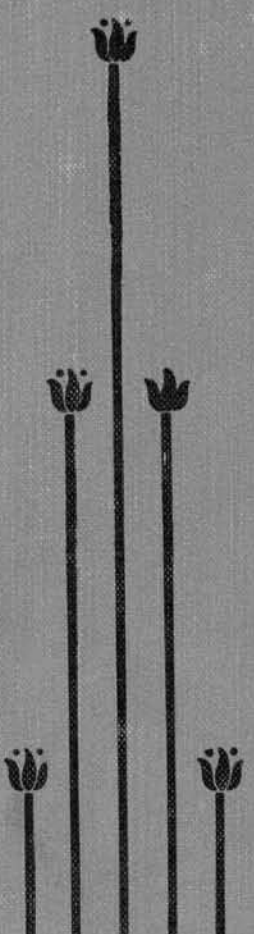
SCRAP BOOK



DAILY EVENING EXPRESS.

Richmond—April 3, 1865.

BY H. C. BALLARD.

From the Chicago Journal.

What joyous tumult none may drown
Is heard in every Northern town!
What clamor rises, wild and free,
And fills the land from sea to sea!
What countless banners fleck the sky,
All hearts are glad, all hopes are high,
For Union boys march up and down
The haughty streets of Richmond town!

Ho, traitors do you hear the din
As Weitzel's black brigades march in!
See how the Union banner shines
Above their proudly marching lines!
What justice that the Freedmen's feet
Are first to press each guilty street;
First drag the rebel ensign down
And plant our flag in Richmond town!

The land is wild with joy to-day,
The old seeme young, the grave are gay,
The hours pass by with golden feet—
Joy fills the mart, the hall, the street;
A million voices aweil the song
Borne on the Northern gales along,
The wild acclaim we would not drown
For Union men hold Richmond town.

Ring out, ye bells, ye cannon roar
Your sudden joy from shore to shore!
The earth and sky resound with cheers,
The pent up faith of weary years!
The end draws near, our hearts' desire,
We see the rebel cause expire,
The rebel flag comes sweeping down,
And Union blue fills Richmond town.

And thus for aye the stripes and stars
Shall triumph over treasons' bars;
Our flag shall float o'er land and sea,
The symbol of the brave and free;
And Freedom's priceless heritage
Shall bless the land from age to age,
While Union songs ring up and down
The busy marts of Richmond town!

hicago, April 3, 1865

Frederick Douglass on the Fall of Richmond—His Speech in Faneuil Hall.

The "Cradle of Liberty" in Boston jubilated Wednesday afternoon over the Fall of Richmond. Robert C. Winthrop addressed the people eloquently, and was followed by Frederick Douglass, who spoke as follows:

MR. MAYOR AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—I gratefully recognize your kindness, and the compliment implied, not merely to myself, but to my humble race, in the calls made repeatedly for my appearance on this platform. I am here, however, to day, not as a speaker, but as a listener; and it was farthest from my intention to occupy any of your time on this grand occasion, with anything that I might be able to say.—Naught but the pressing calls made upon me by friends upon the platform, and the thought that there was, after all, a certain degree of fitness in one, at least, of the race to which I belong being present and somewhat prominent on the occasion, has induced me to step forward and say a few words. I have noticed that every gentleman who has undertaken to speak here this afternoon has found some difficulty in expressing the thought, the feeling in keeping and outspringing from this great occasion.

If they, the eloquent and the learned, have difficulty in giving expression to their sentiments and feelings on such an occasion as this, how incomparably more difficult must it be for one in my circumstances to express the profound gratitude which I feel, and which my race must feel, over the glad tidings that are flashed to us of the fall of Richmond? In those tidings you have announced to me the safety of the country. I, for the first time in my life, have the assurance not only of a country redeemed, a country regenerated, but of my race free and having a future in this land. Heretofore the black man in this land has had no future; he has scarcely had the hope of a future. But in the fall of Richmond, which is but another name for the fall of the rebellion—a rebellion which appealed from the right to the wrong, from justice to injustice, from the ever-increasing light of a glorious civilization to the dark and hell-black counsels of the system of bondage—I say we have in the fall of Richmond, the fall of this terrible rebellion, and the upholding of liberty through the Southern States. (Applause.) I have been making a new catechism. (Laughter, and cries of "Let's have it")

Hitherto the race to which I belong has been sneered at as never having accomplished anything—never invented anything. But when an American asks me any question concerning my race, what ever they did to prove their manhood, I point him to the past. We were citizens again in 1812, when General Jackson had a little job for us to do at New Orleans. [Laughter] He then addressed us, you know, as "fellow citizens." "Fellow citizens," he said, "by a mistaken policy of the government, you have not hitherto been called upon to bear arms in the service of your country. I am not in favor of that policy. I summon you to rally round the standard of the republic, and aid in beating back the invading forces of old England." We did come to the rescue at that time, and we were citizens during the war of 1812, and for some time after piece was declared. But through the machinations of the dark character you see represented on that canvass (the painting of Webster in the senate chamber) we were gradually read out of our citizenship, gradually crowded beyond the reach of your beneficent principle of liberty. But two years ago, and more, some of your fellow-citizens thought the country was again in need of the black man's service. Massachusetts—God bless her now and always [applause]—led the way; and in the twinkling of an eye, almost, two black regiments sprung from this old commonwealth.

We are citizens again (laughter)—citizens in this time of trouble; and by the force of old Massachusetts' example, almost every Northern State has been induced to call upon her black citizens to aid, in this day of trial, in upholding the flag. We have come; and you are here welcoming me to-day, as you did not twenty-four years ago, (laughter and applause,) and want me to make a little speech to you. As I know more about the useful than the ornamental, I know a little more of the language of complaint than of the language of exultation and joy—for the experience I have had in the United States has taught me more the language of complaint than that of joy and exultation—and as you want a speech from me, let me tell you what I want. What I want, now that the black men are citizens in war, is, that they shall be made fully and entirely, all over this land, citizens in peace. (Applause and cries "They shall be.") If Faneuil Hall says yes, it will be done. (Applause.) If Massachusetts speaks the word it will be done. I will not doubt it for a moment. I believe Massachusetts does speak the word.

I believe it is not your intention, in your extreme charity, now that Jefferson Davis has shown you his coat tails, and the rebels are marching out to find the last ditch, to take to your bosoms these men, who with broad blades and bloody hands have been seeking the life of this nation, and invest them with the right to vote, (voices—"never!") and divest the negro of the right to uphold the flag by his vote. You will not go down to the South, and say: "We will enfranchise our enemies and disfranchise our friends; (cries of "never!" and applause) we will protect our enemies and forget our friends." I hold that the American people, in calling upon the black men to take part with them in this great struggle, have bound themselves by every consideration of honor to protect them from the consequences of their espousal of their cause. ("Hear, hear." "That's so," and applause.) They are bound to do it. And remember that hereafter, at the South, the negro will be looked upon with a fiercer and intenser hate than ever before. Every one of those who have been interested in the rebellion will look upon the negro as one of the causes of the failure of the rebellion.

I tell you the negro is coming up—he is rising—rising. (Laughter and applause.) Why, only a little while ago we were the Lazeruses of the South; the Dives of the South was the slaveholder; and how singular it is that we have here another illustration of the Scripture! Once there was a certain rich man who fared sumptuously every day, and was arrayed in purple and fine linen. He came North, clothed in silk and satin, and shining with gold, and his breast sparkling with diamonds—his table loaded with good things of this world. And a certain Lazarus sat at his gate desiring the crumbs that fell from his table. Such was the record. But now a change has taken place. The rich man is lifting up his eyes in torments *down there*, (tremendous applause,) and seeing Lazarus afar off, in Abraham's bosom, (tumultuous laughter and applause,) is all the time calling on Father Abraham to send Lazarus back. But Father Abraham says, "If they hear not Grant nor Sherman, neither will they be persuaded, though I send Lazarus unto them. (Prolonged and vociferous applause.) I say we are away up yonder now, no mistake. (This was said with an expressive gesture, that called forth another outburst of applause.)

My friends, I will not inflict a speech upon you. (Loud cries of "Go on!") Oh, no; I am afraid I shall spoil it. (Great merriment.)

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 8, 1885.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

FEBRUARY 6, 1884

MEN OF THE HOUR.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The Distinguished Colored Orator.

The colored people of America are now very thoroughly organised for the protection of their rights, and at their national convention in Louisville, Ky., Frederick Douglass, the famous colored orator and journalist, was elected permanent chairman. The colored men could not find among their number a more able and trustworthy leader, or a man of more influence in political councils.

Mr. Douglass is not aware of the exact date of his birth, but thinks that it was in the year 1817. His father was a white man and his mother a negro slave, and Tuckahoe, on the eastern shore of the Maryland, a place noted for the sterility of its soil and the wretchedness of its inhabitants, was his birthplace. He was reared as a negro slave on the plantation of Colonel Edward Lloyd, and at ten years of age was transferred to a relative of his owner at Baltimore. He endured great sufferings as a slave, which were the more keenly felt on account of his extraordinary intelligence. The story is familiar how he first learned to make the letters of the alphabet, by studying the carpenter's marks on the planks and timbers, in the ship-yard at Baltimore. He used to listen to his mistress reading the Bible, with a curious interest, and he longed to learn the secret which enabled her to read and enjoy the holy book. One day he asked her if she would not teach him to read. The good lady consented, and he proceeded with such aptitude and rapidity that his master, who did not believe "in teaching niggers to read," summarily put an end to the good work. In spite of every obstacle which was thrown in his way, he at length learned to read, and in company with another young man started a Sunday school. This excited the righteous indignation of the church people, and the Sunday school was rudely broken up at one of its sessions. His sensitive nature began to chafe under the hardships to which he was subjected, and the ignominy which rested upon his race. His whole soul was in rebellion and he resolved, Heaven helping him, to break away from his bondage. For many years he kept secret the manner of his escape, but it was made known not long since.

Procuring what was called sailors' protection papers from a friend who had been a seaman, and making himself up to answer the description in it as nearly as possible, he boarded the train at Washington and succeeded in reaching New York. Thence proceeeing to New Bedford, Mass., he married a colored woman and settled down. He worked here until 1841, when he attended an anti-slavery convention at Nantucket and spoke so eloquently that he was immediately employed as a lecturer by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and for four years he occupied the platform with great success. In 1845 he published his autobiography and accepted an invitation to make a lecturing tour in Great Britain, where a £150 were contributed for the purchase of his freedom. In 1847 he established a weekly abolition newspaper at Rochester, N. Y., called "Frederick Douglass's Paper." He was not in favor of the extreme measures employed by John Brown, and during the war he insisted on the active co-operation of the colored people.

In 1871, he was secretary to the Santo Domingo commission, and was made a presidential elector for the State of New York in 1872. He was appointed United States marshal for the District of Columbia, by President Hayes, which position he still holds. he is a forcible and fluent speaker very formidable in debate. He was again married on the 24th of January to Miss Helen Pitts, described as an estimable lady, 45 years of age, who for some time had been a clerk in his office.

THE HOME OF FRED. DOUGLASS.

Society at the "Cedars"—The Young Colored Men of Washington—Elizabeth Peabody—Reminiscences of Douglass—His English Friends.

Correspondence Louisville Courier-Journal.

WASHINGTON, May 29.—There are few public men in Washington to-day whose appearance upon the street, or in any public place, excites more attention than that of Frederick Douglass. He is recognized wherever he may go, and is treated with marked deference by many whose toleration of the average black is chilly, to say the least. A visit to his delightful suburban home, "The Cedars," high up on the hillside, across the Potomac—a magnificent landscape on every side—is considered by not a few visitors to the capital hardly secondary to going to the White House. A roomy, unostentatious house, simply furnished, built by the former owner of the estate, who used to stipulate, in selling a piece of the land, that it should never pass to the ownership of a negro. Here, as a prosperous landowner, we find the man, who, some fifty years ago, was the chattel of a Maryland slaveholder, and who, discontented with that state of life into which it had pleased God to call him, fled to New England, where he fell in with "that pestilent Garrison," and was soon arousing the land by his eloquent denunciation of slavery. * * * "It has been given me," he says, "to see what I never dreamed of seeing in the brightest of 'the old anti-slavery days'—the emancipation of the American blacks. But my work is not yet done. That emancipation of the race, and that elevation of the race will not be accomplished in a day."

That it will come, however, he does not doubt. A guest at "The Cedars" has exceptional opportunity for studying the forces, political and social, which are accomplishing that elevation. Questions of great moment in circles where color prejudice is dominant would be senseless at the hearthstone of Frederick Douglass as asking if an Egyptian may bunk with a Jew. "Is it possible for the races to walk together?" may be a serious question to answer by the good Christians who took care that the tickets to Mr. Moody's meetings in Washington were withholden from the blacks, but meaningless to those of both races who gather at the board of Frederick Douglass—all shades of complexion represented, from the marvelous whiteness of Elizabeth Peabody's face to the ebony cheek of the Rev. Dr. Crummell.

It is the young colored men who gather around Frederick Douglass as a venerated leader that most interest the thoughtful student of the future of the black man in America. They are awake to that question, if the white man is not. They are reading history with an eye to its relation to their elevation. They surprise one by their knowledge of the principles of a true democracy, their intelligent interpretation of the Constitution, the comprehension of the trend of popular thought, and their estimate of caste feeling—the odium cast upon their race, and which they feel more keenly than is supposed. It may be doubted if the average young white man, employed as are many of these young black men in the departments of Washington, could creditably hold his own in unprepared debate with these bright fellows some of them slave-born—and who have their debating clubs weekly, at which public men and public measures are handled without fear or favor. I overheard two of these young men discussing State rights in Mr. Douglass' library one evening, all in a corner by themselves.

