

From the Democrat & Chronicle.

## A Few Leaves from the Diary of an Underground Railroad Conductor.

BY WILLIAM S. FALLS.

One fine morning in the month of June, 1851, E. C. Williams, a valued and esteemed friend, whose remains now repose in our own beautiful Mount Hope, hastily entered my place of business, and in an excited manner, said "Friend Falls, put on your coat and come with me." I asked him to explain, but he evaded the request—piloting my steps to his spacious sail loft and tent manufactory, up one flight of stairs, in the building now occupied by Wm. Burke & Co., dealers in hardware. He leading the way to the rear to the darkest nook in the premises, we came upon the stalwart form of a fine specimen of the negro race. He was in a crouching posture, and seemingly in great fear lest his master, who was upon his track, and was at that moment actually in the city in pursuit, might learn of his whereabouts. Of course "E. C." re-assured the poor fellow that he was in a place of safety, and that I too was a friend and would not betray him. Our manner and soothing words had the effect of inspiring him with confidence as to our motives. Suffice it to say that the "fugitive" was properly cared for during the balance of that day, and when the shades of night set in, he made his way in safety to Charlotte, where lay the Canadian steamer *Magnet*, on board which he was conveyed beyond the reach of all earthly "masters."

This was my first experience in underground railroading. From this time till the inauguration of the Rebellion, nearly an hundred unfortunates, male and female, children and adults, had passed through my hands.

As the poor creatures were usually penniless, only their railroad fare being paid by the several agents, that the refugees might have a few dollars in their pockets on their arrival in Canada, I adopted the plan of soliciting donations in behalf of such, from citizens, in the Arcade and around, who usually contributed freely. One of these, the late Uncle Dave Richardson, of Henrietta, never refused, but seemed to take pleasure in contributing liberally. On one urgent occasion such was the sympathy of the people, that "E. C." and myself, merely while passing on our way to dinner, on the east side of the river, each taking one side of Main street, collected a goodly sum, for the benefit of a hapless refugee, whom it was necessary to send on his way rejoicing that evening. The railroad fare only of the refugees was paid by the agents in the several cities through which they passed, from funds raised by benevolent ladies in England.

These agents were William Sill in Philadelphia; Wm. Henry, editor of the "Anti-Slavery Standard," in New York city; Mr. Miles, in Albany; Rev. Mr. Loguen, in Syracuse; and Frederick Douglas, then of this city. I also had each one of the dusky faces photographed by the late E. K. Marsh, who at that time conducted a gallery in the Arcade, he making no charge for his services. To many of these simple hearted people this mode of duplicating their countenances was a great novelty.

The relation of the circumstances and incidents attending the escape of those poor people; many of them having left wives, children, and other dear relatives and friends, never to meet again this side of eternity—was affecting in the extreme.

I well remember a finely formed young colored man who had just made his escape from North Carolina. He had been the slave of a man extensively engaged in the iron-working business, and employed a large number of hands, black and white. The white men, he said, were in the habit of procuring, secretly, the *New York Tribune*, which, it will be remembered, was at one time interdicted in the Southern States, and not allowed to pass through the mails. Although unable, at that time himself to read, yet he learned many facts in regard to the North, from those who could read. Well, the usual amount was soon raised for him in and about the Arcade and the "four corners," and he too went on his way rejoicing.

A few weeks subsequently, he wrote from St. Catharines, Ontario, setting forth his good fortune in Canada. He said, in passing a blacksmith shop in the place mentioned, and seeing several horses hitched in front, he stepped up and solicited work of the boss. "Why," replied the proprietor, "what kind of work can you do?" "I can shoe those horses," he answered. "Well," said the blacksmith, "you can shoe one of them, and I will see." He did so, and his work was so well and so quickly done that he hired him on the spot, agreeing to give him one dollar per day and his board. "I tell you," said he in his letter, "my hammer has now a different ring from what it had in old North Carolina!"

