



In....  
Memoriam.

IN MEMORIAM

OF THE LATE

REV. ALEX. CRUMMELL, D. D.

OF WASHINGTON, D. C.



AN ADDRESS:

DELIVERED BEFORE

*The American Negro Historical Society*

OF PHILADELPHIA.

*BY REV. HENRY L. PHILLIPS,*

NOVEMBER, 1898,

With an Introductory Address by Rev. Matthew Anderson, pastor of the  
Berean Presbyterian Church.

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REV. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL, D. D.

Born, March, 1819; Died Sept. 10, '97

## INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

BY REV. MATTHEW ANDERSON.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

My remarks shall simply be prefatory or introductory to him who shall deliver the Memorial Address to the distinguished dead :

The object which has called us together to-night is one which should arouse our highest enthusiasm. It is to extol the virtues and sound the praises of one who did more to defend the manhood of the Negro and give shape and character to his thought than any other man. There were Negroes before his time and contemporaneous with him who were great along certain lines ; for example, in the pulpit there were Pennington, Beeman, Garnett and Payne ; on the rostrum, Ward, Parvis and Douglass ; before the bar, Rock, Elliott and Langston ; in medicine, J. McCune Smith, McDonald, Roselle and Augusta ; in Philosophy and letters, Banneker, Nell, Deianey and Williams, men of superior intellectual ability and who did much towards lifting the shadows from a struggling race, but transcendently superior to them all, was the Christian scholar and dauntless defender of the Negro against the slurs and imputations of his traducers, namely Alexander Crummell, of Washington.

There are men, intellectual giants, who are diminutive in soul, mere glittering icicles or stalactites and who possess no more bowels of pity and compassion than the inert objects which they imitate. Dr. Crummell was a man not only of great intellect but of great soul, a soul which went out in expressions and acts of love and sympathy toward the whole human family, but especially toward that branch of it with which he was by blood personally identified. No one could come to Dr. Crummell in want or distress of any kind and not find in

him a sympathetic and responsive friend—no matter what might be his race or color. But it was in the defense of the Negro that the greatness of his soul could be most clearly seen and appreciated. No man entered more feelingly into his wrongs and presented stronger and more pungent arguments in his defense than he. His conception of the Negro was not merely that of a humanitarian, namely, that he was a man and therefore entitled to all the rights and immunities of other men, but that he was a man who was endowed with the richest natural gifts and who had before him a glorious destiny.

It was indeed refreshing in these days of sham when the moral atmosphere is resonant with the imprecations, slanders and implications hurled at the Negro that he might appear odious in the eyes of the world as an extenuation of the wrongs and outrages which have been perpetrated against him. In these days of trimming and sickening apologetic defenses of the Negro on the part of his cowardly quasi-friends, days when many who are ambitious to be leaders of the race are unscrupulous monte banks and Charlataus, and who are as changeable and unstable in their principles as the Chaneleon—that there was one Negro who could not be swerved from his position and who had the ability and the courage to present to the world the most unanswerable and pungent arguments in reply to the charges and sophistry of those who would undermine and make unstable the native worth and manhood of the Negro.

When Dr. Crummell raised his voice or wielded his pen he gave no uncertain sound as to where he stood in regard to his race; like every true champion of a noble cause, with his bosom unbared, he rushed fearlessly into the midst of the battle, bearing down to the right and left with his battle-axe the most dangerous of the foe. No mailed Knight engaged an antagonist more earnestly than Dr. Crummell, the antagonist of his race, and no Knight won more signal and glorious victories than he. We can see him now as he came triumphantly from the different fields of battle, gladiatorial combats, which had been fought on the arena of public opinion where he met, engaged and vanquished the giants of falsehood, slander and color prejudice. No gladiator was ever more conscious of having fought and conquered than he, and no one ever retired from the field of battle with a higher sense of the righteousness of his cause and a loftier feeling of his prowess, and the

huzzars to which he was entitled from the vast concourse of silent witnesses of the battles.