"The time will come," said one, "when we will be the grand majority of the South, and when we can demand representation in the Executive Government, or the privilege of serving the Union as a people by ourselves with a territory and Administration of our choosing. No—not secessionists—we will stand by the Union as long as it will let us stand for it on an equality with the white man." "But that is not in harmony with the idea of the age," said the other, and I doubt if he was much beyond twenty. "The tendency of all governments, as of everything else, is to concentration—combination—the homogeneous."

The few days spent by Elizabeth Peabody at The Cedars were memorable to the guests who chanced to enjoy that visit with her. How could Henry James hold that dear little lady up to a world's ridicule—as he has in his portraiture of her as Miss Birdseye? He was simply brutal Elizabeth Peabody is now an octogenarian—her hair as white as snow, her health broken—but the intellectual vitality of the woman, her marvelous gift of conversation, has by no means disappeared. One would think to hear her talk on any subject—and mind you she never descends to a trivial one—the subject was her special hobby. She has no hobbies, not even the Piute Indians, for the recognition of whose rights she came up to Washington, winning Miss Cleveland at once to her cause. She had come to The Cedars, she said, to have one last, long visit with Frederick Douglass, and sitting there in the study-chair of Charles Sumner, grand reformers watching her from the walls, she talked on and on, and how we who heard her lived over with her the youth of Dr. Channing, the days of Brook Farm, reminiscences of Wendell Phillips, Hawthorne, Emerson, and all the rest. How to get to bed at all became a momentous question. How long we lingered at the table, for to break into any one of Miss Peabody's monologues was no easy matter.

"Now tell me your earliest memory," said she to Frederick Douglass one day as the opening of a conversation. "Your first questionings of things." After a moment's meditation Douglass told his simple first memories—the lizards on his grandmother's fence, the well sweep, &c. "But my first questionings. These I remember well enough, 'Why am I a black boy, and why is Dan Floyd white? Why can he strke me and why must I never strike back? Why do some of us live in the cabins and go hungry, while some live in the big house and have enough to eat? If God is good, why did he make me a slave?'"

Miss Peabody's answer to the lady at dinner who asked her what she thought of Julian Hawthorne's attack upon Margaret Fuller may be fitly be given here. She bravely rallied from the surprise the question gave her and us all, and expressed sincere regret that her nephew had not been more discreet, as she did not consider the extract from Hawthorne's journal the writer's true estimate of Margaret Fuller, and she knew that estimate if any one did. That it must have been an early jotting down, she believed, a sort of memorandum for subsequent consideration, as it was written in a private journal never intended for the public eye.

The report widely circulated that Frederick Douglass is immensely wealthy, brings him begging letters by every mail. The keynote of most of them is that the writer did much in some way to help emancipate the slaves, and so it is only just and right that Douglass should dispense his great wealth to the needy the world over. The publication of a few of these letters would be entertaining reading. One woman describes the house she can get for $5,000, if he will buy it and let her live in it the rest of her life. Another would go to Florida, where she could do something for his people, etc., etc. He answers more of these absurd letters than most men in his position would do, contradicting the report which annoys him keenly in many ways. Letter writing is no easy task for one whose right hand was crippled years ago by a mob at Indianapolis.

Frederick Douglass has nearly completed his three score years and ten. He has a comfortable competence, and if he loses his office as Recorder of Deeds has enough to relieve him of anxiety, even if he were not popular upon the lecture platform. His children have not been blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods, his sons finding the same difficulty in obtaining employment as all black men do who are not content to be waiters, barbers or whitewashers. The housekeeper at the Cedars, a mulatto, claims to be the great grand daughter of George Washington, and really she has a Washingtonian profile and is the descendant of a favorite house servant at Mount Vernon.

Mr. and Mrs Douglas anticipate visiting England this summer, the third visit of Frederick Douglas. The first was when he was a fugitive slave, when British gold bought his freedom; the second when he fled the country after the arrest of John Brown, a narrow escape, giving us one name less on our list of martyrs for freedom. His third and last will be all that the hearts and homes of his many English friends can make that visit for one who may come to them at last, with the prayers of his countrymen for his safe return.

ROCHESTER.

Daily Eagle.

Entered at the Post Office at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1888.

Fred Douglass at 70 Years.

Fred Douglass has just entered his 71st year. He told me the other day that he marveled at the fine preservation of his faculties. He had been without a home nearly all his life, and had been traveling continually. Generally he had to put up with poor food, badly ventilated tavern rooms and damp beds. He had also suffered not a little violence. This reflection led him to show me the hand that was once broken by a mob. He believes that temperate habits have been his salvation. He never smokes or drinks, and he says that his indulgences have always been moderate.—Washington Cor. Boston Globe.

FRED DOUGLASS IN EUROPE.

How He has Been Received in England and France.

From a Private Letter from Paris to a Friend.

I have every where been received in this country and in England with civility, courtesy and kindness, and as a man among men, as I expected to be. I have felt, however, that my presence here, even in silence, has a good influence in respect to the standing of the colored race before the world. The leprous distillment of American prejudice against the negro is not confined to the United States. America has her missionaries abroad in the shape of Ethiopian singers, who disfigure and distort the features of the negro and burlesque his language and manners in a way to make him appear to thousands as more akin to apes than to men. This mode of warfare is purely American, and it is carried on here in Paris, as it is in the great cities of England and in the States, so that to many minds, as no good was thought to come out of Nazareth, so no good is expected of the negro. In addition to these Ethiopian buffoons and serenaders, who presume to represent us abroad, there are malicious American writers who take pleasure in assailing us as an inferior and good-for-nothing race, of which it is impossible to make anything.

These influences are very hurtful, and not only tend to avert from us the sympathy of civilized Europeans, but to bring us under the lash and sting of the world's contempt. I have thus far done little to counteract this tendency in public, but I have never failed to bear my testimony when confronted with it in private, with pen and tongue. When I shall return to England, as I hope to do in the spring, I shall probably make a few speeches in that country in vindication of the cause and the character of the colored race in America, in which I hope to do justice to their progress and make known some of the difficulties with which as a people they have had to contend.

Notwithstanding what I have said of the malign influences I mentioned, the masses of the people, both in France and in England, are sound in their convictions and feelings concerning the colored race. The best elements of both countries are just and charitable toward us.

I had the great pleasure yesterday of an interview with a member, I may say a venerable and highly distinguished member of the French Senate, M. Schoelcher, the man who in the first hours of the revolution of 1848 drew up the decree and carried through the measure of emancipation of the slaves in all the French colonies. Senator Schoelcher is now over 80 years old, but like many other European statesmen, is still able to work. He attends the Senate daily, and, in addition to his other labors, he is now writing the life of Toussaint, the hero of Haytian independence and liberty. A splendid testimonial of the gratitude of the French colonies is seen in his house in the shape of a figure of Liberty in bronze breaking the chains of the slave. The house of the venerable and philanthropic Senator has in it many of the relics of slaveholding barbarism and cruelty. Besides broken fetters and chains which had once galled the limbs of slaves, he showed me one iron collar with four huge prongs, placed upon the necks of refractory slaves, designed to entangle and impede them in the bushes if they should attempt to run away. I had seen the same hellish implements in the States, but did not know until I saw them here that they were also used in the French islands.

M. Schoelcher spoke much in praise of Thomas Jefferson, but blamed Washington. The latter could have, he said, abolished slavery, and it was his fault that slavery was fastened upon the American Republic. I spoke to him of Alexandre Dumas. He said he was a clever writer, but that he was nothing in morals or politics. He never said one word for his race. So we have nothing to thank Dumas for. Victor Hugo, the white man, could speak for us, but this brilliant colored man, who could have let down sheets of fire upon the heads of tyrants and carried freedom to his enslaved people, had no word in behalf of liberty or the enslaved. I have not seen his statue here in Paris. I shall go to see it, as it is an acknowledgment of the genius of a colored man, but not because I honor the character of the man himself.

I have seen much here in Paris in the way of ancient and modern sculpture and painting which has deeply interested me. The Louvre and the Luxembourg abound in them. I have long been interested in ethnology, especially of the North African races. I have wanted the evidence of greatness under a colored skin, to meet and beat back the charge of natural, original and permanent inferiority of the colored races of men. Could I have seen forty years ago what I have now seen, I should have been much better fortified to meet the Notts and the Gliddens of America in their arguments against the negro as a part of the great African race. Knowledge on this subject comes to me late, but I hope not too late to be of some service; for the battle at this point is not yet fought out, and the victory is not yet won.

Yesterday, through the kind offices of Mr. Theodore Stanton, who procured tickets for us, I had the pleasure, with him and Mrs. Douglass, of sitting in the forward part of the gallery of the French House of Deputies and listening to that august body, answering to our house of representatives, but with powers more enlarged. It presented a fine appearance, and, though somewhat noisy, it was in point of manners an improvement on our House of Representatives. I saw no one squirting tobacco, smoking, or his feet above the level of his head, as is sometimes seen in our National Legislature.

Colored faces are scarce in Paris, I sometimes get sight of one or two in the course of a day's ramble. They are mostly from Hayti and the French colonies. They are here as students, and make a very respectable appearance. I met the other day, at the house of Pere Hyacinthe, a Mr. Janvier, of Hayti, a young man of the color of our well remembered friend, Samuel R. Ward, who is one of the finest scholars and most refined gentlemen in Paris. I was very much delighted to find such a noble specimen of the possibilities of the colored race and to find him so highly appreciated by cultivated ladies and gentlemen of Paris. If a race can produce one such a man, it can produce many.

Reminiscences of Frederick Douglass

By Jane Marsh Parker

HOW well I remember the flutter our suburban and aspiring neighborhood was thrown into when, some time in 1847, soon after Frederick Douglass came to Rochester to live, it was known that he had bought a house on our street—and a very good house, too—and was about to move his family into the same! He had bought of an Abolitionist, and the property-owners on either side of him were Abolitionists, one of whom was my father. Naturally, there was open protest from the rest; but soon after the arrival of the new neighbors, all opposition to their presence disappeared. Frederick Douglass was a gentleman, and a good neighbor. Mrs. Douglass chose seclusion, and the children were models of behavior.

That house on Alexander Street, a two-story brick, of about nine rooms, on a large lot about one hundred feet in width, was a handsome property for an ex-slave to buy, a runaway of only ten years before, whose manumission papers bore date December 5, 1846. It must have been the first house he ever owned. One of the first things he did after settling in it, and making a private study of a hall bedroom on the upper floor, was to write a letter to his old master, Thomas Auld, in which he said: "So far as my domestic affairs are concerned, I can boast of as comfortable a dwelling as your own." It may be doubted if many slave-kept homes were as comfortable and well ordered, for Mrs. Douglass was a model housekeeper, her thrifty care of her family and her watchful supervision of expenditure making the financial venture of her husband in undertaking the publication of the "North Star" far less hazardous than many believed. She was laying the foundations of his prosperity, insuring his future independence. Anna Murray Douglass was a free woman when she helped her lover to escape from Maryland, following him at no small peril to New York, where they were married, she going out to service until he found steady employment on the docks of New Bedford. She was a pure-blooded negro, of the best type, with severe notions of the proprieties and duties of life. Her training had evidently been in Southern families of high standing; for, like her husband, she had what her new neighbors called "very aristocratic ideas." She read character with marvelous accuracy, and was a wholesome check on her husband's proneness to being imposed upon. Her greatest discontent was when his admirers persisted in dragging her into notice—when she had to receive visitors merely to gratify curiosity. Little if any service was hired in that admirably kept home. A sister of Mrs. Douglass assisted her in the housekeeping; the children were trained to self-helpfulness and systematic industry. Did not Rosetta make a shirt for her father, every stitch, before she was ten years old? Mrs. Douglass disapproved, decidedly, of the idle, pleasure-taking ways of the other little girls in the neighborhood, and she did not hesitate to correct their lapses in good manners. This is to show the footing the family soon had in the neighborhood.

Mr. Douglass as a Young Man

Every one of note who came to the city was pretty sure to call upon Frederick Douglass; we had only to watch his front door to see many famous men and women which, with his connection with the Underground Railroad (known only to his anti-slavery neighbors), added much to a locality which before had been rather dull. Frederika Bremer was one of his many famous visitors in those days; and what a thrill it gave me to turn over the pages of the full set of her writings which she had left upon the Douglass parlor table, her autograph on the fly-leaf of each volume!

"For Frederick's sake," Mrs. Douglass, that first summer of their living on Alexander Street, consented, rather reluctantly, to have a teacher in the house for herself as well as the children—an English woman, of whom she faithfully tried for a while to learn to read and write; but when it came to neglecting housewifely duties for copy-book and speller, the experiment ended; and Mrs. Douglass was glad to be released, referring to the episode afterwards as an amusing experience to Frederick as well as herself, and one that had settled the matter of her ever becoming an educated woman. Small circles of young ladies used to meet at the house in those times to make fancy articles for the anti-slavery fairs, and once, when one of them had finished a book-mark with *Fredrick* Douglass upon it in cross-stitch, Mrs. Douglass was the first to see the mistake, showing that there was one name in the world that she could read and spell, even if she did make her signature with her X.

