

SCRAPBOOK Row 11 - DIVISION

DOUGLASS, FREDERICK  
(death, funeral, monument)

S.B.  
Division  
Row 11

Douglass, Frederick  
Obituaries, accounts of  
his funeral and other  
material

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# FREDERICK DOUGLASS DEAD

## SKETCH OF A NOTABLE LIFE

### The World-Famous Ex-Slave Passes Away Suddenly.

dropped on His Knees in the Hallway of His Home While Telling of a Visit to the Women's Convention at Washington.

Frederick Douglas, the world-famous colored orator, dropped dead in the hallway of his residence, on Anacostia Heights, Washington, Wednesday evening. He had been in the highest spirits and apparently in the best of health, despite his 78 years, when death overtook him. During the afternoon he attended the sessions of the Women's National Council, returning to Cedar Hall, the name of his residence, between 5 and 6 o'clock. After dining he had a chat in the hallway with his wife about the doings of the council. He grew very enthusiastic in his explanation of one



FRED. DOUGLASS.

of the speakers of the day, when he fell upon his knees with hands clasped. Mr. Douglass, thinking this was part of the description, was not alarmed, but as he sank lower and lower, and lay stretched upon the floor, breathless at last. Realizing that he was ill, she raised his head, and then understood that he was dying. She was alone in the house and rushed to the front door, crying for help. Some men who were near by quickly responded and attempted to restore the dying man. One of them called Dr. J. Hart Harrison, and while the physician was injecting a restorative into the patient's arm Mr. Douglass passed away, peacefully without any pain.

#### DEVOTED TO WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

It is a singular fact in connection with the death of Mr. Douglass that the very last hours of his life were given in attention to one of the principles to which he devoted his energies since his escape from slavery. He was enthusiastically received at the Wednesday afternoon session of the Woman's suffrage convention. When Miss Susan B. 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 their friendship has continued for many years. One incident in connection with their relations with Mr. Douglass was mentioned 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, in which 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.

#### LIFE OF THE EX-SLAVE.

Mr. Douglass had just completed his 78th year. He was born a slave, near Easton, Md., in February, 1817. His mother was colored and his father a white man. He lived on the plantation of his owner, Colonel Edward Lloyd, until he was 10 years old. Ducretia Auld, the daughter of his master, was very kind to him, and transferred him to Baltimore to take care of her little nephew. His new mistress, Sophia Auld, taught him his alphabet, without the knowledge of her husband, who promptly forbade it when he learned of it. The prohibition only whetted the young slave's desire for knowledge. His reading lessons were then taken from little school boys on the street and in out-of-the-way places. The pavement and fences became his copy books and blackboards. When 11 years old he was put to work in his master's shipyard. There he practiced writing by imitating different letters on different parts of the ships, and made surprising progress. At the age of 16 he was taken from this easy life and placed on a farm, where he had to work hard and was often brutally punished. Roused to desperation he successfully resisted his master's attempt to flog him. This daring resistance put a new life into him. He was never again punished, but the desire for liberty was unquenchable. He planned an escape for himself and two others but the plot was discovered and he was thrown into prison and exposed for sale. His master refused to sell him, however, and sent him back to Baltimore. There he learned to caulk vessels.

#### MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE.

After 2 1/2 years' service there he escaped from slavery on Sept. 2, 1838. He married Anna Murray, a free woman, and went to New Bedford, Mass. He worked as a stevedore on whalers and often spoke at public meetings on matters touching his race. His eloquence attracted the attention of Abolitionists and he was induced to give all his time to the cause of his people. He was employed by various state societies until 1845, when he was sent by the New England Anti-Slavery society to hold 100 anti-slavery conventions from New Hampshire to Indiana. In the last named state he was set upon by a mob and had his right hand broken.

By mentioning his former master's name in a narrative of his life he became in 1844 liable to arrest as a runaway, and had to go to England. He was ransomed three years later by two English women for \$750, and then returned to the United States. For 16 years thereafter he published a weekly paper in Rochester, N. Y., called first the *North Star* and later *Frederick Douglass' Paper*, and also lectured all over the northern states until Lincoln's emancipation proclamation crowned the long fight.

#### ACCUSED OF HELPING JOHN BROWN.

In 1859 he was indicted for connection with the John Brown raid, and for a time took refuge in England. He favored arming the slaves at the outbreak of the Civil war, and helped to raise two colored regiments in Massachusetts, in which two of his sons were non-commissioned officers.

The later incidents of his life, including the official positions he held as United States marshal and afterward recorder of deeds of this district, his foreign missions to Haiti and Santo Domingo, and his editorial labors in this city made him personally known to thousands of citizens.

In 1872 he was elected presidential elector-at-large for the state of New York, where he was then residing, and was appointed to carry the vote of the state to Washington. Of recent years he had always been prominent in all movements having in view the social and political advancement of women.

Mr. Douglass was married twice, his second wife being Miss Pitts, a white woman, who was a clerk in the recorder's office, while he held that position. For a time this lost him some caste among the people of his own race, but his personal standing and overpowering intellectuality quickly

dissipated the sentiment that some sought to originate to his discredit.

He was one of the most distinguished-looking men that appeared on the thoroughfares of the capital. He was kindly disposed to all, courteous and of gentle bearing.

## PENNSYLVANIA GRIT.

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# FREDERICK DOUGLASS

## Death of the Great Ex-Slave Statesman.

### The End Came Painlessly and Without Any Apparent Warning.

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 Mezerott 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 was 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 rushed 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 injecting 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 has 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 Hillsdale African Church, near his home, and was waiting for a carriage when talking 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.

News of the death of Mr. Douglass reached the National Council of Women at the evening session.

May Wright Sewall, the president of the council, announced it to the following:



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 woman 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 probably with a view to consistency in this respect that he appeared at Metzertott 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 contenting himself with a bow in response to the applause that greeted the announcement, he took a seat beside Miss Anthony, his life-long 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 is



said Mrs. Auld rendered him much assistance, by so doing braving the danger of severe legal punishment. When he was about 14 years old, being difficult to manage, he was hired out by his master to work in a Baltimore shipyard, and was allowed for his own use \$3 a week out of his wages. This, of course, was very exceptional treatment, and indeed Capt. Auld appears throughout to have been a remarkably considerate and generous master.

September 3, 1838, is a date of the greatest importance in our hero's history. On that day, in accordance with a long cherished plan, he fled from Baltimore and from slavery. Capt. Auld has since stated that he had never expected to keep him permanently in slavery; he knew he was entirely too shrewd and daring long to be kept in bondage, and indeed it was with the object of allowing him to make his inevitable escape as easily as possible that he sent him to Baltimore. However this may have been, a vigorous attempt was made to recapture the fugitive. He made his way to New York, and from thence to New Bedford, Mass. At the latter place he was married and lived for several years, supporting himself by his trade as a workman in the shipyards. He was also a favorite exhorter in the colored Methodist Church. At about this time he assumed the name by which he has ever since been known, Frederick Douglass.

On reaching the north Mr. Douglass set earnestly to work to educate himself, with the object of becoming the advocate and emancipator of his race. In this he was materially assisted by William Lloyd Garrison, whose paper, *The Liberator*, Mr. Douglass faithfully studied. But it was uphill work. No one in this age of the world, save those who are old enough to remember them, can form any adequate appreciation of the prejudices that existed at that time, even in New England, against every one possessing even a trace of negro blood. Early in his career Mr. Douglass was repeatedly turned out of railroad cars and other public conveyances, and excluded from hotels and other public places, simply because he was a "nigger," and was "guilty of being suspected" of having "stolen himself" from his master." But Galileo was right: the world does move. In 1841 Mr. Douglass attended an anti-slavery meeting held in Nantucket, and there made a speech which for scholarship and eloquence at once attracted wide attention. He was immediately thereafter made the general agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and in that capacity spent four years lecturing throughout New England. A stranger simply told his own experience, but his eloquence, his thrilling portrayal of the iniquities of slavery, and the novelty of hearing a "nigger" making speeches worthy to rank with the best efforts of eminent white orators, attracted great audiences, and gave him world-wide fame.

Mr. Douglass went to Europe in 1845, and delivered numerous lectures to enthusiastic audiences in all the principal towns in the British Kingdom. During his absence a fund was raised to pay for and secure his passage according to the requirements of law in the slave States. This fund was chiefly contributed by his admirers in England. While abroad he issued his first book, "Life of an American Slave." He returned to America in 1847, and with the assistance of Gerritt Smith, established a weekly journal at Rochester, N. Y. It was known as the *North Star*, and was devoted to the cause of emancipation. Afterwards it became his sole property and was known as *Frederick Douglass' Paper*. He also traveled extensively and spoke continually in behalf of freedom. In 1860 Mr. Douglass returned to England and spent some months. It is told that while he was in London he was invited to address a great meeting in

Covent Garden, at which the Earl of Shaftesbury presided. At the end of his eloquent speech hundreds of the most eminent men in England thronged about him to congratulate him. Among them came a prominent American clergyman, who had, although a northerner, been somewhat notorious for his subserviency to southern sentiment. But now, being surrounded by British abolitionists, he assumed an eagerness to pay his respects to the negro orator. But the latter drew himself up to his full height and said to the clergyman: "Sir, were we to have met under similar circumstances in America, you would never have ventured to take my hand; and you shall not do it here!"

At the outbreak of the war Mr. Douglass took a foremost position in support of the national government. He strongly urged President Lincoln to proclaim the freedom of all the negroes in the south and to employ them as soldiers in the Union army. When these measures were finally adopted, in 1863, he sent his own sons into the army and rendered conspicuous services in enlisting colored troops, especially the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts regiments. In 1870 he removed to Washington and became editor-in-chief of a newspaper, the *New National Era*, which he afterwards transferred to his sons. The next year President Grant appointed him assistant secretary of the commission to Santo Domingo, and afterwards a member of the governing council of the District of Columbia. He was chosen in 1872 presidential elector-at-large for the State of New York, and as such carried the electoral vote of the State to the national capital. Four years later President Hayes made him United States marshal for the District of Columbia and held that office until 1881, when by President Garfield he was made recorder of deeds for the District. From the last named office he was removed for political reasons by President Cleveland in 1886. After his retirement from office he paid a third visit to England, and spent some time in travel in that kingdom and on the Continent. Since his return to his Washington home he had labored unceasingly with voice and pen for the uplifting and advancement of his race. His first wife died many years ago, and he was recently married a second time, his present wife being of pure Caucasian blood. Mr. Douglass had been a frequent and valued contributor to many newspapers, magazines and reviews, both in America and in England, and was the author of various published books. He had never intermitted his work as a popular public lecturer. A pleasant incident of Mr. Douglass' later life was his visit, in the summer of 1877, to his old master and the scenes of his childhood and early bondage. He was received by a great public gathering of all citizens, and delivered an address in which he referred most touchingly to his aged ex-master, and who was then very feeble and indeed died a few months afterward. "I come first of all," said Mr. Douglass, "to see my old master, from whom I have been separated for forty-one years; to shake his hand, to look into his kind old face and to see it beaming with light from the other world. I have had great joy in shaking that hand, in looking into that face, stricken with age and disease, but aglow with the light that comes from an honest heart, and reflecting the glory from the spirit world upon whose border he is, and where we shall soon again meet. Forty-one years ago I left him. I left him not because I loved him less, but because I loved freedom more."

