their parents were school children, had been compelled to plead for the right to send his own little ones to the public schools of Rochester, because they were black. The thousands who passed the catafalque, in silent and respectful interest, included many who were unborn during the stirring days of the active life of Douglass and other thousands who did not set foot upon American soil until after it was all done. But, with one and all, there was the same evidence of sorrow and of respect.

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

When the time came for the ceremonies at the church, it was necessary to force a way to the casket and to clear the building. The line of march was formed on Fitzhugh street with the right resting on West Main street and was, perhaps, the most imposing that ever aligned in this city to march so short a distance. It was as follows:

Captain McDermott, four lieutenants and forty-eight men from the police drill corps. Fifty-fourth Regiment Band.

Eighth Separate Company, commanded by Captain Henderson, 65 men.

Mayor Lewis and members of the common council, including committee.

Police commissioners.

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 Douglass League: Charles P. Lee, William Allen, A. H. Harris, R. J. Jeffrey, R. L. Kent, H. A. Spencer, F. S. Cunningham and C. B. Lee.

The honorary bearers were: Hon. H. S. Greenleaf, Hon. John Van Voorhis, J. K. Post, William Oliver, E. A. Frost, and ex-Mayors Henry L. Fish, William Carroll and Charles W. Briggs.

The line of march as directed by Superintendent of Police Cleary was through Fitzhugh to Church street to the Central Church. The policemen formed in line at the Church street entrance to the house of worship and the procession entered at this side and marched down in front, where the remains were deposited in front of the altar. Five hundred seats were reserved for the family, relatives, friends and escort.

The procession moved by way of Fitzhugh street, West Main street and Sophia street and stacked arms, the detail of the guard of honor accompanying the remains of the dead orator to the church, while the street was held by the company at large.

Long before the procession reached the street, all the seats in the great auditorium, except the 500 reserved for the immediate friends of Mr. Douglass, were filled and the street was thronged with people who would have been glad to obtain admission but could not do so. The casket was placed in front of the platform

and was surrounded by the wealth of floral gifts that had come from this city, from Washington and elsewhere. Every seat and every available bit of standing room, in the great church was occupied when the services began.

Seated upon the platform were Rev. Dr. H. H. Stebbins, of the Central Church; Rev. Dr. William R. Taylor, of the Brick Church; Rev. Dr. J. P. Sankey, of the United Presbyterian Church; Rev. H. Clay Peepels, of the Park Avenue Baptist Church; Rev. Dr. W. C. Gannett, of the Unitarian Church; Rev. G. W. Peck, of the North Presbyterian Church; Rev. Wesley Ely, of Zion Methodist Church; Rev. Dr. J. H. Mason, presiding elder of the African Methodist Episcopal church of the district; Sherman D. Richardson, Miss Mary Anthony and others. Mayor Lewis and the aldermanic committee, consisting of Messrs. Pauckner, Harris, Ashton, Adams, Green, McMillan and Superintendent of Police Cleary also occupied seats on the platform, as representatives of the municipal government.

It is not easy to say anything about the services from first to last, without the danger of growing over-elloquent. The church full of people that sat or stood through the long service was one that it would be difficult to draw on any occasion, however important, and impossible to bring together upon an occasion of less significance. The last time that the church held such a gathering was when Douglass sat on the platform with President Harrison on the Sunday before the unveiling of the soldiers' monument.

After the procession had passed down the aisle, and the casket had been placed before the altar, Dr. Taylor, of the Brick Church, led in the opening prayer. After this Sherman D. Richardson read the following poem:

I saw the slave of Maryland
Upon the soil of freedom stand.
The waves that once the Mayflower bore
Were dashing on New England's shore.
The Stars and Stripes showed Northern will
On breezes from old Bunker Hill,
And as he drank in liberty,
I saw the man from serfdom free.

I saw him like a monarch stand,
With Lincoln's edict in his hand;
With lips infused from heaven's fire,
With thoughts that would all time inspire,
Transfigured on Columbia's sod;
A living type from Freedom's God;
Incarnate soul of Liberty
He stood—A race and land were free.

I saw again God's Pioneer,
In grand repose upon his bier.
The lines that showed the reaper's path,
Were softened with death's aftermath.
But yet that face more grandly taught
Of will and power, of battles fought,
Of victories won for Liberty—
The crown at last, the soul was free.

At the conclusion of the poem, and after music by the choir, Miss Mary Anthony, who was one of the warmest and staunchest friends of Mr. Douglass, in his days of trial, read a spirited sketch of his life and work.