Frederick Douglass

But the excitement caused in the neighborhood by the settlement of the Douglass family among us was as nothing to what came to pass when two English sisters arrived, spinsters of means and culture, and it was announced that they were to be members of the Douglass household for some time, and co-workers with Frederick Douglass in the anti-slavery cause, assisting in the office of the "North Star." Enthusiasts for the abolition of American slavery, these two English ladies had consecrated their means and service to the cause. The appearance upon the main street of Frederick Douglass with one of these ladies on either arm seriously threatened the order of the town for a while, and threats were openly made of what would be done if such aggressive demonstration of race-mixture were persisted in. Frederick Douglass kept his head high as ever, the ladies filling the rôle of possible martyrs unflinchingly. After a while the threatenings of storm died away; one of the ladies married a leading Abolitionist, and the elder remained for several years the associate editor of the "North Star," giving to Frederick Douglass that assistance in his work which he could ill have done without. "Think what editing a paper was to me before Miss Griffiths came! I had not learned how to spell; my knowledge of the simplest rules of grammar was most defective. I wrote slowly and under embarrassment—lamentably ignorant of much that every school-boy is supposed to know." He rewrote his autobiography under her supervision, and she did much for his education in many ways, returning to England after a few years, when she was married to a clergyman of the Established Church.

That little den-like upstairs study of Frederick Douglass, with its small table and a few books—how well I remember it! and how he used to keep there a list of the words he found it hard to spell. He did learn to spell, however, and in a very short time. Had he drawn up the Constitution of John Brown's Asylum Republic (the original copy as written by John Brown was one of the treasures of Cedar Hill), there would not have been those slips in orthography.

Frederick Douglass was highly esteemed by his neighbors, and most popular with the children. When the boys stole his apples he made them ashamed, and they became his loyal

soul. An ossified creed would mean an ossified church. And ossification is death. To confine the spiritual experience of a church within the confines of one creed, and give the creed "fixedness of interpretation," would be to forbid the church to grow in grace and in the knowledge of its Lord; it would be to put it in a metallic coffin, screw the lid down, and bury it alive. Happily, the spiritual life of the Church is too strong for such entombment. Whenever it is attempted, there is always an angel to roll the stone away, and the living comes forth to life again.

The whole history of the Church is itself a refutation of this claim that "fixedness of interpretation is of the essence of the creeds." Every new creed is a new affirmation by the Church that former interpretations of creed require change in order to meet the new life. The Nicene Creed does not purport to represent a faith different from that embodied in the Apostles' Creed, but gives to it a new interpretation. The Creed of Pius IV. does not claim to affirm truth newly discovered by the Roman Church, but gives a new interpretation to its ancient creed. The "Synodical Declaration" adopted by the Anglican Church in 1873, neither in form adds to nor subtracts from the Athanasian Creed, but gives to it a very different interpretation from that which it bore in the Middle Ages. What, indeed, are such vigorous defenders of "fixedness of interpretation" as the "Churchman" and the "Observer" for, but to give new interpretations to ancient creeds and so commend them to modern doubters? Otherwise, why not content themselves with printing a weekly edition, one of the Thirty-nine Articles, the other of the Westminster Confession? No! "Fixedness of interpretation" of the creeds in the Church is as impossible as fixedness of interpretation of the constitution in the State. Each new generation has a faith in common with previous generations, and may therefore well use the same creed. But each new generation has also its own spiritual experience, and therefore must either form a new creed or find liberty of expression in its interpretation of the old one.

A Lenten Thought

Calvary

If the sin of the son, lost in a far country and sunk to the companionship of swine, had spent itself in the corruption of his own nature and the waste of his own life, it would have been tragic enough; but it had a wider sweep: its shadow lay like an impenetrable cloud upon the father's house. When the son sins, the father suffers; and the most terrible anguish which follows wrong-doing often falls on the innocent. For sin is not only selfish and debasing; it is brutal. It strikes those who love us most deeply and tenderly; its foulest blow is for the incorruptible father brought to shame by the son's dishonor, for the stainless soul of the wife tortured by the husband's impurity, for the faithful friend flouted and betrayed. If by any tempted human soul the face of the sin which beguiles him were once clearly seen, he would turn from it with unutterable loathing. For no man sins unto himself; he sins against all other men and against God. In corrupting himself he corrupts the world, and the blackness of his offense dims the brightness of heaven itself. This is a terrible thought, but if the parable of the Prodigal Son is the exposition of the relation between man and God, it must be true. If the wrong-doing of the son deals its deadliest blow at the unoffending father, then the sin of man must bring infinite sorrow to the heart of God. He who doubts this need only turn to Calvary. Under that cross the meaning of sin becomes clear; for upon it sin put the Son of God to death. Sin not only corrupted the world; it threw its awful shadow over God himself. For heaven and earth are not separated, as we often think; they are the common home of one great family, and the wandering of one son away from that home brings grief and shame into the very presence of the Father. The family is bound together by love, purity, truth; whoever violates these disrupts the home and divides those who are of one blood. He who sins defiles his home, corrupts his brethren, and darkens the household. For sin not only works its terrible devastation in the soul; it becomes objective and flings its black shadow far and wide. The sin of Lancelot not only defiled his knighthood at its source, but broke the power of Arthur and held an open door to the heathen hordes so long held back by the flashing of stainless swords. In the awful scene on Calvary the mask is torn from sin, and it stands there a murderer; the Son of God dies at its hands!

Editorial Notes

—The "Churchman" revives an old name for religious liberty—namely, "rebellion." That is what it was called in the days of Laud.

—The letter in another column from General C. T. Christensen, President of the Brooklyn Trust Company, advocating international bimetallism, shows that all the practical and successful financiers are not believers in the single gold standard, as they are in some quarters erroneously supposed to be.

—A correspondent writes us that we were mistaken in saying that ex-Queen Liliuokalani is a pagan. Christian or pagan, she undertook to initiate a revolution by a *coup d'état*, and suffered the fate which sometimes overtakes revolutionists in defeat and deposition. For that she has only to thank herself and her unwise advisers.

—We are informed that, instead of a medal or cross, the Japanese Government proposes to distinguish its heroes on their return from China by presenting them with watches, on the cases of which will be inscribed the particular service rendered. Why would not this be a sensible reform for nations supposedly more practical and advanced?

—A great many people will be interested in the announcement that Mr. John Fiske is to give a course of lectures on "Lessons of Evolution in Relation to Man" at the Berkeley Lyceum, in this city, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, at half-past four, beginning Saturday, April 6. The tickets for the course are $5, and may be obtained from Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, 42 East Forty-first Street.

—On Wednesday morning of last week the newspaper-readers of the metropolis were puzzled as to which of two portraits was the accurate one of Señor Dupuy de Lôme, the new Spanish Minister to Washington. The "Tribune" gave us a venerable, gentle-looking man, somewhat resembling the late George Peabody; the "Advertiser," a young, spruce individual, with very black hair and pointed beard. We have not had such an embarrassment of riches since the "Sun" printed the portrait of M. Faure, the tenor, for that of the new President of France.

—The system of traveling libraries instituted by the University of the State of New York ought to be imitated everywhere, since everywhere communities exist unable to obtain good reading-matter except by such means. The plan is a simple one. One hundred selected volumes from the University's duplicate collection, or from books specially acquired for the purpose, may be obtained on loan for six months by any community conforming to certain easy conditions. The last report shows that eleven thousand volumes had been sent out in this way. Seventy-five hundred had been returned without damage. The rest of the books were still out, and of them only one volume was reported missing, for which the price had already been covered back into the treasury.

—Our esteemed contemporary the New York "Observer," which the "Churchman" admirably describes as "the old, conservative Presbyterian weekly," has surprised its readers and the world by a sudden development of humor. In a recent number it declares that the "Evangelist" and The Outlook have been exciting rebellion among the Episcopal clergy, "and, in so doing, show a very low order of morality. . . . Benedict Arnold was not guilty of any worse treason than is thus commended by these newspapers." The appalling crime of which The Outlook was guilty was that of advising its readers to accept the interpretation put upon the Pastoral Letter by Bishop Potter rather than by the "Churchman"! This light and crisp note of fun in the "Observer" adds immensely to the variety and charm of its pages; but what a shock it must give to the "subscribers of forty years' standing"!

admirers forever after. If he knew that a group of children were gathered before his window on a warm summer night when he was singing to his violin, he was sure to give them what he knew they were waiting for—"Nelly was a Lady" or "Old Kentucky Home"—coming to the door and bowing his acknowledgment of their hearty applause. Nobody could sing "Oh, carry me back to ole Virginny" as he could. He had a rich baritone voice and a correct ear, and it was something to hear him sing in the latter years of his life from "The Seraph," the very same old singing-book which he had slipped into his bundle when he skipped out of Maryland for freedom. There was another book in his library that had had much to do with his destiny—"The Columbian Orator," the identical book he had bought with his carefully hoarded pennies when a slave boy, that he might learn something to speak at the Sabbath-school exhibitions of the free negroes, which he attended by stealth, and where he was beginning to shine as an orator. That "Columbian Orator" contained a dialogue between a master and a slave (a Turkish master), and he, as a boy, delighted to repeat the long, big-worded soliloquy of the slave—". . . All nature's smiles are frowns to him who wears the chains of slavery."

Later on Mr. Douglass bought a house with much larger grounds on the woody hillside south of the city—a neighborless place, its only roadway at that time the private road leading to his door. It was there that John Brown visited him, full of his project of raiding the border slave States and of establishing a refuge for fugitives in the mountains, and there that he laid his plans, often demonstrating, to the delight of the Douglass children, each detail with a set of blocks, making long tramps alone over the hills when he had a hard problem to solve. Mr. Douglass was absent from home much in those days, a great part of his time being spent in Washington and in lecturing and attendance upon conventions.

Frederick Douglass had his education in four great schools, graduating from one to the other in natural sequence and with honors—Methodism, Garrisonianism, Journalism, Political Campaignism. Had not the great mass of the slaves been religious, had they not been held in check by their strong emotional religious feeling, surely slavery would have been terribly different from what it was. And so, had not Frederick Douglass been a Methodist, had the deepest springs of his nature been unlocked by some other force, might they not have found an outlet sweeping him to disaster rather than salvation? It was in the Methodist prayer-meetings that he found that he could speak so that every one would listen to him, and that few, if any, could speak as he could. He was innately religious—it was his temperament; his underlying characteristic was a reverent faith in the Unseen. Irreverence always shocked him. Religious cant—or, as he would call it, *ir*religious cant—was his aversion. He subscribed to no creed, having tolerance for all. He knew the Bible better than most men; he read it more; his readiness in quoting texts never failed him; that was one secret of his old-time telling assaults upon a slave-defending Christianity. He has been heard to say in his later years, "I have no uneasiness about the hereafter. I am in the trade-winds of God. My bark was launched by him, and he is taking it into port." Again, "Perhaps I should have made a good Roman Catholic. I have a kinship with that Church, I think sometimes; but one must be born with it, nurtured in it, or always an alien." Once, when urged by an over-zealous Churchman to join the Episcopal Mission at the foot of Cedar Hill, he mused some time in silence. "I can't forget," he said, softly, "that your Church would not baptize slave babies. The Episcopal Church was consistent there, as it is in everything, but it left me out." He was the warm friend of Robert G. Ingersoll, their acquaintance beginning, if my memory is right, long before Ingersoll was known to the world, and when he opened his door one night to Frederick Douglass, who otherwise would have walked the street, the hotels refusing him admission. "I was a stranger—more than negro—and he took me in."

"One of the hardest things I had to learn when fairly under way as a public speaker was to stop telling so many funny stories. I could keep my audience in a roar of laughter—and they liked to laugh, and showed disappointment when I was not amusing—but I was convinced that I was in danger of becoming something of a clown, and that I must guard against it." His keen sense of the ludicrous saved him from many a mistake; his quick wit in repartee could effectually silence his antagonists. Under it all was the deep minor key of his prevailing melancholy—that depth of feeling he seldom suffered to master his outward cheerfulness.

As "a graduate from slavery, with his diploma written on his back," the Garrisonian platform gained much in enrolling him under its banner; and he found upon it, perhaps, the single door for advancement beyond the menial calling by which he had barely earned his bread. As a Methodist exhorter he had learned to speak so fluently and well that it was no wonder that many who heard him in the anti-slavery meetings had doubts if he had ever been a slave, and said so openly.

Public speaking and the drill of conventions fitted him for journalism as nothing else could have done. Again his horizon was widened, and he was brought into fuller touch with men of the world and public affairs. Only ten years out of slavery, and seated in an editorial chair! Who, then, was so qualified in his peculiar way for "stumping the North" in Presidential campaigns? From Fremont to Harrison, great was his service to the Republican party.

It has been said that the career of Douglass would have had its fitting and glorious ending on the scaffold with John Brown. He never thought so. His heart was never fully given to John Brown's scheme; he had discouraged it; had thought it visionary and impracticable; and yet his complication with it nearly cost him his life. He was always open in saying that he did not boast of having much martyr-stuff in him—that is, when he could just as well live for his cause as die for it. The intensity of his emotional nature, when aroused, had given him a habit, in denunciation, of shutting his jaws tightly together at the close of his sentences. Once, when speaking before a large audience, he actually crushed his upper front teeth, but so perfect was his self-control that he betrayed nothing in his delivery or facial expression, but finished his address before leaving the platform.