On another occasion, it became necessary to replenish the finances of a group of five females, consisting of a grandmother, daughter and three grand-children, all appearing exceedingly destitute and poorly clad, the season being inclement. As the train was soon to leave, it was necessary to go over the ground as speedily as possible on the usual tour of collection. This accomplished, I got to the train of the New York Central with the funds, only a few minutes before its departure. Noticing at the depot the late R. R. Harris, for many years a deputy U. S. Marshal, I invited him into the car, to see the old woman and her "darlings," all huddled up in one corner. The ex-marshal took in the situation of things at a glance, and said, "Ah! my friend, it is well for you and them that I don't now hold the position which I once did, for I should certainly arrest and lock up the entire squad!" The next moment the iron horse was whirling the sable passengers Canadaward.

One morning, early in my "underground" experience, when stages to Charlotte and elsewhere were wont daily to start from the "Eagle Hotel corner," State Street, now the site of Powers' Block, my friend "E. C." came to me and requested my assistance in aiding a colored man and his wife and infant—all as black as black could be. It was said that men had been in the city looking for them the day before, but the colored people up on "Cornhill," had so effectually hid them, that, after diligent search, their master was obliged to leave town without them. Well, the husband had been started before dawn down the road to Charlotte, there to await the arrival of his wife and child. It therefore devolved upon "E. C." and myself to see that the mother and child were safely put on board of the stage for that place. As previously arranged, at an early hour, we took a position on the "Eagle corner," at the stage office. We had not waited long before "E. C.," rubbing his hands and smiling all over his bright and sunny face, exclaimed, "There they come! There they come!" Looking in the direction to which he pointed, a rickety old wagon, drawn by an emaciated mule was seen coming over "Loafer Bridge," (as Exchange Street Bridge was then called,) and down the hill to the stage office. It being about stage-hour, no time could be lost, and beckoning to the little colored driver, he backed up to the sidewalk—"E. C." politely aiding the woman by taking in his arms her little picaninny—while I, as politely assisted the mother from the vehicle to the walk. They were immediately placed on board of the stage, and the driver cracking his whip, a joyful re-union of father, mother and infant, soon followed, succeeded by the still more joyful re-union which a safe arrival in Canada assured to the fleeing family.

Soon after this little episode, at a convivial party at his residence, "E. C." in his usual mirthful mood, stated that he had, a few mornings before, witnessed a rare instance of politeness. That he had actually seen his friend Falls assist a colored lady to alight from a wagon to the sidewalk! Of course, the retort, by way of reply, that I had witnessed a scene still more comical, for I had seen positively my friend Williams on the walk at the Eagle Hotel, with a nigger baby in his arms! This turned the joke completely in my favor, none laughing more heartily than "E. C." himself!

In 1855, I met with a young colored man from Virginia, who related to me a most interesting history of his escape, which was accomplished chiefly from the fact that the family who owned him, having no immediate use for him, hired him out to a gentleman who knew nothing of his

antecedents—the owners removing temporarily to New Orleans. Of course, he deceived his new master. He obtained leave of absence for a day or two, to go in a certain direction, to visit his wife, when in fact he was unmarried, and once out of sight of his new master, went in an opposite direction, with the North Star for his guide.

His sufferings and hardships, while making his way North, were very great; and he had many hair-breadth escapes from arrest. Finally, after a tedious journey, secreted in swamps, barns, etc., by day, and pursuing his way as best he could by night, he reached Rochester, where he found friends.

About a year after, this young man called to see me, introducing himself as a person whom I had assisted at such a time. Naturally pleasing in manner from the first, his associations and advantages in Canada had still further improved him, so that I did not recognize him, till he gave me his name. On asking him how he had prospered since I had seen him last, he replied, "I have been well treated over there; have been a porter in a bank; sexton of a white church; can procure a recommendation from some of the best men in Canada; have learned to read a little; and have a hundred dollars in my pocket now!"

I asked him if there was anything I could do for him. He replied that he wished to obtain the charge of the rooms of some hose company, that he might, while attending to his duties, have leisure for study and the improvement of his mind. This I endeavored to procure for him, but, failing, I obtained for him a situation in the Osburn House, which he filled with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers. Subsequently, somehow, having heard that there was "a college in Ohio, called Oberlin," he came to me with a bright and radiant countenance, to inquire about that institution. I explained to him its aim and object, as a place of learning, and added that I was acquainted with its president—the lamented Rev. Henry Everard Peck—to whom I would cheerfully give him a letter.