He also addressed himself with eloquence and statesmanlike counsel to his fellow-negroes. "We must not talk about equality," he said, "until we can do what white people can do. As long as they can build vessels and we cannot, we are their inferiors; as long as they can build railroads, and we cannot, we are their inferiors; as long as they can found governments, and we cannot,

we are their inferiors. If twenty years from now the colored race as a race has not advanced beyond the point where it was when emancipated, it is a doomed race. The question is, Will the black man do as much now for his new master (himself) as he used to do for his old master? Do you my colored friends, get up as early now to work for yourselves as you used to do to work for that stern old Roman, Samuel Hambleton?" For the encouragement of the colored people, and to show them what energy and will could do, he pictured the condition of the English-speaking race five hundred years ago, and compared with the condition of that race now. He illustrated this part of his argument by quoting the instances of well known black men who had risen to eminence. He told the colored people that they must get money and keep it if they wished to elevate themselves. One trouble with them is that they always want to be going somewhere, and do not stay in one place or at one thing long enough to accumulate. A poor people are always a despised people. To be respected they must get money and property. Without money there's no leisure; without leisure no thought; without thought no progress. Their preachers should tell them more about what to do and less about what to feel. They should cultivate their brains more and their lungs less. They should not depend upon being helped, but should do for themselves. He was tired of Ethiopia's stretching out her hands. The man that can get up would be helped to do it. They should not depend upon the Lord for everything. The Lord is good and kind, but is of the most use to those who do for themselves. No man has a right to live unless he lives honestly, and no man lives honestly who lives upon another.

### Sorrow at Douglass' Death.

Concord, N. H., Feb. 22.—The lower branch of the legislature to-day adopted resolutions expressing sorrow because of the death of Frederick Douglass.

## Democrat and Chronicle.

### IN HONOR OF DOUGLASS.

The adjournment of the lower house of the legislature of North Carolina, an old slave state, out of respect to the memory of Frederick Douglass, is one of the signs of the times. The same legislative body refused to adjourn for Washington's birthday and would not honor the memory of Robert E. Lee, on the 19th of January. The resolutions passed by the North Carolina house were simple and direct:

Whereas, The late Fred Douglass departed this life on the 20th instant; and

Whereas, We greatly deplore the same; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That when this house adjourn, it adjourn in respect to the memory of the deceased.

This expression is worthy the state of North Carolina; it shows that emancipation has emancipated white and black alike. One of the authors of emancipation was Frederick Douglass, the son of a slave. He was greater than Spartacus, greater than any slave in all history, and the country which nourished him and listened to his voice will honor him as no man born a slave was ever honored before.



# ROCHESTER

FEBRUARY 21 1895.

## WILL BE BROUGHT HERE.

**Preparations for the Funeral of Frederick Douglass—To be Interred in Mt. Hope.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21.—According to present arrangements, the remains of Frederick Douglass will be taken to Rochester, N. Y., for interment in the Mount Hope cemetery, to be laid beside his two daughters.

It is the intention of Mr. Douglass' sons to disinter the remains of their mother, now lying in Glenwood cemetery, in this city, and to forward them to Rochester for burial alongside of the body of the distinguished anti-slavery champion.

## DOUGLASS' FUNERAL.

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

Washington, Feb. 21.—The funeral services of the late Frederick Douglass will be held to-morrow in Metropolitan A. M. E. Church. The body will be 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. G. Jenifer, pastor. Bishops Turner and Wayman will take part, and John W. Hutchinson, the last of the famous Hutchinson family of abolition singers and a life-long friend of the deceased, will sing a solo. The sermon will be preached by Dr. Jenifer, and brief eulogistic remarks will be made by Rev. Dr. Rankin, president of Howard University; Rev. Hugh T. Stevenson, of Anacostia Baptist Church, and Rev. Dr. F. J. Grimke.

The honorary pall bearers will be ex-Senator B. H. Bruce, W. H. A. Wormley, Hon. John R. Lynch, John F. Cook, E. C. Messer, P. B. S. Pinchback, Dr. C. B. Purvis, Leonard C. Bailey, John H. Brooks, H. Menzies, Dr. John R. Francis, F. J. Barbadoes, Captain D. L. Pitcher, B. E. Messer and Congressman George W. Murray.

At 7:10 the body will leave for Rochester, N. Y., over the Northern Central railroad, and is scheduled to reach there at 9:25 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 23 1895.

## The Douglass Funeral.

A special meeting of the common council was called for this afternoon in order that the aldermen may decide on arrangements for the part that the city shall take in the funeral of Frederick Douglass, which is to be held here Wednesday next.

In Common Council, February 23, 1895.

### SPECIAL MEETING.

Ald. Merton E. Lewis, president of the Board, in the chair.  
Present—Ald. Callihan, McMillan, Green, Adams, Edelman, Ashton, Dewey, Cook, Pauckner, Lewis and Harris—11.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 23, 1895.

Theodore S. Pulver, City Clerk:

Sir:—You will please call a special meeting of the Common Council for this, Saturday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, to take such action as may be necessary and appropriate in connection with the funeral of the Hon. Frederick Douglass, for many years a respected resident of this city.

MERTON E. LEWIS,  
Acting Mayor.

Ald. McMillan—  
Mr. President: I rise to a question of privilege and beg leave to submit the following memorial and resolutions on the death of our former fellow townsman, the Honorable Frederick Douglass.

### MEMORIAL.

At his residence in Washington, February 20, 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 Tuckahoe, near Easton, Talbot county, Maryland, February 14, 1817. His early boyhood was passed in slavery upon the plantation of Colonel Lloyd. When about nine years of age he learned to read and write; September 3, 1838, he escaped from slavery and took up his residence in New Bedford, Mass, where he was first married. It was here he met and was assisted in his efforts to secure an education by William Lloyd Garrison. In 1841, 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 this society at once employed him as one of its agents; for them he lectured through New England for about four years, upon the subject which he was so eminently qualified by nature and experience to speak. So successful was he that in 1845 he made a tour of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, receiving marked attention everywhere. Rochester was honored by his making it his home in 1847, and here he resided for the most part until 1870.

When he first settled in Rochester he began the publication of a paper known as the "North Star," an organ devoted to the abolition of slavery, and which he continued a greater part of the time until the emancipation of his race removed the cause for its existence.

Mr. Douglass filled many positions of trust with eminent credit to himself and his country. In 1871 he was appointed assistant secretary to the commission of Santo Domingo and later by President Grant as a member of the Territorial Council of the District of Columbia. In 1872 he was elector at large for the state of New York and the messenger of the Electoral College. From 1876 to 1881, he was United States marshal for the District of Columbia, and recorder of deeds for that district from 1881 to 1886. But it was as an orator and author that Mr. Douglass was perhaps best known from the time when he fired the hearts and zeal of the New England abolitionists until his last public appearance a few years since. He was an orator whose oratory was spontaneous, natural and convincing and the citizens of Rochester have not forgotten the occasions when he held as if by magic, the large audiences which would congregate to hear him. As an author he achieved distinction by his works: "Narrative of My Experience in Slavery," "My Bondage and My Freedom," published here in 1855, and "Life and Times of Frederick Douglass."

Rochester is proud that he was one of her sons and that he will rest in her beautiful city of the dead.

In his life and life work, our youth can find much worthy of emulation and its lesson to all cannot be lost.

"Who'er amidst the soas  
"Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue  
"Displays distinguished merit, is a noble  
"Of Nature's own creating."

Resolved, That we do hereby tender to the family and relatives of Honorable Frederick Douglass, our sympathy in their affliction, and that this memorial be spread upon the minutes of this Council, a copy of this memorial and these resolutions, be sent to his family, and further,

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,

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

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

The Chair appointed as such committee: Ald. Pauckner, Adams, Ashton, Green and Harris.

On motion of Ald. Dewey the board then adjourned.

THEODORE S. PULVER, 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 which he has honored in his life will be honored as the place of his burial. It was here that he saw the light, for which he had been so many years watching, break over the land of bondage. It was here that he read the immortal Proclamation of Emancipation, which, at one stroke, broke the chains of millions of oppressed race, and made this land, the first time in truth and in deed, the home of the free. The stalwart and dignified form, so familiar to the people of Rochester, has fallen, and the tongue whose eloquence has thrilled hundreds of thousands of auditors is still silent, but his work is done, and all that remains is to honor his memory.

In accordance with arrangements made by the committee of the common council the remains will lie in state in the City Hall, and the three upper grades of the public schools will be closed during forenoon to enable the children to view the face of one who is so closely identified with the history of their city and country.

It is too early to write the obituary of Frederick Douglass. The people of the United States are not yet far enough from the events attending the work in which he was engaged to appreciate that work in its entirety. That he has suffered and accomplished much is known and of all men, but the final results of his suffering and that ceaseless labor no living to-day can measure. Born and reared in slavery, it was vouchsafed him to see the auction block banished from the land, but the future of his race whom he toiled so unceasingly was hid from his view. In the later years of life this problem of the future of the colored race in the United States was close to his heart. With a wisdom which was greater than that of most men he recognized the difficulty of the problem to the full. He believed that it is through

education alone that the welfare of our race can finally be achieved, and the benefits of freedom fully realized. With this idea he worked until the last.

To-day Rochester is proud to honor the memory of its distinguished citizen. Children who this morning gather around the bier of this truly great American will cherish his memory in the coming years, when the prejudice which moved a senator of the state of Maryland to object to his remains lying in state in the national cemetery, shall be obliterated. They will re-



TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1895.

the history of Douglass in a better light than the present affords; read it when a measure of justice shall have been meted to his race so long held in bondage; read it when his grave shall have become a shrine, which shall be the object of the pilgrimage of lovers of freedom throughout the civilized world. For the name of Frederick Douglass will go down to posterity with that of Abraham Lincoln.

**DOUGLASS AND LEE.**

It was to be expected that howls would be raised in some parts of the South over the action of the North Carolina legislature in adjourning out of respect to the memory of Frederick Douglass and in refusing to adjourn on General Lee's birthday. The New Orleans States comes forward with a wail and a protest, saying that the members of the legislature have "violated decency," earned the "contempt of the whole country," and "insulted their ancestors." It continues thus: "The tribute of respect which they have paid to a negro whose life was spent in attacking and villifying the white people of the South, and the brutal insult offered to the memory of General Lee, one of the grandest and noblest characters in American history, will, we are quite sure, do the Populist cause no good for the reason that it will impel self-respecting white men in North Carolina to revolt against Populism and stamp it out."