He never became a student, even when the victory of his cause had been won, and he had the leisure for study. Composition was never easy for him, unless his soul was stirred in its depths; nor was public speaking, unless his tongue was on fire. His literary lectures upon subjects foreign to his personal experience were largely disappointing. "The Honorable Frederick Douglass" was never the orator that "Fred Douglass" had been in the old pre-emancipation days. He sometimes said in his old age that he had outlived his cause. "Never did I dream, in my most hopeful moods, when I was pleading for my brothers in bonds, that I would ever see the end of American slavery."

He liked a good novel—of the stirring kind. Dumas was one of his favorites, and of "The Three Musketeers" he never tired. Nothing pleased him more, upon his arrival in Port-au-Prince, than to be told by the Parisian Haytians that he bore a strong resemblance to Victor Hugo.

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The first time I ever saw Douglass was somewhere in the forties, probably about '45. I was a boy living with my father on his farm in the town of Mendon in this county. It was rumored about that Frederick Douglass and

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES

Attending the Laying of Douglass Monument Corner Stone.

Eloquent Address Delivered by the Hon. John Van Voorhis, the Speaker of the Occasion.

State Officers of the Masonic Order Participated in the Exercises—To Be Unveiled in September.

The corner stone of the monument to be erected to the memory of Frederick Douglass was laid at the triangle opposite the Central depot at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The exercises were those customary where the Masonic bodies conduct the services.

At 3:30 o'clock Eureka Lodge, the colored branch of the Free and Accepted Masons, left the headquarters of the lodge in the Durand building and accompanied by the Estella Chapter, No. 7, of the order of the Eastern Star in carriages and headed by the Fifty-fourth Regiment Band, marched up Main street and down North St. Paul street to the scene of the ceremonies. These were participated in by the following well-known Masonic leaders: Grand Marshal M. R. Poole, E. R. Spaulding, Leon J. Dubois, Grand Secretary Benjamin Myers, Master Architect William Oscar Payne, Grand Treasurer M. L. Hunter, Deacons Benjamin Simms and R. L. Kent, Deputy Grand Master T. H. Barnes, Senior Grand Warden E. Evans, Junior Grand Warden H. A. Spencer.

The trowel used by Grand Master E R. Sapulding was a handsome silver one with an ivory handle and was presented to Mr. Spaulding by the members of Eureka Lodge at a meeting held last night. The presentation speech was made by Benjamin Simms and responded to by the grand master.

The address of the afternoon was delivered by Hon. John Van Voorhis, who spoke in part as follows:

The citizens of Rochester were proud of Frederick Douglass, and proud that he made this city his home. Considering what he was and what he did for our country and for mankind, he was pre-eminently our first citizen. It is fitting that the corner stone of the monument to be erected to his memory should be laid under the beautiful rites of Masonry. And yet Frederick Douglass was not a Mason. He belonged to no orders. Sublimer themes engrossed his whole attention. He knew no brotherhood but the universal brotherhood of man. He had a mission to perform. That mission was to elevate the republic in the eyes of mankind by wiping from it the stain of African slavery. That mission was to emancipate millions of slaves. To accomplish that mission he devoted his entire time and the energies of his great genius. He lived to see that mission successfully accomplished. He lived to witness the emancipation of 4,000,000 of slaves. He lived to see the stigma of slavery which had attached to this republic in the beginning entirely destroyed. Monuments of bronze and marble may be erected for him here and elsewhere, but his greatest monument will be found in the history of his time. As an emancipator he stands by the side of Abraham Lincoln. It was largely his work that made the emancipation proclamation possible. He visited every free state and every city and village therein and spoke from more platforms than any other man in our generation. He taught the people the wrongs of slavery and prepared them to stand by Lincoln when he made his famous proclamation. There is not time to do Frederick Douglass justice on this occasion. Many of our able men preached against the wrongs of slavery. Among them were Freeborn G. Garrison, Wendell Philips, Charles Sumner and Garrett Smith, all great orators, but Douglass was the chiefest of them all.

There was no chance to criticize Douglass except on account of his complexion. and educated and cultivated people never did that. The prejudice against color does not exist in other countries as it does here. If Frederick Douglass had been an Englishman he would have been awarded a niche in Westminster Abbey. He was not to be blamed for his complexion; the Almighty created him that way. Shakespeare makes the Prince of Morocco, a black man, say:

"Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowy livery of the unburnished sun."

In listening to Frederick Douglas upon the platform, or in private conversation, no one thought of his complexion.

In his heydey he was the most magnetic orator who ever stepped upon an American platform. Although not able to read or write until twenty years of age, he became a great scholar and handled the English tongue most admirably. Wherever he was to speak crowds were there to hear him. Whenever he would stop speaking the crowd was anxious for him to continue. He never wearied an audience, but invariably left his audience anxious to hear more.

In private conversation he was a master. He always had something interesting to say, and said it in a most interesting manner. Wherever Douglas went the best people thronged around him and treated him with the greatest courtesy. Learned men like Lincoln, Seward, Chase and Sumner were proud to meet him. The argument based on complexion has no effect with such men. It is only among the ignorant and the vulgar that the complexion of Douglass was ever alluded to in an unfavorable manner. He was a man of great dignity of character. He had the power of talking into submission the most unruly audience, and the most threatening mob.

I remember one occasion in our City Hall. Ira Stout had been convicted of murder and was awaiting execution. Certain kind hearted people who did not favor capital punishment called a meeting at the City Hall with a view to ask the governor to commute the sentence of Stout to imprisonment for life. The Rev. Samuel J. May, a very eloquent pulpit orator from Syracuse, was advertised as the orator of the occasion. When the time came, there marched into the hall an organized, angry, shouting and stamping mob. The mob filled the greater part of the hall. When Mr. May arose to speak, not a word that he attempted to utter could be heard, so great was the noise of the howling mob. Again and again Mr. May attempted to speak, but at last gave it up. Other persons present sought to get the attention of the audience, but were shut off by the mob. Frederick Douglass was in the audience, and when it was apparent that none of the speakers would be permitted to speak, he walked deliberately upon the platform, stood before the mob for a moment or two, and surveyed it calmly. Then with a voice of power which none but Douglass possessed, he began to speak. He talked the mob into silence, and compelled it to listen to his speech. That is only one instance of many occasions where Douglass showed his mastery over men who sought to interrupt public meetings.

The first time I ever saw Douglass was somewhere in the forties, probably about '45. I was a boy living with my father on his farm in the town of Mendon in this county. It was rumored about that Frederick Douglass and Charles Lenox Remond would speak against slavery, on a Sunday afternoon, in the Quaker church at Mendon Center. It was a great novelty, and I with others went there to see the performance. The old Hixite Quakers were conservative then and their managers had decided not to allow Douglass to enter their church, and to accomplish that result they locked up the church and nailed up the gates to the grounds. But the younger men of the church—Quakers only by birthright—opened the gates, confiscated a lumber yard near by and made a platform on the church grounds with seats for an audience, and upon that platform Douglass and Remond spoke to an enormous crowd. I cannot remember ever to have heard such denunciation of slavery and its abettors as Douglass poured forth to that audience. He paid his respects to the Quaker authorities who had denied him free speech by locking up the church. It was such an occasion as had never been seen at that Quaker church before and never since. The impression that I got of Douglass at that time was such that I never afterwards failed to go to hear him when an opportunity offered. Those who only heard Douglass speak in his old age can form no conception of the power of his oratory in his earlier years. He was invited to speak everywhere; before senators and legislators; before lawyers and judges; before scholars and men of learning; before doctors of divinity and religious organizations, and I believe it is a fact that he never in his life made a poor speech. He was invited by the Assembly of the state of New York to give an address in the Assembly Chambers in the presence of the governor, lieutenant governor, the judges of the Court of Appeals and the members of the state government. The chamber was packed to its utmost and the oration was a great success. Directly in front of Douglass sat that distinguished New Yorker Thurlow Weed, with his hand behind his ear so that he might catch every utterance which came from the lips of the orator. It mattered not where Douglass went; in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland, he spoke to immense audiences with the same success. In Ireland he was introduced to an immense audience by the then greatest orator of Europe, Daniel O'Connell, as the black O'Connell of the United States.

It is no wonder that the citizens of Rochester meet to honor the memory of Frederick Douglass and to erect a monument to him. He has honored Rochester as no other man has ever done.

"The sweet remebrance of the just,
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

The monument will be unveiled on September 20th.

THE DOUGLASS MONUMENT

Preparations Being Made for the Unveiling, September 14th.

Ceremony to be Witnessed by Surviving Members of the Dead Orator's Family.

Occasion Will be Seized Upon to Pay a Fitting Tribute to the Memory of Douglass.

The impressive ceremonies attending the unveiling of the Douglass monument on Douglass square, immediately south of the New York Central depot, are to be held Wednesday, September 14th. The date has just been decided on after consultation with the surviving members of the Douglass family.

The occasion will be one of great significance throughout the country. Colored people generally and those who sympathize with the movement for their advancement, will seize upon the occasion as a jubilee for the colored race and also as an occasion to pay a just compliment to Douglass, the great champion of the colored men. There will be speechmaking and orators of distinguished talents will be on hand to lend their words to the praise of the colored orator.

Much work has fallen upon the shoulders of the Douglass monument committee. They have had their hands full in securing the right kind of speakers for the occasion. There will be present Gov. Black of this state, ex-Gov. P. B. S. Pinchback of Louisiana, T. C. Dancy, collector of customs at the port of Salisbury, North Carolina, T. Thomas Fortune, editor of the New York Age, the leading paper published in the interests of the colored race in this country, and all the surviving members of Frederick Douglass' immediate family, including his widow, children and grandchildren.

The demonstration will begin at 10 o'clock in the morning. There will be a monster parade of the various organizations of the city. The parade will pass through the principal streets of the city and will come to a stop at Douglass square, where the ceremony of unveiling will take place. The exercises will be very simple. Two little girls, one dressed in white and the other in red will assist in the ceremony. The statue will be unveiled by Miss Gertrude Thompson. The divine benediction will be invoked by Bishop Alexander Walters of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

There will be services at 2 p. m. at Fitzhugh Hall. Addresses will be delivered by Gov. Black, Miss Susan B. Anthony and ex-Gov. Pinchback of Louisiana. A violin selection will be rendered by Joseph Douglass of Washington, D. C., a grandson of Frederick Douglass. Editor Fortune of the New York Age will read a poem.

The monument will be presented to the city by Charles P. Lee and will be accepted by Mayor Warner. Invitations have been extended to the Common council and the park commissioners to occupy seats on the platform.

The entire family of Frederick Douglass is expected to be present at the unveiling. Mrs. Douglass, three children and three grandchildren are living. Charles R. Douglass, the eldest son, is an employee in the pension department at Washington. The other son, Louis H. Douglass, is a Washington real estate dealer. The only daughter, Mrs. Rosa Douglass Sprague, also resides in Washington. Joseph Douglass, a son of Charles R. Douglass, is a prominent violinist at the national capital. The other two grandchildren are Misses Fredericka and Rosa Sprague.

The statue is said by persons competent to act as judges to be a splendid likeness of the dead orator. It is being cast in Philadelphia and will be set in position by September 1st.

ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE. THURSDAY. SEPTEMBER 15. 1898.

TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT DOUGLASS

Honors for the Apostle of Freedom.

REBUKE TO PREJUDICE

Colored Men Eulogized the Statesman of Their Race—A Great Meeting at Fitzhugh Hall—The Douglass Monument Formally Presented to the City.

Owing to circumstances with which the public is generally familiar, namely, that the contractors who were to model and cast the bronze statue of Frederick Douglass failed to have the statue in the city, the unveiling ceremonies did not take place yesterday morning, but the exercises attending the presentation of the monument to the city were held in the afternoon and evening at Fitzhugh hall, addresses being delivered by prominent orators of the Afro-American race, and the monument being formally accepted in behalf of the city by Mayor Warner. The audience, which almost entirely filled the hall, was composed of some of Rochester's foremost citizens, the representatives of both races being about evenly divided. Upon the platform were seated, beside the general committee and the speakers, members of the park board and common council, prominent residents and representatives of the old abolitionist families of the city. The exercises began shortly after 2 o'clock and continued until after 6, but the interest of all present was held until the end.

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

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

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

Honor to Douglass.

The city of Rochester again took pride in honoring the name of Frederick Douglass. After months of arduous work, the committee having in charge the matter of the erection of a monument to his memory was able to report the work completed, although even at the last unavoidable circumstances prevented the unveiling of the monument itself. This fact, nevertheless, did not detract from the interest or significance of the memorial exercises which were held in Fitzhugh hall yesterday afternoon.

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

Letters of regret were received from United States Senator Thomas C. Platt, of New York; United States Senator William E. Chandler, of Vermont, and ex-Postmaster-General John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Thompson's Explanation.

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

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

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

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

You doubtless know that we had delays in Washington, caused by our Mr. Edwards being unable to obtain the assistance he required, which has put us behind just the number of days to complete the statue on time. A letter to this effect was dictated to you on the 9th, but by an oversight on the part of the stenographer it was not written. We are very sorry, both for the statue not being completed on time and for our letter failing to

go on the 9th, which would have explained matters to you before this time.

Yours respectfully,
The Smith Granite Co.
J. R. Randall, Secretary.

Asked to give "an explanation of the explanation," Mr. Thompson said:

"The only word I received from the company was to the effect that they were having trouble in getting a model for the statue. Finally after hunting around for a long time they hit on Charles R. Douglass, a son of Frederick Douglass, as model.

"They next found difficulty in selecting a place that was light enough to do the work. They at last found a church that answered their purpose. I suppose that by the time all this was done it was too late to get the statue ready for the unveiling today."