No man was ever truer to his race than was Dr. Crummell and to the Negro, and no man understood more thoroughly the mode of thought, the cast of mind, the aspirations and the inward longings and signs, than did he, and no man had greater love and admiration for his people, or greater confidence in their future than he. Hence, whatever he did, whether it were preaching from the sacred desk, lecturing upon the rostrum, writing for the daily press or the leading magazines of the land, he did it always in a representative capacity, so that whatever honor or benefit might accrue therefrom it would be accredited to and shared by the race rather than by himself. The man can not be found who was more unselfish and blindly devoted to his race than he, yet Dr. Crummell was not blind to the faults of his people. For no man exposed and denounced more unsparingly the faults of the Negro than he, and no man demanded a higher moral standard for his people. For he argued that while the native worth of the Negro is not inferior to any but superior to some people, yet, inasmuch as there are many who think him inferior, while others out of hatred and revenge are heaping contempt and ignominy upon him—that aside from the scriptural injunction on the subject, the Negro can not afford to engage in anything that would impair his morals, for just so far as his moral fabric is impaired so far will he assist in bringing about the predictions of his enemies and the fears of many of his friends. For if the white man could afford to be indolent, extravagant, intemperate and licentious, the Negro could not afford it if for no other than prudential reasons, namely, his own self preservation, looking at it simply from a natural standpoint.

Dr. Crummell set no higher standard for his people than he set for himself, nor required no more rigid discipline. His eating and sleeping, recreation and labor, both mental and physical, were all submitted to the most rigid discipline, so that it can therefore be readily understood what is meant by one who stood very near him when he describes him as having been a Christian athlete.

My acquaintance with Dr. Crummell embraced a period of more than twenty-five years, which acquaintance before his death had ripened into the most profound esteem and admiration for him as a man and scholar. It seems but yesterday when in company with several students I met on the street in Oberlin a very erect and dignified

Negro, who stopped to inquire of us something concerning the town and the College. There was something about his appearance which was most striking, and which made us instinctively ask ourselves who could he be, whence he came, his occupation and the object of his visit to Oberlin? I can see him now as I saw him then, tall, erect, dignified, highly cultured, black and the quintessence of neatness. It had never been my good fortune to see a Negro so highly polished and I therefore most naturally concluded that he did not belong to this country. It was not long however, before it was learned, that the object of so much astonishment was the Rev. Alexander Crummell of New York City, an Episcopal clergyman and a returned Missionary from the West Coast of Africa, who had brought his children to Oberlin to be educated. From that time to his death I have followed with profound interest the career of Dr. Crummell.

Dr. Crummell, as a writer, had no superior in this country. His style was scholarly, clear and pointed, and rivets the attention from the beginning to the end. His treatment of a subject was always from a standpoint of fact rather than theory; hence his arguments carried with them the most convincing evidence and forced the acceptance of his conclusions even on the part of his bitterest antagonists. No general ever marshaled his forces more skilfully against the strategic points of an enemy than did Dr. Crummell marshal his army of facts against the strategic points in the arguments of the traducers of the Negroes and no general was more successful in seizing the points than he was, as may be seen in his defense of the "Black Woman of the South," and the "Defense of the Negro Race in America."

In his social relations, Dr. Crummell was most congenial. I had the honor of being very near him socially during the latter part of his life, having had him a number of times as guest at my house, as well as being a guest at his. No man could have been more agreeable than he, humor, wit, repartee and even playfulness gushed from his exuberant spirit as water from a perennial spring, and this kept all within the circle of the home in a most happy frame of mind. This disposition made him a most acceptable guest. His last days were peaceful and rational to the end. Being a guest at Bera Cottage, Point Pleasant, N. J., the last month of his life I was privileged to see him every day, especially during the last two weeks. On my return from Philadelphia two weeks before his death I found that he had taken to his bed, on inquiring concerning his health he replied: "Anderson, I

think this is death," and then after expressing his wishes concerning his funeral and making me promise to assist his wife in carrying them out, he at once seem to be forgetful of all further thought of self, but to be concerned principally about the welfare of his race.