This and all talk like it is out of date. The name of Frederick Douglass stands for freedom, and can never be separated from the deliverance of this nation from the disgrace of maintaining traffic in human beings. The name of Lee stands for a great rebellion, designed to disrupt this republic for the purpose of perpetuating and extending the system of slavery. Lee's "grand and noble character" is one thing; his significance in history is another. It was right for the North Carolina legislature,

whether it was composed of Populists, Democrats or Republicans, to show respect for the man who had been a leader in a campaign for liberty. There is not much sense in interrupting public business on every birthday of a soldier who fought for a bad cause that was lost. It is well to keep sight of the cold facts of the case and of their meaning in the life of this nation.

**DEATH OF DOUGLASS.**

**Assemblyman O'Grady Introduces a Resolution in the Assembly.**

Special Dispatch to the Union and Advertiser. ALBANY, Feb. 21.—Assemblyman O'Grady of Rochester, where Fred Douglass once lived, introduced and the Assembly adopted the following:

"Resolved, That the Assembly hears with regret of the sudden and unexpected death of the Hon. Frederick Douglass of Washington. Born in slavery, thrown upon his own resources at an early date, self educated entirely, and endowed with great natural ability he successfully filled the positions of orator, editor, diplomat and statesman.

"His death removes one of the foremost citizens and most striking figures of the republic as well as the most distinguished member of his race of modern times.

"As a former resident of this State and who has been signally honored by our citizens, it is fitting that we should take public notice of his death."

**HONORS TO THE DEAD**

**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 never will be possible to duplicate in the United States, will be laid in its last resting place to-day in this city, which for many years he called his home.

The demonstration that will be made in connection with the funeral will be a fitting tribute to the memory of the man by the city of his adoption. It will be a public funeral in the true meaning of the word, for the city, through its officials, will conduct it.

The body will lie in state in the city hall, the flags on all public buildings will be placed at half mast, the public schools will be closed part of the day, and in other ways recognition of the occasion will be marked. The funeral procession 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 Northern Central. Aldermen Adams and Ashton, of the committee of arrangements of the common council, will go down to Canandaigua early this morning and will come back to Rochester with the funeral party. Any details of the funeral not yet arranged will be attended to by them, and the relatives of the dead man will be acquainted with the arrangements for the funeral already made.

A squad of twelve policemen will leave the city hall at 9 o'clock this morning and march to the Central-Hudson station to meet the remains. The special committee of the council and the honorary bearers will meet at the city hall at 8:45 o'clock and proceed to the Central-Hudson station in carriages. When the train arrives the active bearers will carry the casket to the hearse and the procession will move to the city hall headed by the detachment of police. Douglass League will also be in the escort.

The casket containing the remains of the dead orator will be conveyed directly to the city hall, where the body will lie in state until 1:30 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 street entrance. A detachment of police and a squad of the Eighth Separate Company will do guard duty while the remains lie in state.

The funeral services will be held at 2 o'clock in Central Church. Dr. H. H. Stebbins, pastor of the church, and Rev. Myron Adams, of Plymouth Church, will make addresses. The use of Plymouth Church for the funeral services was offered. Mr. Douglass having been a constant attendant there when he was a resident of Rochester, but Central Church was selected because it is the larger and more conveniently 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. Mandeville 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. Jeffrey, R. L. Kent, H. A. Spencer, F. S. Cunningham 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, Fish, Clarkson, Curran and Carroll, Congressman Van Voorhis, ex-Congressman Greenleaf, Jacob K. Post and ex-County Clerk William Oliver. It was the intention to have all the ex-mayors act as honorary bearers, but Senator Parsons and Superintendent Aldridge, it is thought, will not be able to be present.

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

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

Eighth Separate Company. Fifty-fourth Regiment Band. The Police Department.

The mayor, common council committee and other city officials. The hearse, with the guard of honor on each side.

The Douglass League 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.

At a meeting of Douglass League held last night feeling resolutions on the death of the man for whom the organization was named were adopted.

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## ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE,

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1895.

## SAID IN HIS HONOR

Funeral of Frederick Douglass at  
Washington.

## A NOTABLE GATHERING

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

Washington, Feb. 25.—Not since the unveiling of the Lincoln emancipation statue in 1878 has there been such a popular outpouring of colored people as was witnessed to-day in and about 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, including 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 roses, orchids and palms, sent by the Haytian government, through Minister Hientjens. Another tribute was from B. F. Auld, the son of Frederick Douglass's old master, who is now captain 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 Hoar, 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. Wormley, Hon. John R. Lynch, John F. Cook, E. C. Messer, Hon. P. B. S. Pinchback, C. B. Purvis, L. C. Bailey, John H. Brooks, J. H. Meriwether, John R. Francis, F. J. Barbadoes, D. L. Pitcher, B. E. Messer 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 one shall fall in this day in Israel?"

Rev. H. E. Stevenson, pastor of the white church in Anacostia, attended by Mrs. Douglass, followed with a brief address. Rev. J. H. Rankin, president of Howard university, also delivered a brief eulogy of the deceased.

John Hutchinson, of Boston, Mass., the last of the famous Hutchinson family of abolition singers, who accompanied Mr. Douglass to England on his mission against slavery, told some touching little stories of his lifelong friendship with the deceased, and then sang two requiem solos.

Secretary Nicholas, of the Haytian legation in the United States, representing Minister Hientjens, delivered a brief eulogy in French, which was translated by Mr. Durham, ex-United States minister to Hayti. Secretary Nicholas expressed the sorrow of the Haytian government and of its legation here, at the death of Mr. Douglass. Bishop Wayman, in his eulogy, merely named the great men from a number of states of the Union, and wound up with the remark: "And last, but not least, Maryland has her Frederick Douglass." Rev. W. D. Derrick, of New York, also spoke.

Miss Susan B. Anthony then arose to read a letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, highly eulogistic of the deceased. Miss Anthony prefaced the reading of the letter with some remarks of her own. Mrs. Stanton, she said, was beloved by Frederick Douglass more than any other woman in the ranks of the suffragists. The letter of Mrs. Stanton recalled incidents in her association with Mr. Douglass and told of her grief at his death.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall said Mr. Douglass had not only opened up the way to the emancipation of his own people, but to the emancipation of women.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw offered a prayer and then Bishop Williams of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, delivered the benediction. The services lasted nearly three hours. The remains were borne to the hearse by eight colored letter carriers and after the family, friends and others had entered the carriages waiting for them, the funeral procession moved to the Pennsylvania railroad station, where the casket was placed on board the funeral train for Rochester, N. Y.

## 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 sketch of his career printed on another 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 his residence down to the eve of the war, and issued 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 Haskell. 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 a young 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 the assembly by Mr. Mann, 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 townsman and once contemporary of the "North Star," which he edited with distinguished ability, Frederick Douglass, as a sojourner at the Powers Hotel, and as an honored 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 world moves. And what added peculiar force to the incident was the fact that upon either side of him in the circle of the round breakfast 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 slaveholders before the war and officers of the 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 Aldermen 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



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 elbowing one another in an attempt to get as near as possible to the incoming train.

Although every possible 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 charge.

Among those who accompanied the remains from Washington, were: 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 Mr. Joseph H. Douglass, grandson. Gen. John A. Eton and Prof. George W. Cook, representing the Howard Uni-

versity, were also present, and Rev. J. H. Chilcote of Asbury Church, Washington. Gen. Eaton is ex-commissioner of education.

While the remains were being transferred from the train to the hearse the Fifty-fourth Regiment Band played the funeral dirge and the escort remained standing with bared heads. The procession was then formed as follows: Fifty-fourth Regiment Band, cordon of police, carriages containing committee of the Common Council, Mayor Lewis and remaining members of the council, honorary bearers, active bearers, Douglass League as escort, and the hearse followed by the friends and relatives. The line of march was from Central avenue to North Clinton street, to East Main street, to Fitzhugh street to the City Hall, where the remains were left lying in state in the main corridor on the first floor until taken to the church.

Crowds thronged Central avenue, Clinton, East Main and Fitzhugh streets and thousands followed the procession from the depot to the City Hall. Here the crowd was so dense that it required the utmost efforts of the policemen on duty to open a way for the procession. The members of the Common Council, Mayor Lewis, the bearers, escorts and relatives marched through the main entrance of the hall and placed the remains on the dais in the center of the corridor.

People anxious to get a last look at the honored dead then followed after the procession and for hours the corridors were crowded to overflowing. The corridors of City Hall were draped with bunting and national flags and the dais was massed with palms, cut flowers and like tokens of respect.

The sight presented at the hall during the morning and until the remains were taken to the church will long be remembered by the citizens of Rochester. The higher grades of the public schools were dismissed and teachers and pupils given an opportunity to take a final look at the features of the great apostle of freedom.

A guard of honor composed of four members of the Eighth Separate Company and a corporal and four officers of the police department, with a lieutenant, was placed over the remains at the City Hall.

The relatives and those composing the party from Washington were taken to Powers Hotel, where they remained until the funeral services at Central Church.

The procession bearing the remains from City Hall to the church moved at 1:40 o'clock. The line formed at the Fitzhugh street entrance to the hall, with right on West Main street, and was composed as follows:

Capt. McDermott, four lieutenants and forty-eight men from the police drill corps.

Fifty-fourth Regiment Band. Eighth Separate Company, commanded by Capt. Henderson.

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, and ex-Mayors Henry L. Fish, William Carroll, Charles W. Briggs and George G. Clarkson.

The line of march as directed by Superintendent of Police Cleary was through Fitzhugh to Church street to 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 exercises to be carried out at the church at 2 o'clock were:

- Musical selection .....
- .....Central Church Male Quartette
- Invocation .....Rev. W. R. Taylor
- Reading of Scripture .....
- ..Rev. Dr. Wesley A. Ely of Zion Church
- Selection .....Central Church Choir
- Address .....Miss Mary Anthony
- Selection ..Central Church Male Quartette
- Address .....Rev. Dr. W. C. Gannett
- Selection .....Central Church Quartette
- Prayer and benediction .....
- Rev. Dr. H. H. Stebbins of Central Church

The streets in the neighborhood of the church were blocked with people endeavoring 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 overflowing and every available inch of standing room was taken up. The audience was very orderly and every word spoken from the pulpit could be heard distinctly.