Then, after another musical selection, came the address of the day, delivered by Rev. Dr. W. C. Gannett, which was, in part, as follows:

"This is an impressive moment in our city history. There was a man who lived in one of the humbler homes of the city whose name barred him from the doors of the wealthier mansions of our city. This man has come home to a little circle of his best beloved ones. He has come, as it were, alone, and our city has gone forth to meet him at its gates. He has been welcomed for once in the most impressive way. His remains have laid in our city hall. Our school children have looked upon his face, that they may in the future tell their children that they have looked on the face of Frederick Douglass. What a difference! Think of the contrast! What does it all mean. It means two things. It is a personal tribute and it is an impersonal tribute. It is personal tribute to the man who has exemplified before the eyes of all

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 their opportunities. Here was a man who used to the utmost all the opportunities that America held forth to him and when opportunities were not at hand he made them. Nature gave him birth, nature deprived him of father and almost of mother. He was born seventy-eight years ago, forty years before anti-slavery was heard of as a watchword.

"That was his home, his welcome to the earth. It was heaven to be born a slave in Maryland. He was born at a time

when the laws of that state were links to hold the black man to the ground, and you know what the North did in the way of keeping the law which required that fugitives from slavery should be sent back to bondage. You know what the public opinion in the North was against the slave. You know that Northern law sent back a slave, if he escaped, to his Southern master. He had no school, not even the college of the wood pile to which so many of our Northern statesmen point so often with pride. All the school he knew was the lash with which his cruel master laid on his back with force.

"The kind mistress he had three or four years gave him in her innocence the A, B, C's. A hard master gave him the lash. Both caused him to be Frederick Douglass. Read in his autobiography how the boy made up his mind to obey his master until he was abused unlawfully. Read the story of two hours' combat between the master and slave. He did not hurt his master, but he did not let his master strike him. At the end Douglass was a free man in his soul. He had dared death and nothing else had any terror for him. This was the last flogging Frederick Douglass ever received.

"Then came the escape. He went to a little anti-slavery convention in New England and made a little speech. The next day Douglass found himself famous. New England suddenly discovered that it had discovered an orator and you who heard him knew his eloquence came from his heart. Meanwhile history was making. All the rivers in the great valley to the west run into one. All the streams in national life were running into one stream during the years 1860 and 1861 and that great stream was slavery. The war followed. Then history was being made and the war being done, Douglass became an American citizen; he became presidential elector for New York state; Douglass became the honored minister of the United States to Hayti; 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 which he labored almost to the end of his life. Notwithstanding that the lash had been lifted from his back, still he encountered shrugs of the shoulders, lifting of the eyebrows and an edging away from his fellow men when he approached them, always under that opportunity of insult.

His great heart had a chronic forgiveness. The sweetness of his nature grew in the latter part of his life till it touched the features of his face. Charity, ever growing charity, should always accompany our thoughts of Fred Douglass, because his life was charity personified. No sweeter nature could be imagined. How true it is, the word of Emerson: 'The things of the man of which we visited were once in the dark and the cold.' There will never be a tribute like this awaiting us

when we come to our last day. Yea, and often he lived in the darkness of coldness and insult, to-day we bring him into the sunlight of true appreciation.

"But that was not all. It is not simply a tribute to the man. The personal tribute rises and loses itself in a grander and nobler thought. It becomes transfigured into an impersonal thought. We are in an era of change on a great subject. White people here are honoring a black people. An exception? Yes. Great men are always exceptions. An exception? Yes, but an instance as well, an example of how the world's feeling is changing. Not only that. I like to think over our 140,000 people of Rochester and pick out the two or three or four who will be called our first citizens twenty or thirty years hence. Very few in Rochester are famous through the North; very few are famous through the nation; very few are famous throughout the world. Yet the papers of two continents had editorials about the man whose remains lie before us. We have but one bronze monument in our streets. Will the next be that of Fred Douglass, the black man, the ex-slave, the renowned orator, the distinguished American citizen? I think it will be. In and around our soldiers' monument we group the history of war. It is not only the monument of Lincoln, although Lincoln's figure is represented there. It is the monument of the war.

"The nation to-day, thank God, is not only celebrating its emancipation from slavery, but also its emancipation from the slavery of prejudice and from the slavery of caste and color. Let me end with one great word. It is his word. There are but six words in the sentence and it is one of the great sentences worthy to be painted on church walls and worthy to be included in such a book as the Bible. It is: 'One with God is a majority.'"