The condition, trials and persecutions of the Negro seemed to have absorbed his attention to the end. Never was his mind clearer than it was during these last two weeks. All the great topics of the day, social, political, moral, religious and racial—especially racial—occupied his thought, and he conversed upon them as clearly, and with as much interest as he had done in health. But it was the Negro in America which concerned him most. "Friend, Anderson," he said a week before he died, "I have no fear of the future of the American Negro, for he belongs to a prolific, hardy and imitative race, and there is a glorious future before him; but I do dread his leaders, because most of them are unscrupulous, ambitious and ungodly men, who care nothing for the race but to use it simply to secure their own selfish and ungodly ends." When told, a few days before death, that Khartoum had fallen, he raised his hands and exclaimed: "Thank God! That marks the downfall of slavery in Central Africa," and when asked, an hour before the end how he was, he replied that he was feeling much better—that he hoped soon to get up, at the same time expressing the interest he had taken in the morning devotion, remarking that he had joined in the praying and singing.

The last moments were devoted to prayer, conducted according to the rules of his church by his faithful spiritual adviser, Father Wood. When, at 10 30 o'clock, A. M., on the 10th day of September, 1898, he breathed his last, with his hand held by his faithful wife and surrounded by his friends, there passed away one of the greatest of American Negroes. A man who had a stronger grip upon the intelligent thought of the country than any other Negro, and who did more to give character, dignity and unity to the race than any other man. Among his last acts was the establishment, on the 5th of March, 1897, of the American Negro Academy, which has for its object the promotion of Literature, Science and Art, and the culture of a form of intellectual taste. The fostering of higher education, the publication of scholarly works and defenses of the Negro against vicious assaults, which meets annually at the National Capital. No Negro was more



widely known, or none whose loss is more deeply felt by all classes in this country.

Nothing could have been more fitting therefore, than that the Negro Historical Society of Philadelphia, should hold a memorial to Dr. Crummell, a Society which has for its object the gathering of books, papers, magazines and everything of interest to the Negro. It is fitting I say, that this Society should hold sacred and keep alive the memory of one who has done as much if not more to give to the race a history than any other man. But as I said before my remarks have been simply prefatory or introductory to the memorial address which is to be delivered by one who is eminently qualified to deliver it, a gentleman who holds a most unique position in this city because of his wide influence here and because of the respect and esteem in which he is held by all classes; a gentleman who knew Dr. Crummell intimately not only as a man and his work as a public benefactor, but also as a Churchman of which I am comparatively ignorant. It gives me therefore great pleasure to present to this audience the Rev. Henry L. Phillips, rector of the Church of the Crucifixion, who will now deliver the Memorial address to Rev. Alexander Crummell, D. D.



## IN MEMORIAM.

BY REV. HENRY L. PHILLIPS, D. D.

He believed with Epictetus : *“You will do the greatest service to the State if you should raise, not the roof of the houses, but the souls of the citizens ; for it is better that great souls should dwell in small houses rather than for mean slaves to lurk in great houses.”*

“ How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished.”  
—II Sam. , 1, 27.

Those are the words of one young man bewailing the death of another young man to whom he was passionately attached. Yonder on Mt. Gilboa, is young Jonathan, the heir apparent to the throne of Israel fighting bravely and manfully against the Philistines. He is smitten to the ground and dies together with his father and brothers. David, the friend of Jonathan, who has already been anointed to be king over Israel, forgets that honor, and in the sorrow of his heart exclaims: “ How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished ”

When on the 10th day of September, death claimed for his own, Rev. Alex. Crummell, Doctor in Divinity, a mighty man fell and the weapons of war so far as his eloquent tongue and trenchant pen were concerned perished. He was a man of wonderful qualities. He had a commanding presence. He was a striking and convincing writer ; an eloquent speaker, a fearless champion of his race and a delightful conversationalist.

Alex. Crummell, was born in New York, March 1819. He was the son of an African Prince, stolen when a boy and brought to this country. His grandfather was king of Turiance, W. A., a country

adjoining Sierre Leone. His mother was a free woman born in New York State. In the days of his youth there was not a single college or seminary in the United States that would admit a black boy. They were days of deep darkness and tribulation for Negroes in this land. Pro-slavery and caste spirit dominated the country. Chief Justice Taney's statement that "The Negro had no rights which white men were bound to respect," was but the common sentiment of the nation.