After the selection by the male quartette of the church, Rev. W. R. 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 who dost still continue to make men and women in Thine own image and share with them Thine own divine nature—only Thou who, by Thy providence, dost rule in their affairs, bringing peace and liberty out of their bloody conflicts, and a higher righteousness from their sins—only Thou who didst kindle a divine fire within the soul of this man whose mortal body we are this day to bury in the earth, who didst give him his great heart and his eloquent tongue, and make him a power in the stormy and eventful period in which Thou didst cast his lot—only Thou canst teach us the lesson of his life and through it, fit us the better to serve Thee and our fellow men. We therefore entreat Thee for the influence of Thy Holy Spirit upon our spirits, that we may see Thee and realize the noble opportunities of our life.

Forgive and cleanse us. Set us free from every form of bondage. Teach us, lead us, keep us, through Him who hath taught us to pray, saying, "Our Father, &c."

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 of the great statesman by Miss Mary Anthony. Rev. Dr. William C. Gannett also delivered an address.



Sherman D. Richardson read a poem, as follows :

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 ed'ct 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.

A selection was then rendered by the church choir, followed by the closing prayer and benediction by Rev. Dr. H. H. Stebbins, pastor of Central Church. Dr. Stebbins said :

Almighty God, who hast been our dwelling place in all generations, in whose hand are our times, who hast appointed the bound of our habitation, we are here reverently and humbly to worship Thee, to acknowledge the benefits with which every day is loaded, to confess our manifold unworthiness, to supplicate Thy continued favor, and especially to bow submissively before that Divine decree that has removed from our nation one of its most distinguished citizens.

We bless Thee for the man. We bless Thee that, above the color of his face and the bondage of his earlier years, that with such scant opportunity, that throughout the severe hardship, extreme peril, the violent prejudice and the bitter persecution, to which he was exposed, he was, and remained, the man.

We bless Thee for the divinely implanted instinct of freedom that could never essentially make him a slave to any man. We bless Thee for the character he developed; for his steadfast devotion to his race; for the great ideas that stirred him; for the honest heart, out of the abundance of which he spake; for his fidelity to conviction; for his steadfastness, and for his ready and active sympathy. And we bless Thee for the effective pen and the eloquent tongue that gave such brave expression to what was in him. We bless Thee, most of all, for his faith in God, a faith wrought by love, that purified the heart, and that stimulated to manifold endeavor. We bless Thee that between the birth of the man and the death of the man there lie so many fruitful years. We bless Thee for the brave fight he fought, for the course he so nobly finished, and for the faith he kept. Surely a crown of life has been awaiting him, and now he wears it.

Surely he has been welcomed into the higher life, with the greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant." We would add our tribute of respect, and gratitude, and admiration, and affection. We bless Thee that so much of the good that men do lives after them, and that he, whose mortal remains lie before us, being dead, yet speaketh. Help us to hear and to heed the lesson his notable life teaches. Let our admiration inspire imitation, make us better men, men of God, men of faith, men of action, truer to conviction, more ready to do and to dare, for God and man, for country and world.

Apply Thy balm of consolation to the wife and family of Thy deceased servant. Comfort all who mourn over this event. We thank Thee for the safe conduct, thus far, of these precious remains. Attend them to the resting place, where we shall gratefully and sacredly cherish them. Bless our city. Into our municipal life may there enter such laws and such administration as shall make us an upright, happy, contented and united community. Bless our beloved land. Bless our president and his immediate advisers; our Congress, the governors of our states, the judges of our courts, and all who bear any authority. Help us, stimulated by the lives of worthy citizens who have gone to their reward, to cultivate the righteousness that exalteth a nation. Bless all lands and all peoples that on earth do dwell. May government become more liberal. May God be universally acknowledged as Father, and may all men live together as brethren.

The grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with us all. Amen.

At the close of the services at the church the escort, relatives and friends passed out on the Sophia street side, where the funeral procession was formed. The line of march was from Sophia street to Church, to State, to East Main, to St. Paul street, to Mt. Hope avenue, to the cemetery, where the remains were placed in the public vault.

The ministers, who were present at the church, accompanied the remains to the cemetery, where the last exercises in honor of the departed statesman were held. The services at Mt. Hope were brief. The body was formally committed to its last resting place and a musical selection was rendered by the Central Church male quartette.

## COLORED MEN MEET

### Memorial Service in Honor of Frederick Douglass.

Held by the Literary Union of the Zion African Episcopal Church.

Addresses by Several Leading Negroes—Resolutions Adopted by the Women's Political Club.

Services in honor of the memory of the late Hon. Fred Douglass were held last night by the Literary Union of Zion A. M. E. Church in the church on Favor street. Rev. Mr. Ely, D. D., pastor of the church, opened the meeting. Albert L. Williams, president of the union, delivered an address, which was, in part, as follows :

"We have assembled here this evening to perform the solemn duty of commemorating the memory of one of the most heroic and courageous lives ever lived in this country. That of an orator and statesman whose individual pre-eminence will forever assert itself. Gratitude and honor ever wait upon true greatness, but one by one the great political lights go out, and now another is gone and we are now constrained to say, 'Douglass is dead.' While we mourn the irreparable loss of this great man, the completion of his life's work has left to us the noticeable legacy, the proof of the immortal Jefferson's words, that 'all

men are born equal.' Upon every page of American annals in which our people figure, you may trace the hand of Douglass. In every home and at every fireside his name is the household word and his picture the dearest possession. In speaking of his achievements the young men should sound the loudest praise, for to him they owe the privileges of their birthright.

"The advantages are much better now for a young man to attain that which is honorable and good than they were for Douglass. Their lives should be passed in trying to approximate the grand example his dying leaves behind him. Throughout the twilight and evening of their declining years they will cherish his memory as that of a most kind and generous parent. Why does the nation mourn? Why do the people bow their heads? Why do streams of humanity pass, with their hearts beating low with knelling sound? Many of them to look upon the face which they have not seen, since the memorable day after the unveiling of Lincoln's monument, and which they will never see again until the unveiling of the 'world's monuments' when Gabriel shall sound the 'Grand Assembly.'

"The statesman who often moved their hearts to feel the pulse of loyalty and patriotism is dead. The voice that has thrilled them has now been stilled in death.

"In what better way could the citizens of Boston display their love and loyalty to the promoter of true patriotism than that of decorating Bunker Hill monument with flowers? The pomp and splendor with which the city of Rochester received and attended the remains of Douglass strikes a death blow to the giant curse prejudice. 'A man is a man for a' that.' He needs no monument 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 Major Cunningham also spoke.

At the close of the addresses a committee on resolutions consisting of Adam Morse, Jr., Benjamin Simms, Henry Williams, and W. J. Smith, who reported as the result of their deliberations 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 Benevolent Fraternity of the churches on Bulfinch street to-night, memorial services were held in honor of the late Frederick Douglass. The speakers were William Lloyd Garrison, Henry B. Blackwell and Butler R. Wilson. Mr. Garrison gave a brief outline of Mr. Douglass's early life, how he escaped from slavery and came to the North, where he made his first speech on the anti-slavery question. He also told of his visit to this city and to Europe.



# 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 li., 14, as follows: "The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loose; that he shall not die in the pit or his bread fail." 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. Elijah 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.



WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1895.

# THE LAST HONORS

THE FACE OF DOUGLASS VIEWED 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 afloat 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. Eaton and Professor George W. Cook, representing the Howard University, were also present, and Rev. J. H. Chilcote of Asbury Church, Washington. General Eaton 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-eloquent. 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. Yes, and often he lived in the darkness of coldness and insult, to-day we bring him into the sunlight of true appreciation.

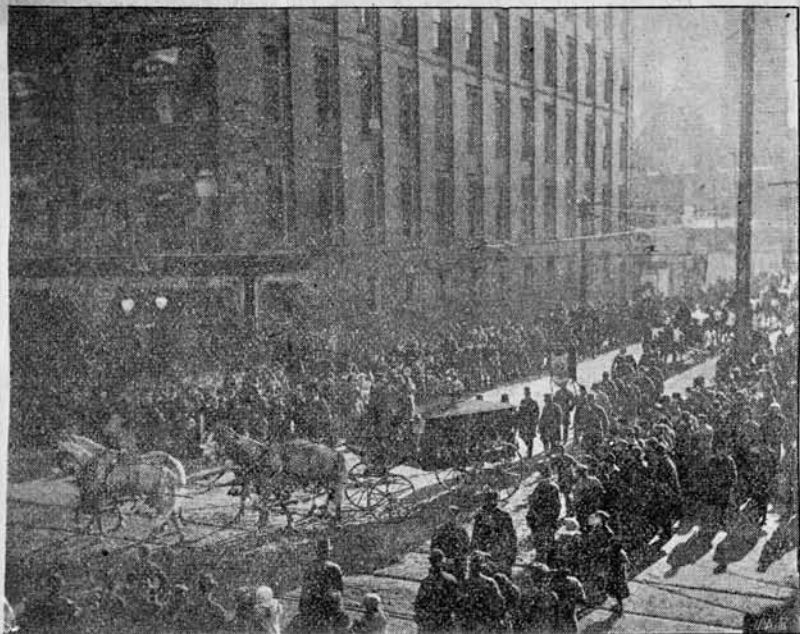
"But that was not all. It is not simply a tribute to the man. The personal tribute rises and loses itself in a grander and nobler thought. It becomes transfigured into an impersonal thought. We are in an era of change on a great subject. White people here are honoring a black people. An exception? Yes. 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 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 race. His name was a familiar one on more than one continent, and his memory will remain a bright one on the faded 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.