Mr. Thompson added that if the marble was finished by the 26th the ceremony of unveiling would take place the 1st of October or thereabouts.

THE MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

How Rochester Did Honor to the Name of Douglass.

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

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

"Frederick Douglass."

In introducing T. Thomas Fortune, of New York, editor of the Age, one of the leading papers published in the interest of the colored race, Mr. Thompson paid a fitting tribute to his abilities and his earnest efforts to secure the erection of the monument. Mr. Fortune read an original poem, entitled, "Frederick Douglass." The poem follows:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who feel the venom of the slave's undying
hate
As he whose lot has been the slave's degrading fate?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

An Eulogy of the Man.

The orator of the afternoon, Hon. John C. Dancy, collector of customs of Wilmington, S. C., delivered an eloquent eulogy of Douglass, saying in introduction that he had come from the Southland to join with the North in doing honor to the great apostle of his race. He said in part:

"Any eulogy I may make of Frederick Douglass can only emphasize those already made by others who have preceded me. The best tribute to his memory is tame in comparison with the actual achievements of his life, considering its early environments. He was indeed the architect of his own fortune, 'the builder of the ladder by which he climbed.' His birth, his race, his condition as a chattel, were all against him, and his first and greatest obstacle was to conquer these, and minimize their influence as recognized insurmountable barriers. His boyhood did not prophesy one of the most remarkable careers this nation has seen, nor did anything in his early life indicate that he was born to a noble destiny. His mother was probably a greater woman than his father was a man, and he no doubt inherited from her the qualities of soul which were in him the inspiring, overmastering power which moved and electrified vast audiences, and made him the wonder and admiration of the world.

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

"I saw Mr. Douglass under many and varying circumstances, but he was always the same grand, peerless character in his personality. I heard him declare in a great convention, where weighty political interests were involved, and party spirit ran high, that 'the Republican party is the ship and all else is the sea;' I beheld him with cane in hand at the Columbian Exposition, at Chicago, at a great congress tell a caustic critic of our race, in answer to his animadversions, to desist from his unfair attacks and go home and learn the

truth, before attempting again to instruct others as to the true status of a too long maligned and oppressed race; I heard him in a great national Republican convention, speaking of his own race, assert that 'we may be many as the waves, but we are one as the sea.'

"I watched him before an audience made up chiefly of foreigners, at Washington, during the great Ecumenical conference, as he rose to the loftiest pitch of overpowering eloquence and made a last appeal to them on behalf of fair play for all mankind. I sat with him an hour at the executive mansion, as he talked with President Harrison, portraying the greatness of the people of Hayti, whom he loved; I have seen him make merry at his own home at Cedar Hill, overlooking the Potomac, as he and his grandsons played in concert on their violins his favorite, 'The Suwanee River;' and to cap the climax, I beheld him as the orator of the day, on the occasion of the unveiling of the Lincoln monument.

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

The next musical number was a solo by Mrs. Charles P. Lee. Mrs. Lee sang in an excellent contralto, "The Sun is on the Hills," being accompanied by Mrs. Jeffreys on the piano.

Medal for Chairman Thompson.

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

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

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

Mr. Thompson accepted the gift with a few words of gratitude, though taken entirely by surprise. The medal was a handsome one, being a solid gold medallion, with an engraving of the Douglass monument and a personal inscription to the donee.

A pleasant and appropriate feature of the programme was the reading by Miss Fredericka Douglass Sprague, a granddaughter of Frederick Douglass, of an extract from the great speech of the freedman delivered in Washington on April 16, 1883, the occasion being the celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of emancipation.

Miss Anthony's Reminiscences.

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

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

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

"I must pay a tribute to the old abolitionists who have passed before. Robert Purvise, Parker Pillsbury and all the rest, but Elizabeth Herrick, a grand noble woman, was the influence behind it all, when she made the utterance for immediate emancipation. When he came to this country William Lloyd Garrison brought with him a true, noble wife and mother, and I believe that he could not have done the work unless for her influence. And then there was the invalid wife of Wendell Phillips, who read all anti-slavery literature and encouraged the great orator to go and speak for the oppressed. I think that Mr. Phillips's most magnificent speech was made in Rochester when he stopped with John and Mary Hallowell. I said to him:

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

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

"And Ann was his faithful, loving w[ife] who encouraged, helped, cheered him in [his] great fight for abolition.

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

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

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

"He refused, but later consented to an introduction. He began to ply his legal lore on Mr. Douglass and found himself wholly unable to cope with Frederick Douglass. Realizing this, he turned to Rosa Douglass, his daughter, and asked her to play, and, unlike many white girls, she played without dissent. She played another selection and finally my cousin followed Rosa out to the table and placed a chair for her. And before the evening was over that 'Lish, that Democratic New York city lawyer, actually ran down and opened the gate for Douglass to drive through when he started home. Douglass overcame prejudice.

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

"Women were never asked about the war. But the sons have gone and they can enlist whether mother says yea or not. And yet the women are taxed for the expenses of this war. I appeal to you colored men to join with us, the last disenfranchised class, to fight for us to secure our liberty. I have never had my feelings so stirred up as by this war. The women should have a place in the one great criticised department, the commissary.

"When President McKinley is going to have an investigation he appoints nine men, careful to select men representing every class of interests in the country, but he forgot the women. What was McKinley thinking of when he forgot the women. Women like Mary Jacobi, Sarah H. Stevens, Julia Holmes Smith. No one is so capable of knowing whether the army has been well fed or not as a woman."

Mrs. Barnett's Tribute.

One of the interesting addresses of the afternoon was that by Mrs. Ida B. Wells Barnett, of Chicago, who is classed with the leading female orators of the race. She had been heard before in Rochester, having delivered an address a few years ago advocating the anti-lynch law. In fact, a large part of her life has been spent in this work. Mrs. Barnett said, among other things:

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

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

Ex-Minister Smyth's Eulogy.

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

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

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

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

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

The Presentation.

Charles P. Lee, a prominent colored attorney of the city, then made the presentation of the monument to the city of Rochester. Mr. Lee referred to the noble work of the monument committee, which is composed of the following gentlemen: John W. Thompson, chairman; H. A. Spencer, secretary; R. L. Kent, assistant secretary; Mrs. R. Jerome Jeffreys, Hon. George A. Benton, Hon. H. S. Greenleaf, Hon. Charles S. Baker, Benjamin F. Cleggett, T. H. Barnes, E. R. Spaulding, Bishop Alexander Walters, D. D., Rev. James E. Mason, D. D., B. N. Simms, Thomas E. Platner, F. Cunningham, T. Thomas Fortune and C. J. Vincent. In his speech Mr. Lee said:

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

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

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

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

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

"It marks the majestic march of that public sentiment, which, when the smoke of battle rolled away—in a spirit of justice equal to the world's sublimest hope, stooped and took the freedman by the hand, placed him in possession of political rights, made him equal before the law, surrounded him with great opportunities of advancement and elevation, in the exalted duty and dignity of citizenship, bade him live and labor for the grandeur of his country, the glory of his race and God.

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

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

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

The Mayor's Acceptance.

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

"Rochester would prove herself unworthy of having been the home of a great man if she would do nothing to perpetuate his memory. She has had many citizens, able in the councils of the state and nation, alert in business, and of brilliant mind, but none as great as Frederick Douglass. He was great on account of what he did for himself—because he transformed himself from a piece of personal property on the plantation of his master, contrary to the laws of the land and the prejudices of the people, to a sage, the adviser of the great; and great on account of what he did for his people—because he gave for their salvation the rarest endowments of nature and the whole wealth of his mind accumulated through years of the severest trials. He was the true self-made man, for he could look back to the time when the laws of the republic said he was not a man. He became a man not with the aid of its beneficient laws, but in spite of its inhuman laws.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RECEPTION AND BALL.

The Day Was Finished Fittingly and Pleasantly at Fitzhugh Hall.

Probably no part of the programme was enjoyed by young and old, foreigners and Rochesterians alike, than the reception and ball at Fitzhugh hall last evening. It was very largely attended, though the guests were somewhat late in arriving, it being fully 11 o'clock before the evening had reached its zenith. There was a long programme of dances, twenty-four in all, and with long intermissions between each, it was well along towards the small hours of morning before the ball was at an end. The music was excellent, the floor was in fine condition, and everything seemed propitious for a perfect evening's enjoyment. There is no race on earth that appreciates music and dancing more than the negro. His whole nature seems to respond to the strains of harmony, and find expression in rhythmic movements of the body, as was fully demonstrated last evening.

The hall was handsomely decorated with flags of different nations, the Stars and Stripes, of course, predominating. There were many handsome and artistic costumes worn by the ladies, mostly of bright tints, relieved by numerous white toilettes. Pink predominated, but light blue, red and yellow made pretty contrasts, the ensemble producing a brilliant scene. There were many handsome as well as stylishly gowned women present, and it goes without saying that most of them were good dancers.

The Douglass party was in attendance as spectators, occupying a place in the south balcony. The son of Frederick Douglass is a distinguished looking man, tall and large, and a grand-daughter is exceedingly pretty.

The following men acted as floor committee: Charles Haley, Charles Gaul, Charles B. Lee, George Morris, T. H. Clark, Lewis Alston, James Sanford and William Allen, who discharged their duties acceptably. Taken as a whole the affair was a fitting finale to an eventful day in the history of the colored race, and many prominent white citizens, both men and women, were present as spectators.

AFRO-AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Meeting To-day to Re-organize the Old Association.

A meeting will be held this morning and again in the afternoon, in the common council chamber, to consider the advisability of resurrecting and reorganizing the Afro-American League, which had its inception at Chicago, January 15, 1890. The second and last annual meeting of this league was held at Knoxville, Tenn., in 1892, after which it went out of existence as an organization.

The meeting will be attended by all the leading Afro-Americans who were present at the Douglass monument ceremonies yesterday, and the general public is invited. The movement to re-organize the league was started by Bishop Alexander Walters, of Jersey City, who doubtless will preside at the conference to-day. Among other prime movers are T. Thomas Fortune, of New York; John H. Smyth, ex-minister to Liberia, of Virginia; John W. Thompson, of this city.

LET US UNVEIL THE DOUGLASS MONUMENT

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The Times Shows the Way to Pay Off the Debt and Unveil the Douglass Statue.

Rochester's Tribute to the Great Negro Orator and Statesman Should No Longer be Covered From Public View.

The Times Heads a Subscription List and Calls on the People to Help in the Work.

The Times believes the monument to Frederick A. Douglass, the great negro orator, should be unveiled. There is an indebtedness of $1,700 on the monument. It should be paid off and the bronze figure made to stand out in the sunlight.

The Times will help.

Send in the dimes and dollars to make up the fund. The Times heads the list with $25.

Every subscription, no matter how small, will be acknowledged through The Times. The monies received at this office will be turned over to Hon. George A. Benton, who is at present treasurer of the monument committee. His receipt for such money will be printed in this paper.

Do not think that because you cannot afford to send a dollar that a quarter will not be received and thankfully acknowledged.

The Times will be grateful for even five cent donations.

Remember the old nursery rhyme: "Little drops of water, little grains of sand." Send along your pennies, nickels and dimes and have them added to these already received:

The Evening Times	$ 25 00
Clarence V. Lodge	5 00

From Surrogate Benton.

Hon. George A. Benton, surrogate of Monroe county, who will be custodian of all monies collected by The Times, sends the following letter:

Editor Evening Times:
Dear Sir:—I very heartily appreciate and applaud the effort of The Times to liquidate the indebtedness yet remaining on the Douglass Monument.
Any service I can render is at your disposal. I shall be very glad to acknowledge the receipt of all monies collected by The Times.

GEORGE A. BENTON,
Rochester, March 15, 199. Treasurer Monument Committee.

Shubert Brothers Offer.

J. J. Shubert, the energetic young manager of Baker theater, will donate 10 per cent. of the gross receipts of that house at the performance of the Shubert Stock Company on Tuesday evening, March 21st. This liberal offer of Mr. Shubert has been gratefully accepted and the proceeds therefrom will be added to swell The Evening Times fund.

The First Subscription.

The first subscription was received from County Superintendent of Poor Clarence V. Lodge. This letter accompanied the check:

Editor Evening Times:
Dear Sir:—Feeling that it is time the Douglass Monument was paid for and unveiled, I enclose check for $5.00 toward The Times fund for that purpose.
C. V. LODGE.

Chairman Thompson's Letter.

The following letter, which is self explanatory, has been received:

Editor Evening Times:
I learn with much pleasure and gratification of your contemplated effort to appeal to the patriotic citizens of Rochester for funds to pay off the debt of $1,750 now due on the handsome monument to the late Frederick Douglass.
I heartily endorse your spirit of patriotism in coming to our rescue at this time. When the monument is unveiled in May, in the presence of Gov. Roosevelt and thousands of other visitors, I hope there will be no remaining debt to detract from the pleasure of the day. Yours very truly,
JOHN W. THOMPSON,
Chairman Douglass Monument Committee.

Short Sketch of Douglass.

Frederick Douglass was born a slave in Maryland in 1817. When 21 years of age he fled to the north. He soon became known as a fluent public speaker on anti-slavery topics and lectured through the New England states, attracting large audiences. Mr. Douglass lectured on slavery in Great Britain. During the war he urged the enlistment of colored troops, and when this measure was determined upon actively engaged in recruiting colored troops for the army.

About this time Douglass came to Rochester and started an anti-slavery journal and called it Frederick Douglass' Paper. Later the name of the paper was changed to "The Northern Light."