At an early age Crummell was taught reading and writing, and was sent to the Mulberry street school, (N. Y.) taught by Quakers. Subsequently in common with his sisters and brothers, he received further instruction from white teachers employed by his father. In 1831 a high school was established by the Rev. Peter Williams, Mr. Crummell's pastor, aided by his father, Mr. Thomas Downing, and other leading colored men, who employed a white teacher to give instruction in Latin and Greek. This school sharpened Crummell's appetite for larger facilities of training and culture. But alas! where could he and the youth's of like mind such as Garnet, and Sidney, and Downing, and Lawrence look? Not a ray of hope was discernable on the intellectual horizon of the country. "Fortunately, however, just at this time, in the year 1835, the abolitionists, of New Hampshire, disgusted with the Negro hatred of the schools and mortified at the intellectual disabilities of the black race, opened a school at Canaan, N. H. Youths of all races and sexes were to be received into it."

For this school, Henry Highland Garnet, Thomas S. Sidney and Ale. Crummell started with the greatest possible delight. At last a little silver lining was seen behind the dark cloud. Apparently daydawn was coming after long dark night. Though Garnet was a cripple, weak, sickly, feeble, these three boys had to travel on a steamboat from New York to Providence, where no cabin passage was allowed colored persons and so they were exposed all night bedless and foodless to the cold and storm. From Providence to Boston; from Boston to Concord; from Concord to Hanover and from Hanover to Canaan, Crummell and his companions (one a cripple) were forced to ride, night and day, on the top of the coach. It was a journey of about four hundred miles and rarely would an inn or a hotel give them food, and nowhere could they get shelter! And this in a Christian country! This among a people who had sought these shores to secure religious liberty. Hear Dr. Crummell himself:

“Sidney and myself were his (Garnet’s) companions during the whole journey ; and I can never forget his sufferings—sufferings from pain and exposure, sufferings from thirst and hunger, sufferings from taunt and insult at every village and town, and oftentimes at every farm house, as we rode, mounted upon the top of the coach, through all this long journey. It seems hardly conceivable that Christian people could thus treat human beings travelling through a land of ministers and churches ! The sight of three black youths in gentlemanly garb, travelling through New England was, in those days, a most unusual sight ; started not only surprise, but brought out universal sneers and ridicule. We met a cordial reception at Canaan from two-score white students, and began, with the highest hopes, our studies. But our stay was the briefest. The Democracy of the State could not endure what they called a “nigger school” on the soil of New Hampshire ; and so the word went forth, especially from the politicians of Concord, that the school must be broken up. Fourteen black boys with books in these hands set the entire Granite State crazy. On the 4th of July, with wonderful taste and felicity, the farmers, from a wide region around, assembled at Canaan and resolved to remove the academy as a public nuisance. On the 10th of August they gathered together from the neighboring towns, seized the building, and with ninety yoke of oxen, carried it off into a swamp about a half mile from its site. They were two days in accomplishing their miserable work.”

The house in which Crummell and the other boys were, was attacked that same night and fired upon, but as Garnet replied by a discharge from a double-barrelled shot gun, the cowardly ruffians did not stay. They were ordered, however, to quit the State within a fortnight. As resistance would have proved futile, Crummell and his companions left Canaan and returned to their homes. Shortly after, information was received that Onedia Institute, at Whitesboro, a Manual Labor Seminary, had opened its doors to colored boys. Thither young Crummell repaired and spent three years under the excellent instruction of Rev. Beriah Green. Mr. Crummell, having decided to enter the ministry of the P. E. Church, determined to endeavor to get the best training possible, and yet at the same time he purposed never to submit to the degrading conditions under which Revs. Absolom Jones, Peter Williams and Wm. Levington had entered it, viz : “That they would never apply for admission to the conventions in the dio-

cese in which they lived." He became a candidate for orders in 1837, and at once, under the direction of the rector, the Rev. Mr. Williams, of St. Philips Church, New York, he applied for admission to the General Theological Seminary in New York.