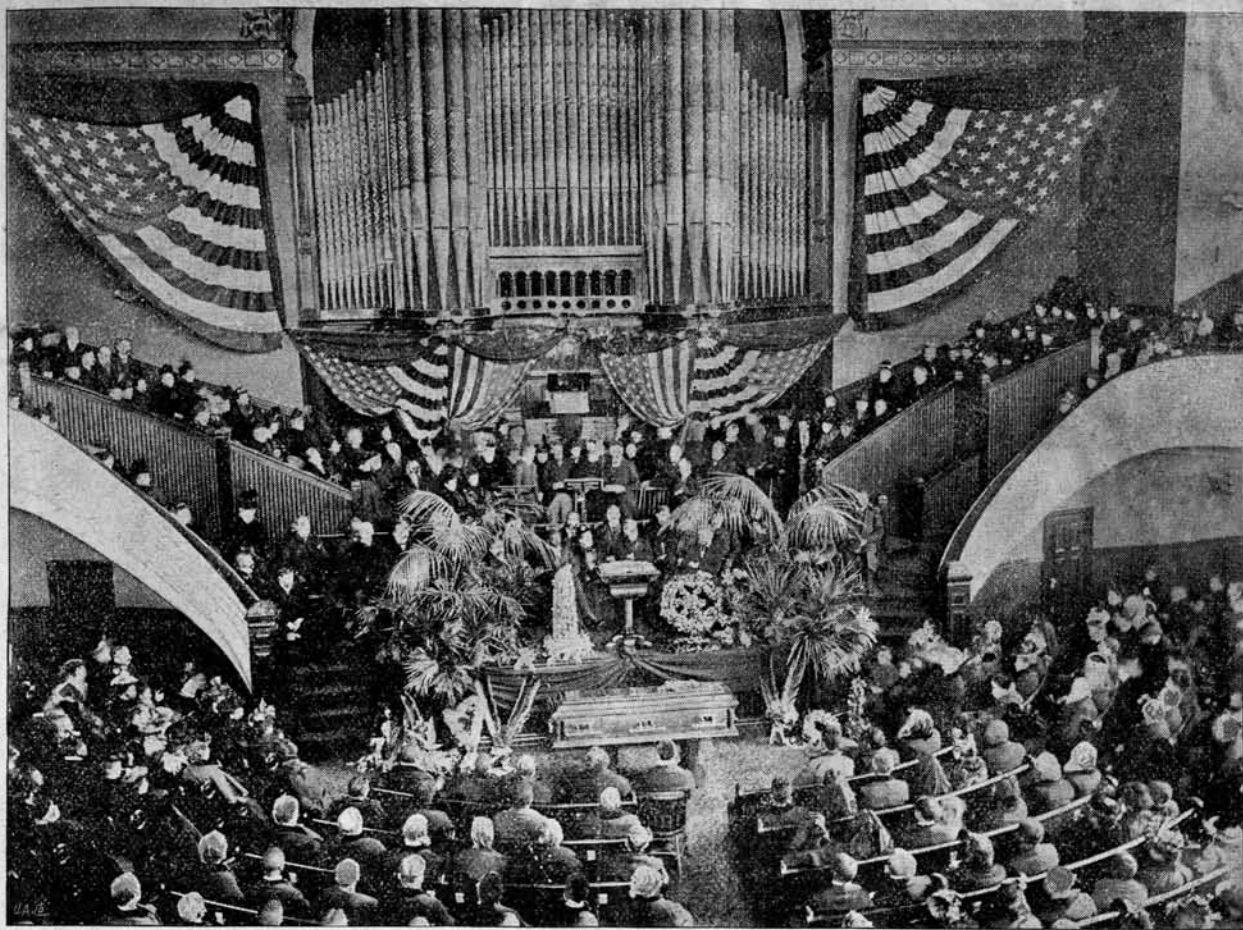
"As my friend and fellow apprentice in Fred Douglass' printing office, William Oliver, ex-county clerk, has covered a great deal of ground of reminiscences of the late, self-made diplomat and statesman; still there are many of our citizens who love to state, also to hear, some incident in relation to 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





THE DOUGLASS FUNERAL—INSIDE THE CHURCH.

Photo by W. H. Denio of Kodak Exchange.

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 yeas 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 envired 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 bondsmen, 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 harrassing 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 wrongs 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 faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!'"





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. Greenleaf was chairman of the meeting and H. A. Spencer 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 Abercrombie 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 Hon. Frederick Douglass, this city sustains the loss of an eminent citizen, whose life and services in behalf of human rights, will illumine one of the most interesting and exciting chapters in the history of the nineteenth century. In Rochester his earlier struggles for equality and humanity were commenced. His phenomenal success and honorable career, combined as they were with strict integrity, inspired by unflinching zeal for his life's mission in behalf of his race, commanding for him, as citizen, patriot, emancipator 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 here the last sad rites 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 commissioner of Rochester, that appropriate action be taken to change the name of that park to Douglass Park, and that we hereby request the co-operation 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. Baker, George A. Benton, 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. Bemish and DeL. Crittenden.



### OLD SLAVERY DAYS.

#### 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 inci-  
dents 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 Descended 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 gag 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 for being born black no more than I would be if 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.”



THE DOUGLASS FUNERAL— ON CHURCH STREET—THE LINE OF POLICE.





THE OLD POST RESIDENCE, ON SOPHIA STREET—THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

**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."



MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

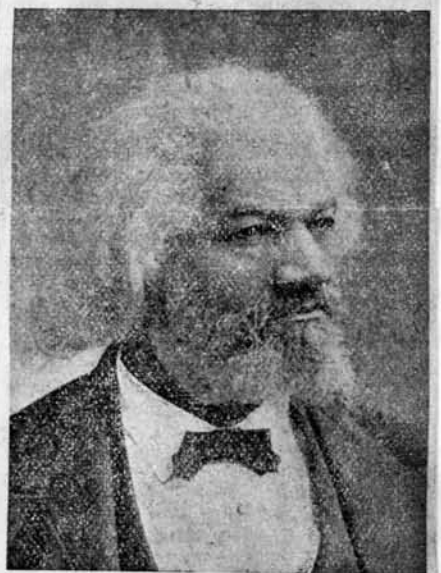




MRS. AMY POST, THE OLD ASSOCIATE OF THE LATE FREDERICK DOUGLASS, WHOSE CELLAR WAS USED AS THE FAMOUS UNDERGROUND RAILWAY



FREDERICK DOUGLASS AS A YOUNG MAN.



THE LATE HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, THE EX-SLAVE STATESMAN,

**William Oliver Relates Interesting Reminiscences of Him.**

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 Tallman block, opposite Reynolds's arcade, two flights up over Edwin Scramton'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 Jeromes,

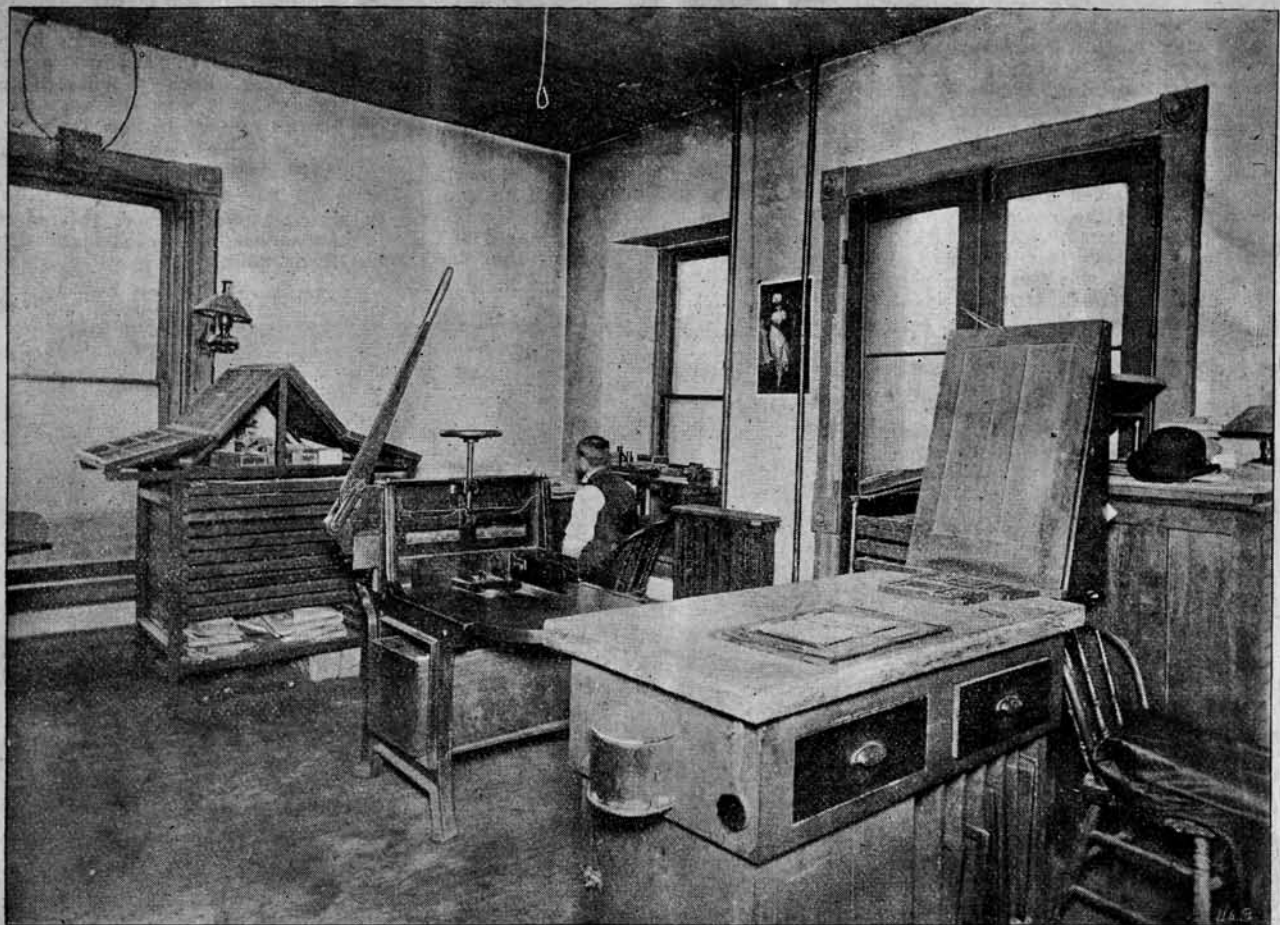
APRIL 4, 1888.



ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

President of the National Woman's Suffrage Association.





FREDERICK DOUGLASS' OLD OFFICE, WHERE THE "NORTH STAR" WAS PRINTED.

then publishers of the Daily American (Alexander Mann, editor), did the press work. The late John E. Morey and Lorenzo Kelly were both employed on the American at that time, the former as foreman of the job room, and the latter as general manager.

"The unjust prejudice entertained by a majority of the white people towards the colored race in those days was intense, and many 'licking' and stoning I received when going on my weekly round in delivering the paper to the city subscribers, from toughs who didn't believe in white people working for 'niggers.'

"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 maturing plans of some desperate nature. The final result has gone into history, and I think 'Old Ossawatimie's failure and execution was the entering wedge looking to the downfall of American slavery.

"Although it was well known that Mr. Douglass tried to dissuade Brown from engaging in such a foolhardy undertaking, Governor Wise, of Virginia, thought otherwise, and a requisition was issued for his arrest. The late Henry R. Selden, a neighbor of Douglass, 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 Virginia 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 1860. They were never replaced complete, although some friend in Saco, Me., supplied him with two volumes.

"Among the contributors to his paper were Garrett Smith, Dr. J. E. McCurrie 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 Connell of the Union office set up the matter. Besides Mr. Connell, William H. Atkinson and Frank Alexander were printers in the office.

"Mr. Douglass'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. Douglass'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. Catherine's by rail, or by boat to Port Hope.



**THE UNION AND ADVERTISER.**

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEB. 21, 1895.