Douglass wrote a number of books and held important offices, including that of minister to Hayti. Mr. Douglass' second wife is a white woman. His father was a white man and his mother a negress. He died at Washington February 20, 1895.

The Monument Movement.

The monument to Frederick Douglass stands on the triangular park bounded by North St. Paul and Central avenue. It was erected by the Smith Granite Works of Westerlay, R. I., at a cost of $7,000. Only $5,250 of this has been paid, leaving a balance of $1,750 still due. This balance has been secured by a note given by Chairman J. W. Thompson. The note falls due on April 1st.

It was originally intended to have the monument unveiled on September 14, 1898, but for various reasons the ceremony was postponed. The unveiling will take place some time in May on a day to be set by Gov. Roosevelt, who has promised to be present.

PROCLAMATION.

Issued by the Mayor Concerning the Celebration in Honor of the Unveiling of Douglass Monument.

The mayor this morning issued the following proclamation :

Mayor's Office, June 7, 1899.

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

Rochester may well cherish the memory of her great citizen. His figure stands outlined on the pages of history as one of the few great emancipators. No race or country can claim him exclusively. He was the champion of man. He fought, not in the forum or legislative hall, but before the tribunal of public opinion. No people chose him for their representative. His ideas of right and liberty were not limited by artificial lines. His was the spirit of true Democracy. His career is a great text book for citizens and statesmen. Let us point him out to the youth of the land as one of the type of men who make offices and officers, political parties and governments. Let us point to the position he held as the highest that may be attained by a free citizen. This we may do by honoring his memory.

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

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

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

George E. Warner, Mayor.

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THE UNION AND ADVERTISER: FRIDAY JUNE 9 1899.

HONOR OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS · GREATEST OF THE NEGRO RACE

'ade of Military and Civic Organizations, Veterans, School Children and State Industrial School Boys.

iewed by Governor Roosevelt, City and County Officials and Distinguished Citizens from a Stand in Front of the Court House.

ument Erected in His Honor Unveiled—Address by the Governor and Hon. William A. Sutherland—Great Crowds Join in the Demonstration.

The celebration of Douglass day in honor of the memory of Rochester's great colored statesman, Frederick Douglass, and unveiling of the monument in his honor, was participated in by Gov. Roosevelt and thousands of residents of this city and western New York to-day. Veterans, old and young, civic and military organizations, public officials and laymen vied with each other in paying a tribute of respect to the dead statesman and combined in making the demonstration the greatest of its kind ever seen in Rochester.

The parade was of enormous proportions and the ceremonies at the unveiling of the monument erected to the great colored leader were most impressive. The addresses were listened to by thousands and that the praise and emolument bestowed upon the dead statesman were appreciated was shown by the eager silence which prevailed during the remarks of the speakers.

The parade was the beginning of the demonstration. The companies were ordered to form for marching at 2 o'clock, but two hours before this the streets were black with people. The best of order prevailed owing to the precautions taken by the Executive Board in roping off Main street. The vast crowd kept on the walk and no difficulty was experienced by the police officers.

During the day all the flags of the city were streaming to the breeze and the business blocks and residences along the line of march and in the vicinity of the monument on North St. Paul street were handsomely decorated. In fact the decorations were the most elaborate seen in this city in years.

Among the thousands of people on the streets, the colored residents of this city and neighboring towns were well represented. It was the occasion of honoring the memory of the greatest representative of their race who ever lived in this country and the colored people did their full share in making the demonstration a success. Companies from various towns marched in the parade and thousands of visitors witnessed the unveiling.

As a result of the proclamation of the mayor business was suspended during the afternoon and all the public offices of the city were closed. This gave thousands an opportunity to witness the demonstration and all the blocks and business houses on Main and other streets along the marching line and near the monument swarmed with spectators.

The parade began forming at 1:30 o'clock, the various companies taking the positions assigned to them on Washington and Spring streets and Plymouth avenue.

The first division formed on Spring street, right resting on South Washington; the second division on Fitzhugh street, right resting on Spring; the third division on Plymouth avenue, right rest- on Spring; the fourth division on South Washington, right resting on Spring; the fifth division on Spring street, right resting on South Washington, facing east; the sixth division on North Washington, right resting on Main street.

These streets literally teemed with people, and as they were not roped off the companies had some difficulty in making passage way. However, the crowd was good-natured and after some delay Chief Marshal Pond got word that all the divisions were ready to march.

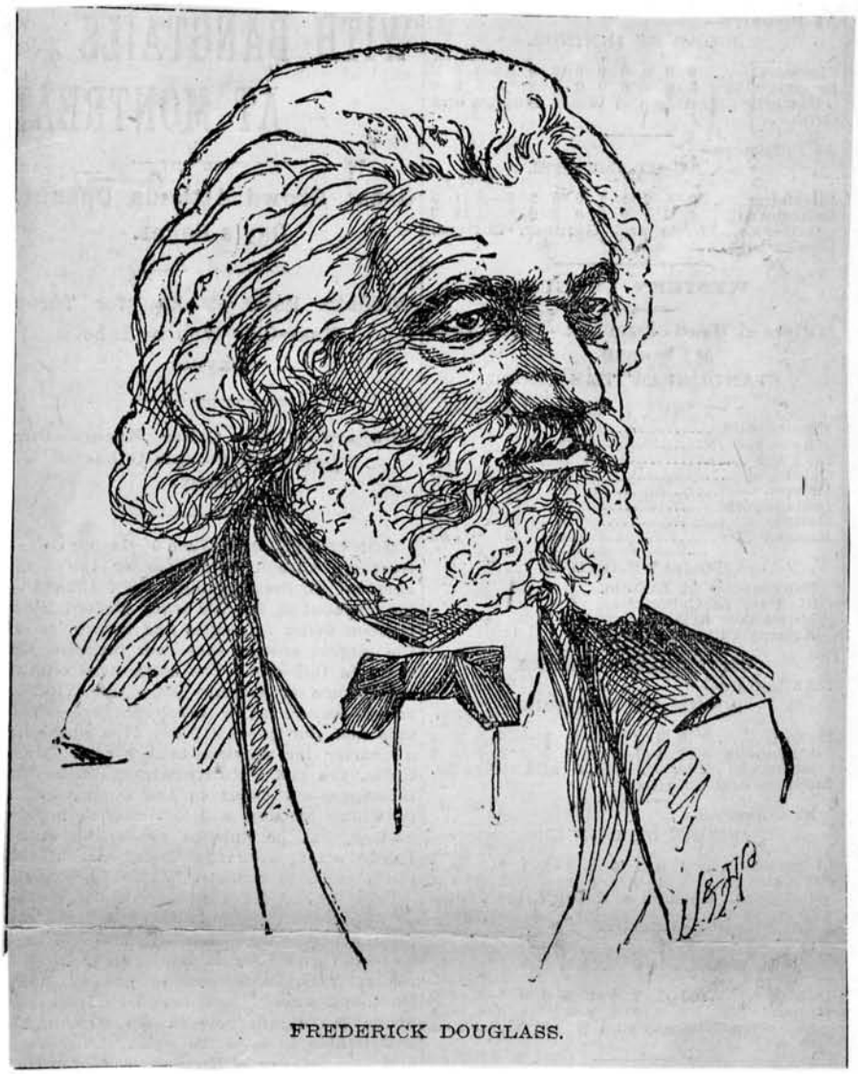
The order to march was not given until Marshal Pond had received word that Gov. Roosevelt had arrived in the city and had been escorted to the reviewing stand in front of the Court House.

Gov. Roosevelt arrived at the Central depot at 2:20 o'clock and was met at the train by the special reception committee consisting of Lewis P. Ross, James S. Watson, Francis B. Mitchell and Edward C. Brown. There was a great demonstration at the depot when the Governor emerged from his train. Cheers were given from a thousand throats; hats and canes were thrown in the air; handkerchiefs waved and for ten minutes the immense crowd present to witness the Governor's arrival was in a perfect frenzy of excitement.

The Governor bared his head and bowed to right and left. As he was to make an address later he attempted to make no remarks at the depot, and this would have been impossible with the wild cheering of the spectators. The Governor and special reception committee at once entered carriages and were driven rapidly to the reviewing stand in front of the Court House.

There was repeated cheering as the chief executive of the state was driven through the streets, and when he reached the reviewing stand the immense crowd in front of the Court House gave a similar demonstration to that at the depot.

THE DOUGLASS MONUMENT.



FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The Governor again bared his head and bowed in acknowledgment of the hearty reception.

In the reviewing stand with Gov. Roosevelt were the members of the executive committee in charge of the exercises of the day; the judges of the Appellate, the Supreme and the County Courts, and the special reception committee of four. The executive committee was made up of Charles J. Brown, Hon. W. W. Armstrong, the mayor, James Fee, Charles U. Bastable, Charles H. Babcock, Valentine Fleckenstein, Hon. George W. Aldridge, Col. James S. Graham and E. N. Walbridge. Col. Graham and Lieut. Walbridge were both in the parade.

When word was received that Gov. Roosevelt was in the reviewing stand Chief Marshal Pond gave the order for a salute of seventeen guns, which was fired at the monument by the gun squad of the Naval Reserves, under command of Lieut. Walbridge. The order for the parade to move was then given.

The line of march was from South Washington street to West Main street, where the line was reviewed by the Governor, in front of the Court House, to State street, to Central avenue, countermarch to East Main street, to Franklin street, to the monument on North St. Paul street, at Central avenue.

The various divisions of the parade marched as follows:

A cordon of sixteen policemen in command of Capt. McDermott headed the parade. Squads of sixteen officers each under command of Lieuts. Schwartz, Zimmerman, Sherman, Ryan, Russ and Stetson were scattered along the column to prevent the crowd from surging out on the street at any point.

Next to the officers came Chief Marshal N. P. Pond and staff, mounted, as follows:

H. S. Redman, personal aide; Joseph P. Cleary, Maurice Leyden, W. G. Ricker, E. W. Merrill, S. McAuliffe, Robert Patterson, William Shelmire, Henry Ansell, B. F. Franklin, George A. Benton, George S. Burke, J. A. P. Walter, James Douglass, George Cripps, James R. Chamberlain, F. D. Matthews, Berry Jackson, Thomas Sprague, Walter Jones, Thomas E. Shaw, Louis Wilson, Louis Sprague, C. V. Lodge, George W. Thomas, N. Huntington, John Galen, Frank Ellsworth, William A. Niblack, William Driscoll, W. Martin Jones, Henry J. Simmelink, William S. Beard, C. L. Yates, John Ashton, Francis S. Macomber, William N. Cogswell, Herbert Ward, W. H. McMath, Charles P. Lee, B. F. Gleason, H. C. Brewster, Ira J. Wile, Frank Fritzsche, Ogden Backus, F. A. Brownell, J. P. Henry, T. B. Dunn, Percival Oviatt, Frank Wurtz, Jacob Spahn, Charles L. Hunt, J. Frank Wilber, Ernest Miller, Bugler.

The various divisions of the parade followed, as given below:

FIRST DIVISION.

Col. James S. Graham, commanding, and the following staff, mounted:

Thomas C. Hodgson, special aide; Arthur Luetchford, James Gosnell, Horace McGuire, James F. O'Neil, Thomas W. Ford, Milton Race, James Plunkett, Benj. Jackson, C. C. Brownell, J. J. Augustine, D. B. I. Preston, Alfred Elwood, Julius Armbruster, James H. Splaine, Fred P. Stallman, John Parks, George J. Oaks, Arthur S. Bostwick, George Weldon, John P. Hammill, William Richards, Selden Page, Porter Farley, W. M. Kenyon, James R. Chamberlain, William Sheldon, W. K. Balon, Maurice Leyden, C. F. Wilson, James Douglass, Chris Heilbron, Henry Norden, Ed. B. Chapin, Anthony Walters, Dr. Richard Curran, Fred Bach, Thomas Burchill, W. R. Foster.

Fifty-Fourth Regiment Band and Drum Corps.

Escort to Veterans.

Eighth Separate Company, N. G. S. N. Y., Capt. Henderson; 100 men.

First Separate Company, N. G. S. N. Y., Capt. Frank Smith; 104 men.

Naval Reserves, Lieut. E. N. Walbridge; 75 men.

Veteran Companies, headed by Hebing's Band; 25 pieces.

Old Thirteenth Regiment Survivors, Col. Frank A. Schoeffel; 30 men.

O'Rorke Post and Drill Corps, No. 1, G. A. R.; 80 men.

Peissner Post, No. 106, G. A. R.; 50 men.

C. J. Powers Post, No. 391, G. A. R.; 60 men.

E. G. Marshall Post, No. 397, G. A. R.; 45 men.

I. F. Quinby Post, No. 640, G. A. R.; 35 men.

George H. Thomas Post, No. 4, G. A. R.; 50 men.

Myron Adams Post, No. 84, G. A. R.; 40 men in carriages.

Disabled Veterans of Various Other Posts in carriages; numbering 50 men.

Regular Army and Navy Union Veterans; 25 men.

Veterans of the Spanish War, Comprising Members of the Seventh Battery and 202d Regiment, Capt. William Scanlan; 40 men.

Sons of Veterans' Martial Band; 30 pieces.

C. A. Glidden Camp, No. 6, S. O. V.; 60 men.

O'Rorke Camp, No. 60, S. O. V.; 50 men.