He went there, and was graduated in due time, and subsequently called on me. And I was happy to receive and respect him as a worthy minister of the Gospel. For some time he was engaged in an educational enterprise—that of collecting funds for the erection of a college at Harper's Ferry, for the education of persons of color. I have not seen or heard from him for several years; but if living, wherever his lot may be cast, he doubtless enjoys the esteem and confidence of all with whom he may come in contact.

But the last fugitive—the very last—was a poor fellow who was the greatest object of pity, of all who had preceded him. The flesh on his hands had literally been roasted! He was the slave of a Confederate Lieutenant of Artillery, who had brought his chattel to Fort Moultrie, to do military duty in the memorable battle with Fort Sumpter. He had, in the course of that fight, been compelled to handle *hot shot*, to the degree that the inside of the poor creature's hands and fingers were actually burned almost to a crisp! He said, that for the protection of their hands, raw cowhide mittens were provided; yet his hands were point blank evidence of great cruelty on the part of his officers. They were frightful to look upon. Taking the sufferer into the Arcade and into some of the adjoining stores, sympathetic citizens were requested to "pour a little of the oil of human kindness on his crisp and bleeding hands!" And they did! One glimpse at the poor fellow's hands, and with a shudder, they thrust their hands deep down into their pockets, and poured on them the oil of human sympathy most liberally. It was a sight not soon to be forgotten. The owner of those hands was never heard from after leaving here. But, living or dead, he bore a conspicuous part in the history of the great rebellion, which, unlike many others, was from compulsion and not from a want of love for the dear old stars and stripes.

But the flat of the lamented and good Abraham Lincoln went forth, and every chain fell from the emaciated limbs of all those in bondage, and Canada thereupon ceased to be the haven so long sought after by those fleeing ones.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 20, 1881.



JANUARY 30, 1889.

## MRS. AMY POST AT REST

The Peaceful End of a Long and Useful Life.

### THE FRIEND OF THE FUGITIVE

Death of One Who Has a Marked History  
—The Underground Railway Station  
More Than Half a Century of  
Charitable Work.

In this city, yesterday, one departed from his life whose record of kindly deeds and acts of unostentatious charity, far exceeds the limits of a newspaper memoir, and whose history is the history of Rochester as a city.

Mrs. Amy Post died at her residence, No. 56 Sophia street, after an illness of only four days.

Mrs. Post, whose maiden name was Miss Amy Kirby, was born in Jericho, L. I., December 20, 1802. Her parents were Jacob and Mary Post, members of the Society of Friends. They resided in the house where the subject of this sketch was born, the father for seventy-six years and the mother for sixty-four years. The house was occupied by the Tories during the war of the revolution.

Mrs. Post was married to the late Isaac Post in 1823, having removed to Poplar Ridge, Cayuga county, in 1823. In 1836 Mr. and Mrs. Post removed to Rochester, first occupying a house on Plymouth Avenue. Mr. Post died in 1872. With the exception of a few months, Mrs. Post has resided in Rochester continuously since 1836. She leaves three sons, Jacob K. Post, Joseph Post and Willett E. Post, eleven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. She also leaves two sisters, Mrs. S. L. Willis, of this city, and Mrs. Elizabeth Mott, of Glenwood, L. I.

Mrs. Post was originally, like her parents, a member of the Society of Friends. At an early period of her life she identified herself with the anti-slavery movement. In 1845 she left the society. Although the Friends were themselves in sympathy with that cause, they were averse to Mrs. Post working outside of the society, with the result which has been stated.

In accordance with her views on the subject of slavery, the home of Mrs. Post became one of the principal stations of the "Underground railway" on the northern border of the United States, and remained so until the enfranchisement of the slaves removed the reason for the existence of that famous thoroughfare. It is related that as many as twelve fugitive slaves found refuge in her secure basement in one night, and of the large numbers so cared for during the long years of her work in this direction, not one was ever captured and returned to servitude. Even after the passage of the fugitive slave law, which made it obligatory for all persons, when ordered by a United States marshal, to assist in capturing and returning fugitive slaves, none who reached the shelter of Mrs. Post's friendly roof were ever returned to their masters.

When *Peck's History of Rochester* was written, Mrs. Post, then over 80 years of age, prepared a chapter on "The Underground Railway" without assistance, even in the manual labor connected with it. In the chapter referred to, Mrs. Post gives many interesting incidents, many of which came under her own observation.