**DOUGLASS DEAD**

**The Great Anti-Slavery Advocate's Life in Rochester.**

**His Lectures, Newspaper Work, Underground Railroad Business, and Various Historical Events.**

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

The colored people of Rochester will probably hold exercises in commemoration of Frederick Douglass. The colored soldiers' monument committee will be called together in a day or two to take preliminary steps. A meeting of the Douglass League will be held to-morrow night, it is understood, to consider what action should be taken. The death of Mr. Douglass will also be brought before the congregation of Zion Church on Sunday. It will probably be about twenty days before the formal exercises are held. A large hall will be secured, according to the present plans, and there will be speakers both white and colored.

The following telegram was sent to-day:

"Mrs. Frederick Douglass, Anacosta, Washington, D. C.:

"The Douglass statue and monument committee tenders its heartfelt sympathy in your sad bereavement.

"J. W. Thompson."

There will be services at the Zion Church, Favor street, under the auspices of the Zion Literary Society on Thursday evening, February 28th, at 8 o'clock, in memory of the late Hon. Frederick Douglass. There will be prominent speakers in attendance and it is proposed to make the event a public mass meeting.

The death of Frederick Douglass brought to the minds of many Rochesterians incidents in his eventful life while a resident of this city. It was in 1847, nine years after his escape from slavery, that he settled in Rochester and he lived here a quarter of a century. His old friends, white and colored, learn of his death with genuine sorrow.

After his escape and before coming to Rochester he went to England and made friends with the anti-slavery people of that country. His lectures at that time attracted wide attention. When he came here, selecting Rochester for a home as it was a stronghold of the anti-slavery advocates, he surprised people by starting a weekly paper. Even his friends were afraid that a man, only nine years removed from the ignorance of a plantation slave, was scarcely fit to run a paper. The North Star made its appearance and was afterwards called Frederick Douglass' paper. Under many difficulties it was kept afloat until after the emancipation. It was a large sized sheet with a circulation at times as high as 4,000 a week and the running expenses were about \$80 weekly.

Among his friends and supporters in this city were: Lindley Murray Moore, Isaac and Amy Post, William Hallowell, William S. Falls, Samuel D. Porter, William C. Bloss, Benjamin Fish, Asa Anthony, Grove S. Gilbert, Nelson Bostwick, Joseph Marsh, E. C. Williams, George A. Avery, John Kedzie, Thomas James and Isaac Gibbs.

During the earlier months of his residence in the city Mr. Douglass lived on Alexander street, not far from East avenue. Later he removed to South avenue, on the hill approaching what is now Highland park. Here John Brown laid his plans for the Harper's Ferry raid which cost him his life. Here also was the last station 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 up to the time of his death. The first Mrs. Douglass, who was a colored woman, died some years before this. In 1883 Mr. Douglass married Miss Pitts, a white woman and the daughter of a farmer of Honeoye, Ontario county. The family was prominently identified with the Abolition movement, and it was this family which gave its name to Pittsford.

Jacob K. Post is among the citizens who remember Mr. Douglass most vividly. In 1843 the great colored orator was first seen in Rochester, when he addressed an anti-slavery convention in the old Co-inthian Hall. Upon that occasion he was entertained by Mr. Post's father, Isaac Post, a prominent Abolitionist. 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 and jokes Jacob Post related the following anecdote to-day:

"He liked to tell jokes on his own race as well as at the expense of any other. Once when he was in Dublin he felt very lonesome. He was wandering about the streets when he was attracted by two violins in the window of a second-hand dealer. Frederick entered and asked the price of one of the instruments.

"'Five shillings, sor,' said the Irish dealer.

"Frederick turned up the violin and began to play 'Rocky 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 stopped Frederick tendered the dealer the five shillings, but his performance on the violin had greatly enhanced its value in the mind of the dealer and as he hurried it away to a place of security exclaimed:

"'If a black nagur can git sich chunes out av that fiddle, I'll never sell it at any price, begorra!'"

Jane Marsh Parker, in a sketch of Mr. Douglass written in 1887, said:

"He stood at bay with the bitter prejudices of the community. The mission 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 wondered why Rochester did not throw the nigger printing press and its editor into Lake Ontario. Few

knew what hard work the editor of the North Star was doing in those days—hardly ten years out of bondage—fettered by a crude and narrow education, he not only did himself, write credita-

bly for the public and maintain his reputation as a public speaker. His home was blessed 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 children were remarkably well bred; in fact, there was an aristocratic air about the Douglass children that saved them from a world of snubbing.

"Foreigners 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 younger of them was soon married to a prominent abolitionist, a white man.

"The elder, a woman of superior literary and executive ability, braved out her sojourn in the Douglass family and office for several years, seemingly oblivious of the comments of the community. 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 published in Boston in 1845, which he did, improving it greatly by additions and amplifications. The book, 'My Bondage and My Freedom,' still has a large sale. It was the basis of its writer's present prosperity. He wrote it in the rambling house on the hill south of the city, the house in which John Brown, as his guest, planned the raid on Harper's Ferry and built his miniature forts."



# DOUGLASS IN LIFE

## Reminiscences of His Active Career in Rochester.

### Henry Bull Tells of the Ex-Slave's Love of Music at the Old Abolition Meetings.

#### 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 in progress in this city there were many of the older citizens who recounted scenes and incidents in his marvelous career, especially in Rochester and Washington.

Henry Bull, who is one of the old-time and best-known citizens of Rochester, was in a reminiscent mood when a Union reporter called on him last evening at his home, 36 Greig street, and asked him to relate some of his experiences with Frederick Douglass.

"You see, I knew Mr. Douglass from the time he first came to Rochester," said Mr. Bull. "Mr. Douglass at once began his lectures and speeches on abolition, and as I was a strong abolitionist, I heard him often.

"I was at that time a member of the Rochester Glee Club, a male quartette, which was then the only musical organization in the place. Of course, that led interest to our singing, and we were all willing to sing in the halls where Mr. Douglass lectured in this city. I am now the only survivor of that quartette, which was composed of Ferdinand Andrews, Stephen L. Wright, Joseph Haws and myself, and although I am now in the seventies, I can recall the stirring meetings which Mr. Douglass used to address in old Minerva Hall, which stood on what is now the southeast corner of St. Paul and East Main streets. The hall was burned in 1858. It was there that Mr. Douglass delivered some of the most eloquent speeches of his life.

"I well remember one of his favorite pieces which we sang was one which began:

There's a good time coming, boys,  
Wait a little longer.

and many times in the course of his remarks he would quote those lines, and then, in his most impressive tones, say, 'Yes, yes, that time will surely come, just as sure as death,' and then he would ask the quartette to sing the song over again.

"He was a grand speaker, and I remember one impressive sentence, 'The pen will supersede the sword.'

"To all his hearers Mr. Douglass appeared to have that wonderful peculiarity of rising above them, so that they, metaphorically, looked up to him, and yet inviting their every eye. One touching incident to which he often referred was the cordial reception which he was tendered in England, as contrasted with his receptions here.

"Douglass was a great man, and most people learned to like and respect him while he lived in this city."

Ex-Deputy Secretary of State Col. Anson S. Wood of Wolcott, while speaking with a Union reporter yesterday in relation to the sudden death of Frederick Douglass, gave an account of several meetings he had had with the great colored statesman.

"My first meeting with Mr. Douglass," said Col. Wood, "was during the winter of 1857-58. At this time I had just been admitted to the bar and opened an office at Lyons, our county seat. These were the palmy days of the lecture platform, and no town thought itself complete without a course of lectures during the winter. A prominent Republican lawyer and politician, since deceased, James V. D. Westfall of bank fame, whose signature was often mistaken for that of Li Hung Chang, and myself were appointed a committee to secure proper talent for the season. Among the other lecturers I can only recall Horace Greeley and Dr. E. H. Chapin of New York.

"The season was drawing to a close and we were in arrears on the enterprise nearly \$200. Learning that, on account of color, Frederick Douglass could be secured much cheaper, Mr. Westfall and I, against the advice of our chairman, engaged him and advertised the fact extensively. When the evening of the lecture came and the audience was assembling, our chairman, who had introduced all previous lecturers, suddenly announced that he wouldn't introduce the 'd—d nigger.'

"The duty thus falling on me I hastened to Congress Hall, where Douglass was stopping, and asked him if he had any choice as to the manner of introduction. He said: 'You know how Stephen A. Douglass is everywhere introduced—as the Little Giant? Well, you may simply say, "This is Frederick Douglass, the Black Giant."' I did so and never heard an audience give a man a more enthusiastic welcome than was accorded him.

"I may here say that the entertainment was financially a great success, paying all our arrears and leaving a small margin for profit.

"In contrast to his first visit to Lyons in 1858, I must here mention his second visit, soon after the war, in 1867, I think. This time, so far from being unwilling to introduce him, prominent politicians of both parties, struggled for the honor, 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 the queen's domain, after the failure of John Brown's expedition at Harper's Ferry.

"On the evening following his capture, I was going west in the interest of a client, Detroit being my destination. I was obliged to change cars at Lockport at a late hour, and going to my train found it crowded to overflowing, with the exception of a passenger coach which was attached next the baggage car and appeared to be entirely empty. On trying the door I found it locked. The conductor of the train coming up at this moment.

"I inquired as to the car being closed. He mumbled something about 'orders,' and taking my grip attempted to lead me into one of the other coaches. Glancing through the window I noticed against the lights of the station opposite, a solitary man in one of the seats of the empty car. I stubbornly refused to leave the platform and when the conductor, appeared on the point of removing me by force, the man on the inside tapped on the window and motioned him to open the door. This he did and a whispered consultation ensued, at the end of which I found myself thrust within the car and shaking hands with Mr.

Douglass. The door was at once closed and locked behind me. The train pulled out almost immediately, and I shall ever recall the few hours in which I was locked in with Mr. Douglass as some of the most entertaining in my life.

"Among other things which he mentioned in our conversation was that he was not leaving the country because he feared a fair trial for conspiracy in the John Brown raid, but because a fair trial for a person of his color, was at this time an impossibility in Virginia courts.

"Through the aid of friends he had secured this private car in which he hoped to be carried across the line undetected. In the early morning the train pulled into Clifton, when the car door was quietly unlocked and Mr. Douglass and I stepped out on the station platform. Here I had barely time to congratulate him and bid him a hasty adieu before I was compelled to leave. His stay in the Dominion was short, as he soon left for England, where he made his \$200,000 lecture tour.

"My fourth and last public meeting with Mr. Douglass was in December, 1872, at the meeting of the New York electoral college at Albany. I was deputy secretary of State at this time and acted as clerk of the college. Douglass was a delegate-at-large, and a large number of the delegates wishing to honor him, announced their intention of making him chairman. Gen. Stewart L. Woodford being the only other candidate. Woodford's friends wished to carry their end, but without antagonizing the other party, so I was called in as a mediator to effect a compromise.