Dr. Whittingham, afterwards Bishop of Maryland, was then Dean of the faculty. He received the candidate most graciously and said to him: "You have just as much right to admission here as any other man. If it were left to me you should have immediate admission to this Seminary, but the matter has been taken out of my hands in De Garasse's case, and I am very sorry to say that I can not admit you." (De Garasse—colored—had applied two or three years before, and had been refused.) Mr. Crummell then drew up a petition to the Trustees of the Seminary asking for admission. It fell like a bomb-shell into the midst of that august body, causing the most intense consternation and exasperation. The Rt. Rev. George W. Doane, of New Jersey, was the only one who championed the cause of Mr. Crummell. The petition was rejected. Dr. Crummell himself says of this occasion: "Immediately, i. e. during the session of the Trustees, Bishop Onderdonk sent for me and, and then and there, in his study, set upon me with a violence and grossness that I never since encountered, save in one instance in Africa." Mr. Crummell now found himself in an almost hopeless condition. His name was stricken from the list of candidates. The entrance to the ministry seemed absolutely barred. He became a marked man. He was looked upon as disturber of the peace. On every side, there was almost universal anger against him. And what had he done? Which of the commandments of God or man had he broken? And were there no others besides Bishop Doane, who had the nobility to champion the cause of humanity? Yes! There were a few. Even in Sardis, there were a few who had not defiled their garments. The honorable William Jay and John Jay, Esq., son and grandson of the illustrious John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, Chas. King, Esq., editor of the New York American and the Rev. Manton Eastburn, D. D., Rector of the Church of the Ascension, protested most vigorously against the action of the Trustees and the conduct of the Bishop. These gentlemen advised Mr. Crummell to go to Boston. They gave him letters to their friends. One introduced him to Rev. Wm. Crosswell, Rector of the Church of the Advent. Rev. Mr. Crosswell was

not only a Divine, but a sweet poet deeply interested in the Negro race. While he could not personally do much for Mr. Crummell, he directed him to go to Rev. Dr. Vinton and the Rev. Mr. Clark. The Rev. Thomas M. Clark—now the venerable and aged Bishop of Rhode Island, was then a young priest, swaying by his inspiring eloquence and empyed character the crowds of worshippers who flocked to hear him.

Dr. Vinton, Rev. Mr. Clark and Rev. Mr. Crosswell became the friends and patrons of Mr. Crummell. Through their influence, he was introduced to the Venerable Bishop Griswold. The Bishop received him with fatherly interest and cordiality, and concluded his conversation with him by saying: "I wish there were twenty more of your race applying for orders. I should be more than glad to receive them as candidates for the ministry in this diocese." Dr. Crummell says of this period: "My removal from New York to Boston seemed a transition from the darkness of midnight to the golden light of a summer morning; and it filled me with transport and inspiration. Never before, I judge, had a Negro youth in this land had such a golden experience. Just think of a simple black boy, in 1840 being received in the very Mecca of American culture, refinement and piety, with courtesy, with manly recognition, with Christian fraternalism! All honor to New England! Land, indeed, of sterile soil and black mountains! Land of chilling winds and wintery frosts, yet notwithstanding these physical drawbacks, the land of noble hearts, of Christian brotherhood, of generous sympathy and of large philanthropy."

In Boston he became a candidate for orders, and two years afterwards, May, 1842, was ordained to the Deaconate, in St. Paul's Church in that city. In 1844, Bishop Lee of Delaware ordained him to the Priesthood. The Rev. Mr. Crummell began his ministerial labors at Providence, R. I., but there he could not get a support. From Providence he came to Philadelphia. The Bishop of the diocese at that time was Rt. Rev. H. U. Onderdonk, brother of the New York Onderdonk. At the request of Mr. Crummell to labor here, the Bishop made the following reply: "I can not receive you into this diocese unless you will promise that you will never apply for a seat in the convention for yourself or for any church you may raise in this city." Those who knew Dr. Crummell can well imagine what his answer to this iniquitous demand was: "That, sir, I shall never do." That ended the interview, but as he was leaving the study, the Bishop

called him back and said: "You may wait a few days, and I will communicate with you." The Pennsylvania Diocesan Convention met at its annual session a few days after this interview. The Bishop in his address suggested that possibly some other African church might spring up in the diocese (St. Thomas was the only one then) and advised that in such an event, it would be well to prepare a canon that no such church or its minister should be admitted to the convention. The convention was all in the dark as to Mr. Crummell's application, but the horror caused by the idea of having a black face in the midst was quite enough. The canon was passed quickly, without question or debate, as though a calamity or a pestilence was to be avoided.