On one occasion three colored men drove to Mrs. Post's residence, on Sophia street, on a Sunday afternoon, in a carriage. They were gentlemanly in appearance and in behavior. No one suspected that they were slaves, and they remained in the city several months without being molested. One of them was in attendance at an anti-slavery meeting in Corinthian Hall, one evening, when it was whispered through the audience that the three men had been claimed as fugitive slaves, and that the owner had appeared at the United States commissioner's office in the same building, and demanded possession of his property. Frederick Douglass was present, and was equal to the emergency, which seemed desperate. Everybody seemed as cool and collected as possible, while the great orator, himself an ex-slave, beckoned the fugitive to him. What he whispered no one ever knew, and they quietly left the hall. That night the three men were secreted separately. Mrs. Post called to see one of them the next day and found him at the head of a flight of steps defying the approach of the officers or his master, and emphasizing his defiance with sundry weapons of carnal warfare. The three men were finally brought together on the third day. They were disguised with Quaker bonnets and thick veils, and were driven to Charlotte and placed on board a steamer bound for Canada. Mrs. Post told other graphic stories of a similar nature, but one must suffice on this occasion.

Mrs. Post estimated that the number of fugitive slaves who escaped to Canada through Rochester averaged 130 a year. With the modesty which was one of her marked characteristics, she says nothing in the paper referred to of her own instrumentality in aiding them, yet it is known that it was to her more than to all others combined perhaps, that these people owed their safe exit to the land where the slave owner was unknown, and the United States marshal powerless.

After the passage of the fugitive slave law, the work of assisting escaped slaves became more difficult. On many occasions groups of from two to a dozen were concealed in the basement of the Sophia street house, and the subject of this sketch has often humorously described her efforts and the efforts of the other members of her household to prevent the colored people from making known their presence by showing their faces at the windows. In all sorts of disguises, and by various stratagems, they were aided on their road to freedom. Sometimes they were driven to the Lower Landing in closed carriages and placed on Canadian steamers; sometimes they were guided through the fields to the wharves, and at other times they were driven to small railway stations remote from the city.

In addition to her personal efforts—and it is recorded that she never turned a fugitive from her doors—Mrs. Post took an active part in the political agitation of the subject, at a time when it was not only unpopular, but sometimes unsafe, to champion the cause of the enslaved colored man. She was present at, and assisted in, the organization of the first anti-slavery convention held in the North, and was the means, largely, of causing the second to be held in this city.

When Frederick Douglass came to this city for the first time, accommodations were of course denied him at public houses, and he found his home with her, who was for so many years the friend of his enslaved brethren. Wendell Phillips was also a frequent visitor when in the city. Mrs. Post's house was the home of William Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, George Thompson, the member of the English Parliament, who was mobbed with Garrison, Cassius M. Clay and others. In fact, Mrs. Post aided the anti-slavery cause in every way in which she was able, and those ways were many. She organized sewing societies and by various devices, procured clothing and food for the half clad and half starved wretches who were escaping from "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

It should be said at this point, lest it be inadvertently omitted, that Mrs. Post, during her residence of three years

more than half a century in Rochester, never turned an applicant, white or black, from her door without assisting and material assistance, and those who were discouraged and way worn and weary have been accorded generous hospitality for months at a time.

Mrs. Post was always, at all times and upon all occasions, a champion of woman suffrage in its broadest sense. Although she was not prominent as a speaker, she was always present at gatherings of any kind, which had for their object the freedom and advancement of her sex. She was present at the International Council of Woman Suffragists at Washington last summer, and although advanced in years, took part in its deliberations. Two years ago she attended the convention of The Friends of Human Progress, held at West Junius, near Waterloo. She made the trip, going and returning, in a carriage, herself driving, with a friend as a companion.

In addition to the paper on "The Underground Railroad," Mrs. Post prepared several interesting papers on the questions pertaining to the political interests of women. She was especially interested in the condition of the Indians on the state reservations, and an Indian named Blind John has annually visited her house from the Cattaraugus Reservation.

For many years the deceased was a firm and constant believer in spiritualism. Upon that belief she founded a steadfast hope for a future and happy life. To her its revelations pointed out a pathway to a land of eternal summer, a land where departed friends will be reunited. And, as has been said, she was happy in her belief, in which she never faltered. Her immediate friends will long remember the meetings which have been held in her quiet home.