"The position of chairman was one of honor simply and contained no pecuniary reward, while that of messenger to carry the news to Washington contained liberal compensation. I was to interview Mr. Douglass and see if he would not prefer the latter office. I called upon him at the Delavan House and laid the matter before him. His decision was made instantly. 'Give Gen. Woodford the honor,' said he, 'I'll take the money; it's more tangible.'

"I don't think this incident was ever made public before, though the fact that Douglass acted as messenger that year is well known.

### The Late Frederick Douglass.

PALMYRA, March 9, 1895.

To the Editor of the Palmyra Courier:

I well remember Frederick Douglass and the first "talk" he gave to the people in the old Baptist church in Macedon, way back in the "Forties." It was an abolition meeting, with such worthies as Asa B. Smith, William R. Smith, Lindley Moore and others present. While the meeting was organizing, he was walking the floor in the "entry," head down, and with a very modest demeanor, and none of that "flashy" appearance, as a Geneva correspondent has described. I well remember how hard they had to urge him to go on the platform to make that "maiden speech." How bashful and how slow and stammering he began; but, as he warmed up and gained confidence, his large eye began to sparkle, his voice grew strong and clear and it was easily to be seen and understood that he was a "diamond in the rough," a sapling that would soon grow and expand into a mighty forest monarch, one whom Sojourner Truth had to stop and caution amidst his fiery eloquent and most bitter denunciation of the slavery system and practices, with the words, "Frederick, Frederick, remember that God still lives." His memory is fragrant.

A. M. PURDY.





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, 58 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.

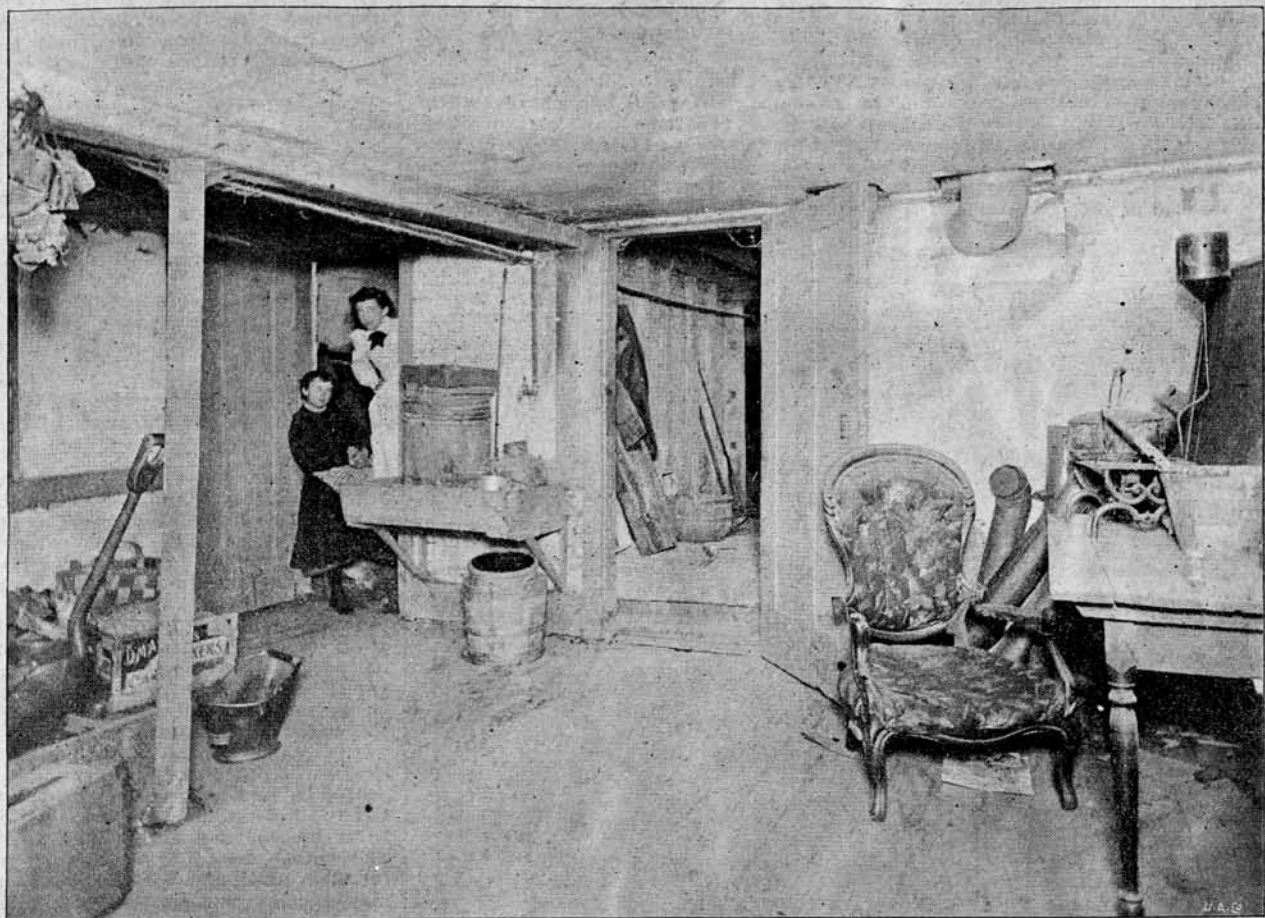
Mrs. Post was a firm believer in spiritualism. Many seances have been held at her residence, and she was always a close student of spiritualistic phenomena. Few people have been more closely connected with the spread of this belief than the deceased.

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 travelling 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.



## FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Written for the Democrat and Chronicle by  
Addie Denike Newcomb.

He has gone! he has gone! and we sadly  
shall miss him  
From the ranks of the brave and the noble  
to-day,  
He has gone! but e'er in our hearts we shall  
bless him.  
The soul of a comrade has now passed  
away.  
The light has gone out, that has blazed out so  
brightly  
Fllickering, unwavering, 'mid tempest and  
storm.  
The friend of his race, the peer of the  
noblest;  
Who trampled beneath him oppression and  
wrong.

He has gone! he has gone! but all mankind  
shall praise him  
For the sin and the suffering he strove to  
allay.  
He has gone, but e'er in our hearts we shall  
bless him,  
The soul of a comrade has now passed  
away.  
On the page of our nation his name shall be  
written,  
Who knew the full sting of the hateful  
word "slave,"  
But who rose in his strength and threw off  
his fetters.  
"In the land of the free and the home of  
the brave."

He has gone! he has gone! but in white God  
shall dress him.  
And bathe him in light of a golden display.  
He has gone, but e'er in our hearts we shall  
bless him  
The soul of a comrade has now passed  
away.  
It seemed not like death but a glorious trans-  
ition  
From the burden of earth to the glory  
above.  
He was speaking of freedom, of freedom for  
others,  
When he passed to the Father of infinite  
love.

## FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

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

—He lived in the stormiest epoch of our  
national existence and in his person typi-  
fied the woes and oppressions of the black  
race.—*Albany Journal.*

—He was an eloquent speaker, a good  
debater, a man of business ideas, a de-  
voted friend of his race and one of its  
most honored and most worthy repre-  
sentatives.—*Syracuse Post.*

—Certainly his was the school of ad-  
versity, and that he triumphed over ob-  
stacles such as would cause the bravest to  
turn back shows the unshrinking courage  
of the man.—*Troy Times.*

—The struggles of his life were many and  
hard, but by force of character he sur-  
mounted them 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  
ineffaceable. What a commentary is the  
career of Frederick Douglass upon the in-  
stitution of slavery!—*New York Adver-  
tiser.*

—If a list were to be made of the Amer-  
icans 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 Ex-  
press.*

—Born a negro slave, he won freedom,  
distinction and widespread influence by  
his own efforts and his own abilities. Au-  
thor, 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 hon-  
ored 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 com-  
manding member of his race on this con-  
tinent. Emancipation has so far failed to  
evolve a rival. His brethren may well  
mourn to-day. They have lost a sturdy  
friend, one who honored his kind. Peace  
to his ashes!—*Troy Press.*

—To the last Mr. Douglass showed a  
keen interest in the welfare of the colored  
people South as well as North. But he  
was by no means a man of one idea. His  
sympathy with the general progressive  
movements of the time was often made  
manifest. His presence will be missed  
in many a circle.—*Boston Globe.*

—To New England, and particularly to  
Massachusetts, he was looked upon almost  
as an adopted son, for it was in the Old  
Bay state that his first words as a de-  
fender of his race were spoken, and dur-  
ing the anti-slavery agitation he was a  
prominent and welcome figure at many of  
the public meetings held in this section  
to protest against the bondage of his race.  
—*Boston Herald.*

—Frederick Douglass is not much more  
than a name to the present generation, but  
in the period of anti-slavery agitation the  
negro orator who had escaped from slavery  
was a conspicuous figure. He had a nat-  
ural gift of eloquence that had been well  
cultivated, and that, with a picturesque  
appearance and considerable earnestness,  
enabled him to plead for his race with un-  
common force.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—Mr. Douglass was one of the closest  
and most cogent debaters of the slavery  
question, and a most earnest and convinc-  
ing advocate. On several occasions, in  
Syracuse, he was threatened with mob vio-  
lence, once or twice was rotten-egged by  
slavery apologists and negro-haters; but he  
invariably preserved his temper, and was  
never provoked to diversion from the dis-  
cussion of principle to personal contro-  
versy.—*Syracuse Journal.*

—In the person of Frederick Douglass—  
whose death occurred yesterday at his  
home in Anacostia, a suburb of the na-  
tional 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 de-  
spite all discouraging incidents of transi-  
tion, is to continue, until the brotherhood  
of humanity on lines of character, culti-  
vation 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 posi-  
tion 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 for-  
bidding 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 capti-  
vating illustration of a self-made man.—  
*New York Tribune.*

—Mr. Douglass was a symmetrical char-  
acter, free from the hatred and bitterness  
manifested by many of the early abolition-  
ists, 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 aggressiv-  
ness seem to many a sort of pathetic  
earnestness, and he won the respect even  
of those who insisted on calling themselves  
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 ad-  
vanced 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 manhood and made  
the whole world better by living in it.—  
*Brooklyn Eagle.*



FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

A Career Unique.

The celebrated American orator, Frederick Douglass, died in Washington, D. C., February 20, 1895, aged 78 years. He was born a slave in Maryland, 1817. He escaped to Massachusetts, 1838. He founded an anti-slavery newspaper, Rochester, N. Y., 1847. He addressed anti-slavery meetings in the northern states and in Great Britain, with powerful eloquence, for twenty-five years. He raised for President Lincoln two regiments of negro troops (the Massachusetts 54th and 55th), 1863. He was appointed by President Grant to the San Domingo Commission, 1871. He was chosen presidential elector-at-large for the state of New York, 1872. He was made marshal of the District of Columbia by President Hayes, 1881. He was recorder of deeds, Washington, under Presidents Garfield and Arthur. He was sent by President Harrison to Hayti as United States minister, 1889. He died in Washington, as above mentioned, 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 Paris, France, immediately after his funeral:

I.