I. F. Quinby Camp, No. 13, S. O. V.; 40 men.

J. P. Cleary Camp, S. O. V.; 60 men.

Reynolds Battery, Capt. Gilbert Reynolds; 25 men.

SECOND DIVISION.

Col. S. C. Pierce and staff, mounted, as follows: Col. S. P. Moulthrop, R. A. Searing, J. B. Warren, Mark Way.

Members of the Board of Education under command of President Nell.

Various school companies as follows:

ESCORT.

High School Battalion—200 young men, Company A, Capt. J. W. Phelan; Company B, Capt. H. R. Howard; Company C, Capt. H. A. Field.

FIRST BATTALION.

Principal Julius L. Townsend, commanding.

No. 3 school, 55 boys, Capt. Leon Benham.

No. 4 school, 60 boys, Capt. Clarence Robinson.

No. 6 school, 45 boys, Capt. William J. Johnson.

No. 9 school, 40 boys, Capt. Abie Meyer.

No. 10 school, 46 boys, Capt. David Landau.

No. 11 school, 30 boys; Capt. Charles U. Bastable, Jr.

No. 12 school, 48 boys; Capt. Lucius Irons.

No. 14 school, 80 boys, Capt. Roland Lehman.

No. 17 school, 44 boys, Capt. E. J. Wright.

No. 18 school, 55 boys, Capt. F. Herdle.

No. 19 school, 40 boys, Capt. Ola Tefft.

No. 20 school, 60 boys, Capt. Geo. Kogler.

No. 23 school, 26 boys, Capt. William Barrows.

No. 24 school, 42 boys, Capt. John Mosher.

No. 30 school, 25 boys, Capt. Burton Harness.

No. 31 school, 40 boys, Capt. C. M. Platt.

SECOND BATTALION.

Principal Richard A. Searing, commanding.

Nos. 7 and 34 schools, 110 boys, Capt. Walter McCauley and Capt. Harry Johns.

No. 1 school, 30 boys, Capt. James Mungovern.

No. 13 school, 36 boys, Capt. Milton Ingalls.

No. 21 school, 32 boys, Capt. Albert Boyce.

No. 22 school, 36 boys, Capt. Fred Van Grafelland.

No. 25 school, 24 boys, Capt. Frank Demmer.

No. 27 school, 40 boys, Capt. John Harris.

No. 28 school, 40 boys, Capt. Albert Widdowson.

No. 29 school, 78 boys, Capt. Ralph Head.

No. 32 school, 42 boys, Capt. Geo. Pearce.

No. 33 school, 39 boys, Capt. Oscar Guilck.

No. 26 school, 150 boys, Capt. John Horn.

St. Joseph's school, 48 boys, Capt. C. J. Maurer.

Holy Redeemer School, 38 boys, Capt. F. E. Bopp.

Corpus Christi school, 40 boys, Capt. Wm. McCarthy.

Our Lady of Victory school, 34 boys, Capt. Edward Wehle.

THIRD DIVISION.

Third division, under command of Col. John J. Powers, with the following staff: Jefferson Young, L. C. Piper, John Zellwager, George W. Powers, A. H. Babcock, William A. Niblack, E. W. Budd, Fred Freund, A. S. Angel Charles U. Bastable, J. M. Wheeler, William S. Beard, William Barr, W. W. Barnard, Joseph Weinberg, John J. Moynihan, C. G. Galliger, F. B. Pierce, Henry Loewer, Dr. M. E. Rutherford, William Boyd, E. H. Damon, C. L. Ball, F. W. Sangster, P. A. White, E. G. Hartel.

Anson Division, U. R. Knights of Pythias, Capt. Stiefel; 40 men.

Imperial Division, Knights of Maccabees, No. 1, Capt. D. J. Coakley; 40 men.

Knights of Calvin, Capt. George Schmitt; 40 men.

Knights of Malta, Capt. F. B. Pierce; 95 men.

City Newsboys, under command of Captain Isaac Lazarus, 75 men in uniform.

FOURTH DIVISION.

The fourth division consisted of the State Industrial School boys, headed by the following members of the board of managers in a tally-ho: Dr. G. G. Carroll, Capt. Henry Lomb, Mrs. F. H. Kuichling, Judge Thomas Raines, Dr. G. W. Goler, Charles Van Voorhis, Miss Lulu E. Aldridge, Dr. C. H. Losey.

Col. R. P. Kelly, and Lieut. Col. A. I. Howard, regimental adjutant; Eugene Johnsberger, trumpeter.

First Battalion—James Robertson, commanding; 25 men.

Second Battalion, L. A. Reilly, commanding; 200 men.

Third Battalion—Thomas Murphy commanding; 200 men.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Fifth division under command of Major F. S. Cunningham, with the following staff: Jack Alexander, Scottsville; Thomas Sprague, Walter Jones, John Mines, James Holland, John Dinkle, Scottsville; Frank Simms, Scottsville; Frank Whiting, Buffalo; Thomas Payne, Buffalo; John Spears.

Lake View Band, 20 pieces.

City Cadets, under command of Capt. Chatfield, 50 men.

Douglass Club, under command of Capt. Henry Williams, 150 men.

Citizens in tally-hos and carriages.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Citizens in carriages, under command of James W. Casey.

After the parade passed Gov. Roosevelt was escorted to a carriage by the special reception committee and the executive committee and the whole party was driven to the monument where they escended the speakers' platform. The parade disbanded at the monument and the unveiling ceremonies were begun.

The national flag was first raised above the statue and this was the signal for the various bands to join in playing the "Star Spangled Banner." Prayer was offered by Bishop Alexander Walters of Jersey City, after which Miss Gertrude A. Thompson of this city loosened the cord which held the covering about the statue.

As the figure of the great statesman and patriot was revealed tremendous acclamations burst forth from the assembled multitude. After quiet had been restored the mayor stepped to the front of the platform and in a brief address introduced Gov. Roosevelt. The appearance of the Governor was the signal for another enthusiastic outburst from the throng. Holding up his hand to enforce quiet and at the same time bowing his thanks for the welcome extended him, Gov. Roosevelt began speaking. He paid a glowing tribute to the grand character of the colored statesman and referred to him as the most distinguished representative of his race known in history. He said that his rise from slavery to the leadership of his people was the most remarkable example of the ability and perseverance ever recorded. He detailed the great works of Mr. Douglass' life, his aid in raising his people to their present standard of intelligence, and in conclusion referred to the patriot as one of the greatest men of the century.

When the Governor had finished speaking and the applause following his address had subsided a chorus of forty voices sang "His Name Shall Live Forever."

Hon. William A. Sutherland was then introduced. He made a brilliant addddress and bestowed unbounded praise upon Frederick Douglass. In speaking of Mr. Douglass' early life Mr. Sutherland said :

"He was born a slave. He first looked out upon life from behind the bars of a prison, unseen though not unfelt. His first reflective thought was to comprehend that he was a chattel, possessed of no rights which a white man was bound to respect. He was a mere piece of valuable property—simply and only a thing !

"And yet, life was as dear to him and liberty as sweet as to any of us. When, therefore, he was grown to the full stature of manhood as measured by years, though still of infantile attainments, the soul within him so moved his strong right arm that with one blow he burst the chains that held him, and escaping to New Bedford, Mass., earned, by shoveling coal, his own first free dollar. Then he was a criminal in the eyes of the law of the land of his birth ; a fugitive from what was called justice in Maryland. Forty years afterward a marble bust of Frederick Douglass was placed in our University of Rochester. Today, twenty years later, the city of Rochester attends upon the Governor of the Empire State as he unveils and didicates the statue of Douglass. Decreed at birth to live and die in chains, doomed by the law of the land to mental, moral and spiritual darkness, fleeing from the land of his unknown father, laboring with hands hardened with plantation toil to support his wife and family, a requisition for his arrest issued by the Governor of Virginia, chased from Rochester to Canada by United States marshals, he lived to be welcomed as a friend by the nobility of Europe, to be a guest at the tables of the titled ones of earth, and to carry his black face, and his back scarred by the lash of the slave-driver's whip, into the electoral college of the state of New York, there to drop into the urn one of the thirty-six votes which this imperial state contributed to the re-election of President Ulysses S. Grant. What a mighty span is measured by these events ! From serfdom to sovereignty ; from barbarism to nobility ; from a voice quivering with fear of his master to organ tones of one of the world's orators ; from a mere piece of merchandise on the shores of the Chesapeake to a seat among the honored ones of earth—what a magnificent sweep !

"In the early days of his campaigning through the north it was not fashionable to speak slightingly of slavery. There were timid ones who said 'Hush !' when he descried the horribleness of human bondage. But God reigned and His prophet thundered His message until the day dawned when Douglass could triumphantly sing, 'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming Lord.'

"In these days, it is thought by some not to be quite in good taste to publicly disapprove of burning negroes to death, lest it might wound the sensitive natures of those who do the burning. But on such an occasion as this, when we have unveiled Douglass' statue, and by that act have invoked the presence of his spirit upon this platform, surely here it may be permitted to consider those evils which followed the trail of slavery and did not perish with its extinction.

"The demoralization of the slaveholder was part of the curse entailed by slavery. He who practices brutality upon others becomes himself a brute. Cruelty is a demon, which, finding entrance to men's souls, displaces the better nature, waxing fat to expansion by feeding upon atrocities. Three centuries of slavery brought the master as well as the slave down from manhood towards the brute, and upward they must climb together. Historians have pointed out the hellish effect of the gladitorial games upon the inhabitants of ancient Rome ; and those of our day who could delight in Spanish bull fighting were well fitted to be the oppressors of Cuba. We may not marvel then that the seeds sown in the days of slavery spring up and bear fruit in the second and third generation. To torture negroes to death is not a new amusement in the south. I was told once by a gentleman born and reared in a southern state that in his vicinity two young men out for a lark sought out, bound and burned up a negro slave just for the fun of it, and that the only human punishment inflicted upon them was the recovery and colelction of a judgment in favor of the master for the value of his slave. The moral sentiment of the community in which this occurrence took place seems to have been fully appeased by the payment of $1,000, not to the widow or orphans of the deceased, but to the white man who owned him.

"No denial has been made of the recent publication in our newspapers of a negro dying with the smallpox whose passage into the next world was expedited by a gang of white men who set a torch to his little cabin and sent him to Heaven in a chariot of fire. There was no master to claim $1,000 in this case, and of course the widow and orphans did not count for they were negroes also.

"A few months ago a negro accepted the appointment of postmaster at Lake City, N. C., and no one has denied that this was the reason why he was expeditiously murdered, one of his children burned up and other members of his family severely injured.

"A single justification is offered in the claim that these things must needs be in order to prevent the ravishment of southern white women, just as though every mulatto walking the streets of a southern city does not in his own person make significant reply to that allegation.

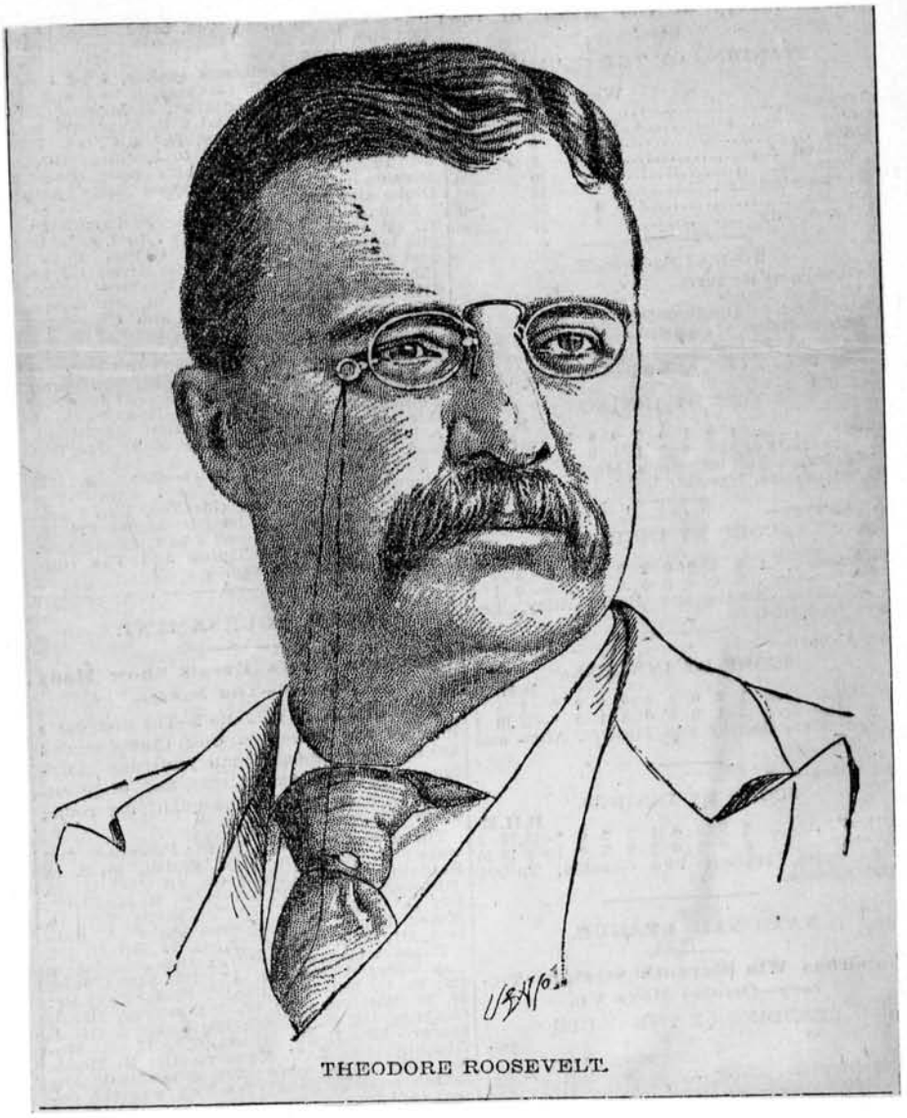
"But to the murderers' plea there is another answer. For four long years, from 1861 to 1865, all the white men in the seceding states who could bear arms were at the front, with their attention fully occupied by the boys in blue. They left their wives, and sisters, and daughters, to the mercy of black slaves, but the result was not mulattoes born of white mothers, and the honor of the white women of the south did not in those days need the guardianship of outrages inflicted upon black men.