Within forty-eight hours afterwards the Bishop sent word that he had accepted Mr. Crummell's "Letter Dimissory." But while Mr. Crummell was waiting for the Bishop's answer, he went to Burlington, N. J., for counsel and advice from Bishop Doane. Says Dr. Crummell: "I did not know the Bishop, but I had heard of his energetic protest against my non-admission to the General Theological Seminary. I can never forget that interview; never forget the grand man who received me. He was standing with some parting friends on the banks of the Delaware, on the beautiful sward before his Episcopal residence. His two boys, one, now Bishop of Albany, were with him. At a moment of leisure, I approached and introduced myself. I then told him the demand of Bishop Onderdonk, and stated my deepest perplexity. Those who remember him will remember his strong, stalwart voice and utterance: "Don't you do it! Don't you give him any such promise! Bishop Onderdonk is a strong personal friend of mine, but he has no right to demand any such promise from you. You have the same rights in the church of God as any other man, and don't you give way to any such demands."

So with a lighter heart he returned to Philadelphia, but with a more fixed purpose never to submit to no ungracious and degrading conditions which ever before had been imposed upon colored clergymen.

"Just God!—and these are they  
Who minister at thine altar, God of Right!  
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay  
On Israel's Ark of Light!

Is not Thy hand stretched forth  
Visibly in the heavens to awe and smite?

Shall not the living God of all the earth,  
And heaven above, do right?  
Woe, then, to all who grind  
Their brethren of a common father down!  
To all who plunder from the immortal mind  
Its bright and glorious crown.  
O, speed the moment on  
When wrong shall cease and Liberty and Love  
And Truth and right throughout the earth be known  
As in their home above."

With but few exceptions, as in Providence, so in Philadelphia, the clergy would not support or recognize Rev. Mr. Crummell. He was looked upon as a disturber of the peace and must be punished by neglect. Not seldom reverend divines were rude and insulting to him. The result was poverty, want, sickness. He says of this period: "On one occasion I was in a state of starvation."

Forced to give up his work here, he went to New York. What awaited him there? A repetition of the misfortunes of Providence and Philadelphia. The clergy, with one grand exception, stood aloof from him, as they would from a leper. That exception was the hero, orator and philanthropist, Dr. Stephen H. Ting, then rector of St. George's church. His whole soul rose in hatred of slavery and caste. "If it had not been for him," says Dr. Crummell, "and the constant and unfailing generosity of my great patron, Hon. John Jay, I think I must have died; poverty, want and sickness had well nigh broken me up." But there are heroes that neglect, distress, opposition cannot suppress. Like the mighty oak that lifts its head high up into the sky, they simply defy the storm that rages and threatens destruction to all around. It was at this period of difficulty and darkness, when not enough colored people could be gathered together to build and support a church, that friends of Rev. Mr. Crummell's suggested that he should go to England and appeal for funds to erect such a building. He reached England, January, 1847, broken in health, but at the same time full of earnest purpose and brightest hopes. The letters which he carried soon brought him in contact with eminent persons both in the political and ecclesiastical world. Everywhere he was received with favor and courtesy. His manliness and natural ability were soon seen and appreciated. His appeal for funds was kindly responded to. He preached in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Bath,



Gloucester and many other cities and towns.

His work was however, often interrupted by severe fits of illness. Through the influence of a clerical friend, he fell into the hands of the eminent Sir Benjamin Brodie. Meanwhile, unsolicited, nay unthought of by himself, such a personal interest sprung up in his behalf, that the request came to him that he should retire for a season, from overwork, and become a student in the University of Cambridge. In 1851 he entered Queens College, from which he graduated, taking his degree of B. A., in '53. During his terms he was often in the hands of the doctors. He became despondent on account of his health. His studies were often interrupted. At last came the earnest counsel of medical adviser that he must seek a warm climate. It was this advice that led him to Africa. The abandonment of his work in New York gave offence to some of his friends, but he felt that his poor health required him to follow the advice of his physician.