I knew the noblest giants of my day,  
And he was of them—strong amid the strong:  
But gentle, too; for though he suffered wrong,  
Yet the wrong-doer never heard him say  
"Thee, also, do I hate!" . . .  
A lover's lay—  
No dirge—no doleful requiem-song—  
Is what I owe him; for I loved him long;  
As dearly as a younger brother may.  
Proud is the happy grief with which I sing;  
For, O my country! in the paths of men  
There never walked a grander man  
than he!  
He was a peer of princes—yea, a king! . . .  
Crowned in the shambles and the prison-pen!  
The noblest slave that ever God set free!

II.

Too many a man is honored overmuch!  
The worthiest souls are ever scarce and few!  
And ere we crown him (if at last we do)  
They first are outcasts whom we shrink to touch!  
From squalid Bethlehem came one of such,  
Born in a manger, and, to human view,  
A beggar—yet whom kings did homage to,  
While cattle stood in stalls about His hutch!

III.

How does it happen that, in every clime,  
When any groaning nation of the earth  
Hath need of some new leader of a race,  
Or some true prophet of a better time,  
The Heavens elect him for his lowly birth,  
Ere they uplift him to his lofty place?  
I answer: He must first be taught to know—  
(I say to know, and not to guess)—how real  
Is all the misery which he hopes to heal!  
The high may show a kindness to the low:  
Some wealthy lord is generous—be it so:  
Yet who except the poor and pinched can feel  
Their pang of poverty? . . .  
So for their weal,  
They need a champion who has borne their woe!

IV.

Be glad, O heart of mine! and dance and leap  
At all these funeral honors paid thy friend!  
This lengthened pageantry, so slow to end!  
These crape-hung flags! these many eyes that weep!  
These cannon, loud enough to wake his sleep!

These bells that with the trumpets interblend!  
These published praises, eloquently penned!  
All telling of an homage wide and deep.

Not since our Land of Liberty was young,  
When fiery Otis passed away in flame,  
And Patrick Henry's burning lips grew cold,  
Hath mortal silence hushed a braver tongue  
Than of this Bondman, who, in Freedom's name  
Spake (like the Byzantine) with "mouth of gold."<sup>2</sup>

V.

I ask myself, was it a dreadful dream?—  
A wild, disordered vision of the night?—  
That the fair country of my dear delight,  
The patriot's paradise, the exile's theme,  
The Land of Lords, where Freedom reigns supreme,  
Should once have dared, in God's offended sight,  
To sin so great a sin against the light  
That, to atone for it, a living stream  
Of human blood flowed as a holocaust,  
Till every household had a soldier slain!  
—O tardy nation, slow agen to learn!  
Let not thy former lesson now be lost!  
For now thy Northern millions toil in vain!  
Beware! Deny them not the bread they earn!

VI.

Shall there be hunger in a Land of Corn?  
Then 'f—(shut out from idle mill and mine)  
Come the bold beggars forth in battle-line,  
Armed and in fury, answering scorn with scorn—  
Oh, who shall lead them in their Hope Forlorn?  
How shall they know him? How shall they divine  
Their true deliverer? I will tell the sign!  
Let him be like the man whom now we mourn!  
A hero high above revenge or greed,  
Forbidding bloodshed and restraining hate,  
Chiding and shaming every threat of crime—  
Not rash, but patient, knowing well indeed  
That Justice, being blind, must therefore wait,  
And cannot come, except as led by Time.

VII.

I shout for joy—here on this foreign coast,  
Far distant from this sad, obsequious scene—  
To know that now, in everlasting green,  
His name shall be his country's future boast!  
For now the vipers who once hissed him most,  
And stung him with their venom, vile and mean,  
(Worse than the lash!—although the lash was keen)  
All praise him! . . .  
Heed them not, O gentle ghost!  
For Spartacus awaits thee, I am sure,  
To bid thee welcome! So, I ween, doth He—  
That mighty spirit of the Spanish Main,  
Hero and martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture!  
Yet greater glory is reserved for thee!  
For lo! thy laurels have no bloody stain!

VIII.

A friendship is a hallowed thing! . . .  
To-day,  
In looking back on this of his and mine  
(Which bears a date as old as "Auld Lang Syne"—  
Ere yet a hair of either head was gray)—  
A life-long love!—what tribute shall I pay  
To such a comrade? Others may entwine  
Their ivy wreaths and lay them on his shrine—  
But I am thrice a thousand miles away.  
I hope he missed me from the mournful march—  
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,  
And up the frosty hillside to his rest,  
With all the North to wrap him in its snows!

IX.

I knew him to the core; so it is I—  
And not the many who belaud his name,  
Not knowing him save only by his fame—  
Yes, it is mine to speak and testify  
What well I know; how sacred, pure and high

Was the sublime and solitary aim  
Which, like the Pillar of the Cloud and flame,  
He chose (like Israel) to be guided by!

Chief of his tribe, he centered in his soul—  
As their evangel—all their hopes and fears!  
—Through all his lifetime, as their wisest head,  
He planned to lead them to some happy goal!  
(How they will lack him in the coming years,  
And wish him back among them from the dead!)

X.

I knew his latch-string—it hung always out!  
I knew his books, on which he loved to pore;  
His Bible—(no man ever read it more!)  
His Isak Walton on Religious Doubt  
(And how to settle it by catching trout!)—  
His Shakespeare (with a bust above the door)<sup>2</sup>—  
His Talmud—and the never-tiring lore  
Which takes a Thousand Nights to tell about.  
And much he loved to con the Concord Sage,  
And Hawthorne's Hester, and the Quaker Bard.

1 It will be remembered that James Otis was killed by lightning.  
2 Chrysostom.

And Uncle Tom (the "Cabin" and the "Key")—  
And sometimes he would even read a page  
From this poor pen of mine—not for regard  
Of my dull verses, but for love for me!

XI.

A wistful loneliness was in his look;  
For thus he ever bore upon his face  
(As in his heart) the sorrows of his race:  
And yet he gaily—in the walks we took—  
Would stop and chatter to a chattering brook,  
And mimic all the creatures of the place,  
And buzz in sharps and croak in double bass,  
And caw in semi-quavers like the rook!  
Not one of nature's voices (he declared)—  
Whether of beast, or bird, or wind, or wave—  
Had ever chid him for his sable hue!  
His fellow-men—and these alone—had dared,  
With cruel taunt, to say to him "Thou Slave!"  
(And were the only brutes he ever knew!)

XII.

He oft would bask, through all a winter's eve,  
Before his yule-log, till the fire was low;  
And in his talk, with all his mind aglow,  
What wit and wisdom he would interweave!  
It was a hearthstone I was loth to leave!  
—Alack! I thither nevermore shall go!  
—So, though my song is not a wall of woe,  
Yet, such a thought is sombre—and I grieve.

XIII.

Keen was his satire, but the flashing blade,  
Instead of poison on the biting steel,  
Bore on its edge a balsam of a kind  
Whereby the very wound the weapon made  
Was at the very moment sure to heal,  
And nevermore to leave a scar behind.

XIV.

If love of music be a mortal sin  
(As certain of the saints are wont to say),  
He was a sinner to his dying day!  
For like the rest of his melodious kin  
A song was what his soul delighted in—  
Especially some soft and plaintive lay  
Which in the old and weird plantation way  
He loved to echo on his violin.  
He touched the strings with more than rustic art;  
For oft a sudden supernatural power  
Would swell within him—till he gave a vent  
To all the pent-up passion of his heart!  
So his Cremona in a troubled hour  
Beguiled for him a care to a content.

XV.

He came to Paris; and we paced the streets  
As if we twain were truants out of school!  
We clomb aloft where many a carven ghoul  
And grinning gargoyle mocked our giddy feats;  
We made a sport of sitting in the seats  
Where Kings of France were wont to sit and rule!



"A throne," quoth he, "is a pretender's stool—  
For 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 Colligny's all-too-tardy stone;<sup>2</sup>  
And how, before the tomb of Lafayette,<sup>3</sup>  
He said, "This place is doubly sacred ground—  
This patriot had two countries for his own!"

## XV.

here might crowd this empty rhyme of mine  
With tales of how my travel-eager friend  
(Who wished to see the world from end to end)  
ped southward from the many-castled Rhine  
to languid Italy—a land supine,  
Yet soon to rouse herself (as signs portend),  
Though why she waits is hard to comprehend:

Thence to the country of the Muses Nine—  
To Marathon, and to the Academe:  
Thence to the Sphinx at Ghizeh—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!

## XVI.

For though his own had been a cruel land,  
Wherein, through many a long and groaning year,  
Oppression had been bitter and austere  
(As harsh as under Pharaoh's iron hand)—  
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-freed and self-uplifted, had at last  
Stood forth redeemed, and lovely, and adored!

## XVII.

His form was like 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 visage, with his frosty pow,  
And with his awe-inspiring thunder-tone—  
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 den  
Drags, like a greedy monster, year by year  
The men most missed—the good, the wise, the brave!

## XVIII.

Spake I of goodly 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 whoso can;  
But whoso counts the list of Freedom's Own  
Must name the Chattel whom, with pride and grief,  
We buried yesterday and called a Man!

## XIX.

What final wreath of olive, oak or bay  
(Which to withhold would do the dead a wrong)  
Is due him for the fetter, yoke and thong  
Which, as a slave, he bore for many a day?  
If to his wintry burial blooming May  
Had come herself, chief mourner of the throng,  
And stopt his bier as it was borne along,  
And laid a million lilies on his clay.

Not one of all these fading funeral-flowers  
Would have survived the frost! . . . So—  
(since, alas!  
Such honors fade)—my country, hark 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.

Paris, Feb. 28, 1895.

<sup>1</sup> 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."

<sup>2</sup> This house was in Rochester, N. Y., and was burned in 1872, with all the books and busts.

<sup>1</sup> "Of all the interesting objects in the Museum of Genoa," he wrote, "the one that touched me most was the violin of Paganini—a precious object in my eyes."

<sup>2</sup> Admiral de Colligny was murdered in the St. Bartholomew massacre, on the night of August 24, 1572.

<sup>3</sup> 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, refrained from making it public.

The greatest black man in the nation did not consent to become a tool of the meanest 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 assaults of bigger boys when I needed defense—I have been mainly devoting myself, and gladly so.

"I have now completed for him a snug little cottage on my own grounds, where the dear old slavery-scarred and long-lost brother may spend in peace, with his family, the remainder of his days. Though no longer young, he is no sluggard. 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 slavery were not dead, and I did not in some sort wish to forget its terrible hardships, blighting curses, and shocking

horrors, 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.