A prayer and the pronouncing of the benediction by Dr. Stebbins closed the services at the church, but the crowd which had gained access to the building joined the hundreds who had lingered outside, and waited until the casket had been placed in the hearse, until the relatives and immediate friends had taken their places and the procession, headed by its cordon of police and by the militia, had taken up its march toward Mount Hope. The band and the dual escort went only to the gates of the cemetery. Beyond that point the funeral was like that of any other citizen. There was a brief prayer by the Rev. W. R. Taylor in the chapel, after which the same clergyman spoke the few words of formal committal to the receiving vault, where the body will remain until summer.

There was a noticeable increase in the number of arrivals upon incoming local trains on all lines, showing the high esteem in which the great colored man was held in all this region. Mrs. Douglass and her party are still at the Powers hotel.

THE UNION AND ADVERTISER: SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1895.



THE DOUGLASS FUNERAL—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

AID TO REST AT MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY.

Always Loved Rochester Because it was Here That He First Found Encouragement—Something About His Earlier Life—Amy Post's Home an Important Underground Railway Depot—Reminiscences of the Ex-Slave and Statesman.

There is an old proverb about a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. But this thread-bare statement is not true when applied to the name of Frederick Douglass. Last Tuesday Rochester put on her mourning garb for one of its most honored and representative men, the honorable Frederick Douglass, slave, orator, editor and statesman. Rochester sincerely mourned the end of this great man, who performed prodigious feats of intellect and who was the shining light of his age. His name was a familiar one on more than one continent, and his memory will remain a bright one on the ill-dreaded scroll of history. His funeral last Tuesday was a fitting tribute to the man. It was dignified and impressive. The man who had been a slave was followed to his last resting-place by his admirers and friends of both races. The flags floated at half-mast, the bands played dirges and the funeral procession followed the hearse through the streets with solemn steps and slow.

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

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 pictures 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.

There is a picture of the cellar in which Mrs. Post used to hide the colored people who flew to her house for refuge. Here they were fed and cared for until opportunity occurred to smuggle them to Charlotte or St. Catharines, or indeed any point that offered opportunities of escape to British territory. In the parlor above the cellar many a prayer meeting has been held, many an earnest prayer to God used to go up for help in delivering the refugees from the hands of their masters. Fred Douglass was a very frequent visitor to the home of Mrs. Post, and he spent a great deal of his time in going from station to station of the "underground railway," which in those days was a dangerous route for passengers to go by. Among the many homes along the route that did duty as stations may be mentioned those of William C. Bloss on East avenue, S. D. Porter's, Messrs. Fish and De Garmo's.

Fred Douglass published his newspaper in this city and had an office in the Tallman block. Changes have taken place in the building, but the identical

room is now in existence where Fred Douglass wielded his pen, a picture of which, is presented herewith. It is now occupied as a printing office by Frank A. Hayden.

In relation to this period of Mr. Douglass' career in Rochester the following information from W. H. Atkinson of this city is pertinent.

"As my friend and fellow apprentice in Fred Douglass' printing office, William Oliver, ex-county clerk, has covered a great deal of ground of reminiscences of the late, self-made diplomat and statesman; still there are many of our citizens who love to state, also to hear, some incident in relation to the 'Black Giant,' as he loved to be called. I preceded Mr. Oliver about a year, and as we attended the same school together, it was found that I could work at the 'case' and I was a committee of one to find another boy to succeed me in carrying a weekly route, wrestling with a wood stove, and making several trips a day to a house on Spring street for drinking water from a farmer's well on the premises, a large, old-fashioned boarding-house, adjoining premises now occupied by Dr. Moore. This was in 1850. I remained with him five years, and as my trade as a compositor was learned, left the city for the country. The boys, Lew. and Fred., soon learned the 'case' and in a short time he dispensed with Mr. Oliver's services, thinking that the two boys could run the paper. In the meantime Oliver had accepted a position on a Cincinnati paper, but at the expiration of six months Mr. Douglass wrote for him to return and assume charge of the paper. The boys in the other offices would taunt us by saying there's the two boys that work for a 'nigger.'

"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 morning paper contained many incidents in the life of Douglass while we were with him, but either of us could fill columns of reminiscences concerning him. I could not help but notice the contrast between the time 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 the anti-slavery feeling was very intense, not a hall could be obtained in the city to speak in. 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, and it would take not a little to induce me to part with them. I may be induced to submit them for publication. They are characteristic of his noble, generous disposition, never forgetting any one who favored his cause.

"Mr. Oliver saw him at the Chicago World's Fair. He had charge of the Hawaiian department and was surrounded by a crowd of his admirers who were handshaking and congratulating him, when his eyes happened to fall on his old office boy. Excusing himself in his usual polite and affable manner, he said he must go and entertain a former office