"To the inhabitants of Rochester there is another answer. Familiar with the active operations of the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, we would not endure public exhibitions previously advertised of cruel conduct even to the beasts of the field. No one would be permitted in the community which has erected and unveiled Douglass' monument to burn to his death even a mad dog, though he had lacerated and poisoned the fairest and the best in Rochester.

"Whoever be the criminal, whatever be the crime, no matter how great the horror of the community at the offence, whoever is charged with crime, be he never so guilty, and especially if, peradventure, he be innocent, is entitled to receive from any people claiming to be civilized a full, fair, just trial, and punishment, if guilty, only at the hands of the law. No lover of his country, then, can contemplate these unpunished outrages without deepest apprehension for the future of the country which tolerates them. It is impossible to read accounts of excursion trains jammed with white men, rushing to sniff the odors of burning human flesh and to feast their eyes upon the agonizing death contortions of a human face, without an unbounded sense of amazement and horror at the display of brutishness, nor without shuddering at the fearful punishment which must some day follow close upon such brutality.

"Doubtless many good men and women in the south deplore as deeply as do the good men and women in the north these frightful occurrences, but they and we alike are guilty unless their efforts and ours be united to put an end to these inhumanities. Because the nation shut its eyes and folded its arms in presence of slavery, God sent civil war. What punishment shall be ours if we shut our eyes and fold our arms in presence of these later day atrocities only He may know who saith 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay.'

"It is not so much for the colored man as the white that I raise my voice today. Because we suffered human slavery in our midst the hand of God was laid upon the entire country, and the north as well as the south felt the rod of His chastisement. Expatiation for the crime of slavery came upon the white man and white woman of the north as well as of the south. If, therefore, these atrocities be unchecked and their perpetrators go unwhipped of justice, even as cruelty feeds upon cruelty, so will brutality unrestrained and murder unchecked, feeding upon themselves, breed an awful progeny of demoralizing passions among the whites, until as the fire and the brimstone were rained from above upon Sodom and Gomorrah, even so will the lightning wrath of heaven be sent to lick up the people given over to this festering abomination.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"It is not so much for the negroes, then, that I plead to-day. They display a marvelous patience and self-command. The words of advice which have fallen from the lips of their bishops and their leading public men are words of God-like counsel; and the meekness and humility with which this suffering people accept whatever fate is in store for them surely indicate the nearness of these, His black children, to our Father which is in Heaven.

"That they have not turned with terrible anger and awful vengeance upon their persecutors is due neither to lack of bravery nor of aptitude or skill in the use of arms. The heroism of the colored troops in our Civil War is now unhesitatingly praised by those who wore the gray as well as by those who wore the blue. The Ninth and Tenth Cavalry of our regular army, composed of colored men, recruited from the south as well as the north, fought by the side of the Rough Riders at the storming of San Juan Hill, winning undying fame by their steadfast courage and their indomitable pluck. No man in this presence and in the hearing of the Governor of our state, then colonel of the Rough Riders, can dispute the bravery, the manliness, the patience, or the discipline of these black soldiers of our regu-

lar army. The war for the deliverance of Cuba uncovered additional foundation for the song of Paul Lawrence Dunbar—

"'So, all honor and all glory,
To those noble sons of Ham,
The gallant colored soldiers,
Who fought for Uncle Sam.'

"But the persecuted will not turn upon the persecutors and the oppressed will not become the oppressors, for the Etheopian has exhibited the noblest qualities of manhood. Patient and well-nigh uncomplaining under suffering, his faith in the future righting of his wrongs by the guiding hand of an overruling Providence may well be studied to the profit of his proud Caucasian brother.

"Perchance in these new days of expansian, when well-nigh against our will we are compelled to succor and develop the mixed and inferior races of Cuba and the Philippine Islands, the way may just now be opening up to lift this black man's burden from his back by leading the white man of all parts of this land away from the paths of cruelty and into the paths of mercy.

"In Douglass' presence, whose mission was to the white people of the north, let us, their descendants, take heed of the lessons so painfully learned from '61 to '65, and for the sake of our white population no less than for the black, give ear to the cries of the oppressed.

"'Oh, Douglass, thou hast passed beyond the shore,
But still thy voice is ringing o'er the gale!
Thou'st taught thy race how high her hopes may soar,
And bade her seek the heights, nor faint, nor fail.
She will not fail, she heeds thy stirring cry,
She knows thy guardian spirit will be nigh,
And rising from beneath the chast'ning rod,
She stretches out her bleeding hands to God!'"

At the conclusion of Mr. Sutherland's address "Old Glory" was sung and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. J. Adams of Zion Church. This concluded the unveiling ceremonies.

Gov. Roosevelt is to hold a public reception at the Court House this evening from 7 to 8 o'clock. The Court House early this morning showed evidences of the preparations for the reception there. A large piano was taken to the second floor early in the day and placed in a convenient location for the orchestra. A low, carpeted platform was carried to the first floor and put in place for the use of the distinguished guest. The decorating was left for a later hour. The committee wisely considered that the stately beauty of the arches and columns would excel any outer decoration that might be brought in, and there was little attempt to cover up the rich furnishing for that reason. To all callers the word was passed around that the guests were to come in through the front entrance, pass the Governor and the committee in waiting, and file out through the back entrance. This plan will avoid confusion, and in that way the big crowd can be handled much easier than were no system followed in the arrangement.

GOLD BADGE FOR GOVERNOR.

Presented by Emanuel Jacubowotz on Behalf of the Newsboys of the City.

During the ceremonies at the monument Gov. Roosevelt was presented a gold badge from the newsboys of the city. The presentation was made by Emanuel Jacubowotz, who spoke as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Perhaps it is astonishing to you for me to address the honorable people of Rochester. I could not express in words the greatness Douglass has done. De, as a rising generation, look upon his monument not as the past, but as an encouragement of great deeds for the future.

"We read that about forty years ago the sought fought against the freedom of the negroes, but in this late war the negroes proved not only one of the best fighting regiments, but fought to uphold the honor of the north, south, east and west and all of this great country under our flag of Old Glory.

"This monument should be a pride for the city of Rochester, not only as a memento for the past statesman, but also to encourage the people to follow the steps of such illustrious men as Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass. Even now in our presence stands a great man who proved himself one of the heroes of this last war.

"Our Governor, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, we, the Rochester newsboys, do hereby present to you, Mr. Roosevelt, this medal for a remembrance of us and of our appreciation of you for your courage and ability and of our respect for you as a man."

TRIBUTE TO FREDERICK DOUGLASS

By Rev. C. A. Barbour of Lake Avenue Baptist Church.

Sketched Life of the Great Colored Statesman — Born in Slavery, He Rose to Fame.

Many Interesting Things in Douglass' Career Touched Upon by Dr. Barbour.

"A Great Rochester Citizen" was the title of an address by Dr. C. A. Barbour of Lake Avenue Baptist Church delivered before the Women's Ethical Club at its March meeting at Park Avenue Baptist Church yesterday afternoon. Dr. Barbour said:

"It is not my thought to-day to deliver an oration on Frederick Douglass; it is within my purpose to lay a wreath of appreciation on the brow of one whom Rochester, surely, should never forget. I shall speak first of some notable facts in his life which have especially impressed me, and which, therefore, I believe will be of interest to you.

"Frederick Douglass had in his veins the blood of three races—the negro, the Indian, the white. He was born in slavery at Tuckahoe, on the east coast of Chesapeake bay, in Maryland. His father was a white man, but who and what he was is not known. Mr. Douglass says himself, 'I say nothing of father, for he is shrouded in a darkness which I have never been able to penetrate. Slavery does away with fathers as it does away with families. Slavery has no use for either fathers or families, and its laws do not recognize their existence in the social arrangements of the plantation. * * * A master may be, and often is, master and father to the same child. * * * My father was a white man, or nearly white. It was sometimes whispered that my master was my father.'

"Frederick Douglass' mother was a negress with Indian blood. She died when he was very young, but her personal appearance and bearing were stamped on his memory. She was tall and finely proportioned; with deep black glossy complexion, had regular features and among the other slaves was remarkably sedate in her manners. Mr. Douglass recalls with pride that his mother could read, and that she was the only one of all the slaves and colored people in Tuckahoe who enjoyed that advantage. How she acquired this knowledge he does not know, for Tuckahoe was the last place where she would be apt to find facilities for learning. That a field hand should learn to write in any slave state was remarkable, and the achievement of his mother, considering the place, was extraordinary. Mr. Douglass attributed the love of letters which he possessed, not to his admitted Anglo-Saxon paternity, but to the native genius of his sable and uncultivated mother.

"Frederick grew up in the very worst form of slavery, so near the border of the north that the slaves were given much less freedom than they were farther south, on a plantation owned by one Col. Lloyd, where the slaves were but poorly fed and badly treated. His descriptions of some scenes on that plantation are enough to chill the blood. The implication is worse than the description as that of which such words can be spoken: 'From 12 o'clock mid-day till dark the human cattle were in motion, wielding their clumsy hoes; hurried on by no hope of reward, no sense of gratitude, no love of children, no prospect of bettering their condition; nothing save the dread and terror of the slave-driver's lash. So goes one day and so goes another. There is the rough usage of the field, where vulgar coarseness, brutal cruelty, spread themselves and flourish, rank weeds in the tropics.'

"When he was 10 years old he was given as a present to a cousin of Col. Lloyd's living in Baltimore. He went to Baltimore as a household servant. There he was kindly treated by the woman of the house, to his very great surprise. He was taught his letters. The woman who taught him the letters wished to teach him to read the Bible, but was stopped by her husband after two weeks' instruction. It was of no use, he said, to teach a negro; his happiness would be spoiled if he had an education; he would be a better servant if he was left alone, and besides that, it was against the law of the state to teach a negro to read. But the thirsty mind of the boy would not be defeated in its purpose. As he went out in the shipyards he saw the letters and numbers on the boats, and found that the men as they prepared the timbers of the boats marked them 'L' for larboard and 'S' for starboard, and other letters for other parts of the vessel for which they were destined. He asked the boys and men what the letters meant and then he learned to write them with a burned stick. He was a poor slave and obliged to study where people did not see him, knowing that it was regarded as a crime to read and write, but he labored on for knowledge.

"Frederick Douglass was led into the Christian faith by a negro drayman. A revolutionary change took place in his

feelings and purposes. The drayman gave him a Bible and then said to him, 'If you are going to be a Christian, remember that you cannot live for yourself any longer. If you want to be free the way for you to be free is to free other people.' The words were not lost, and the negro race has reason to thank God that ever Frederick Douglass met that negro drayman in the city of Baltimore.

"Frederick Douglass was a great orator by nature. Against his will at first, he was induced to travel over the country, bearing his testimony against the curse of slavery. He began to send his agents south, and to assist hundreds on hundreds of slaves from the south on their way to Canada. There was still danger that he would be arrested and taken back into bondage. As a measure of safety as well as to accomplish results by influencing English people, he went to England and was there twenty-one months. While there, through the influence of friends whom he won, without suggestion on his part, the amount of money necessary was raised and sent to his master and papers of manumission were secured.

"On his return to the United States he proposed to issue a newspaper devoted to the cause of anti-slavery. We, as citizens of this city, are glad that he came to Rochester. Here, his paper, the North Star, was issued. For years he was a resident of this city and his name is inseparably connected with it. From this time on, by voice and pen, he advocated the cause to which he had given his life. During the war he was instrumental in raising negro regiments. After the war he served at various times as assistant secretary to the commission of Santo Domingo, as United States marshal of the District of Columbia, as recorder of deeds in the District of Columbia, as United States minister resident and consul-general to Hayti. His presence was considered an honor on every great occasion. We do not forget that when President Harrison honored this city with his presence at the unveiling of the statue of the great war President, the towering figure of Frederick Douglass was an attraction for all eyes. We rejoice that at the expiration of his life, though for many years he had been absent from us, it was to this spot that his honored dust was conveyed, and that here his body sleeps.

"The life which has risen in clouds set in sunshine. Honored of men, beloved by his own race, respected by all, Frederick Douglass achieved and richly deserved the honorable place which is his in history"

On behalf of the members, Mrs. Porter Farley, president of the club, thanked Dr. Barbour. She said she was deeply interested in Frederick Douglass and was a member of a strong anti-slavery family. Her husband's uncle, the late Samuel Porter, she said, once made his house a station for the underground railroad. It was the house on the corner of Fitzhugh and Spring streets. Mrs. William Eastwood said that her memories of the orator were fondly cherished. She had known him in childhood and had often sat in his lap. Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker, formerly of this city, and a writer, was present, and spoke at length of Frederick Douglass, telling how she had known him in his family. Mrs. Thomas Brown read the secretary's report.