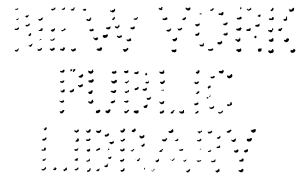


In Memoriam

Frederick Douglass

To live—that freedom, truth and life
Might never know eclipse—
To die, with woman's work and words
Aglow upon his lips,—
To face the foes of human kind
Through years of wounds and scars,—
It is enough ;—lead on—to find
Thy place amid the stars."

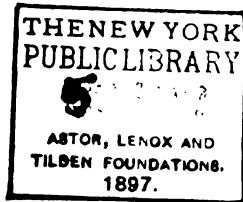
—*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*



PHILADELPHIA :
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1897

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From the beginning of his anti-slavery agitation for all time, Frederick Douglass has been and will be what the Haitians believe him to be. He is the fine, artistic nature, the great genius, the magnificent, irresistible argument for humanity, the ambassador of the oppressed everywhere and every heart that can respond to the thrill of human fellowship, his embassy.

TRIBUTE OF MRS. CHARLOTTE F. GRIMKÉ.

Dear Mr. Terrell:

I thank you for your invitation to attend the meeting in memory of Mr. Douglass. I consider it a great honor to be thought worthy to write even a word for such an occasion. And I deeply regret that I am physically unable to write worthily upon a subject so interesting to me. Most gladly would I add my voice to swell the chorus of love and praise which now rises from so many hearts all over this country. At some future time I hope to express more fully my appreciation of my grateful affection for our beloved leader. We must not weep for him. We must rather dwell upon the blessed, the consoling thought that he still lives, and will live forever.

“Alike are life and death
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

“Were a star quenched on high
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

“So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.”

And yet, so selfish are we that we can but mourn,—for ourselves,—not for him. When I visited his home after he was gone,—that home where I had spent so many happy hours in delightful intercourse with him, and gazed through a mist of tears upon the many tokens of his recent presence, within the house, and then upon the beautiful view without, in which he took so much pleasure; the fine old trees, which he loved like friends, the river, and the hills, and the city, all bathed in a flood of golden sunlight; and felt that indescribable thrill in the air which betokens the glad awakening of spring—but saw him not,—an overwhelming sense of loss took possession of me! And a few lines,

written long ago on visiting the home of another noble friend of humanity, who had left us, came back to me as befitting that hour.

“Only the casket left! The jewel gone
Whose noble presence filled these stately halls,
And made this spot a shrine, where pilgrims came, —
Stranger and friend, to bend in reverence
Before the great, pure soul, that knew no guile:
To listen to the wise and gracious words
That fell from lips whose rare, exquisite smile
Gave tender beauty to the grand, grave face.

“O friend beloved, with longing, tear-filled eyes
We look up, up, to the unclouded blue,
And seek in vain some answering sign from thee!
Look down upon us, guide and cheer us still
From the serene height where thou dwellest now:
Dark is the way without the beacon light
Which long and steadfastly thy hand upheld;
O nerve with courage new the stricken hearts
Whose dearest hopes seem lost in losing thee!”

Sincerely yours,
CHARLOTTE F. GRIMKÉ.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN R. LYNCH.

Ladies and Gentlemen :

Although we know it to be a fact, yet it is difficult for me to realize that Frederick Douglass is dead! That his eloquent voice will be heard, his strong and influential pen in defence of liberty and justice will be used, and his familiar figure will be seen on our public streets, no more forever! It is a sad and serious fact! Frederick Douglass was not only a great colored man, he was a great American citizen. He was not only a leader of his race, he was one of the leading men of his country. He always took an active and leading part in the consideration and discussion of public questions. It was not his privilege to occupy a seat in either House of Congress, or within the Council Chamber of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, the duties of any and all of which positions he could and would have filled with credit to himself, honor to his race, and profit to his country; but he occupied a position in public estimation, that was more influential and potential than any one of those to which I have referred. He was potential in making and unmaking Senators and Representatives in Congress, and in making and unmaking Administrations. His opinions were sought, his advice was solicited, and his admonitions were frequently heeded by all Administrations during the active period of his useful public life. He enjoyed the confidence of every Republican President we have ever had, and the admiration and respect of the only Democratic President we have had since the liberation of the colored race. It was my privilege to sit under