The deceased, as this imperfect and hastily prepared sketch shows, was a woman of strong character and pronounced opinions. She was, at the same time, of singularly equable temperament, and came down to the close of an unusually long and eventful life with full possession of her mental faculties. She had been in usual health until last Thursday evening, when she spoke for the first time of being ill. From that time she sank rapidly until the end came quietly yesterday afternoon. Her death was due principally to old age.

The funeral will take place at the residence, No. 56 Sophia street, at 2:30 o'clock Friday afternoon.

#### The Passing of Amy Post.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art to dust returneth.  
Was not spoken of the soul."



To-day, many people gazed for the last time upon all that was mortal of Amy Post. As though to signalize her triumph, she left upon her aged face a smile of ineffable peace—that peace which belongs to the pure in heart. Few women have ever experienced an influence for good so far reaching as Amy Post, whose soul was filled with unbounded love for God and poor humanity. Hers was the task in life to bridge the gulf which separated factions in the domain of thought, and beckon all to follow her in the paths of duty and love. No man was so degraded or woman so far outcast as to be beyond the pale of her unfailing sympathy, and were her acts of love recorded in full they would shed a lustre upon the history of human devotion that has never been surpassed.



Hers was the love that knew no nationality, creed or color, and made itself most felt when its object was most cast down. It was her mission to uphold amid the fiercest storm of opposition, not only the immortality of the soul, but certain psychological truths embodied in the phenomenon commonly called "Spiritualism." And she had a reason for the sublime faith that was in her. The stock from which she sprang, the sterling, honest, truth-abiding Quakers of England, should stand the strongest guarantee of her good faith and honor. That social element, so widely known for its moral purity, has given to the world some of its noblest men and women, and Amy Post must be counted among that number. At an early age she became impressed with the conviction that the various creeds of Christendom, while holding truth, did not enclose all the truth; that policy was often mistaken for morality; and that the general teachings of orthodoxy did not comport with reason, and were at variance with the visible revelations of God as displayed in the harmonious laws of the universe.

Some existing institutions which flourished in Christian countries she could not countenance, and that of slavery filled her soul with loathing and abhorrence; the more so as it had for its champions men who called themselves the ministers of God.

The condition of women under orthodox rule became a subject of deep concern to her, and she became convinced that many of her deprivations were due to the narrow-minded prejudices which grew out of misguided religious zeal and fanaticism. She saw that wherever the influence of women was most exercised there could be found the highest moral advancement.

She found that a liberal thought progressed; the sphere of woman's use did also, and that all the liberties we possessed were due to the sacrifices and heroism of those who dared to say "No!" In separating herself from the communion of her fathers, from purely conscientious motives, she experienced all the painful emotions felt at the sundering of old ties. For a time she floundered in the slough of atheism, finding no solace for her loving and sympathetic mind. But this short period of her life was but the fiery ordeal of experience which was to fit her for that higher faith which was to beautify her earth life afterward. Cut adrift from all theological creeds, she devoted her energies to the amelioration of the suffering of her fellow beings. The first to feel her warm sympathies were the human chattels, victims of the lash and chain, who sought refuge at her door. And she, frail in body, but strong in heart and mind, stood between these hunted slaves and a bondage worse than death. These children of an Infinite Father, entrusted to the mercies of a Christian people, robbed of liberty and all that makes life dear—in fleeing from the tyrant's bondage in the South, found shelter under the strong moral fortitude of such as Amy Post. Her noble sacrifices, deeds of love and mercy, performed in behalf of the down-trodden negroes during the period between 1849 and their emancipation, cannot be recounted here. They are inscribed in lines imperishable in the annals of human progress. Of these deeds sublime, let such as Linda Brent, the one-time slave, speak. She, who from out the depths of deepest ignorance, was plucked by Amy Post, and by her gentle, loving influences led to know the blessed power of education and the sweets of liberty—led to write the history of her wrongs that a Christian people might be warned.

There are those still living, and who have passed away, who felt the strong, protective force that welled from the heart of Amy Post. Sojourner Truth, "The Lybian Sybil," the patriot freedman, Frederick Douglass; the brilliant, but erratic, colored orator and author, P. B. Randall; the gifted Charles L. Remond—and a host of others from the toils of ignorance and bondage spoke and still speak of the loving ministrations and ennobling influences experienced at the home of Amy Post. Among the long list of her co-workers in the cause of humanity are found such names as William Lloyd Garrison, Lucretia Mott and Parker Pillsbury.