His five years stay in England was a period of grand opportunities and richest privileges. Of this period Dr. Crummell says :—“My letters carried me first of all to the hospitable board of one of England’s most majestic characters, Sir Robert Harry Ingles—great as a statesman, philanthropist, and a pillar of the Church. Soon one and then another, and then another of the prelates of the Church of England, gave me a cordial recognition. Among the e were Wilberforce, the great Bishop of Oxford, Bishop Bloomfield, of London, Dr. Stanley, the Lord Bishop of Norwich, Bishop Stinds, who, at a later day, licensed me, for six months, to a curacy in Upowich. Once I had the privilege of spending a morning with the Dean of St. Paul’s, Dr. Thirwell, Bishop of Landiff, the most learned Bishop of the English Church, and was charmed and left wondering at the great simplicity of his character, married as he was to his great weight of learning. Now and then I had the privilege of entrance into the circle of noted families—the Froudes, the Thachereys, the Pitmores, the Caswells and others of literary note ; theS turges, the Croppers, the Kinnairds, the Laboucheres, the Noels and the Thorntons of the philanthropic world. It was at the latter place I listened, for two or three hours, to that brilliant avalanche of history and biography, of poetry and criticism which rushed from the brains and lips of Thomas Babington McCauley. Numbers of the clergy gave me hospitality, in some cases lasting friendship, which abides to the present, ('95) save where death has interposed. I cannot do otherwise than mention the names of the

great biblical writers, Rev. Thomas Hartwell Home, Rev. Henry Vann, the great Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, Rev. Henry Caswell, Dean Close and Rev. Daniel Wilson. Two of my greatest friends must receive special mention: Wm. T. Blair, Esq., once Mayor of Bath and Mrs. Clarkson, widow of the great Thomas Clarkson, the abolitionist.’

This is the man who in America was scarcely acknowledged to be human. There probably has lived no other Negro who has been honored by personal contact and friendship with such a galaxy of stars of the first magnitude. And Dr. Crummell showed in his whole bearing not only the marks of the graduate of Queen College, Cambridge, but the marks of a man who had come in contact with the world’s best and greatest. Having decided, on account of the condition of his health, to go to Africa, he landed in Liberia in 1853 and at once threw himself into the work of that young Republic. To make an impression upon the crude material that he found there was no easy work. His missionary life was hedged up and crushed out by the malignant and caste spirit, in the Bishop and many of the missionaries (white men, of course) which they carried from America, and which marred their own labors there. He spent nearly twenty years in Africa. The predictions of the doctors in England proved correct. After acclimation, he entered into health such as he had never known before. Under a tropical sun, he became vigorous and elastic. He threw himself vigorously into the work that was before him. That work was beset everywhere with supreme difficulties. There were the mistrust and ignorance of the colonists and the prejudices of the white missionaries to contend with. He succeeded, however, in doing a healthful and elevating work.

During his residence in Africa, he was Pastor, Master of the High School, Professor in Liberia College, School Farmer and Missionary. Though not mingling with the potico of the country, he was always ready to give advice and counsel in public speech. On various occasions, he was called on to deliver addresses. Many of them have been published. They are models of pure English and cogent reasoning. Dr. Crummell believed, and believed rightly, that all people on their first passage from slavery to freedom need moral rigidity. Having experienced the galling discipline of slavery, they need, as a correction to license, the “sober discipline of freedom.” This is precisely what a new people can not readily understand, and

hence are always ready to oppose those who hold such principles, especially as there will always be found demagogues, who for personal profit are ready to say things that are pleasing although not helpful. Dr. Crummell was a teacher of morals. He stood on a high plain and shared the common fate of all moral reformers—sometimes misunderstood; sometimes hated; sometimes persecuted. In this respect he belonged to the class of men to which Moses and Isaiah and Jeremiah and the Lord Jesus and Paul and Luther and Swonarola belonged. They belonged to the martyr class.

After living in Africa for nearly twenty years, he returned to the United States in 1873, and began work in the city of Washington, D. C. He founded St. Luke's Church, of which he remained Rector until he had accomplished fifty years of ministerial work. He resigned in 1895, and for awhile was Rector Emeritus. He was the founder and president of the American Negro Academy. He was also president of the Colored Ministers' Union.

Dr. Crummell was buried from St. Philip's church, New York, where his father was a vestryman; where he was a Sunday-School scholar; where, under the influence of the Rev. Peter Williams, he had his mind turned towards the sacred ministry. He was an incessant writer for magazines, newspapers and other periodicals, besides being the author of several tracts. Whatever he wrote was eagerly read. His published volumes are "The Future of Africa," "The Greatness of Christ," "Africa and America." He was a thoroughly educated man. As a thinker and writer he had no superior among the colored men of this country and not very many among the whites. He was always strong, clear and logical. Whoever studies his writings will drink deep from the well of eugist undefiled. He had strength and clearness of vision to a remarkable degree. He saw clearly the dangers of the present, out of which the future always grow, and he had the strength and courage to urge a healthier and a better way of living. His was indeed the pen of a ready writer. Says Lowell: "No man is born unto this world whose work is not born with him." Dr. Crummell's was not only born with him, but he did it well. His work was defensive. He stood forth for the rights of the Negro, because he is a man. He was grandly eloquent. What can be more noble i. g. than his eulogy on his friend, Henry Highland Garnet. His eulogy on Clarkson is as grand a piece of writing as any one can wish to read.

He will live and continue to be a blessing to mankind through his writings. His "Africa and America" will increase in popularity and usefulness as the years roll by. He saw clearly that which comparatively few have seen or can understand. The so-called leaders of the race have been urging upon them to get money and education or both as a *sine qua non*. Dr. Crummell never hesitated to protest, in his own vigorous way, against such teaching. Money is good. Education is good. Both are necessary. But they are not the first things to be sought by a new and rising people. CHARACTER, he insists, is THE thing of prime importance. The manly virtues—proper home training, purity, chasity, love of the beautiful, which will not stop until it finds God, the all-beautiful, and love Him for Himself with such a love as will draw the character God-ward—those are the things that go to make up the life of any truly great people; those are the things that can lift up and preserve a people; those are the things that Dr. Crummeil insisted on as of the first importance. Education and money, not married to virtue will prove a curse and not a blessing—will prove to be but the stepping-stones to destruction.

Such was the burden of his teaching. The following is from the Pittsburg Herald in 1893, going to show Dr. Crummell's influence for good through his writings: (Read)

As the prophets and great men of old are still speaking to us and influencing us through through their writings, so will Dr. Crummell continue to do. It was a pleasure to hear him speak. He had a brilliant imagination. The eloquence of his diction, the felicity of style with which he expressed himself, the wide range of knowledge, the power to command that knowledge whenever wanted, showed the well educated man and made him the center of attraction wherever he happened to be. Blood will tell. Dr. Crummell was the grand-son of a king. He was a born ruler and could not brook opposition. This he showed in his whole manner and conversation. Dealing with a people who have not yet learned to submit gracefully to authority, when exerted by one of their own race, this trait of character, in Dr. Crummell often militated against his immediate usefulness. But it was that which made him such a fearless champion of the race. He was no trimmer; he could not cringe; he would never bow to the storm, hoping that in that way he would escape the fury; he would not accept work in any diocese under degrading conditions. Hence, whether it be in his answer to insulting conditions under which Bishop Onder-

donk offered him work in Pennsylvania, or in his contention that the Negro is not under a curse, or his answer to Rev. Dr. J. L. Tucker, in his assaults and charges against the the Negro in America, he was always a fearless champion of the rights of the black man as MAN. He was a knight of which any race may well be proud. In the providence of God, he was raised up to do his mighty work, especially through the use of his pen, at the time when the Calhouns and others of that ilk were declaring that the Negro is not a man, or that if he could grapple successfully with the Greek verb, they would believe in his manhood.

The life, the hardships, the struggles of a man like Dr Crummell should be known and studied by all the youths of the country. The difficulties that this man overcame in seeking an education, in entering the ministry, in fighting the caste spirit, in battling with sickness, are as great, if not greater, as that which a Napoleon had to overcome in crossing the Alps in midwinter. We are in the habit of reading of the one with bated breath, while we pass silently over the life of men like Dr. Alexander Crummell Why? Because we have not yet learned to believe that moral courage is superior to physical.

“Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

Foot-prints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.”