Among those who knocked at her door and were never sent empty away have been a countless number of the lowest

types of human degradation. She would help them all with money, food, with lodging and with clothing, and always with a gentle admonition to turn from the paths of evil to those which led to virtue and to peace, and not always were her words in vain.

It was during the stormy times of her everest trials in life, while struggling to aid the cause of humanity, that there came to her a new light, by which she was enabled to comprehend man's relation to the universe. From the trivial phenomenon of spirit rapping and other manifestations in the lowest order of Spiritualism, he progressed to that point when she came face to face in the presence of materialized spirits, spoke to them, touched them, and kissed them—not once, nor several times only, but countless times during the past thirty years of her life. The marvelous and sublime philosophy of Spiritualism filled her soul with ecstasy, and her heart went forth with unutterable gratitude to God for having endowed her with an immortal spirit, and that all her doubts and fears were forever dispelled, by continuous proofs of man's immortality entirely beyond dispute. And when she found that these manifestations were under the guidance of law, and not, as ignorantly supposed, supernatural, she enjoyed that "peace of mind which passeth all understanding."

When she discovered that in the workings of God's universe such operations as "rewards" and "punishments" have no existence, and that "consequences" followed all the deeds of man both in this life and in future states, she comprehended for the first time the meaning and value of the word "hope."

"Hope shines exulting on triumphant wings." She found that "hope" was that

whereas, It has pleased God to call our late friend and benefactress, Mrs. Amy Post, to a higher and holier sphere; and

Whereas, It is fitting that we who have so long shared her bounty should her memory revere; therefore

Resolved, That, in the death of our dear friend the Douglass League laments the loss of one whose untiring devotion to the cause of the oppressed; whose Christian courage in sharing the hospitalities of her home, and whose love for humanity, which taught her to practice the precepts of the saints have endeared her name to the homes of the grateful and the hearts of the good.

Resolved, That in our sorrow over the loss of a faithful friend we yet find consolation in the blessed assurance that she has gone to enjoy the reward due those who give their lives as a pious contribution to charity.

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathy of this league be extended to those bound to our departed friend by the nearest and dearest ties.

Resolved, That these resolutions be recorded in the journal of the league, and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and to each of the daily papers.

H. A. SPENCER,  
F. S. CUNNINGHAM,  
HENRY WILLIAMS,  
Committee.

anchor of the soul, never for one moment is withdrawn from the operation of God's universe, and though man by his depravity in life may reap direful consequences, he will be lifted out from the lowest depths of misery to the highest ultimate good.

The laws which govern the spiritual philosophy, which became the anchor of Amy Post's soul, and that of millions of other mortals, can be read and comprehended by any one who wishes. The literature of Spiritualism is the greatest in the world, its chief text-book being what is known as the Bible. It is not surprising that Amy Post, with her tender, sympathetic heart, should have fallen a victim to many frauds and impostors. She knew them when they came, but still gave to them what she could, always sending out "Mercy" to wrestle with "Depravity." She had much experience with spiritual frauds, for they have been numerous since the revival of Spiritualism in modern days. But she lived to see the organization of Spiritualist societies for the prosecution of such people, and hoped to see the day on earth when the sublime teachings of Spiritualism would be understood by the masses. Under its restraining and hopeful influences she predicted the future moral advancement of mankind. She longed for the time when depraved men and women could understand the danger of quenching the spirit which strived with them for good, and yielding to the spirit that led them into evil; for the time when men could comprehend that all their deeds in life are seen by "that innumerable throng of witnesses" by whom we are continually surrounded.

And now that she has entered into the spirit land to continue her labors of love, the words of one who often heard the angel footsteps of his departed loved ones may here find fitting place:

"O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remembered only  
Such as these have lived and died."

At a special meeting of Douglass League last evening, the following honorary bearers were appointed to attend the funeral of the late Amy Post: J. W. Thompson, C. P. Lee, Rev. G. C. Carter, H. A. Spencer, Robert Epps, J. H. Armstrong, F. S. Cunningham, H. J. Callis, T. Platner. The following resolutions were adopted: